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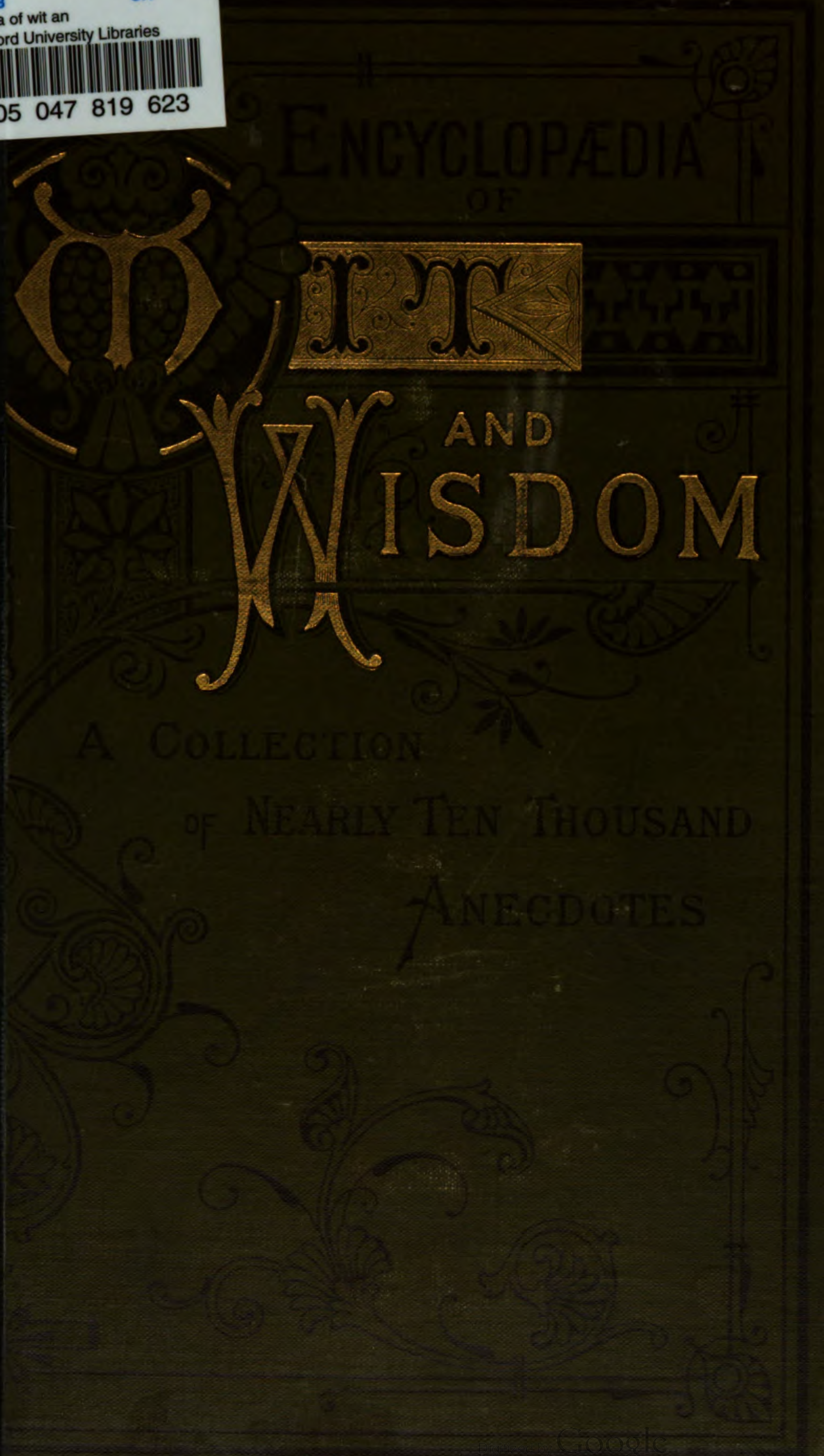

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND WISDOM

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ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

WIT AND WISDOM:

A

COLLECTION

OF OVER

NINE THOUSAND ANECDOTES,

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS OF LIFE, CHARACTER, HUMOR AND PATHOS,

IN

ONE HUNDRED CLASSIFICATIONS,
(ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED,)

AMONG WHICH ARE FOUND THOSE OF CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS, ATTORNEYS, STATESMEN, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN, POETS, PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS, WITH NUMEROUS MAXIMS, AND MANY ITEMS OF FACT AND PHILOSOPHY,

AMUSING, INSTRUCTIVE AND RELIGIOUS.

Compiled during a period of fifteen years, with a special regard to merit and propriety,

BY

HENRY HUPFELD.

PHILADELPHIA:
DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER,
610 SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE.

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INTRODUCTION.

SOME fifteen, perhaps twenty years ago, the Compiler of this work commenced a scrap-book of Amusing Anecdotes, Illustrations of Life, Character and Humor, also Items of Fact and Philosophy, which were collected and designed for his own amusement and reference.

About three years since, after he had accumulated near Five Thousand articles, the Compiler concluded to offer them to the public, and publish them in book form; since which he has been unremittingly and more carefully engaged in copying from various sources, collecting from prominent literary journals, old and rare volumes of anecdotes, many items of an amusing character, as well as many interesting incidents and curious facts in history of intrinsic merit, worthy of being preserved for occasional perusal and reference, until he has gathered over Nine Thousand items of well selected articles, comprising a rich mine of amusing and interesting matter, including many wise sayings, religious precepts and proverbs of a short and pithy character, all of which are not only calculated greatly to amuse and interest the reader, but also to elevate his taste and improve his intellectual, moral and religious character.

The Editor has aimed in all instances where necessary to give the proper authorities, or the source whence many of the articles have been derived; and has also been scrupulously careful not to embrace in this collection subjects that would call up any painful or unpleasant memories of our late unhappy conflict, as it is a work not devoted to the interests of any sect or party. He has endeavored to exclude all exceptional innuendoes, unseemly expressions, irreverent exclamations, or anything calculated to offend the sensibilities of the most sensitive or conscientious individual; and he has also guarded against sentiments antagonistic to pure morality, or hostile to the doctrines, special views or belief of any denomination of Christians.

As the title-page indicates, the articles are grouped under One Hundred headings; and the Editor here takes the opportunity to express his obligations to Mr. Joseph Reid, at the printing office of Messrs. S. A. George & Co., Philadelphia, for having with much skill and labor alphabetically arranged the matter contained in several of the chapters, and for his valuable assistance, generally, in preparing the copy for the present publication.

The primary object of this work is not so much to enlighten the reader on subjects of which he may be ignorant, and to thrill and amuse him with diverting pleasantries he has never read, as it is to recall to his mind some of the many good and witty things once read, but forgotten, and to awaken buried memories of such amusing incidents which in the past so stirred his feelings, and excited him with pleasurable emotions. Thus the Editor hopes to rescue from oblivion many interesting little anecdotes and instructive facts in science and literature.

The indulgence of a social and cheerful feeling, a review of the amusing events of life, the occasional reading of some amusing witticism, and the indulgence in a hearty laugh,—which upon the best medical authority are considered eminently conducive to health, and therefore greatly contributing to the cheerful and energetic performance of our duties in the various relations of life,—cannot be considered alien to the spirit of the most enlightened Christianity, and therefore not calculated to draw one from the paths of righteousness, deaden spirituality, untune one Christian heart, or conflict in the slightest with the great fundamental requirement of the gospel of Christ, to love God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbor as ourselves.

A good laugh is sometimes of vital importance, and often exerts a wonderful and salutary influence on the human economy; and it is a conceded physiological fact, that a hearty laugh, not unfrequently by its vitalizing power, quickens a sluggish circulation of the blood, and also by its stimulus gives renewed life and action to many of the organs of the body; and arousing us sometimes from a torpid and sluggish condition, dissipates the mental depression and gloomy forebodings arising from physical disabilities in the organs, and a consequent interruption of their healthful functions; thus superinducing a cheerful and brighter view of matters which before seemed dark and gloomy. An eminent writer on social problems tells us: "We must not forget that the bow, in order to retain its natural elasticity, must be occasionally unstrung;" "Nature seeks reaction, the tired mind needs excitement and refreshment, and will have it." And again it is advanced, "that the time may come when physicians, instead of prescribing a pill or an electric or galvanic shock, shall prescribe to a torpid patient so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time."

The great central idea, however—the special aim and purpose of this Compilation—is not alone to exhilarate the spirits, or help to while away a lonely hour by the relation of amusing anecdotes, by the scintillations of a genius, or the amusing sallies of a wit. It has a higher and a nobler aim, a grander and a nobler purpose,—the inculcation of religious principles, and the promotion of virtue and morality.

The reader will find this work to be not only a magazine of amusing matter, a casket of intellectual jewels, and a cabinet of much valuable information, but a vast storehouse of religious precepts and wise counsel, many of which are in themselves short sermons, the embodiment and concentration of sacred truths. Being short and comprehensive, they are the easier impressed and retained in the mind of the reader, and should be treasured up in the heart and ineffaceably written upon the soul.

The Editor hopes its religious sentiments will find a cordial welcome in every household, and prove a perennial well-spring of comfort and consolation to many; and also trusts its aphorisms, lessons of wisdom and prudence, its noble examples of heroism and illustrations of generous affection, may stir the feelings, and impress the heart, so as to amend morals, correct bad taste, and perhaps aid in moulding the character and shaping the course of those who specially require such valuable assistance. There are those who would not take up a work to acquire information in the various departments of literature, in philosophical knowledge, or in the natural and physical sciences, who, in looking over this book for something to amuse them, may be struck, perhaps profoundly interested, in some of the short unpretending articles in the various branches of philosophy, so as to enkindle a taste for such subjects, and quicken a desire to prosecute more extensive researches in these and kindred fields of investigation. The Editor feels inclined to believe that many who attentively read, frequently ponder over, and study some of the numerous interesting and instructive subjects scattered through this work, will have their memories refreshed; whilst others may receive information, and find ere long they have added something to their stock of useful knowledge, perhaps lengthened their mental horizon, and made themselves wiser, if not better, by taking heed to its religious lessons and moral precepts.

HENRY HUPFELD.

BALTIMORE.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

ABSENT-MINDED PERSONS.

A VERY staid and worthy old gentleman, whom a successful mercantile career of more than thirty years had placed in independent, if not affluent circumstances, through either custom or a desire to add to his already ample store, still continued his business and his visits to the counting house. One morning the good wife had postponed the meal, in consequence of his absence, until that rare and valuable thing in a woman—her patience—was well-nigh exhausted. At last, however, he made his appearance; and without any excuse for his tardiness, but looking especially glum and out of humor, he sat him down to eat. A cup of coffee partially restored him, and opening his mouth, he spake—

"Most extraordinary circumstance, most extraordinary, indeed!"

"Why, what do you mean, my dear?" demanded the lady.

"Mean? Here have I had to open the shop with my own hands, and after sitting in the doorway a full hour, waiting for my boys, not one of them made his appearance, and I was forced to close the shop again to come to breakfast."

The lady cried, with unfeigned horror, "You have not been to the shop? Why, it's Sunday!"

"Sunday!" returned he. "Sunday! Impossible, madam; we did not have fish for dinner yesterday."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently lighted. By degrees, the fire being completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense,. and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted.

"Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher;—"remove the grate ere I am burned to death!"

"Please, your honor, might you not rather draw back your chair?" said John, a little waggishly.

"Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

A GENTLEMAN, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise of marriage.

A VERY absent-minded gentleman being upset by a boat into a river, sunk twice before he remembered he could swim.

A GENTLEMAN had a bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over; and, being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

NUMEROUS instances have occurred resulting from intense abstraction of the mind and employment in one pursuit. Of Dr. Robert Hamilton, the author of a celebrated "Essay on the National Debt," it is said that he pulled off his hat to his own wife in the street, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; that he went to his classes in the college, in the dark mornings, with one of her white stockings on one leg, one of his own black ones on the other; that he often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned. He would run against a cow in the road, turn around and beg her pardon, and hope she was not hurt. At other times, he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way.

AT a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who sometimes was a little absent-minded, observed, gravely: "I have often remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

WE often hear of remarkable cases of absence of mind. Here is one equal to anything we have seen lately. The man was doubtless a very interesting head of the family:

"I say, cap'n," said a little, keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamboat Potomac, at Natchez;—"I say, cap'n, this here ain't all."

"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it's all—O K, accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, a portmanty, two band-boxes, two hams, two ropes of inyons, and a tea-kettle; but you see, cap'n, I am dubersome. I feel there's something short. Though I've counted them nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board, there's somethin' not right."

"Well, stranger, the time is up; there is all that I know of—so bring your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we will be off."

"Them's 'em! darn it—them's 'em!—I say, I know'd I'd forgot something."

SYDNEY SMITH tells some curious anecdotes about Lord Dudley, whose absence of mind afforded so much amusement to his friends. "Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men, I think, I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere.—Another time, on meeting me, he turned back, put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' As we proceeded together W. passed. 'That is the villain,' exclaimed he, 'who helped me yesterday to asparagus and gave me no toast.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and, tapping on the ground with it, cried out in an audible whisper, 'Hear! hear! hear!'"

THE oddest instance of absence of mind happened once to Sydney Smith, in forgetting his own name. He says:

"I knocked at a door in London, and asked, 'Is Mrs. B. at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished. What name? what name?—ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

ROBERT SIMSON, the Scottish mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. He used to sit at his open window on the ground floor, deep in geometry, and when accosted by a beggar, would arouse himself, hear a few words of the story, make his donation, and dive. Some wags one day stopped a mendicant on his way to the window with—

"Now, do as we tell you, and you will get something from that gentleman and a shilling from us besides. He will ask you who you are, and you will say, 'Robert Simson, son of John Simson, of Kirktonhill.'"

The man did as he was told; Simson gave him a coin, and dropped off. He soon roused himself, and said:

"Robert Simson! son of John Simson, of Kirktonhill! why that is myself! that man must be an impostor!"

The first Lord Lyttelton was very absent in company. Mr. Jerningham dining one day with his lordship, the latter pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped from it, calling it, however, by a name very different from what it contained. A gentleman was going to tell him of his mistake, when another of the party whispered, "Never mind; help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

A clergyman once went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. "What is to pay?" said he to the toll-keeper.—"Pay, sir! for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure."—"Your horse, sir! what horse? Here is no horse, sir."—"No horse? God bless me!" he said, suddenly, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback!"

Topham Beauclerk was a strangely absent-minded person. One day he had a party coming down to dinner, and just before their arrival he went up stairs to change his dress. He forgot all about them, thought it was bed time, and got into bed. A servant, who entered his room to tell him his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep.

Another case of absence of mind was that of a young woman in Portland, who was sent by her mother to buy a pair of shoes, and instead of buying them married the shoemaker. It was a week before she discovered her mistake, and even then did not cry about it.

A young lady threw herself into the box in the post-office window instead of her letter; nor did she discover her mistake till the clerk asked if she were single.

A ship carpenter lately bit off the end of a copper spike and drove a plug of tobacco into the vessel's bottom, but did not discover his mistake until the vessel spit in his face.

An absent-minded person once dined out at a stranger's table, got up after dinner and apologized to the company for the meanness of the fare and the detestable cooking.

Dr. Campbell, the author of the "Survey of Great Britain," was so absent-minded that, looking into a pamphlet at a bookseller's, he liked it so well that he purchased it, and it was not until he had read it half through that he discovered it to be his own composition.

ACTORS.

Mr. Howard Paul, the London correspondent of the New York Illustrated News, relates, in a letter, the following anecdote:—"Mr. Lewis, who has been connected with Drury Lane for many years, told me a characteristic anecdote of Edmund Kean, which has never appeared in print, and which you shall have. It seems that the great tragedian and Charles Incledon, the popular singer, were one day walking in Bond street, when they were met by Lord Essex, who bowed distantly to Kean, albeit they were on terms of intimate friendship. The next day Kean found a note at the theatre from my lord, desiring him to call at his house. He went, and, contrary to the usual custom, was ushered into the library, where Lord Essex received him. The usual formalities over, the nobleman said to the tragedian, 'My dear Kean, you will pardon me. You know how greatly I admire your genius, but I was startled yesterday at seeing you on promenade, arm in arm, with that singing man, Incledon.'—'My lord,' said Kean, with flashing eye.—'Pray don't excite yourself—now don't, my dear Kean,' pursued my lord; 'but the respect—I may say reverence—I bear for your wonderful genius, prompts me to this explanation.'—'Lord Essex!' cried Kean, rising, drawing himself up, and casting a withering glance at his noble patron, 'twelve years ago, my family were in want of bread; Charles Incledon, my friend, supplied the means to procure it, and when Edmund Kean forgets his friends, may God forget him!' And from that hour the two men never exchanged courtesies. When one remembers the magnificent voice and impassioned power of eye of the great Edmund, this little episode must long have lived in the memory of the lordly Essex. Kean, by the way, afterward married an heiress—Miss Stephens, if I remember aright."

Mr. Simpson, the actor, would never take any medicine, and his medical man was obliged to resort to some strategem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the heroine is sentenced, in prison, to drink a cup of poison. Harry Simpson was playing this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine; but what was his horror, when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down to show his persecutors that he had drained every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr, but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

Foote, the comedian, travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody whatever," said he.

"But you must," bawled the host.

"I won't."

"You must!"

At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except the mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except Mr. Mayor.

As Burton, the comedian, was travelling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travellers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over, and examining it with one of his peculiar serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

During a theatrical engagement at Manchester, Kemble and Lewis were walking one day along the street, when a chimney-sweeper and his boy came up. The boy stared at them with open mouth, and exclaimed:

"They be play-actors."

"Hold your tongue, you dog," said the old sweep; "you don't know what you may come to yourself."

Mathews was always well dressed, and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly, generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton umbrella. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer."—"Certainly, my boy," replied Munden, "we'll exchange umbrellas." Mathews was so taken aback, that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

Mrs. Pope was one evening in the green-room commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, "He had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that could penetrate through a deal board." Wewitzer immediately ran off to Garrick, and reported that Mrs. Pope said he had a "gimlet eye."

Spiller, the actor, one day complaining of a violent tooth-ache, the company's barber offered to take it out. "No, not now," replied the pupil of Thespis, "but on the 10th of next June, when the theatre closes, you may take them all out, for I shall have no further use for them."

A nobleman wished Garrick to be candidate for the representation of a borough in Parliament. "No, my lord," said the actor, "I would rather play the part of a great man on the stage than the part of a fool in Parliament."

A person threw the head of a goose on the stage of the Belleville theatre. The manager, advancing to the front, said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it on the conclusion of the performance."

Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner:—"Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, sir," replied the droll wit, and gravely proceeded—"To-morrow will be preached at the parish church, St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor girls; and on Monday will be presented in this place a comedy," etc., "for the benefit," etc.

An absurd blunder is related in Tom Moore's Diary about John Kemble. He was performing one of his favorite parts at some country theatre, and was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

A celebrated comedian arranged with his greengrocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the greengrocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, called upon the greengrocer, and, laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said: "I say, here's a *mull*, Berry; you have sent in your *bill*, Berry; before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder*, Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look *black*, Berry; for I don't care a *straw*, Berry; and I shan't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

Finn, the celebrated comedian, once stumbled over a lot of wooden-ware in front of a man's store, whereupon the shopkeeper cried out,—

"You come near 'kicking the bucket,' this time, mister."

"Oh, no," said Finn, quite complacently, "I only turned a little *pale*."

Some of Quin's jests were perfect. When Warburton said, "By what law can the execution of Charles I. be justified?"

Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

No wonder Walpole applauded him. The bishop bade the player remember that the regicides came to violent ends, but Quin gave him a worse blow.

"That, your lordship," he said, "if I am not mistaken, was also the case with the twelve apostles."

Quin could overthrow even Foote. They had at one time had a quarrel, and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little sore.

"Jemmy," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed."

"Sammy," said the actor, "I never could have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

An actor with a very homely phiz was once acting Mithridates, when a beautiful captive said to him, "My lord, you change your countenance." Hook, who was in the pit, exclaimed,—"Don't stop him, don't stop him! For heaven's sake, let him!"

Kean, from early manhood, had an internal complaint, for which he had always been his own physician, and prescribed that sovereign balm called "brandy," from which he generally found relief; at least it always proved an "alternative." While lately travelling from London to Belfast, on quitting the coach at the Donegal Arms, he missed his sovereign balm, and called out to the Irish waiter to search the lately abdicated vehicular conveyance, as he had left his "pocket pistol" behind. "The devil a pistol can I find," cried the searching Hibernian, "or anything else but *this*," producing the *leather-covered charm*. "Why that's it, you blockhead," exclaimed Kean, suiting the action to the word, and tasting to be convinced. Pat scented the cordial, and laughing, cried, "Do you call *that a pistol*, sir? Why, then, faith, though I'm a peaceable man, I wouldn't mind standing a shot or two of that pistol myself."

Macready's handwriting was cruelly illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theatre. One day, at New Orleans, Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman, the latter observed, that if he had not known what it purported to be, he would never have suspected what it was. "It looks more like a prescription than anything else," he added.

"So it does," said Mr. Brougham; "let us go and have it made up."

Turning into the nearest drug store, the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a careless glance, and then proceeded to get a phial ready, and to pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tincture bottle, then the phial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentleman attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and severe-looking individual, who presently emerged from the inner sanctum. The two whispered together an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an expression of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled the phial with some apocryphal fluid, and coolly corked and labelled it. Then handing it to the gentlemen who were waiting, he said, with a bland smile:

"A cough mixture, and a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please."

There was one occasion when Mr. Forrest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theatre an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way.

"Can't you say better than that?" shouted Forrest. "Repeat it as I do," and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week."

"Is that all you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it as you please."

ANIMALS, BIRDS, INSECTS AND FISHES.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Great battles are fought among scientific men to settle the boundary lines between the great kingdoms of nature. It is easy to say that the pebble is a stone, the oak a plant, and the lion an animal. But the lines are not always so broad, nor the signs so conclusive. How nearly minerals often resemble the work of man's skill and exquisite art! Those beautiful rock crystals, with their bright smooth sides and well-pointed pyramids, which are occasionally found, resemble precisely the result of the jeweller's skilful labor. Other minerals perfectly resemble plants. One variety looks like the bark of a tree, another like leather, and a certain mineral found in Corsica can scarcely be distinguished from a curious plant growing in the wilds of Syria.

For ages coral insects were considered as plants; and even now, the sponge is claimed by both great divisions. Certain crickets resemble dead sticks, and the religious mantis is for all the world like a withered leaf. Plants, it has been said, cannot change place, and animals only have motion. But vegetables also move; not merely mechanically, as a certain curious species of plant known as mimosa, but freely and independent of all outward irritation. The common water lentil rises to the surface at time of blooming, and descends when its purpose is fulfilled. The hungry ivy sends its shoots to the tempting chalk; the passion-flower extends its roots to distant water, and the prosy potato, kept in a cellar, pushes its pale, sickly shoots many feet to the lighted window.

Certain tiny water-weeds, observed but of late, are ever found waving to and fro; the larger leaves of another species rise and fall in gentle alternation, one after another, whilst the smaller performs a circular motion; the sunflower follows the course of the sun around the skies, and barberries, like a thousand similar plants, move certain parts of their flowers with great and independent activity. It is well known that most plants, from the humblest herb to the giant oak, sleep during the winter. Others sleep only at given times; the dandelion wakes latest in field, even long after the common clover, that waits for the warmer rays of the sun; a few sleep only in the day and wake all night, as the Hesperis, or Dame's Violet. We cannot now, as formerly believed, claim for animals an exclusive right to internal heat. So far from it, we find many plants have, at a certain age, a fever heat, that rises and falls at stated intervals, and varies by many degrees, whilst the lowest class of animals have no heat of their own, but only share that of the medium in which they are living.

Feeling and instinct åre no longer looked upon as attributes of any one realm of nature. There are certain animals corresponding in appearance to the coral insect, that can be pounded in a mortar for a whole day, and are afterwards seen to stretch out their arms, as soon as they are put into water, and to grow and feed and live as before. Oysters are proverbially unfeeling creatures. The common little water-snake, about a foot and a half long, may be cut into twenty-six pieces, and each one puts out a new head, and a new tail, and becomes a new snake. How many plants would show more feeling and die if they were thus treated! If instinct be no more than an innate impulse shown in some outward action, it may be found even in minerals. They assume even like forms, regular, beautiful, and admirably adapted to their special nature. With plants this instinct becomes still more evident; we may place the grain in the ground in what manner we choose, it will always send its roots downward, and the graceful stem upward to greet the light of day.

Modern investigations generally agree in granting to animals two distinct and peculiar qualities. They possess instinct, or a certain number of ideas, that are born with them, reproduced at all times, under all circumstances, and incapable of change. The young chicken, hatched in the Egyptian's oven, breaks through its shell, and at once runs after the spider by instinct, in the same manner that a young duck, brought into existence by the mother hen, will hasten away and plunge into the pool of water, while the alarmed parent will view the scene with the utmost consternation, from her position on the bank, nor does she experience less alarm when, after having nurtured into life a number of young hawks, they gratefully repay the kind attentions of their maternal protector by attempting to eat her.

The sea-turtle born far inland, on a high and dry mountain, hastens at the moment of birth, with irresistible eagerness, to the seashore by instinct. By it the bee, the bird, and the beaver build their houses. Animals also possess intelligence,—a power of acting freely under the influence of memory or training. The horse obeys, because he loves or fears his master; the dog, after having examined two out of three roads, that meet at a common crossing, takes the third without further examination; his intelligence supersedes his instinct. Both qualities meet in the power of discernment. Plants that grow in our green-houses press their leaves against the window-panes, and flowers that follow the sun from east to west must be able to discern light. In animals the power of discernment becomes clear, distinct, and even varied. Where the outer organs of perception are wanting, of course the minor knowledge also is wanting.

The worm discerns only his food, or the want of food; the butterfly knows colors and appreciates them too; the eagle discerns men, animals, and sounds, while man himself discerns the invisible, the past, the present and the future.

Some animals that dwell in the water are mere ribbons or threads, balls or cylinders. How they eat, we know not, for every living creature requires sustenance. Certain minute animals, seen only by aid of a microscope, tenants of the mighty deep, and which are termed Infusoria, have each a stomach, and often several; they even fight for food. Others are endowed with tiny hairs, that whirl in endless motion around the mouth, and fill it with invisible victims. The grim medusa or sea-nettle sends forth from its body eighty thousand arms,—a whole army, eager with insatiable hunger. The shark swallows men, horses and oiled powder-casks. The whale engulphs vast hosts of sea animals. The silk worm eats only mulberry leaves, and suspicion of dampness deprives him of his appetite.

VARIOUS interesting facts have been noted in relation to the demeanor of our animals prior to a great convulsion. It was towards noon, beneath a clear and almost cloudless sky, with the sea-breeze freshly blowing, that the cities of Concepcion and Talcahuano, on the coast of South America, were desolated, in 1835. At 10 o'clock, two hours before their ruin, the inhabitants remarked with surprise, as altogether unusual, large flights of sea fowl passing from the coast to the interior; and the dogs at Talcahuano abandoned the town before the shock which levelled its buildings was felt. Not an animal, it is believed, was in the place when the destruction came. In 1805, previous to the earthquake at Naples, which took place in the night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and the cows began to bellow, the sheep and goats bleated strangely, the dogs howled terribly, and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up, endeavoring to break the halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in the clear daylight their subterranean retreats. Some faithful dogs, a few minutes before the shock, awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger, and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves. On a recent occasion all the dogs in the neighborhood of Valle howled before the people were sensible of their danger. To account for these circumstances it is conjectured that, prior to actual disturbance, noxious gases and other exhalation are emitted from the interior of the earth, through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell.

THE average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels and hares 7 or 8 years; of rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of 70 years; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years, and are then killed for beef. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years; the dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years; Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

ACCORDING to experiments made in Paris, the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a tapir, forty-four times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-eight times; of a monkey, forty-eight times; of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It was impossible to tell the beatings of the elephant's pulse. A butterfly, however, it was discovered, experienced sixty heart pulsations in a minute.

IT has been stated that there are 70,000 species of animals known to naturalists. These include 1200 mammalia, 4000 birds, 1500 amphibia, 7000 fishes, 4500 mollusca, 315 annelides, 259 crustacea, 138 arachnida, 12,500 insects, 1100 enthelmenta, 280 radiaria, 208 medusa, 536 zoophyta, 291 rotaria, 291 infusoria.

SPALLANZI found that the swallow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour, and he computes the rapidity of the swift to be not less than two hundred and fifty miles an hour. If it can move at this rate even for a short distance, the swift must be ranked as the swiftest of birds. The common crow can make about twenty-five miles, the eider duck ninety miles, the eagle one hundred and forty miles, the hawk and many other birds one hundred and fifty miles per nour. The flight of migratory birds does not probably exceed fifty miles within the hour. A falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France, escaped from Fontainebleau, and was found at Malta, having made at least one thousand five hundred and thirty miles within twenty-four hours. Sir John Ross, on the 6th of October, 1850, dispatched from Assistance Bay two young carrier pigeons, and on October 13th one of them reached its dove-cot in Ayrshire, Scotland. The direct distance being about two thousand miles, the speed was comparatively slow. Birds whose flights have excited astonishment have been, in most instances, assisted by aerial currents moving in the same direction.

THE question is often asked, says a California journal, Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture; but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.

THERE is a wonderful diversity among animals in respect to the number of their eyes. In mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes, they are limited to two, and are always placed on the head. The greater part of the surface of the head of the house-fly is covered by an aggregation of about 10,000 eyes; and in the dragon-fly they number about 50,000, and may be easily seen by the use of a magnifying glass even of very small power.

They are not always confined to the head alone. In spiders and scorpions there are generally eight or ten of them in one or more clusters, on the dorsal aspect of that part of the body which is formed by the union of the head and thorax.

The starfish or five fingers, familiar to every one who has spent any time on our sea-coast, has an eye on the tip of each ray of the arm. In the sea-urchin, which is homologically nothing but a star-fish with the ends of its rays drawn close together, the five eyes are gathered in a circle around what is considered the hinder portion of the body.

The scallop has numerous eyes on the ledge of his mantle, extending from one end of the animal to the other, and forming a semicircle. Some marine worms have them in clusters, not only on the head, but also along each side of the body, even to the tip of the tail, and they are connected individually and directly with the medium nervous cord. If we descend to the lowest forms, we find many infusoria which have neither eyes nor nerves, and yet it is easy to see are sensitive to light, for they either seek or avoid it.

THE young bee, on the day that it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey, form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flights to other countries. The insect, which never experienced a parent's care, or a mother's example, labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring, which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season, or being in any sensible way aware of its approach. A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tame and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature. We often observed a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lay down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes.

DOGS.

DOGS, generally, will go greater lengths than assist their masters in begging. An English officer who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a shoeblack's dog, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle running against them. He, in consequence, went to a man stationed on the road and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after some hesitation, he confessed he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck by the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

THE venerable Brooklyn weather sage and martyr to science, E. Merriam, in a gossiping letter to the Portsmouth Journal appends the following dog story, which is interesting:

A few days since, when going towards the Fulton ferry, I saw a young man pitch head first on the sidewalk, and a large black Newfoundland dog jump under him as he fell, and broke the force of his fall. I went to him and found he was intoxicated. I inquired of him where his home was; he said Fort Hamilton. I told him I would take him home—it was unsafe for him to remain in his then condition. He took one of my hands in his, pressed it very earnestly, and thanked me. The noble dog, too, manifested great satisfaction that I had taken his master by the hand. I gave him my arm, and we entered a railroad car near by for Fort Hamilton, and doggy followed. The conductor said the dog must not ride in the car. I told him the dog had saved a man's life, and was entitled to ride. The conductor then consented.

On our arrival at Fort Hamilton we alighted at the depot, and then had a walk of half a mile to the young man's home; he was then so far recovered as to be able to walk. When we neared the house I told him I would return, that he must be kind to the dog, for the noble creature had saved his life. He put his arms around doggy's neck and kissed him, and as I turned to come back, the dog came to me and licked my hand with his tongue as an expression of gratitude. This expression of gratitude of the noble animal did me a great deal of good, and I never shall forget it while I live.

"WHAT is the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what, remembering is of great service sometimes," said his cousin. "Let me read this to you:

"'My dog Dash was once stolen from me,' says Mr. Kid. 'After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town with a long string tied around his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who held him prisoner. Our meeting was a joyful one. I found out the thief, had him apprehended, and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was his.'

"'Mr. Kid,' said the lawyer, addressing me, 'can you give any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property?'

"'Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—first giving him a knowing look—and whispering a little communication known only to us two, Dash immediately reared on his hind legs, and went through a series of manœuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar. My evidence needed nothing stronger; the thief stood convicted; Dash was liberated, and, among the cheers of the multitude, we merrily bounded homeward.'

"That dog's remembering was of service to him; it was taken as evidence in a court, and it fairly got the case. Yes, he was set free, and the thief convicted. Well, if following his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely it is to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father. No knowing what straits they may keep him out of."

AN Iowa dog saved the life of four persons. He dragged a creeping babe from under the feet of a pawing colt, pulled two drowning girls from Lake Peosta, and gripped his master's coat tail one dark and stormy night as he (the master) headed for a stream where the bridge had just been swept away.

DOGS are said to "speak with their tails." Would it be proper, therefore, to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator?

THE editor of the Band of Hope Review, some time ago, received a letter from Charles Payne, the servant of a gentleman in Norfolk, in which the writer states the following:

"Having occasion to put my horses up to be baited at a small inn, at Frodisham, in Cheshire, I thought I would take the advantage of attending a missionary meeting, which was going on in a chapel close by; but finding it already crowded I was obliged to remain outside. One of the speakers was reading over the amounts collected during the year, and among the names mentioned was 'Master Jowler,' for one pound thirteen shillings and some pence, but I was not able to catch the exact amount, being outside. Now this Master Jowler, I learned, was none other than a dog belonging to a Mr. Jones, living in that neighborhood. Jowler had been taught to collect money for foreign missions. This he has done, I am told, for some years. The manner in which he goes about his work is most peculiar.

He is supplied with a basket, which he carries in his mouth, and his knock and bark are well known by the people who live in the village. As soon as the door is opened Jowler gives a bark and wags his tail; and the people of whom I made inquiries informed me that there is no getting rid of the dog till some sort of money is put into his basket.

"He is a small, white terrier. I have heard of men, women, and children being pressed into the missionary cause, but never heard of dogs. I do not know whether he was present to hear the cheers and loud clapping that were given for him by the meeting, but certain it is that he seems to manifest an interest in his duty, though unconscious of the end for which he labors. I think, sir, that you will not fail to teach a lesson to your readers from this fact. Jowler certainly belongs to the 'Try Company.'"

A GENTLEMAN possessed of a noble Newfoundland dog, had trained him to go to market with a basket and a piece of money to purchase the morning steak. The money, with a towel, was deposited in the basket, and Browser, with much dignity and thoughtfulness, would trot off to the butcher's stall, and the man of beef, understanding the arrangement, would take the money, deposit the steak, and the dog would trot home. Turning a corner one morning, on his way from market, he came upon two dogs fighting. With the same feeling that will make the crowd of human dogs throng about a prize ring to see two other dogs pound each other, Browser paused, and for a second looked on; then, excited by the contest, he dropped his basket and "went in." He whipped both, but while so engaged a hungry hound stole his steak.

Browser picked up his basket; the loss of weight told the story. He stopped and investigated. The steak was gone, and the poor dog's worry was comical. He looked in every direction for the lost meat, all the while half growling and whining as if talking to himself. Some men who saw the affair and knew the dog watched to see what resolution Browser would make of the difficulty. The poor fellow was for a moment in doubt, and then, as if an idea had struck him, he set off for the market again. The little crowd followed him. They saw him approach the butcher's stall, but instead of marching boldly up, stopped and looked wistfully at the meat. At last, when the butcher's back was turned a second, he seized the largest steak on the block, and ran home as if the devil was after him.

A MEMBER of one of the Salem engine companies is the owner of a dog that, to use a slang phrase, "knows his biz." On the occasion of a recent fire, which occurred in an isolated place, and was not discovered for some time, the dog, which was chained at the time, discovered the bright light, and, after freeing himself, started for the engine house. Finding that he could not gain admission to the house, he started down the street and found a watchman, upon seeing whom he commenced to bark so loudly and act so strangely—running away, and then returning, as if he wished the watchman to follow—that the officer concluded to watch him and see if anything was wrong. He followed the dog as far as the engine house, where the animal halted and commenced to bark again. Not hearing any alarm of fire, however, he was in doubt as to the cause of such demonstrations, until, looking up, he discovered the light from the fire, and immediately proceeded to give the alarm. He then unlocked the engine house, when the dog rushed in and seized hold of the end of the rope by his teeth, and waited the arrival of the "boys" to take the "tub" to the scene of conflagration. The dog is not for sale.

"THE wisest dog I ever had," says Sir Walter Scott, "was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, insomuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker, who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then, if you said, 'the baker was well paid,' or, 'the baker was not hurt, after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him 'his master was coming down the hill or through the moor,' and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up hill, or at the back to get down to the moorside. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language."

Mr. Smellie, in his "Natural Philosophy," mentions a curious instance of intelligence in a dog belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh: "A man who went through happened one day to treat his dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell he ran impetuously toward him, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pieman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks, and on receiving a penny, he instantly carried it in his mouth to the pieman, and received his pie. This traffic between the pieman and the grocer's dog continued to be daily practised for several months."

MOORE tells a story of a dog, which is too good to be true: A gentleman went to bathe, taking his favorite Newfoundland dog with him to mind his clothes. When he came to the edge of the water, the dog did not know him, and would not allow him to put them on. Rather a fix for the nude owner of the stupid dog.

IN the west of England, not far from Bath, there lived, towards the close of the last century, a worthy, learned, and benevolent clergymen. He had a turnspit named Toby, a fine dog, with stout legs, fit for his work, and enabling him to follow his master hour after hour; sometimes, indeed, to his annoyance, but he was of too kind a disposition to repulse him. At length he became so persevering and even presuming in his attendance, that he would venture into the reading-desk on a Sunday. This the clergyman tolerated for a time, but thinking he saw a smile on the countenance of some of his congregation at Toby's appearance, he began to fear that he was injudiciously indulgent, and ordered Toby to be locked up in the stable the next Sunday morning. But he was locked up to no purpose, for he forced his way out through the leaded casement, and presented himself at the reading-desk as usual.

Again the next Sunday it was determined to take further precaution, and accordingly, when the dog had done his part on Saturday towards roasting the beef which was to be eaten cold on Sunday, he was not suffered to go at large as on other occasions, but was bolted up in the wood-shed, where there was no window to allow of his escape. He continued in confinement, testifying his uneasiness by barking and howling, during the greater part of the day of rest, but it was hoped his discomfort would be a warning to him to avoid the church.

Being let out on Sunday evening, and left at liberty for the rest of the week, he passed the days in his usual way, did his duty in the wheel whenever he was wanted, and showed not the least sullenness or discontent. But at twelve on Saturday, when his services were wanted for the spit, Toby was not to be found; servants were dispatched in all directions in quest of him, but without effect; it was supposed that he must have been stolen, and the cook and the master were alike in despair.

On Sunday morning the clergyman went to church, free from Toby's officious devotion, but concerned at his unaccountable disappearance. His re-appearance, however, was equally unexpected; for as his reverence entered the reading-desk, he saw Toby's eye twinkle a morning salutation in his usual corner. After this no opposition was offered to Toby's Sunday movements, but he was allowed to go to the church as he pleased, with the approbation of the rector and the whole parish. In this case, if the dog did not reckon days, he showed excellent powers of calculation for his own ends.

WE take the following from M. Blaze's "History of the Dog:" The dog possesses, incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and I grieve to say, man has not, in general, the noble qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is only a duty. This virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We brand ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth, and, together with selfishness, becomes almost always the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows not the word virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is, in truth — constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, always affectionate, never selfish, pushing the abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility; without gain, devoted even to death; without ambition, rendering service,—in short, forgetful of injuries and mindful only of benefits received? Seek him not—it would be a useless task; but take the first dog you meet, and from the moment he adopts you as his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune—your wife, perhaps, will forget her plighted troth; but your dog will remain always near you; or, if you depart before him on the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.

THERE is in the museum at Berne an object which attracts universal attention from visitors. It is only the skin of a rough, hairy dog, stuffed and set up, so as to look as natural as life. But that dog had a history. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, away on the alpine summit. There, in pleasant weather, he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, as jolly as any dog. But when the storm came on, and the rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself for the serious business of life. With a little casket of meat and drink tied under his neck, and a warm blanket strapped on his back, he set out in search of lost travellers in those fearful passes. Never a fall of snow so heavy, or a fog so thick, but Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveller at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and then went bounding joyfully onward to show them the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes, and if all his efforts to arouse them failed, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry.

Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley when his age of service was over, and this honorable niche in the museum when his short life was ended. There he stands, with bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on his old mission. Some people live through a long life and never accomplish so much good as this dog.

A GENTLEMAN of property had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and altogether a fine, intelligent animal. Though often let out to range about, he was, in general, chained up during the day in a wooden house, constructed for his comfort and shelter.

On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master; and when the servant, as usual, came to tie him up, he clung to his master's feet—showed such anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so particular in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he stayed with him, and on going towards his bed-room, the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room, took refuge under the bed, from whence neither blows nor caresses could draw him.

In the middle of the night a man burst into the room, dagger in hand, and attempted to stab the sleeping gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call assistance, and secured the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterwards confessed, that seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob him, —and they plotted the whole thing leaning over the roof of the dog's house.

WE have a new dog story to relate: A little Euclid Avenue friend of ours possesses, among other pets, a fine pointer dog and a couple of little chickens, that have been deserted by their mother—a very unprincipled and unnatural hen, by the way. The other day he fell asleep, while playing with the chickens. As he lay upon the floor, with his long, golden curls streaming out upon the carpet, the chickens nestled beneath them, as they would have nestled beneath their runaway mother. The pointer dog was near, and for some time had watched the proceedings with evident interest. Finally, he approached the sleeper, poked the little chickens from beneath the curls, took them gently in his mouth and carried them to his kennel. Their juvenile owner was much alarmed upon awakening and finding that they "were not." Alarm was changed, first to surprise and then to pleasure, upon discovering their whereabouts, and the gentle manner in which they were being cared for. The dog seemed perfectly carried away with fond affection for his charge. He would gently caress them, and look upon them with eyes beaming with tenderness. For three or four days the little chicks thus resided with their canine friend. At night they would repose beneath the hair of his paws, and during the day he was their constant companion, attending to their every want with a human care and solicitude. Finally, this unnatural mode of existence seemed to disagree with them, and the chickens were taken from their strange protector, much to the latter's sorrow.

A MAN living in lodgings, having a dog which, in wet and dirty weather, much annoyed the mistress of the house, she desired it might be put away. To comply with her request, without thinking to do the animal any injury, the owner contrived one evening to enter the house, and shut the door so suddenly that the dog was excluded. Being unwilling to lose his faithful quadruped, he rose early the next morning, and went in pursuit of it, and, to his great joy, found it walking on a wharf which he had been accustomed to frequent. He was, however, much mortified to find that all his attempts to invite the creature to his caresses were treated with the utmost contempt. The dog, as if conscious of the unmerited insult it had received, disowned the man who had been cruel enough to exclude it from the house. Thus it continued subsisting by roving to and fro, and no effort or overtures could ever induce the dog to acknowledge its former master. The dog was finally taken on board a ship, and carried to sea.

BARON TAYLOR, while travelling in Spain, arrived in the evening at a village inn, and sat down before a stove to dry his boots. Close by was a turnspit dog, which watched him very attentively. "What can you give me to eat?" said the baron to the hostess. "Some eggs," was the reply. "No, they are too mawkish."—"A rabbit."—"That is too indigestible." The attention of the dog seemed to become more and more directed to the conversation. "Some ham."—"No," said the baron, "that would make me thirsty."—"Some pigeons." The dog here stood up. "No, there is no nourishment in them."—"A fowl," said the hostess, on which the dog started hastily out of the room. "What is the matter with the dog?" said the baron. "Oh, nothing at all," was the reply; "he only wishes to escape his work; for he knows that if you decide on a fowl, he will have to turn the spit."

SIR WALTER SCOTT declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncrasies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories of their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend, Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit at Abbotsford, and who, for the once, voted himself for a sport excursion. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed, up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but after a pause shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir W. was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

THERE is a great deal of philosophy in a dog's tail. It is as great a tell-tale as a lady's face. If a dog is pleased, his tail is in waggish humor—if he is afraid, it slopes—if angry it "sticks out." You can tell the character and disposition of a dog by his tail.

MR. BEECHER states the following:—The two unluckiest dogs I ever saw were both poodles. One had no sense of smell. It was distressing to see the confusion of this poor creature if he lost sight of his mistress for a few minutes. He would rush up to any lady in mourning, as she was, look up inquiringly into her face, and then run off at full speed to try if some other lady was the right one. The other animal was born with a droll, immoveable bush of hair, with no bone or muscle in it, instead of a tail. This dog could not tell you what he meant. He would meet you, lay his paw on you, and climb up against you in a very gentle way, but as he could not wag his tail, nor set it up, nor depress it, it was impossible to tell his meaning or his mood, and he was, for all purposes of human intercourse, a dumb dog, except that he could bark and growl. There are many well-recorded instances such as these. A clerical friend of mine, on whose veracity I could fully rely, assured me he was once fortunate enough to see the whole affair. His little terrier was set upon and badly used by a large dog. When he and it returned home, he saw the little dog make up to a greyhound in the same yard, and whine about him in a meaning sort of way. Presently the two trotted off together in a business-like manner. My friend's curiosity was excited, and he followed them to the large dog's yard, and arrived in time to learn that they had both set upon the aggressor, and given him a thorough dressing between them.

THERE are dogs which are almost public characters. Toto, for instance, a white poodle of the purest breed, belonged to a Parisian café keeper. As neat in person, as lively in temper, he was the favorite not only of his master and his men, but of all the customers who frequented the establishment. But besides his mere external graces, the poodle rendered important service by performing errands entrusted to him. Every morning, carrying the basket in his mouth, he went to fetch the rolls at the baker's. He would make five or six journeys, if necessary, not only without the slightest complaint, but also with the strictest integrity. True, Toto fared sumptuously every day, but the rolls he carried were very tempting.

One morning, as usual, Toto delivered the basket of rolls to his mistress. She counted them; one was missing. The idea of suspecting Toto's honesty never once entered her head. She said to herself, "The baker has made a mistake." A waiter was sent to mention the circumstance. "It is possible," said the baker, giving the man a roll to make up the one deficient, "I did not count them myself; but you may tell your mistress that we will see that all is right to-morrow."

The next day there was again a roll too few. Again they went to the baker's to complain.

"I counted the rolls in the basket myself," he said rather angrily, "so I am sure they were right. If your poodle is a glutton, it is not my fault."

This speech plainly accused Toto of theft; and appearances, unfortunately, were much against him. Nevertheless, his mistress persisted in expressing her doubts, so convinced did she feel of Toto's innocence. She decided, however, to have him secretly followed, in order to catch him in the act, if really guilty.

The next day a waiter, placed in ambuscade, saw him go to the baker's, and leave it with his basket full. Then, instead of taking the direct road home, he turned off by a side street. The waiter, curious to learn the meaning of this manœuvre, watched him into a court-yard, where he stopped before a stable door which had a loophole at the bottom to allow cats to go in and out. The waiter then saw him set the basket down, gently take out a roll, and present it at the cat-hole, where another dog's mouth instantly received it, as if an animal imprisoned there were awaiting its accustomed pittance. That done, Toto took up his basket and trotted off home as fast as he could.

The waiter, on questioning the portress, was informed that in the stable there was a bitch who had littered only three days ago; and it was exactly for the last three days that the number of rolls brought home was short by one.

On returning, he related to his mistress and the customer present what he had seen, and what the portress had told him.

"Capital!" exclaimed the lady. "Bravo, Toto! Good dog! Our hearts would be considerably harder than yours if we treated such conduct as a crime." She consequently ordered that Toto should have full liberty of action in the disposal of the rolls.

Toto, therefore, using his discretion, continued for a certain time the same allowance to the lady in the straw; and then, when she began to wean her pups, he honestly brought home, as heretofore, the exact number of rolls delivered to him by the baker.

A RECENT story is told about two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore-legs continued to fight, and whipped the other dog.

CARLTON writes to the Boston Journal: The dog population of this city is almost as great as that of the *genus homo*. They have their own laws and municipal regulations—not enacted or enforced by the Sultan or by any of his officers, but enacted in the high court of all the dogs, enforced by Tiger, Towser, and Bose. The regulations which the dogs have established are as methodic as those of the Sultan, or as the municipal regulations, agreed upon by the Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of Boston. The dogs have their districts, and each district has its recognized boundary, which all law-abiding dogs respect. Some of the districts have but half a dozen dogs, while others number twenty or thirty dogs.

They are the city scavengers, respected as such, and no one thinks of maltreating them. They lie on the sidewalks, in places most frequented, and no one kicks them out of the way. They sleep undisturbed a greater part of the day, and roam at will to their own districts at night; but if a lawless dog sets his foot in a neighboring territory there is war, sharp and decisive, arming to the teeth and a tremendous amount of barking. I have seen several fierce battles—the whole dog population, great and small, pouncing upon a luckless cur who came over the boundary without invitation.

The Rev. Mr. Washburn informs me that not long since a donkey died in front of his house. It was of course Thanksgiving Day among the dogs in that district. The entire dog population of the district dined on the donkey—such a feast as they had not had for many a day. When they had finished, dogs of the adjoining district came, as if invited, the largest dog in the district—probably the Alderman—at their head, and following him,

> "Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart,
> The little dogs and all."

No objection, not even a growl from any surly cur, was heard in protest from those to whom the donkey legitimately belonged; on the contrary, they seemed rejoiced to have such bounty for their neighbors after dinner on Thanksgiving Day. The diners at the second table having satisfied their hunger, retired with great decorum, and immediately after the population of another district came *en masse* and took dinner. The news flew through the city that there was a grand feast in district so-and-so, and before night the table was cleared, nothing but bones remaining. Yet through all the feasting, though the visitors were cleaning out the pantry, the dogs of Mr. Washburn's district were gentlemanly, dispensing liberal hospitality, giving away the last morsel. By what means was the news circulated that there was a Thanksgiving dinner to be had in Ward No. 1? Was it the effect of a good dinner, or was it genuine native politeness that made the pack in the ward so benevolent? What a train of questions arise, and what reflections we might indulge in even without becoming dogmatic on the moral to be drawn from the incident, for hospitality, benevolence, brotherly love, and all that

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THE truth of the following instance of the sagacity of a dog, the Nantucket Inquirer can substantiate in every particular:—A little daughter of one of our prominent citizens has a well-arranged baby-house, upon which she bestows much care, tastefully dressing the various doll occupants thereof in the morning, and divesting them of their clothing at night. This practice she has followed for some months. The pet dog of the family usually sat by her at night, and superintended the work of preparing the dolls for bed. One evening last week the girl was away to tea, and did not return in season to perform the parental duties to the babies. The dog awaited her arrival until the dolls' hour of retiring had passed, and, knowing that they ought to be taken care of, he carefully went to work and undressed them, five in number, without injuring the dresses in the least. How he did it we know not, but such is the fact.

A DOG lately got up a little muss with three hogs, on the track of the Hempfield railroad, east of town. The dog had one of the hogs by the ear, and the two animals were pulling in opposite directions, when the train from Washington came along, knocking the squeak forever from two of the porkers, and sent the other headlong into the creek, whence he gathered himself up out of his submerged condition and struck out for the land. The dog, with a remarkable sagacity, seeing certain death ahead, dropped down between the cross-ties, and lay there until the entire train passed over him, when he got up and snuffed around after his recent enemies, without seeming to realize the narrow escape he had made, or the fact that he had exhibited a presence of instinct which would have failed a human being.

A YOUTHFUL conscript, desperately wounded in battle, was conveyed indiscriminately with hundreds of others to a hospital. In the course of a few days a little dog made his appearance, and searching amidst the dying and the dead, discovered at length his expiring master, and was found licking his hands. After his death a comrade took charge of the faithful animal, but no kindness could console him. He refused all food, pined away and died.

Those who take an interest—and who does not?—in the faithful attachment of dumb animals to their owners, may peruse with pleasure the following anecdote, which, from the character of the journal relating it (a French scientific periodical of high repute) doubtless possesses the element of truth. The proprietor of a chateau, in the neighborhood of Cassel, died a short time since, and his remains, amid a wide-spread grief, were lowered into the family vault, and deposited on a sarcophagus in the subterranean chapel, pending the completion of certain operations necessary to prepare the place destined for the coffin. The deceased had owned a hound, to which he was particularly attached, and Lucy returned him his affection with double interest. At the death of her master the poor beast would not quit his death-chamber, and was seen on the morrow, with head bowed down and eye mournful and sad, following with measured step the funeral cortége, accompanying to its last resting-place the body of him of whom she had been so fond. After the ceremony, when the friends and neighbors had retired, the outlets of the vault were carefully closed, and for a time no one thought of Lucy; but when at length they sought her she could not be found, notwithstanding the active search made over all the estate. The servant specially charged with the care of the kennel suggested that, as Lucy was with young, she had been prostrated in some cave or hollow in the neighborhood, as she had been in times before. In the meantime the workmen were sent for to complete the details of the interment, but it was not till the lapse of ten days that they could get to the tomb. The first visit to the remains of one so justly lamented was made with a ceremonious solemnity. But what a spectacle presented itself to the view of the visitors! The pall had been pulled off, the lid of the coffin torn open, and upon the breast of the deceased there lay another corpse—that of poor Lucy, who, without doubt, after having borne her litter, had come to die upon the body of her master. In a corner of the vault were found, expiring, the seven little ones, whom the poor mother had ceased to nourish because she had ceased to live. It is difficult to imagine the labor the faithful creature must have gone through in order to lay bare the body of her master, whom she would seem to have wished to bring to life again. The cover of the coffin had been gnawed open; the shroud was in pieces; but the corpse remained intact.

The Irish Wolf Dog is entirely extinct. We only mention the breed to show what astonishing results careful selection in breeding can produce. There is even some doubt as to what variety this famous dog belonged; but it is certain that to have caught and coped with the wolf he must have been of the greyhound form. Indeed, both Ray and Pennant have described him as a tall, rough greyhound, of extraordinary size and power. Ray says: "It was the greatest dog he had ever seen." Evelyn, when describing the sports of the bear garden, says: "The bull dogs did exceedingly well, but the Irish wolf dog exceeded all, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature, and did beat a cruel mastiff." Oliver Goldsmith—no very reliable authority, perhaps—says, in his loose way, that he once saw about a dozen of these dogs, and that one was about four feet high, or as big as a yearling heifer. Another account represents them as sufficiently tall to put their heads over a person sitting down. But the most singular, and perhaps the most reliable, proof of the gigantic size of this extinct breed is a skull, evidently from its shape that of a greyhound, discovered by Mr. Wylam at Drinshaughlin. This skull, now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, measures eleven inches.

A **pig** and dog were on board a ship. They were very good friends; they ate out of the same kids together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they quarrelled about was their lodging. Toby, the dog, had a very nice kennel; the pig had nothing of the sort. Now piggy did not see why Toby should be better housed of a night than he. So every night there was a struggle to see who should get into the kennel first. If the dog got in, he showed his teeth, and the pig had to look out for other lodgings. If the pig gained possession, the dog could not turn him out, but waited for revenge next time.

One evening it was very boisterous, the sea was running high, and it was raining very hard. The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks; at length it was so unpleasant that he thought the best thing he could do was to go and secure his berth for the night, though it yet wanted a good time to dusk. But when he came to the kennel there was Toby safely housed; he had had the same idea as to the state of the weather as the pig. "Umph, umph!" grunted piggy, as he looked up to the black sky; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn as if to see where he might find a warm corner for the night. Presently he went to that part of the vessel where the tin plate was lying that they ate their victuals from. He took the plate in his mouth and carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some distance from the kennel; then, turning his tail toward the dog, he began to make a noise as if he was eating out of his plate. "What!" thinks Toby, "has piggy got some potatoes there?" and he pricked up his ears and looked hard at the plate. "Champ, champ!" goes the pig, and down goes his mouth to the plate again. Toby could stand this no longer—victuals, and he not there! Out he ran, and, thrusting the pig to one side, pushed his cold nose into the empty plate. The pig turned tail in a twinkling, and before Toby knew whether there was any meat in the plate or not, he was snug in the kennel laughing at Toby's simplicity.

THE New Bedford Mercury says: We have received information from an authentic source, of a dog owned in Falmouth, that has been to church regularly for years, and has also attended punctually all the funerals in that town. At the death of his master this dog went to the funeral, and continued to visit the grave for some time, but since that event has never attended another funeral. This dog still continues to go to church with his accustomed regularity.

HORACE GREELEY is a keen observer, and in cudgelling his brain upon utilitarian philosophy, has recently discovered a new use for poodle dogs. Doesticks could hardly have made a more important discovery. Thus, says friend Horace, in his Tribune of Tuesday:

"Having an abiding faith in the axiom that nothing was created in vain, we have long sought for some apology for the existence of those wretched little creatures known as poodle dogs, and at last we have found out their uses. A lady who kept one of the curly abominations recently lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions, among others, "Where did you find the dear baby?"—"Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan street had him tied to a pole, and was washing down with him."

THE New York correspondent of the Boston Journal is responsible for the following:—In the ancient and beautiful town of Chatham, N. Y., is a very remarkable dog, whose character and behavior would excite the admiration of all good men. On week days he is a dog of like passions and behavior with other animals, but on Sunday his peculiarities and sectarian prejudices shine out. Unlike the crow he can count, and knows when Sunday comes. He is not the same then as on other days. He indulges in no pastimes. He encourages no company and no familiarity. He says in actions louder than words to the vain and the canine race, "Six days shalt thou play and do all your sports."

The family are all Presbyterians, but the dog is a Methodist. On Sunday mornings he attends the family on their way to church, leaves them at the door of the house of the Lord, where they attend, and then goes on his solitary and unbroken way till he comes to the church, which is a little further on. When he has reached the church, he goes up stairs, and has a particular place in which he sits; and when an intruder ventures into his place, no belle or madam of fashion who goes sweeping up the aisle of Grace and finds a plebeian in her elegant pew can give more decided indications of annoyance and displeasure than does the dog. His seat yielded, he attends the service with decorum, and pays dogmatical attention to the word of Scripture. Every Sunday he can be seen on his way to church, foul weather as in fair—and his denominational preferences are as well known as are those of any gentleman in town.

THE following incident, said to be well attested, and taken from a French work, entitled, "L'Histoire des Chiens célèbres," shows that a well educated dog, under exciting circumstances, cannot only reason and act with wonderful decision and presence of mind, but can also manifest a feeling of revenge which is not necessarily his natural character, but which can hardly be surpassed in intensity by a Christian warrior:—Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to a captain of artillery, raised from its birth in the midst of camps, always accompanied his master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagements, it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoi the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended, senseless and bleeding, the dog became desperate and howled piteously. Just at that time a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece, which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. As if with a view to revenge his master's death, Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon loaded with case shot! Seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight. After this bold stroke, the dog lay down sadly near the dead body of his master, licked his wound, and remained there twenty-two hours without sustenance. He was at length, with difficulty, removed by the comrades of the deceased. This gallant greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George II., who had him taken care of as a brave and faithful servant. Byron thus apostrophises this animal:

> "The poor dog! in life the firmest friend—
> The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
> Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
> Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

HERE is a remarkable instance of canine devotion of a dog whose master desired him to guard a bag which he inadvertently placed almost in the midst of a narrow street, in the town of Southampton. While the faithful animal was keeping watch over it, a cart passed by, and such was the immovable determination of the creature to obey his master's orders, that rather than relinquish his trust he actually suffered the wagon to crush him to death.

As an instance of generous revenge on the part of this noble creature, there is a story told of a person, who, being desirous of getting rid of his dog, took it along with him on board of a boat, and rowing out into the river Seine, threw it overboard. The poor animal repeatedly struggled to regain the boat, but was as often beaten off, till at length, in the attempt to baffle the efforts of the dog, the man upset the boat and fell into the water. No sooner, however, did the generous brute see his master struggle in the stream, than he forsook the boat, and held him above water until assistance arrived, and thus saved his life. Was not this dog morally superior to his owner in thus returning good for evil?

THERE is a dog story related by Mr. Jenyns, which we think is not without its moral. A poodle dog belonging to a gentleman in Cheshire, was in the habit of going to church with his master, and sitting with him in the pew during the whole service. Sometimes his master did not come, but this did not prevent the poodle, who always presented himself in good time, entered the pew, and remained sitting there alone, deporting with the rest of the congregation. One Sunday the dam at the head of a lake in the neighborhood gave way, and the whole road was inundated. The congregation was, therefore, reduced to a few individuals, who came from cottages close at hand.

Nevertheless, by the time the clergyman had commenced, he saw his friend, the poodle, come slowly up the aisle dripping with water, having been obliged to swim above a quarter of a mile to get to church. He went into his pew, as usual, and remained quietly there to the end of the service. This is told on the authority of the clergyman himself.

THE New York Daily News tells the following dog story:—We have a good dog story for the commencement of the season. Mr. Lewis, who keeps a restaurant on William street, has a large Newfoundland dog, a finer specimen of his kind than is ordinarily met with. Among his other marks of intelligence, we witnessed this a day or two ago. A gentleman entered the restaurant holding by a cord a dog that served as watch on board a ship. While in the place the gentleman supposed the dog was safe, and released his hold upon the string. The door was opened while the parties were in conversation, and the dog made his escape. Mr. Lewis said to his Newfoundland, "Go bring him back, sir." The dog obeyed the mandate, and within a block or two overtook the fugitive. He first proceeded to give the object of his charge a slight reprimand for his delinquency, by means of a smart shake or two, and then took the rope in his mouth to lead the dog back to his master. Some holding back was manifested, the string was dropped and another shaking administered. Finally, by alternate chastisements and pullings at the rope, the runaway dog was brought into the restaurant, and Newfoundland, with a sly wink to his master, seemed to say, "There he is." The scene was witnessed by many, and created no little excitement. Taken all in all, we think it is about as good a dog story as usually finds its way into the papers, and has the advantage of being true, too.

A GENTLEMAN was missed in London, and was supposed to have met with some foul play. No clue could be obtained to the mystery, till it was gained from observing that his dog continued to crouch down before a certain house. The animal would not be induced to leave the spot, and it was at length inferred he might be waiting for his master. The house, hitherto above suspicion, was searched, and the result was the discovery of the body of the missing individual, who had been murdered. The guilty parties were arrested, confessed their crime, and thus one of the "dens of London" was broken up by the "police knowledge" of this faithful dog.

THAT dogs have a pretty clear understanding of things in general about them is evinced frequently. We knew of one, a noble Newfoundland, whose special duty it was to do the churning, and he comprehended the approach of churning day as well as the house-wife. Regularly on the morning of that day he would disappear, unless securely locked up. We remember another dog, a superannuated mastiff, which exhibited a comprehension fairly human when his master said in his presence that Tiger must be killed because he was old and useless. A friend tells of one which had been in a certain family sixteen years. Overhearing a conversation between his owner and a neighbor one day about killing him, he disappeared that night from the premises, and has not since been seen, except for a short time near a house a mile or two away.

A BANGOR paper relates the following case of forgery:—A large dog had been accustomed to get bits of money from his master to go to a meat stall to get his lunch of fresh meat. The dog, after much urging, carried it to the meat stall and received his food; and so for several days, when, thinking one piece of paper was as good as another, he would pick up pieces of white paper and carry them to the stall without applying to his master. It was not long before a long bill came in from the meat dealer, who had such confidence in the dog that he did not think to look at the paper, and the dog himself was very fat. No arrest was made, and the dog occupies as respectable a position in society as ever.

AN individual, leaving home, left behind a favorite dog, and wrote over its kennel, "Take care of the dog," meaning that he wished it to be taken care of and provided for, which was interpreted, "Beware of the dog," by all avoiding the poor animal. It starved to death.

A SHEPHERD intrusted a flock of eighty sheep to his dog alone, to be driven home, a distance of seventeen miles. On the road she was delivered of a couple of pups. Notwithstanding this incumbrance, and though still faithful to her maternal instinct, she was not neglectful of her task. By carrying her young a few miles in advance of her flock whilst it was feeding, and then driving it on beyond them, she at length reached the end of her journey; as it turned out, however, at the sacrifice of the lives of her offspring.

THE Rev. J. G. Wood relates the following story :—"A Newfoundland dog belonging to a workman was attacked by a small and pugnacious bull-dog, which sprang upon the unoffending canine giant, and, after the manner of bull-dogs, 'pinned' him by the nose, and there hung in spite of all endeavors to shake it off. However, the big dog happened to be a clever one, and, spying a pailful of boiling tar, he hastened toward it, and deliberately lowered his foe into the hot and viscous material. The bull-dog had never calculated on such a reception, and made its escape as fast as it could run."

A DOG at Hertford lately picked a ten-pound note from the mud, and after drying it by a stove, put it into his master's hand. This is very well for Hertford; but we know a dog that is accustomed to go every day to get a pennyworth of meat, which is scored against him, and one day seeing the butcher make two marks instead of one, he said nothing about it, but watching his opportunity, seized a double amount, and ran home with it in a state of great glee.

A SMALL schooner was dashed upon the rocks on the coast of Maine some time ago, and the captain and his wife got ashore on settees and life-preservers, while a powerful Newfoundland dog swam ashore with the baby.

A POOR boy was fatally injured and carried to an hospital. His little dog followed him thither, and being prevented from entering it, lay down at the gate, watching with wistful eyes every one that went in, as if imploring admittance. Though constantly repulsed by the attendants, he never left the spot by night or day, and died at his post even before his master.

THE dog of the French soldier follows him to camp, often accompanies him into action, and has been found at his side when wounded or dying on the field of battle. A private was condemned to be shot, and his executioners were ready to fire upon him. Just as the bandage was about being placed over his eyes, his dog flew into his arms and began to lick his face.

THE Chinamen recently taken to Texas are thinning out the dogs. A good-sized dog will bring ten dollars there just for the meat. Dogs are learning the tricks of the Chinamen so well, that when they see a pigtail coming, they lie right down and froth at the mouth, to make believe they have hydrophobia, for your Celestial must have a healthy dog.

A GENTLEMAN had a splendid Newfoundland dog which became the subject of conversation. After praising the qualities of his favorite very highly, the owner assured his companion that Nero would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance.

To confirm this a marked shilling was first shown to the dog, and then put under a large square stone by the side of the road. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received the signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, the men rode on, and reached home; but, to their great surprise, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day.

It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the stone under which the shilling was placed, but it being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place till two gentlemen on horseback, hearing the noise made by the dog, stopped to look at him, when one of them, alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at that time thinking it to be the object of the dog's search.

The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained quietly in the room where they supped, followed the maid to the bed-chamber, and hid himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his breeches on a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took the breeches in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with his prize, in the pocket of which was found, besides the shilling, a watch and money, which, upon being advertised, were returned to the owner; when the whole mystery was explained, to the admiration of all the parties.

A VERY good anecdote is related of a Newfoundland dog, owned by Mr. T. F. Strong, of Montreal. Among other things, the dog has been taught to take a basket and go to the market for meat. This duty he had performed for some time, when the butcher presented his bill for settlement, and, to the astonishment of Mr. Strong, it was double the account he had kept. The bill was paid, but the dog was suspected and watched; and one day it was found that after doing the regular marketing, he took the basket and did a little on his own account, eating the proceeds on his way home, and on his arrival returning the basket to its proper place. To put a stop to this, the butcher was instructed to give meat only when a piece of paper was found in the basket. The dog tried the marketing on his own account several times, but failed to get anything; and finally, as though he had turned the matter over in his mind, observing how it was done, he one day went in and tore off a piece of newspaper, placed it in the basket, and obtained the hard-earned dinner. If the whole of this is true, it shows a reflectiveness on the part of the dog not often seen among animals, and stamps him as one of the most sagacious of his kind.

THE stories told of dogs are almost innumerable, and yet here is one a little different from any we have ever heard, which happened some time ago, before the era of horse-cars. A gentleman and his wife residing in Chelsea attended the opera one evening; and the lady was so fascinated by the performance that time was unnoticed, and they missed the twelve o'clock ferry-boat, which was the last one for the night. There was nothing left for them but to foot it along Commercial street to Charlestown Bridge, and through Charlestown over Chelsea Bridge, a long, dreary walk, and one which at that time had a bad reputation, by reason of some recent assaults committed on belated pedestrians. The lady quite unwillingly went forward, much alarmed, which alarm was considerably increased by the sudden appearance of a huge bull-dog, who smelled around them, and, refusing to "be off," at their command, deliberately trotted along after them. When they reached the long and dreary Chelsea Bridge, nothing induced the lady to venture forward but the presence of this strange dog. As they were nearing the centre of the bridge, a slouchy man was discovered ahead, leaning against the rail of the bridge, who immediately, on discovering the approaching party, began to move forward towards them, to the special consternation of the trembling woman. The gentleman also became alarmed at this evidence of their danger; but he thought he would avail himself of his company, and spoke in an undertone to the dog, who left his place behind and took his place in front; and as they approached the suspicious man, greeted him with a savage growl, and appeared ready for a spring. The sight and sound of the dog acted as a charm on the man, and he slunk away from the path, and allowed the party to go along unchallenged.. The trio reached home in safety; and, it is hardly necessary to say, the strange, friendly dog was cordially welcomed into the house and fed and lodged like a prince of dogs, as he had shown himself to be. The next morning the dog took his departure, without leaving his name or residence, and was never afterwards seen by the persons whom he had so mysteriously and effectively befriended.

A BOY was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large, fierce dog, belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. He struck into a piece of woods, and the dog gained upon him; when he looked around to see how near the creature was, he stumbled over a stone, pitched off a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him and expected to be seized and torn; when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, perceiving that the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about, and went off for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice; and he must have perished there, or have dragged his broken limb along, and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought him help. He held up his leg, and it hung at a right-angle, showing him plainly the nature of his misfortune and the necessity of lying still. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Unable to attract attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then ran off to the house, making there such demonstrations of anxiety that the family finally followed him to the place where the child lay.

Now observe that this dog was pursuing the child as an enemy; but the moment he saw his enemy prostrate and in distress, his rage was turned to pity, and he flew to his relief. Here was true feeling, and the course he pursued showed good judgment. He was a dog of heart and head. Very few men, not all Christians, help their enemies when they are down. Some do not help their friends when they fall. This dog was better than many men who claim to be good men. We do not say that he reasoned in this matter; but there is something in his conduct on this occasion that looks so much like the right kind of feeling and action, that we think it deserves to be recorded to his credit.

As few dogs will read the record, we commend the example to all mankind for imitation.

A GENTLEMAN living in Boston had a fine Newfoundland named Don. The creature was fond of making himself useful, and liked nothing better than to be sent on some errand, or allowed to act as escort to the female portion of the family. A venerable lady belonging to the household was in the habit of attending a Bible class which met every alternate Thursday, at the house of her pastor, Rev. Dr. G. The sessions of the class would sometimes be prolonged until the short winter afternoon had faded into night, and at such times Don would often be sent to the clergyman's house—a distance of only a few squares—to attend the lady home. Once it chanced that on the day for the meeting of the class the lady was ill and confined to her room; but the dog, unaware of this fact, when six o'clock arrived, punctually reported himself at the reverend doctor's door. His errand was understood, and he was informed that the lady was not there; upon which he turned and gravely trotted home again.

As he was never known to go alone to the clergyman's house for any other purpose than the one specified, the inference is unavoidable that he knew the day and hour for the class to meet as well as his venerable mistress, and considered himself personally responsible for her comfort and safety. At any rate, it is the only case we know of in which a dog has been a voluntary attendant of a Bible class.

A WRITER in the London Illustrated News says:—The other morning, passing through Cavendish square, I met a blind man with his dog. A charitable lady put a sixpence into the basket, and little dog Tray thanked her as usual by wagging his tail. I declare I heard his master say to the dog, "What is it?" Now, did he expect his four-footed conductor to reply, in actual parlance, "a silver sixpence," or was there some other mode of masonic communication between man and brute, enabling the former to know to what extent he had been relieved? Be it as it may, I heard the blind man utter the precise words I have quoted.

Perhaps those who live with dumb creatures of highly developed instinct grow at last to meet them on equal terms, and to impute to them the power of reasoning. Mr. Jesse has not a better story in his collection than that told of Sir Edwin Landseer, to whom a bull-dog was sitting for his portrait, and who, when his day's work was over, said in an authoritative tone to the dog:

"That will do. Come to-morrow at two o'clock."

The bull-dog skulked away, as though he had perfectly understood the order; but just as he reached the door, Sir Edwin called him back.

"Stop," said he, "at a quarter past two."

Whereupon Jowler agitated his caudal appendage and trotted down stairs. And I am given to understand that he came the next day at a quarter past two punctually.

A SPORTSMAN in Virginia recently accidentally shot himself while out hunting, and, being unable to move, he fastened a note to the neck of his dog, and sent the animal home, who returned with help before the hunter died.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, on being asked to sit for his portrait, for Terry, the comedian, said that both he and his dog, Maida, were tired of that sort of thing—Maida particularly so; for she had been so often sketched, that whenever she saw an artist unfurl his paper and arrange his brushes, she got up and walked off with a dignity and an expression of loathing almost human.

THE New York correspondent of the Portsmouth Journal narrated the following:—It has always been a belief of mine that animals of the dumb creation think, all arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, and I have recently heard a dog story from some Portsmouth friends resident in Brooklyn that has increased my faith in the matter. Some neighbors of theirs have a very fine specimen of a Newfoundland dog, who, if half I heard of him be true, can do almost anything but talk.

Not long since, his mistress said to him, "Ponto, you may go out in the front yard and stay half an hour, but don't go outside of the gate." After he had been gone a short time, his well-known knock was heard at the door, and, on its being opened, Ponto was discovered accompanied by a half-starved, abject looking object of the dog species, with one of his legs disabled, which he induced to follow him into the front basement, and lie down on a large soft mat near the door. He then went into the kitchen and intimated to Bridget that he wanted his usual forenoon's lunch, which having procured, he took it to his new friend, laid it down before him, and looked on with evident satisfaction while he ate it.

As Ponto's mistress did not wish a boarder of that description, she told him that he must introduce his new friend into the street again, which he pretended at first not to understand, but finally, in a very apologetic way, however, did as he was ordered, assisting his unfortunate companion up two or three steps into the street, and looking after him, as he limped on his way, with a sad and troubled countenance. So much for Ponto's character for benevolence. Of his qualities as a night watch, I learn that one night during the past summer he discovered that the front door had been inadvertently left open. He knew that was not correct, although the outside blind door was fastened by a dead-latch; so he went to his master's bedroom, waked him up, and would not leave the room until he followed him down stairs and closed the door. He is thought to be worth three star policemen and a pair of private watchmen in addition.

The rage for suicide, if we may believe a Milwaukee paper, has reached the animal kingdom. A small dog of the cur species had been brought up with a cat, and the two were very much attached to each other. But the cat recently sickened and died; when the dog missed its companion very much, and for some days went about the house whining piteously and seeming to call for its missing mate, as well as searching every place for it. If offered food, it would take it to the door of the little kennel where both had slept, and, laying it down, would whine for the missing cat to come and eat. Finding that the cat did not come, the animal refused to eat, nor could coaxing or petting induce it to. A few days since the dog was seen by the family wandering about the yard, whining more piteously than ever, and of a sudden to throw itself into a cistern, the cover of which had been left off for a few moments. A member of the family made all haste to get the animal out, and when he did so, the poor, faithful, mourning friend was dead as a stone.

Theophile Gautier, a French writer on animals, tells a singular story of a dog he owned. The dog was a spaniel, and his name was Zamore. He was neither stylish in form, nor handsome in color; but he was a dog of very marked characteristics, many eccentricities, and much artistic taste. One of his characteristics was his invariable and utter refusal to notice women at all; and, in fact, the only person for whom he seemed to have any special affection was Gautier's father, whom he followed, step by step, wherever he went, but always in the most demure manner, keeping close to the old gent's heels, and never stopping to gambol with other dogs, or even turn his eyes from his master's steps. One day Zamore heard music in the street; and, on going to the window saw a band of trained dogs dancing on their hind legs to the sound of music. Zamore was immediately seized with an irresistible desire to be among them; and at once rushed to the street, and mingling with the dancing dogs, endeavored, awkwardly, to imitate their motions; but only got cut by the showman's whip, and driven ignominiously back into the house. From that hour the dog's peace of mind, and even his appetite, forsook him. After a while a strange noise was heard in the night time, in the room where Zamore usually slept, which continued night after night. On investigating the matter for a cause, Zamore was discovered practising on his hind legs the steps which he had so much admired in the trained dogs, which he had seen dancing in the streets. And this practice he continued, running into the streets whenever he heard the sound of the dancing dogs and watching their steps with curious interest, in order to practise them at night. This he did until he had acquired a good degree of proficiency in the art. One fine morning the servants were astonished to find some fifteen or twenty dogs gathered in a circle in the court-yard, with Zamore in the middle, exhibiting all his fine dancing acquisitions to his admiring friends. The dog survived but a short time afterwards, the author saying his disease resembled brain fever, and that it was brought on by close application to study.

Mr. Snapp, a blacksmith in Winchester, Virginia, owns two dogs, one a terrier, four or five years old, the other half shepherd and half common cur, about twelve or fifteen years old, and consequently very feeble.

In the winter, between the hours for breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper, these two dogs may always be seen perched up just far enough from Mr. Snapp's forge to escape the sparks, but still near enough to keep warm. I say between the hours of breakfast and dinner, because as soon as the hour for dinner comes—which they know even better than the apprentices in the shop—they are both off at a full run, each aiming to secure a space behind the warm kitchen-stove, which is only large enough for one dog at a time. Now the terrier being the most active, almost always gains the coveted place, leaving the poor old dog out in the cold. Now comes the curious part of my story.

The old dog being thus left out in the

cold one bitter cold day, put himself in a thinking attitude, and set his wits to work to devise means by which he could get the terrier out of the coveted place. All at once an idea seemed to strike him. Taking advantage of the good "watch-dog" qualities of the terrier, he made a feint toward the garden, barking furiously, as if some one was intruding at that point, when, true to his nature, out popped the terrier, not to make a feint, but to make a pell-mell rush for the extreme end of the garden, passing the old schemer just outside the kitchen door, who no sooner saw the terrier enter the garden than he popped too, not in the garden, but behind the warm kitchen-stove, curled himself up, and waited, with a cunning twinkle in his eye, for his friend, who no sooner made his appearance, and seeing the situation, than he tried exactly the same stratagem with the shrewd old dog, with as little success as if he tried to fly. Finding that to fail so signally, he in turn put his wits to work, and with what success you will soon see.

After disappearing in the garden a few moments, he made his appearance right in front of the kitchen-door, with a large bone in his mouth, and set to work on it as if he was enjoying it hugely.

Now, what dog could resist such a tempting sight? At least the old fellow behind the stove could not, it is plain, for sneaking cautiously out of his snug retreat, he made a sudden dash for the coveted bone, which he secured very easily—to the surprise of all, as the mystery was soon cleared up—for no sooner had he possessed himself of what he soon found to be nothing but an old dry bone they had both gnawed a hundred times, than the young rascal secured the good warm retreat behind the stove—which he certainly deserved after displaying so much cunning—leaving the poor old fellow out again in the cold, there to contemplate the old proverb, "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

AN officer of the army, accompanied by his dog, left West Point, on a visit to the city of Burlington, N. J., and while there, becoming sick, wrote to his wife and family at West Point in relation to his indisposition. Shortly after the reception of his letter, the family were aroused by a whining, barking, and scratching at the door of the house, and when opened to ascertain the cause, in rushed the faithful dog. After being caressed, and every attempt made to quiet him, the dog in despair at not being understood, seized a shawl in his teeth, and placing his paws on the lady's shoulders, deposited the shawl! He then placed himself before her, fixing his gaze intently upon her to attract attention, seized her dress, and began to drag her to the door. The lady then became alarmed, and sent for a relative, who endeavored to allay her fears, but she prevailed upon him to accompany her at once to her husband, and on arriving found him dangerously ill in the city of Burlington. The distance travelled by the faithful animal, and the difficulties encountered, render this account almost incredible, especially as the boats cannot stop at West Point on account of the ice. Any one can easily satisfy further curiosity in relation to this remarkable case of animal reasoning, by visiting Burlington.

THE following deliberate plan of retaliation, formed and carried out by a dog belonging to himself, is related by one who was a witness to the whole proceeding. The dog had been assaulted and bitten by another dog much older than himself, and thinking that in such unequal odds, "discretion was the better part of valor," he took to his heels and ran home. For several days afterwards he was noticed to put himself on half rations, and lay by the remainder of his food. At the expiration of this period he sallied out, and in a short time returned with a few of his friends, before whom he set his store of provisions, and begged them to make a good dinner. This being despatched, the guests took their leave along with their entertainer, and followed by the dog's master, whose curiosity was excited. He watched their progress for a considerable distance, when a large dog, marked out by the leader of his companions as the offender, was furiously attacked by them all, and well worried before he could make his escape. The self-denial persevered in by this dog, with a view to his revenge, and his knowledge of the efficacy of a bribe, are very remarkable; and he must have explained to his friends the service expected of them in return for their dinner.

CATS.

SOUTHEY, in his "Doctor," gives a curious chapter upon the cats of his acquaintance—a chapter in which humor and natural history are agreeably mingled together; he was evidently a close observer of the habits of poor puss, and took much delight in the whims, frolics, and peculiarities of his favorites. Proofs of the domestication and strong attachment of the cat might be adduced *ad nauseam.* The story of M. Somnini and his favorite cat may be recollected as a case in point:—"This animal," he writes, "was my principal amusement for several years: how vividly was the expression of her attachment depicted upon her countenance! how many times have her tender caresses made me forget my troubles, and consoled me in my misfortunes! My beautiful and interesting companion at length perished after several days of suffering, during which I never forsook her; her eyes, constantly fixed on me, were at length extinguished; and her loss has rent my heart with grief." Amongst the admirers of the sleek and gentle cat may be mentioned Mohammed, Rousseau, Petrarch, Johnson, Cowper, and we know not how many other illustrious names. Madame Helvetius had a favorite cat, which, at the death of her mistress, wandered about her chamber, mewing most piteously; and after the body was consigned to the grave, it was found stretched upon the tomb, lifeless, having expired from excess of grief. The Earl of Southampton—companion of Essex in the fatal insurrection—having been confined some time in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his pet cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment. The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity rivals anything that has been told of the dog, and places poor pussy in a much more favorable light than current opinion would allow. In the summer of 1810, a physician of Lyons was requested to inquire into a murder that had been committed on a woman of that city. He accordingly went to the residence of the deceased, where he found her extended lifeless on the floor, weltering in her blood. A large white cat was mounted on the cornice of the cupboard, at the further end of the apartment, where he seemed to have taken refuge. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, and his attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning the animal was found in precisely the same state; and when the room was filled with the officers of justice, he still remained, apparently transfixed to the spot. As soon, however, as the suspected parties were brought in, his eyes glared with increased fury, his hair bristled, and he darted precipitately from the room. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted, and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the horrid transaction, felt their atrocious audacity forsake them.

We might instance cases in which the reasoning process was evidently exhibited; but let the following, related by Dr. Smellie, in which ingenuity of performance was combined with sagacity, suffice:—"A cat frequented a closet, the door of which was fastened by a common iron latch; a window was situated near the door; when the door was shut the cat gave herself no uneasiness, for so soon as she was tired of her confinement, she mounted on the sill of the window, and with her paws dexterously lifted the latch and came out. This practice she continued for years. Many instances of the kind are upon record; and we personally know of one, in which a cat, having been neglected at the regular dinner hour, which was usually accompanied by the ringing of a bell, would agitate the bell-wire. The sagacity of the feline race is so clearly evinced in the following anecdote, that we cannot help repeating it: "Mr. Tiedemann, the famous Saxon dentist, had a valuable tortoise-shell cat, that for days did nothing but moan. Guessing the cause, he looked into its mouth, and seeing a decayed tooth, soon relieved it of its pain. The following day there were at least ten cats at his door—the day after, twenty; and they went on increasing at such a rate that he was obliged to keep a bull-dog to drive them away. But nothing would help them. A cat who had the toothache would come any number of miles to him. It would come down the chimney, even, and not leave the room till he had taken its tooth out. It grew such a nuisance at last that he was never free from these feline patients. However, being one morning very nervous, he accidentally broke the jaw of an old tabby. The news of this spread like wildfire. Not a single cat ever came to him afterwards."

THERE is no mention of cats in the Bible. According to M. de Champfleury, the word *tsyim* met with in the prophets rather means "jackals." Nor does the *ailouros* of the Greeks seem to have been domesticated until a comparatively recent period. Among the Romans, the animal was not domesticated till about the time of Pliny. But with the Egyptians it was otherwise; they even seemed to have had various species of this animal, three of which still exist in Africa. Nevertheless it is never found depicted on such monuments as are contemporary with the Pyramids; so that we may conclude it was not domesticated in Egypt until the year 1688 B. C. or thereabouts, that being the oldest date deducible from the "Funeral Ritual," where the cat is sometimes seen represented under the arm-chair of the mistress of the house, an honor it shares with dogs and monkeys. Its rarity and usefulness probably soon caused it to be admitted among the number of sacred animals, in order to favor the preservation of the breed. It seems to have been used in the chase, there being pictures extant in which cats are seen to spring from boats into the marshes of the Nile to fetch the wild ducks killed by their masters. In a painting found in a Theban tomb, puss is represented standing on her hind legs like a little dog, and resting her fore paws on the knees of a man who is about to throw the crooked stick, called *shbot*, resembling the Australian boomerang, for the purpose of killing some game.

A FAMILY having a very aged cat, diseased and blind, which had been for fifteen years or more a member of their household, the creature had become dirty and offensive, and most of the family desired to be rid of her, and yet none liked to order the destruction of so venerable and faithful a retainer. Finally, a servant girl determined to dispose of the animal, as she supposed, in an effectual way. She tied its legs together, and then enclosing it in a bag, she tied up the bag and dropped it into a car of an empty coal train going west on the Erie Railway, which runs by the house. An interval of ten days elapsed, when, behold, early one morning the cat appeared in her usual place. Of course no one can tell how far she travelled, how she was released, or what adventures befell her on the way. But, from the time that elapsed between her banishment and return, it is reasonable to suppose that she must have been carried a long distance, probably hundreds of miles, possibly entirely to the coal region and back. The instinct is truly wonderful that could guide this aged, feeble and blind creature back to her old home, over such a distance and after such a long time.

A SINGULAR phenomenon has lately occurred in Pennsylvania, which shows to what strange freaks the motherly instinct in animals will sometimes incite them. A gentleman says that on his arrival at home one day, he found the children in possession of a very young chicken, which they said was found in the yard. After making proper inquiry among his neighbors, without finding an owner, he told the children he would dispose of the chicken by giving it to the cat, supposing she would instantly devour it. Accordingly he put it into the box where the cat was, with only one suckling kitten. The cat at once adopted the chicken as her own offspring, and was frequently known to rescue it from some supposed danger, by running off with it. On one occasion he found her on the top of his book-case, where she had fled with her extraordinary charge in her mouth. This chicken grew to be a large rooster, and she was often seen sitting by him and caressing him as if he were of her own species.

In the year 1783, a merchant who resided at Messina, in Italy, had, as is said, two favorite cats, and their manner one day alarmed him. Before a shock occurred, these animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the door; their master observing their fruitless labors opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they found closed, they repeated their efforts; and on being set completely at liberty, they immediately ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, where he saw them again scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these domestic animals.

A correspondent of the London Spectator, sending some anecdotes of cats, says: "But the cat of cats was a tortoise-shell, sixteen years old when I made her acquaintance, as I was assured by her owner, who had had her from kittenhood. She was getting fat and lazy, yet she would not only follow him about when he was at work, even in cold weather, in preference to lying on her warm mat by the fireside, but would catch birds as he had trained her to do, without ruffling a feather of their plumage, and bring them to him in triumph, alive and unhurt, and showing great pride in the feat. The most extraordinary thing was the attachment she formed for a young dog that was given to one of the inmates of the household, and the sympathy she showed for him when he was beaten. There was a wide kitchen chimney where wood was burnt, as usual in French country houses; Carlo was very fond of getting into the ashes, but this was strictly forbidden, and a switch was kept in the chimney corner to chastise him with when he transgressed. This stick frequently disappeared in an unaccountable manner, till at last it was discovered, by ocular demonstration, that the old cat carried it off to prevent the punishment of her friend. Who can say there was not benevolence as well as affection developed in this animal?"

A lady who had a tame bird was in the habit of letting it out every day, and had taught a favorite cat not to touch it; but one morning, as it was picking up crumbs from the carpet, the cat seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon the table. The lady was much alarmed for the safety of her favorite, but on turning about, instantly discovered the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room. After the lady had turned the strange cat out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird, without doing it any injury.

When the brig Fred. Bliss was wrecked at Swampscott, there were on board a cat with two kittens and a dog. The cat and one of the kittens were killed at the time of the wreck. The dog took the other kitten in his mouth and swam ashore with it, and dug a place on the beach as a nest for it, and has since protected it. It was found a day or two after by some of Mr. Black's men, who went to photograph the wreck. The captain gave the dog and protegee to a citizen of Swampscott, who doubtless saw that they were well cared for.

A story is recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and Dante on the subject of natural and acquired genius. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and, dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted, and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained the cause.

A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said, "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said, "As long as I live, I will eat first, and wash my face afterwards." Which all cats do, even to this day.

An old woman who died a few years ago in Ireland had a nephew, a lawyer, to whom she left by will all she possessed. She happened to have a favorite cat, who never left her, and even remained by the corpse at her death. After the will was read in the adjoining room, on opening the door the cat sprang at the lawyer, seized him by the throat, and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him. This man died about eighteen months after this scene, and on his death-bed confessed that he had murdered his aunt to get possession of her money.

At Russel, in the year 1549, cats formed part of an orchestra which performed before Philip II. of Spain. A bear was seated on a great car at the figure of an organ, which, instead of pipes, had twenty cats of different notes and sizes shut up in small cages, with their tails out and attached to the register of the organ in such a manner that when the bear touched the keys the tails of the unlucky cats were pulled, and the cats began to squeal. The description proceeds to state that at the sound of this feline instrument, monkeys and some children (dressed up to represent bears, wolves, stags and other animals) danced about on an adjoining stage. It is recorded of Louis XI. that he asked his master of music, the Abbé de Baigne, to treat him to a concert of pigs. The Abbé assembled a number of the unmusical animal of different ages and sizes (and it is to be presumed carefully selected in respect to the variety of their intonation) and placed them in a tent, having in front a table like the key-board of a pianoforte. As the keys were touched, they moved certain pins, which pricked the unfortunate pigs, who grunted and squeaked accordingly.

MONKEYS.

Mr. Polard states that in his drinking days he was the companion of a man in Arundel County, Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at a thousand dollars.

"We always took him out on chestnut parties, and when he could not shake them off he would go to the very end of the limbs and knock them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern and drank freely. About half a glass was left, and Jack drank it. Soon he was merry, hopped and danced, and set us in a roar of laughter. Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all day. I called at my friend's house next morning, and went out for Jack. Instead of being, as usual, on the box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a heap.

"'Come out here,' said his master.

"Jack came out on three legs; his fore-paw was on his head. Jack had the headache; I knew what was the matter with him; he felt just as I did, many a morning. Jack was sick and couldn't go. So we waited three days. We then went, and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs.

"'Come here, Jack, and drink,' said his master, holding out the glass to him.

"Jack retreated, and as the door was opened, slipped out, and in a moment was at the top of the house. His master went out to call him down, but he would not come. He got a cow-skin, and shook it at him. Jack sat on the ridge-pole and refused to obey. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back side of the house, when the monkey, seeing his bad predicament, at once whipped upon the chimney, and got down in one of the flues, holding on by his fore-paws! The master was beaten! The man kept the monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to touch another drop of liquor. The beast had more sense than the man, who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first and best of God's creatures on earth."

A PARTY of officers belonging to the 25th Regiment of Infantry, on service at Gibraltar, amused themselves with whiting-fishing at the back of the rock, till they were obliged to shift their ground, being pelted from above, they did not know by whom. At their new station they caught plenty of fish, but the drum, unexpectedly beating to arms, they rowed hastily ashore, and drew their boat high and dry upon the beach. On their return they were surprised to find the boat in a different position ashore, and some hooks baited which they had left bare. In the end it was ascertained that their pelters, while they were fishing, had been a party of young monkeys. They were driven off by two or three old ones, who remained secretly observing the whiting-fishing of the officers till they retired. The old monkeys then launched the boat, put to sea, baited their hooks, and proceeded to work. The few fish they caught they hauled up with infinite gratification, and, when tired, they landed, placed the boat as nearly as they could in its original position, and went up the rock with their prey. General Eliot, while commander at Gibraltar, never suffered the monkeys, with which the rock abounds, to be taken, or in any way molested.

FROM that admirable work, "Illustrations of Instinct," we take the following: —"A monkey, tied to a stake, was robbed by the Johnny Crows (in the West Indies) of his food, and he conceived the following plan of punishing the thieves: he feigned death, and lay perfectly motionless on the ground, near to his stake. The birds approached by degrees, and got near enough to steal his food, which he allowed them to do. This he repeated several times, till they became so bold as to come within the reach of his claws. He calculated his distance, and laid hold of one of them. Death was not his plan of punishment; he was more refined in his cruelty. He plucked every feather out of the bird, and then let him go and show himself to his companions. He made a man of him, according to the ancient definition of a 'biped without feathers.'"

THE cook of a French nobleman had a monkey which was so intelligent that, by severe training, it was taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk, who had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring the prey. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk, who by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claw touched the bird, when the monkey sprang upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's neck was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done, he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir—just what you gave me." What the cook said on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions ; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men-servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of sauce-pans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day ; he came down a black, carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ash in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to the sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, and looked scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder, if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, and screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

Cassell's "Popular Natural History" contains stories of refreshing simplicity about monkeys :—When some men of science were engaged in South America, making observations on the figure of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by the domesticated apes, which were very numerous, looking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to the pendulum they used, taking their pens, and trying to write.

But the climax is the following story :—The small-pox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the Bloomsburg Street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room ; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor.

RATS AND MICE.

The following rat story, says the Westfield Transcript, was related to us by a neighbor, and did it not come from a source which entitles it to the utmost credit, we should feel somewhat dubious about the truth of the matter ; but as it is, we believe every word of it :

Our neighbor says that he was very much harassed by these animals, and had devised various plans for their destruction. Among the expedients employed was a barrel placed upright, which he had prepared by sawing a hole in the upper head about six inches square. Bait was put in this barrel near the bottom, just above a few inches of water, hoping the rats might be induced to jump in and be drowned.

From time to time the delicious morsel was taken away and no rats entrapped. Feeling anxious to know by what means this was accomplished, he placed himself in a favorable position to watch progress. The secret was soon out. Several rats collected, one larger than the rest taking the lead. This one let himself down into the barrel by clinging to the edge of the opening. Near this was a small auger hole, in which he inserted one of his fore paws, while with the other he clung to the edge of the larger hole, thereby securing a firm grip. Then another would descend until he could embrace the first one round the hips, and so on till a perfect chain was formed, tails downward, reaching to the bait. Then a rat, which had held himself in reserve, ran down the chain and bore away the prize! But the most curious part of the story is yet to come. Our informant says that when the bait was brought out not a rat ventured to touch it until the chain was unlinked, and all were present to share in its disposal.

AN amusing experiment on rats was recently perpetrated in a mercantile house in Petersburg, Virginia. Two of these animals had been trapped, and it was decided to try the effects of whiskey upon them. Forty drops were administered to each by force, and the result awaited. They were placed in a wide, deep box, into which some gravel had been thrown. A saucer of whiskey was placed therein. For awhile all was silent, each rat having seated himself in a corner, where he remained as morose as rat could be. By and by, however, the liquor began to work. The rats began to smile, and play with their tails; then to jump up, and squeak; then fall down and roll over. Finally one of them found the saucer, and, with the peculiar curiosity attaching to the race, dipped his nose into it. He drank, and the noise of his drinking brought his companion to his side. They drank as though they were really fond of the stuff, and, it is estimated, took more than twice forty drops. And now they got glorious. They kissed each other. They wrestled and played about. They revisited the saucer, and got mad over it; and a rough and tumble fight ensued, which lasted until both were exhausted. Then they remained for awhile, each with a paw to his nose, grinning at each other. Finally both fell asleep, and while they were gloriously unconscious, a terrier was dropped before them, and the curtain falls.

IT has often been noticed that rats are very clever in the plans they try to secure plunder, and it also deserves mention that they are frequently found to exercise great kindness towards those of their number who may have sustained some injury. The following story from a Scotland journal illustrates the second of these traits more than the first:

While Alexander Gunn, cattle dealer, Braehour, was lately passing the Mill of Dale, his attention was attracted by a large rat coming out of its hole, which, after surveying the place, retreated with the greatest caution and silence. It returned soon afterwards, leading by the ear another, which it left close by the hole. A third rat joined this kind conductor, and the two then searched about and picked up small scraps of grain; these they carried to the second rat, which appeared to be blind, and which remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought it. They seemed then to relax in their exertions, and only continued for a short time; after which one of the rats seized a small stick about five inches in length, which he inserted in the blind one's mouth, and in this way conducted it to the water, of which they all partook, and afterwards led its companion back to its hole.

A SERVANT girl in that uncertain region known as "out West," recently tried whiskey to kill rats. She made it sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously "fuddled," engaged in throwing potato paring, and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of: those not killed left the premises immediately, undoubtedly suffering with a severe headache.

A MOUSE, ranging about a brewery, happened to fall into a vat of beer, and appealed to a cat to help him out.

The cat replied, "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you up."

The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer.

The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.

The cat called on the mouse to come out.

"You, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?"

"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in *liquor* at the time."

LIKE many of the inferior animals, the rat will at times display an ingenuity in the pursuit of food, that may well excite astonishment. Among the most remarkable instances, is that described by a celebrated man of science, who, going into his apparatus room, discovered that a rat, attracted by the fumes of the oil in a long vial hanging on a machine, had evidently set his wits to work to devise means to appropriate the liquid. He seems to have been aware that gnawing the ribbon that tied it would entail the loss of the oil; the narrow mouth of the vial defied entrance, but more adroit than the fox invited to the crane's banquet, master rat resolved to call his tail into use, and make that usually useless portion of the body contribute its share in supporting life. He accordingly perched himself near the vial, and, inserting his tail into it, drew it out and swallowed the oil; this operation he had evidently repeated frequently enough to reward his ingenuity, for the oil had almost entirely disappeared.

A GENTLEMAN from Paris writes as follows:—Last Sunday was celebrated the close of the fair of St. Cloud. The most popular of the shows of the season undoubtedly has been *l'homme aux rats*, well known to the inhabitants of the Quartier Mont Parnasse, where he has held his headquarters for the last thirty years. The name of this Rarey of the rat race is Antoine Leonard. If the former succeeds in breaking in the worst-tempered brute ever created, Leonard, in three weeks, certainly accomplishes the difficult task of inculcating habits of obedience in the biggest rats that ever run. His favorite scenes of action are some cross alleys in the fourteenth and fifteenth arrondissement. His sole theatre is a sort of perch which he sticks into the ground, and then he takes his *corps de ballet* out of his pocket. At his word of command the rats run up and down the perch, hang on three legs, then on two, stand on their heads, and, in fact, go through a series of gymnastic exercises that would put Blondin himself to the blush. His crack actor is a gray rat he has had in his troupe for eleven years. The old fellow not only obeys Leonard, but is personally attached to him. It is a most curious sight to see Leonard put him on the ground, and then walk away. The creature runs after him, and invariably catches him, however many turns he may make to avoid him. An Englishman offered fifty francs for him about two years ago, but Leonard would not separate from his old and attached friend.

FROGS AND TOADS.

AUDUBON relates that he once saw a toad undress himself. He commenced by pressing his elbows hard against his sides and rubbing downward. After a few smart rubs, his sides began to burst open along his back. He kept on rubbing until he had worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with both hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped off the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast off cuticle forward between his fore-legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore-legs, and then grasping one of those with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped the other, and by a single motion of the head, and while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole.

HERE is a description of a flying frog, a native of the island of Ceylon:—The toes were very long and fully webbed to their very extremity, so that when expanded they offered a surface much larger than the body. The fore-legs were also bordered by a membrane, and the body was capable of considerable inflation. The back and limbs were of a very deep, shining green color, the under surface and the inner toes yellow, while the webs were black, rayed with yellow. The body was about four inches long, while the webs of each hind foot, when fully expanded, covered a surface of four square inches, and the webs of all the feet together about twelve square inches. As the extremities of the toes have dilated discs for adhesion, showing the creature to be a true tree-frog, it is difficult to believe that this immense membrane can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman that it flew down from the tree becomes more credible.

FREQUENT instances, as is well known, are recorded by naturalists, of toads and some other animals, which have been found completely imbedded in solid rock. Some people are disposed to be somewhat sceptical in relation to these facts, but they are too well authenticated to admit of doubt, since there is nothing in them that savors of the miraculous. Let it be borne in mind that toads are cold-blooded animals, and that there is a great physiological difference between the cold-blooded and warm-blooded animals, inasmuch as the former can preserve life or vitality under circumstances which would be immediately fatal to the latter. No instance is recorded of the discovery of a warm-blooded animal being found imbedded in stone. But toads and other reptiles, and shell-fish, like many sorts of insects, may be preserved for an indefinite length of time, in particular states of confinement from the atmospheric air. This vitality is very much like that of an egg. A perfect chicken would perish in a very few hours, if it could not escape from the shell; but the contents of a fresh egg will preserve their vitality for an indefinite length of time, if the pores of the egg-shell are completely closed by some kind of substance applied to the surface of the shell. Shell-fish and toads, imbedded in sand or clay, or any soft substance that should harden into stone, would lie there in a torpid state for ages. They are cold-blooded, and so long as no heat comes to them from without, they cannot perish. There is nothing contradictory to the laws of nature in these facts.

SQUIRRELS.

AN English Journal says, it is not generally known how much we, as a maritime nation, are indebted to our little friends, the squirrels. These active little fellows render important service to our navy: for most of the fine oak trees, which are so important in shipbuilding, especially for vessels of war, are planted by the squirrel. A gentleman walking one day in the wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, in the county of Monmouth, had his attention attracted by one of these crackers of nuts; the squirrel sat very composedly upon the ground, and the gentleman paused to watch his motions. In a few moments the creature darted with wonderful swiftness to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he returned, carrying an acorn in his mouth; this acorn he did not eat, but he began to dig a hole in the ground with his paws. When the hole was large enough and deep enough to please him, he dropped the acorn into it, seemed to eye the deposit with great satisfaction, and then he set to work and covered up his treasure. When his task was accomplished, the squirrel again darted into the tree, and again returned in his character of acorn-bearer; and this load he disposed of just as he had done the former. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought fit to watch him. This little animal's industry was certainly not with the intention of providing us with oaks, but with that of providing for himself when food would be less plentiful; the holes were his winter storehouses. As it is probable that the squirrel's memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember all the spots in which he deposits these acorns, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year; these spring up, and in due time supply us with the timber that our shipyards require.

FOXES.

A RESPECTABLE man of the county of Montgomery resided on the banks of the Hudson River. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed the goose in, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unburied the goose and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue. In about an hour the fox returned with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.

HORSES.

A YOUNG officer was connected with Sheridan's brigade. It was in one of those forced marches when they had driven back the enemy, and had been in the saddle for several consecutive days and nights, that this trooper availed himself of a temporary halt, to slip from his saddle and stretch himself upon the turf —his horse, meanwhile, browsing in the immediate vicinity. He had slept for some little time, when he was suddenly awakened by the frantic pawing of his horse at his side. Fatigued by his long ride, he did not rouse at once, but lay in that partially conscious state which so frequently attends great physical prostration. Soon, however, the faithful animal, perceiving that its efforts had failed to accomplish their object, licked his face, and, placing its mouth close to his ear, uttered a loud snort. Now thoroughly awake, he sprang up, and, as the horse turned for him to mount, he saw for the first time that his comrades had all disappeared, and that the enemy were coming down upon him at full gallop. Once mounted, the faithful beast bore him with the speed of the wind safely from the danger, and soon placed him among his companions. "Thus," he added, with emotion, "the noble fellow saved me from captivity, and perhaps from death."

A BLIND horse wandered into White river, at Indianapolis, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle, trying to find his way out. His distress attracted another horse, not far away on the bank, who first went to the water's edge and tried to direct the blind horse by neighing. Failing in this, he took to the water and swam out to his relief, and, after swimming around him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to understand in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to shore side by side amid the cheers of upward of one hundred persons who had become spectators.

A CART-HORSE, noted for its sagacity, once found a wagon obstructing the way which led to his stable. The space was too narrow to allow him to pass on either side. Placing his breast against the vehicle, he pushed it onward till he came to a part of the road which was wide enough to allow him to go by it. On another occasion, a large, wide drain had been dug in the same road, and planks laid over it, on which he could cross. It was winter, and one morning, the planks being covered with snow and ice, in stepping upon them his feet slipped. He drew back, and seemed at a loss how to proceed. Near the plank was a heap of sand; he put his fore feet into this, and looked wistfully to the other side of the drain, where stood the boy who was accustomed to attend him. The horse immediately turned round, and first with one foot, and then with the other, scraped the sand over upon the planks till they were completely covered. He then, without hesitation, trotted directly into the stable.

SOME horses, kept in an enclosure, were supplied with water by a trough which was filled from a pump. One of them learned, of his own accord, to supply himself and his companions, by taking the pump handle between his teeth and working it with his head. The others, finding that he could thus supply their wants, would force him, by biting and kicking, to pump for them, and would not allow him to drink till they were satisfied.

A HORSE came home without a driver, but, instead of going directly to the stable, stopped at the house, neighed, and exhibited other indications of great disquietude. This, at first, excited no attention; but, as these manifestations continued and his master did not appear, apprehension was excited, and a person dispatched in search of him. He was found two miles off, lying insensible, in consequence of a severe blow upon the head, which he had received by falling from his cart. By no animal has this sentiment been so remarkably evinced as by the dog.

LIONS.

"I HAVE been assured," says Chenier, in his "Present State of Morocco," "that a Brebe who went to hunt the lion, having proceeded far into a forest, happened to meet with two lions' whelps that came to caress him. The hunter stopped with the little animals, and, waiting for the coming of the sire or the dam, took out his breakfast and gave them a part. The lioness arrived, unperceived by the huntsman, so that he had not time, or perhaps wanted the courage, to take his gun. After having for some time looked at the man, who was feasting her young, the lioness went away, and soon after returned, bearing a sheep, which she laid at the huntsman's feet. Thus become one of the family, he took this occasion of making a good meal, skinned the sheep, made a fire and roasted a part, giving the entrails to the young. The lion came also, and, as if respecting the rights of hospitality, showed no tokens of ferocity. Their guest, having finished his provisions, returned the next day, and came to the resolution never more to kill those animals, the noble generosity of which he had so fully proved. He caressed the whelps at taking leave of them, and the dam and sire accompanied him till he was safely out of the forest."

BIRDS.

As our young readers well know, the parrot may be taught to repeat many words. It is generally supposed that they attach no meaning to what they say, but simply utter the sounds, as they would any other notes. This may be so; but some incidents seem to show that they may sometimes know the use of language. A lady friend of the writer occupied part of a house where was kept a very talkative parrot. One day the lady came down stairs dressed in a short gown and petticoat, the weather being intensely warm, when the parrot immediately cried out, "What frock you got on?" Another friend relates that a parrot belonging to his landlady one day annoyed her very much by its continued talking and screeching. At last she seized the stick with which she had been stirring the clothes, and raised it threateningly, when the bird immediately cried out, "You saucy thing, Poll wont speak another word," and remained silent almost the whole day. A bird show was held at the museum in New York several years since, to which a parrot was sent that had been taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer. This was advertised extensively, and hundreds of persons went to hear the wonder, but to their disappointment and the vexation of the owner, Poll would not utter a word during the exhibition, although fully able to do what had been expected. After the show the parrot was taken home, and upon reaching its place the parrot exclaimed, "I suppose I can talk now," and became as voluble as ever. The bird's silence was not remarkable, as song-birds will seldom sing freely for some time after being taken to a new place; the speech on going home certainly seemed to indicate intelligence. A gentleman had taught his parrot to say, "Get your gun, John," which was well remembered one night by the bird, for burglars entered the house, and Poll, hearing a noise, screamed out, "Get your gun, John," awakening her owner, and at the same time putting the robbers to flight.

THE nest of a martin had fallen from the eaves of a house when full of young. They were taken up and placed in a basket where their parents attended them as before. All were fledged, and soon left their place of refuge, except a feeble and helpless one, which remained there. When thus left alone he was exposed to the severity of the cold east winds, which began to prevail at the time. The old birds not only continued to supply him with food, but, in order to protect him from the winds, built up a wall three inches high upon that side of the basket which was exposed to it.

THE Charleston Mercury says that a certain lady, who was famous for making good pickled walnuts and was very fond of eating them, too, one season discovered that her jars were empty before she had fairly tasted her favorite pickle. She called her servants to account, but each one denied having meddled with the jars, and the good lady determined, if possible, to find out the thief. So she made another fine lot of pickles, and placed them on the shelf in the same store-room, keeping a daily watch upon them. To her great surprise, she discovered no other than her parrot to be the pilferer of her pickle jars. She caught him hooking out the walnuts with his crooked beak, and in her anger she dashed upon him a pitcher of hot water, which she chanced to have in her hand.

Poor Poll was in a sad plight, both in suffering and appearance; his bright feathers all fell out, and he was long in this naked condition, nursed by the pity of his forgiving mistress. During this period of probation, a venerable friend of the lady, who was quite bald, came to visit her. Poll waddled quietly into the parlor, and, climbing upon the back of the old gentleman's chair, seemed for some time to be intently examining his bald head; then, growing bolder, he got upon his shoulder, and with beak upon the bald spot, cried,—

"So, so! you've been at the pickled walnuts, too, have you?"

Extraordinary as this may seem, we know a gentleman at Bridgeport, Connecticut, (Captain Brooks) who has a parrot that has said equally remarkable things. A visiting clergyman was taking breakfast at Captain Brooks' hospitable table one morning, when the parrot, observing that the visitor was most liberally helped to beefsteak, exclaimed, "Well, I think you've had your share," or words to that effect. This rude speech of "Pretty Poll" must have annoyed the hospitable captain, but the guest readily understood that it was merely a repetition of a remark which the parrot had heard applied to herself on some previous occasion.

THERE is an Eastern story of a person who taught a parrot only these words: "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot,—

"Are you worth one hundred rupees?"

The parrot answered,—

"What doubt is there of that?"

The Mogul was delighted and bought the bird. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself,—

"I was a fool to buy this bird,"

The parrot exclaimed, as usual,—

"What doubt is there of that?"

IN a certain neighborhood there lived a very pious old preacher, who prided himself on the possession of a pet poll-parrot. Some of the mischievous boys of the place had taught the parrot to swear, much to the chagrin of the old gentleman. On entering the house one day he was very much grieved to hear his pet swearing with a will at the old cat. This was more than he could stand, and to punish the blasphemous bird he took her from her perch and plunged her into a tub of water that was standing near. When Poll was released from her master's grasp she crawled under the stove to dry her feathers. Shortly after a servant found a chicken nearly drowned in the slop bucket, and put it under the stove to dry also. The parrot quietly surveyed the new comer for a moment, and then comically turning up one eye, sagely chatted the following words as plain as she could:

"You have been saying damn, too, have you?"

The preacher was so pleased with the quaintness of Poll's remark, that he never afterwards punished her for swearing.

A MAN in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from a window of a house which he often passed, said:

"It cries 'Stop, thief,' so naturally, that every time I hear it, I always stop."

VULTURES do not depend on the sense of smell to discover their food. Audubon hid a carcass in a thicket, and although it putrefied, it did not attract a single turkey buzzard. Wallace found the vultures that waited for him while stuffing birds would not meddle with putrid meat if only wrapped up loosely in paper. They depend only on sight.

WHEN a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it, nor any part of it. There was once a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner sold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and going to the piano struck up "Polly Hopkins." The bird's master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before; so, after listening awhile, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left off playing, and then the blackbird opened his throat, and favored his new master with his version of "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version.

This same blackbird, after staying in the service of the above-mentioned gentleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe" (the bird's name) attempted to strike up the old tune, a cloth was thrown over his cage, and he was silenced. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters, and every night, at seven o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the house, speedily learned the tune, and regularly whistled it while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day, he never gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven, he tuned up, and went through with it with the gravity of a parish clerk.

COLONEL B. had one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it were covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows appeared determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral, and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's for a gallon of alcohol, in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over the field. The black-legs came and partook with their usual relish; and, as might be expected, they were well "corned," and such a cooing and crackling, such strutting and swaggering. When the boys attempted to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait and their zigzag way through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there, being joined by a new recruit, which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw, haw, hawing, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol, it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol; not another kernel would they touch in his field.

CUNNINGHAM, the poet, says the cuckoo has "no winter in his year"—he chases the summer around from zone to zone. So do many birds. Man has but one spring time of life. The thrush has a spring time of life every spring. He nests, sings, rears his young, and in July and August grows careless and seedy, his coat looks shabby, and he grubs around until fall, when away he goes, to return again to another round of joy and song, and so on, giving him a resurrection each year.

THE tremendous voracity of certain birds is well known. An ostrich is as ready to dispose of an old boot or a pound of nails as of any other esculent. This propensity, in which the bird called "cassowary" is a partaker, was the cause of an amusing fright recently given a carpenter at work repairing the house of one of these omnivorous creatures. He left a large basket of tools while he went in-doors to fetch something. On his return he missed a chisel, and supposing some one from the house had taken it, he was going back, when the cassowary approached, and at one gulp bolted a screw-driver and gimlet, while the terrified artist in wood bolted himself.

THERE is much more intellect in birds, says Marryat, than people suppose. An instance of that occurred in a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much discomposed by the fragments flying in all directions, but she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that, at the notice, the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place, and then she returned to her nest. The workmen observed this, and narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be ready to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood; but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterward, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge, to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs for your amusement." Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels, and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him (the old man could not walk very fast), the raven would just keep clear of the rake or hoe in his hand, dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol! tol de rol de rol!" with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird lived long, and continued the same meritorious practice whenever he could find an opportunity.

An Irishman employed on a farm was told by the farmer that one of his duties would be to feed the chickens. This he did daily; but he observed, with much concern, that when he gave them their corn, an old drake that was among the flock shovelled it in with his broad bill much faster than the chickens could do. At last an idea struck him. One evening, as usual, while Pat was distributing corn to the fowls, he commenced soliloquizing in the following manner:—"Arrah! an' here ye are agen, ye spoonbill quadruped; ye lay under the barn all day; and when I say chi-ky, chi-ky, be St. Patrick, ye are the first one here, and ye pick up three mouthfuls all in one, an' now, be jabers, an' I'll cure ye of that, an' so I will." Sure enough Pat called the drake close to him, and made a grab and nabbed him. "An' it's welcome ye are, confound yer picter; when I'm done ye'll not pick up more nor yer share." With that, Pat got out his knife and trimmed the drake's bill off sharp and slim, like a chicken's, and then exultingly threw him down, saying, "Now, be jabers, ye can pick up the feed 'longside the chickens."

Birds of Paradise moult about January, and in May, when they are in full plumage, the males assemble early in the morning to exhibit themselves in the singular manner which the natives call their "Saceleli," or dancing parties, in certain trees of the forest, which are not fruit trees, as at first imagined, but have an immense head of spreading branches, and large but scattered leaves, giving a clear space for the birds to play and exhibit their plumage. On one of these trees a dozen or twenty full plumaged male birds assemble together, and raise up their wings, stretch out their necks and elevate their exquisite plumes, keeping them in a continual vibration. Between whiles they fly across from branch to branch in great excitement, so that the whole tree is filled with waving plumes in every variety of attitude and motion.

The bird itself is nearly as large as a crow, and of a rich coffee-brown color. The head and neck is of a pure straw-yellow above, and rich, metallic green beneath. The long, plumy tufts of golden-orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is in repose are partly concealed by them. At the time of its excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically across the back, the head is bent and stretched out, and the long plumes are expanded until they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points. The whole bird is then over-shadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude the Bird of Paradise deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things.

This habit enables the natives to obtain specimens with comparative ease. As soon as they find that the birds have fixed upon a tree upon which to assemble, they build a little shelter of palm leaves in a convenient place among the branches, and the hunter ensconces himself in it before daylight, armed with his bow and a number of arrows terminating in a round knob. A boy waits at the foot of the tree, and when the birds come at sunrise, and a sufficient number have assembled, and have begun to dance, the hunter shoots with his blunt arrow so strongly as to stun the bird, which drops down and is secured and killed by the boy without its plumage being injured by a drop of blood. The rest take no notice, and fall one after another until some of them take the alarm.

The wonderful Egyptian bird Phœnix is described as being about the size of an eagle, with plumage partly red and partly golden. This bird is said to come from Arabia to Egypt every 500 years, at the death of his parent, bringing the body with him, embalmed in myrrh, to the temple of the sun, where he buries it. According to others, when he finds himself near his end, he prepares a nest of myrrh and precious herbs, in which he burns himself; but from his ashes he revives in the freshness of youth. From late mythological researches, it is conjectured that the Phœnix is a symbol of a period of 500 years, of which the conclusion was celebrated by a solemn sacrifice, in which the figure of a bird was burnt. His restoring his youth signifies that the new springs from the old. More than sixty authors have related traditions of this bird, including Strabo, Lucian, Pliny, Plutarch, Herodotus, and others.

ONE of the most interesting stories of animal intelligence and instinct is told by an eminent naturalist. A young lady, who was sitting in a room, the door of which was open, and led into the yard, where a variety of fowl were disporting themselves, was suddenly approached by an old drake, who seized the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. Feeling startled, she repulsed him with her hand. The bird still persisted. Somewhat astonished, she paid some attention to this unaccountable pantomime, and discovered that the drake wished to drag her out of doors. She got up, and he waddled out quietly before her. More and more surprised, she followed him, and he conducted her to the side of a pond, where she perceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice. She hastened to release the poor creature and restored it to the drake, who by loud quackings and beating of his wings, testified his joy at the deliverance of his companion.

A FARMER in the neighborhood of Binghamton, New York, wished to borrow a gun of his neighbor, for the purpose of killing some yellow birds in his field of wheat, eating up the grain. His neighbor declined to loan the gun, for he thought the birds useful. In order, however, to gratify his curiosity, he shot one of them, opened its crop, and found in it two hundred weevils, and but four grains of wheat, and in those four grains the weevils had burrowed! This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of the poor bird, valuable as it was.

DR. LEIGH SOUTHBY, in a letter to Dr. Gray, describes a marvellous specimen of the feathered tribe—a talking canary. Its parents had previously and successfully reared many young ones; but three years ago they hatched only one out of four eggs, which they immediately neglected by commencing the rebuilding of a nest on the top of it. Upon this discovery the unfledged and forsaken bird, all but dead, was taken away and placed in a flannel by the fire, and after much attention it was restored and brought up by hand. Thus treated, and away from all other birds, it became familiarized with those who fed it; consequently its first singing notes were very different from those usual with the canary. Constantly being talked to, the bird, when about three months old, astonished its mistress by repeating the endearing terms used in talking to it, such as "kissie, kissie," with its significant sounds. This went on, and from time to time the little bird repeated other words; and now for hours together. except during the moulting season, it astonishes the spectator by ringing the changes according to his own fancy, and as plain as any human voice can articulate them, on the several words,—

"Dear, sweet Titchie; kiss Minnie; kiss me, then, dear Minnie; sweet, pretty little Titchie; kissie, kissie, kissie; dear Titchie; Titchie, wee gee, Titchie, Titchie."

The usual singing notes of this bird are more of the character of the nightingale, mingled occasionally with the sound of the dog-whistle used about the house. It also whistles, very clearly, the first bar of "God save the Queen." It is unnecessary to add that this bird is remarkably tame.

THE following incident, says the Boston Traveller, recently occurred in this vicinity:—A family had a beautiful canary in a cage, which was placed in one of the windows. A few days ago, a bird, of the species known as the Butcher bird, tapped at the window with his bill repeatedly, and was finally admitted, when he flew to the cage of the canary, and seized its inmate by the head, and not being able to pull its body through the wires, twisted its head off, and flew away. An attempt was made to capture the cruel Butcher, by placing in the window a trap containing the remains of the canary; but by some means he succeeded in obtaining the body of the canary without leaving his own in the trap. A second bait of fresh meat was, however, more successful, and the cage of the canary is now occupied by the Butcher bird.

A VERY pretty incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantle-shelf, whereupon was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and disgusted he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shameful silence for the rest of the day; and, although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.

A ROBIN, it is said, kills on an average about 800 flies in a day, and a sparrow will destroy at least 150 worms or caterpillars in a day.

ONE bird is a lamp-lighter, for on Cape Comorin there are birds that at night light up their habitations. These sagacious little fellows fasten a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then go out and pick up a glow-worm, and stick it on the clay, to illuminate their dwelling, as if they were about to see company that evening. Sometimes these little fellows are gayer than usual, and, in that case, they get three or four of these glow-worms, or of fire-flies, and light up most cheerfully; and this curious habit is a wise provision adapted for their protection, for the blaze of light in their little cell dazzles the poor bat, whose eyes love darkness rather than light, and thus he is unable to plunder the nest and deprive the parents of their young.

The tailor-bird of Hindostan gathers cotton from the shrubs, and spins it into threads by means of its feet and long bill, and then using its bill as a cobbler's awl, it sews the large leaves of an Indian tree together, so as to protect and conceal the juvenile tailors that have been recently brought into the world.

So with ants; one is a mason, another a carpenter; one caterpillar is a stone-mason; one bee is an upholsterer, one is a miner, another a felt-maker; one insect is a grave-digger, another is a burying-beetle, and buries moles, rats, birds and frogs. A celebrated naturalist put four of these undertakers under a glass cover, and supplied them with subjects on which they might exercise their trade, and in fifty days these four beetles interred twelve carcasses—four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers. They undermined the carcass, and let it drop by its own weight, and then covered it up; in this manner, no doubt, millions of little birds and field-mice find as decent a burial as falls to the portion of the lords of creation.

BIRDS have odd fancies in building their nests, like some eccentric people in building their houses. The following incident, from the Presbyterian, illustrates this:

An old chicken-thief who had screeched about the farm-house half the winter was caught at last, and duly executed. His body was then hung up carefully against a rafter in the barn, as a warning to all future owls. There he hung till he was as dry as a mummy fresh from Egypt. When the spring-time came again, a happy pair of swallows flew in the accustomed window, and looked about for a site on which to set up their dwelling. They were quite surprised to find an old owl swinging from the rafter they had decided to occupy; so they flew round and round him for some time, till quite satisfied with his good intentions. Then such a funny conceit took possession of their funny little heads. They would build on the owl's back! That would certainly be something quite distinguishable. No swallow in all his travels had ever seen such a building-spot as that. So to work they went, twittering and chatting as merry as larks, covering old Wonder-Eyes' wings with a coating of clay, that would have made him open his eyes wider than ever, if he had been alive. At last all was completed, and a famous lining of feathers laid in, which it had cost them little trouble to provide. Many persons came from far and near to see the curious sight; and one gentleman, who was quite a naturalist, obtained the nest and carried it away, with the eggs and all, for his cabinet. He gave the man a large shell, and requested him to hang it in the same spot, and see if the birds would fancy that. Sure enough, the next spring a pair of swallows—no doubt the same ones—came and built their nest in the mouth of the shell, which was again taken from them. Their attachment to places is very strong, and they will persevere in building on the same spot, year after year, in the face of great discouragements.

A GENTLEMAN writes the following account of the doings of a goose that wasn't a goose:—"During one of my morning walks on the outskirts of the western part of our city, I observed a number of geese luxuriating on some offal which had been thrown on a vacant lot in the rear of some large buildings, for the benefit of any who were first on the ground. I stood for some time watching their movements, and also with what gusto they appeared to devour their breakfast. Suddenly one very grave-looking fellow, finding a prize in the shape of a large crust of bread, was about to take French leave with it in his mouth, when two or three of his companions, observing his good luck, immediately followed him, and fruitlessly attempted to deprive him of it. But knowing, although he was a goose, that possession was nine points of the law, he was determined not to relinquish his right of enjoying it himself. Having, in a short time, distanced his companions, and finding himself in quiet possession of his prize, he ventured to lay it down, and soon commenced a vigorous attack upon the crust, but, alas! it was too hard for him—he was unable to dissever a single portion of it. All at once, as if he had just conceived some desperate idea, he again seized hold of it, and walking up to some water that had collected in the hollow of a gutter close by, actually deposited the bread in the puddle. Then wisely suffering it to receive a good soaking, it soon became soft, when he voraciously devoured it without any further trouble. After this feat was accomplished, he very deliberately helped himself to a good drink of water, then gracefully waddled away, evidently much pleased with the success of his experiment."

THE cow-bunting of New England never builds a nest. The female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed, like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return, what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story in the house, thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs, and reared her four children. In the museum at Salem, Mass., may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.

FROM an article in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal on the Raven, we extract the following:

It was a common practice, in the spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn to attract the sparrows within view of a window, opened just far enough to afford room for the muzzle of a gun, neither the weapon nor its wielder being visible from without. A tame raven used to scamper away at the sight of a man taking the gun towards the house, and hide himself within view of the scene of slaughter. As soon as a shot was fired, he would dash from his shelter, seize a defunct sparrow, scurry back to his nook with his prize, and repeat his performance as long as the battle lasted.

England, Scotland, and Ireland are all favored with his presence, but he specially affects the Orkneys and the Hebrides. The people of Pabbay were once at their wits' end to get rid of the ravens, who mustered in unusual force to feed on the carcasses of some grampuses. The islanders were afraid that, the grampuses disposed of, the birds would pay their attention to the fields of barley ; but drive them away they could not. At last, one Morrison hit upon a plan. Stealing with some companions to the sleeping place of the ravens at night, he contrived to secure a few of them alive ; these were quickly denuded of all their feathers except those on their wings and tail, and turned among their friends in the morning just as they were going to breakfast. The sensation created was immense, and the hubbub fearful, but it ended in the unwelcome guests departing with more haste than ceremony.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and, if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinquished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty, amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother in his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the popular bird was then placed on a litter, and borne to the pile amid the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right hand side of the Appian Way.

THE following is given on the authority of Cuvier, and derives an additional interest from the fact that it first served to draw his attention to Natural History as a pursuit. While he was a young man a pair of swallows built their nest on one of the angles of the casement of his apartment. During their temporary absence it was taken possession of by a pair of sparrows, who persisted in retaining it, and resisted every effort of the rightful owners to regain it. After a time, crowds of swallows gathered upon the roof, among whom were recognized the exiled pair, who seemed to be informing their friends of the outrage they had suffered. The whole assembly was in a state of great commotion, and appeared highly incensed, as was manifested by the movements and cries. Before long, suddenly and swift as thought, a host of them flew against the nest. Each bore in his bill a small quantity of mud, which he deposited at its entrance, and then gave way for another, who repeated the operation. This was continued till the opening was completely closed up, and the marauders were buried in a living tomb. The labors of this friendly company, however, did not cease here. They immediately collected materials for another nest, which they built just over the entrance to the first. In less than two hours after the act of vengeance had been consummated, the new structure was completed and inhabited.

A FAVORITE magpie, which had been accustomed to receive its daily bits from the mouth of its mistress, one day perched as usual on her shoulder, and inserted his beak between her lips, not, as it was proved, to receive, but to give or hide ; for as one good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

THE humming-bird is easily tamed, and is a most loving and trustful little creature. Mr. Webber has given a most interesting account of a number of ruby-throats which he succeeded in taming. On several occasions he had enticed the living mentors into his room by placing vases of tempting flowers on the table, and adroitly closing the sash as soon as they were engaged with the flowers, but he had always lost them by their dashing at the window, and striking themselves against the glass.

At last, however, his attempts were crowned with success, and "this time I succeeded in securing an unwounded captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby-throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf sugar, with one of honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead most skilfully. It lay upon my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it. But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a moment was on its legs drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught from a silver tea-spoon. When sated, it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen black eyes to survey us, as much as to say, 'Well, good folks, who are you?'"

DURING incubation of the mocking bird, neither the cat, dog, nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats in particular, are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, until obliged to retreat. But his whole vengeance is more particularly directed against that mortal enemy of his eggs and young, the black snake. Whenever the insidious approaches of the reptile are discovered, the male darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding its bite, and striking it incessantly and violently about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake becomes sensible of its danger, and seeks to escape, but the intrepid defender of its young redoubles its exertions, and, unless his antagonist be of great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying him. All his pretended powers of fascination avail him nothing against this noble bird. As the snake's strength begins to flag, the mocking bird seizes it, and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with its wings; and when the business is completed, he returns to the nest of his young ones, mounts a bush, and pours forth a song in token of victory.

MR. GOSSE, in his history of the birds of Jamaica, gives an amusing account of the mocking bird. The hogs, it seems, are the creatures which give this bird the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evening. Hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange tree to wait for a lucky wind-fall. The mocking bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck at the hog with all its might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the thing, gently lies down and turns up his broadside to enjoy it. The poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but increases the enjoyment of the intruder, and is at last compelled to give it up in despair.

A WESTERN paper vouches for the truth of a story which is a little out of the usual line:—A few years ago a wild goose was wounded and captured by a young man; and, after his recovery, his wings were cropped, and he became quite tame and domesticated, and was allowed to run about with the tame geese. Last spring the wings of the goose having grown out, a flock of wild geese were passing over the neighborhood on their annual tour northward, and the tame goose joined them, and was not heard from again until late in the fall. Late one night, during a heavy snow-storm, a most unusual noise was heard among the geese in the barnyard. The family hearing the noise, and not knowing the cause of it, one of the members took a lantern and visited the yard, where, to his great astonishment, he found not only the old wild goose which left in the spring, but a family of ten young ones. The large barn doors were opened, and the whole flock of wild geese were driven into the barn with the tame ones and captured.

INSECTS.

Du Chaillu says of ants:—I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches broad, and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time, the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains. They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute his bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year. When on their march, the whole of the insect world flies before them; and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go, they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful. The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

Ants, in the exotic regions, construct habitations of considerable size, and form large communities, consisting of a king and queen, soldiers and laborers. Such especially are the white ants, whose nests formed entirely of clay, about twelve feet high, and broad in proportion, soon become clothed with grass, and when a cluster of them are placed together, they may be taken for an Indian village, and are in fact occasionally larger than the dwellings of the natives. These dome-like buildings are sufficiently strong and capacious to enclose and shelter the interior from all change of weather; and the inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. They are divided into a number of apartments, for the residence of the king and queen, and the nursing of their numerous progeny; as also for magazines or granaries, where provisions of various kinds are stored up. The royal chamber occupies the centre of the building; and on all sides, above and below, are arranged a kind of ante-rooms, containing both soldiers and laborers, who wait there either to guard or serve their common parents, on whose safety depends the well-being of the whole community.

An English gentleman lately took a small wasp's nest, about the size of an apple, and, after stupefying its inmates, placed it in a large case inside of his house, leaving an opening for egress through the wall. Here the nest was enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding thousands of wasps. Here he was able to watch their movements, and noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation. In hot weather from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hole of egress; and, while leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cool weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged.

The subterfuges resorted to by animals in search of food have been regarded, by the general reader, as the most interesting and instructive portion of the works of naturalists. An incident illustrative of the cunning of the wasp, was recently related to us by an observing gentleman.

A blue wasp, known as the solitary wasp, because it lives alone in its little clay nest, was seen to hurl itself upon the strong, wheel-shaped web of a large spider. Here it set up a loud buzzing, like that of the fly when accidentally entangled in a similar web. The spider, watching at the door of his silken domicile, stole cautiously forth. His advance was slow, for he evidently felt that he was approaching no common enemy. The apparently desperate, yet fruitless, efforts of the wasp to free himself, encouraged the spider and lured him forward. But, when within some three inches of his intended victim, the wasp suddenly freed himself from his mock entanglements, and, darting upon the poor spider, in a moment pierced him with his deadly sting in a hundred places.

The wasp then bore his ill-gotten spoil to his lonely home. This house is built of clay, thimble-shaped, and originally containing but one apartment. In the lower part of this *cul-de-sac* the wasp deposits its eggs. Immediately over them it draws a thin, glutinous curtain. Upon this curtain it packs away the proceeds of its hunting excursions, such as spiders, flies, and all other insects which it regards as suitable food for its young. Consequently, when the young escape from the ova, they find above them a well-stocked larder, and gradually eat their way through the choice depository, finally appearing to the delight of the world in the agreeable form and stature of perfect wasps.

A large, heavy cockroach, fully an inch long, was once seen to fall into the web of a small spider. The great weight of the insect and the height from which it fell were sufficient to tear through the web, and it would have fallen clear but that the long, sharp claws which arm the extremities of the hindmost pair of legs, gathered a sufficient quantity of the fibres as they rolled down the net, to sustain the weight of the cockroach, who thus hung dangling by the heels, head downwards, and body free. Out rushed the little spider, not half so large as a cherry-stone. What could it do with such a monster? You shall see. Without an instant's confusion or hesitation, it commenced rapidly throwing a new web with its hinder legs or spinners over the two claws that were entangled, so that the hold there might first be strengthened. The cockroach struggled desperately—his weight began to tear away the web from the beam. The spider felt that all was giving way—and faster than the eye could follow him, ran back and forth along the breaking cords from the beam to the heels of the monster, carrying a new thread from one to the other each time, until the breakage was arrested, and he was satisfied that the whole would bear all the weight and efforts. He then returned cautiously to the charge, and, after a dozen trials, succeeded in webbing the second pair of legs, and bound them down in spite of the tremendous writhing of the great black beast. The third pair were near the head, and he could not succeed in binding them from the front, so he tried another tack; he crawled along the hard sheath of the back (it hung back downward), and commenced with inconceivable rapidity throwing his web over the head. The roach seemed to be greatly frightened at this, and made more furious efforts than ever to get loose. The cords from above began to give way again. The spider darted along them as before, till they were strengthened a second time. He now tried another manœuvre. We had noticed him frequently attempting to bite through the sheath armor of the roach, but he seemed to have failed in piercing it. He now seemed determined to catch the two fore legs, which were free. After twenty trials, at least, he noosed one of them, and soon had it under his control. This pair of legs was much more delicate than the others: he instantly bit through the captured one. The poison was not sufficient to effect the huge mass of the roach a great deal, but the leg seemed to give it much pain, and it bent its head forward to caress the wound with its jaws; and now the object of the cunning spider was apparent. He ran instantly to the old position he had been routed from, on the back of the neck, and while the roach was employed in soothing the smart of the bite, he succeeded in enveloping the head from the back in such a way as to prevent the roach from straightening out again; and in a little while more had him bound in that position and entirely surrounded by a web. A few more last agonies and the roach was dead; for the neck, bent forward in that manner, exposed a vital part beneath the sheath; and we left the spider quietly luxuriating upon the fruits of his weary contest. This battle between brute force and subtle sagacity lasted one hour and a half.

THE following singular relation is furnished by a correspondent of the Boston Traveller as having been witnessed by a person then living, though occurring more than forty years before, about sixteen miles from the city:

The narrator said that while walking in the field he saw a large, black field spider, considered one of the most venomous species, contending with a common sized toad. The spider, being very quick in its movements, would get upon the back and bite it, when the toad, with its fore paw, would drive off the spider. It would then hop to a plantain, which was growing near by, and bite it, and then return to the spider. After seeing this repeated several times, and noticing that each time the toad was bitten it went to the plantain, the spectator thought he would pull up the plantain and watch the result. He did so. Being again bitten, and the plantain not to be found, the toad soon began to swell and show other indications of being poisoned, and died in a short time. If the plantain, which grows so abundantly near almost every dwelling in this vicinity, was such an immediate and effectual remedy to the toad for the bite of the spider, can we not reasonably infer that it would be an effectual cure for man for the bite of the same insect?

CARPENTER informs us that in every hive of bees the majority of the individuals are neuters, which have the organs of the female sex undeveloped, and are incapable of reproduction, that function being restricted to the queen, who is the only perfect female in the community. If by any accident the queen is destroyed, or if she be purposely removed for the sake of experiment, the bees choose two or three from among the neuter eggs that have been deposited in their appropriate cells, which they have the power of converting into queens. The first operation is to change the cells in which they lie into royal cells; which differ from the others in form, and are of much larger dimensions; and when the eggs are hatched, the maggot is supplied with food of a very different nature from the farina or bee bread which has been stored up for the nourishment of the workers, being of a jelly-like consistence, and pungent, stimulating character. After the usual transformation, the grub becomes a perfect queen, differing from the neuter bee, into which it would otherwise have changed, not only in the development of the reproductive system, but in the general form of the body, the proportionate length of the wings, the shape of the tongue, jaw and sting, the absence of the hollow in the thighs, where pollen is carried, and the loss of power of secreting wax.

A CURIOUS instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

THE poppy-bee makes her nest in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom she makes a large hole, and lines it splendidly with the scarlet leaves of the red poppy. She cuts and fits the pretty tapestry, till it is thick, and soft and warm, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets, and closes up the hole, so it cannot be distinguished; and there in its rosy cradle, with food to eat, and a safe nook to rest in, she leaves her baby bee to take care of itself. The leaf-cutting bee makes her cells of green leaves, shaping them like thimbles. These little jars she half fills with a rose-colored paste of honey and pollen from thistles, lays her eggs, and covers the pots with round leaf-lids that fit exactly. The mason bee makes its nest of mud or mortar. It looks like a bit of dirt sticking to a wall, but has little cells within. The mother bee does all the work, sticking little grains of sand and mortar together with her glue. The carpenter bee bores holes in posts, and makes her cells of saw-dust and glue. The carding bees live in holes, among stones and roots, making nests of moss, lined with wax, to keep the wet out, with a long gallery by which to enter. They find a bit of moss, and several bees place themselves in a row, with their backs toward the nest; then the foremost lays hold of the moss, and pulls it up with her jaws, drives it with her fore-feet under her body, as far toward the next as possible. The second does the same; and in this way tiny heaps of prepared moss are got to the nest by the file of four or five, and others weave it into shape.

A MOST singular discovery is that of the antennal language of insects. Bees and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers, or antennæ. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, warning of dangers, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants.

A strong hive of bees will contain 36,000 workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennæ. Should the queen die, or be removed, the whole colony disperse themselves, are to be seen in the hive no more, perishing every one, and quitting all the stores of now useless honey, which they had labored so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larvæ. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a wire cage, placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are content, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual.

The antennal power of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ants' nest, a most curious scene will often arise. A solitary ant will, perhaps, discover it, and eagerly attempt to draw it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still these two are, perhaps, unable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate, and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same means, till a sufficient number is collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest.

A QUEEN-BEE lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs in a year. It is estimated that no less than 200 species of caterpillars feed upon the oak. The slower the growth of the oak, the more durable the wood. Bees, beetles, dragon-flies, gnats, spiders, etc., have minute animalculæ upon their bodies. The roe of the perch, only half a pound in weight, has been found to contain 280,000 eggs. The larva of the silkworm weighs, when hatched, about 100th part of a grain previously to its first metamorphosis; it increases to 95 grains, or 9500 times its original weight. The sting of a bee consists of two long darts, adhering longitudinally, and strongly protected by one principal sheath. In stinging, the sheath is first inserted, and then the two darts protrude, and make a further puncture; each dart has nine or ten barbs at the point.

ONE of the great natural phenomena of the bee-hive is the massacring of the drones. It was at one time asserted that the worker-bees did not use their stings against the stingless males, but merely pushed them out to die. This idea, however, resulted from the massacre being always committed at the bottom of the hive, whither the poor drones retire in clusters in July and August, as if aware of the doom impending over them. As usual, by one of his ingenious expedients, Huber discovered the truth. Six swarms were put on glass tables, beneath which the watchers placed themselves.

"This contrivance," says Huber, "succeeded to admiration. On the 4th of July we saw the workers actually massacre the males, in the whole six swarms, at the same hour, and with the same peculiarities. The glass table was covered with bees full of animation, which flew upon the drones as they came from the bottom of the hive, seized them by the antennæ, the limbs, and the wings, and after having dragged them about, so to speak, after quartering them, they killed them by repeated stings directed between the rings of the belly. The moment that this formidable weapon reached them was the last of their existence—they stretched their wings and expired. At the same time, as if the workers did not consider them as dead, as they appeared to us, they still stuck their sting so deep that it could hardly be withdrawn, and these bees were obliged to turn round upon themselves with a screw-like motion before the stings could be disengaged. Next day we witnessed new scenes of carnage. During three hours the bees furiously destroyed the males. They had massacred all their own on the preceding day, but now attacked those which, driven from the neighboring hives, had taken refuge among them. The following day no drones remained in the hives."

THIS spider story is given on the authority of Mr. Spencer:—Having placed a large, full-grown spider on a cane planted upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it had arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he lost sight of it, but in a few minutes afterwards, to his great astonishment, perceived it quietly pursuing its way on the other side of the stream. The spider having spun two threads along the cane, had cut one of them, which, carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so served the spider as a bridge across the water. It is supposed that spiders, when adult, always use similar means to cross water.

KING ROBERT BRUCE, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitring the army, lay alone in a barn. In the morning, still reclining on his pillow of straw, he saw a spider climbing up one of the rafters; the insect fell, but immediately made a second attempt to ascend, and the hero saw, with regret, the spider fall a second time; it then made a third unsuccessful attempt. With much interest and concern the monarch saw the spider baffled in his aim twelve times; but the thirteenth essay was successful; then the king, starting up, exclaimed:

"This despicable insect has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country."

In a few days his anticipations were realized by the glorious victory at the battle of Bannockburn, and the defeat of Edward II.

SPIDERS fly without wings. Some spiders wrap themselves up in silken bags, and float through the air in great numbers. There is a tiny black spider, very common on the Sussex coast, which flies about floated by a filament, as a boy swims floated by a string of bladders. Wings, therefore, are not essential. A boy does not need bladders to float in water, he only needs to know how to maintain his balance; but a spider seems to require its thread, as a bird requires a gaseous structure and wing surface.

FISHES.

ONE of the greatest peculiarities of fish is the facility with which they change their color to correspond with their surroundings. Put a living trout from a black burn into a white basin of water, and it becomes within half an hour of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it then into a dark-colored or black vessel, and although on first being placed there the white-colored fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground. in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much the same color as the gravel or sand; and there can be no doubt that this facility of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies.

A SINGULAR incident once occurred on the Miami River, in Kentucky. The proprietors of a distillery on that river, not having stock in their pens to drink the slop, let it run into the river, upon which the fish, for a long distance down the stream, seemed seized with a desire to go on one grand "bender." By the time the fluid reached Plainville, the whole river presented a scene of the wildest revelry among the fish. Bass, salmon and white perch vied with each other in all kinds of ridiculous gymnastics. They appeared in shoals upon the top of the water, swam to the shore and jumped upon the dry land, and in their drunken spree greatly imitated the ridiculous performances of a higher order of animals. A wagon load was caught while in this tipsy condition, and sold in market. An old gentleman who for sixty years has lived in the locality, says this is not the first time of such an occurrence.

THE trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish; after which both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and, if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insects, which appear to suck their substance from them; and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male; they swim rapidly, and often leap, like the salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. In a trout-pond they may be fed with angle-worms, rose-bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attack with great voracity. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they tremble, and emit a murmuring sound.

IN Ceylon, and elsewhere, certain fishes have the power of journeying over land in search of water, or, when water fails, of burying themselves, and becoming torpid until its return. Both of these habits of certain Indian fishes were learnt by the Greeks accompanying Alexander, and are recorded in the works of Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus. The Romans ridiculed the notion. "Now," said Seneca, when quoting Theophrastus, "we must go to fish with a hatchet instead of a hook." Nevertheless, here is a fact. The doras of Guiana have been seen travelling over land during the dry season in such numbers that the negroes have filled baskets with them. Sallegoix, in his account of Siam, names three species of fish which traverse the deep grass; and Sir John Bowring, when ascending and descending the river to Bankok, was amused with the new sight of fish leaving the river, gliding over its wet banks and disappearing in the jungle. All these fishes are of a kind with heads so constructed that they carry with them moisture enough to keep their gills damp. In Ceylon, the chief traveller of this sort is a kind of perch, six inches long. It generally travels by night through the dew; "but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day; and Mr. E. L. Layard, on one occasion, encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun." Mr. Morris, government agent of Trincomalee, tells how, on the drying up of tanks, the fish crowd into the little pools, and roll by themselves in the gruelly mud. The same witness has seen them crawling by hundreds from the pools as they travel, drying and working over half a mile of hard soil, indented by the footprints of cattle, many of them falling into cracks, where they become the prey of kites and crows.

THE habits of our fish have been very little attended to in this country. Our scientific men, it is true, have been very precise in their ponderous nomenclature; they have described our fishes even to the shape of a scale, or the number of thorns in the dorsal fin, but they have not condescended to note their habits, their food, or their length of life, with all such particulars as would interest common readers and be of use to mankind.

No fish is more valued or more valuable than the shad, yet but few of its habits of life are known. The books are silent, and angling gives no information. It was for a long time a commonly received opinion that the shad spent the winter in the Gulf of Mexico, and then, as the spring advanced and the snow-water ceased running, came along the coast and entered the rivers in succession. If this were true, there would be no uniformity, year after year, in the run of shad in each river. The very distinct varieties would all become intermingled. But each river has its own variety; those of Connecticut river have long been known as possessing superior size and flavor. The variety that seeks the Hudson as a spawning ground is easily distinguished from ours. The fact of the distinctness of the varieties in each river tends to the belief that shad go no farther than the mouth of the stream in which they are hatched.

The habits of the shad are unlike those of other fish. As soon as the snow-water has ceased running, they press up the river as far as they can reach, in order to deposit their spawn. In following this instinct they never stop for refreshment or food. Who ever found anything in the maw or stomach of a shad that would indicate the nature of its food? Who ever knew them to bite a baited hook? They do not feed from the time that they enter the stream until they sink down, thin and exhausted, into deep places at the mouth. For this purpose of nature the shad has been preparing itself during the quiet luxuries of a winter, and has become fattened for the use of man, or, if he escapes his net, for the production of its species. The shad lives but a single year. It is hatched in the early summer, descends the streams as soon as large enough, feeds and fattens in the winter at the mouth of the stream—ascends in the spring to deposit its spawn, and descends to die at the bottom of the ocean. This fact accounts for the uniformity in the size of the fish. A Connecticut river shad seldom goes beyond seven pounds, and the variation in size is comparatively slight. The bass, on the other hand, which is known to live many years, varies from half a pound in weight to fifty, even in our river. It has a long time to grow, and shows a much greater diversity of size. These considerations have led to the conclusion that one year is the duration of a shad's life.

ON the Ganges, the fish called the climbing perch is remarkable for its tenacity of life. The Ganges boatmen have been known to keep it for five or six days in an earthen pot without water; and when taken out for use, it is found as lively and fresh as when caught. Two Danish naturalists, living at Tranquebar, testify that they have seen this fish ascend trees on the coast of Coromandel. Daldorf, a lieutenant in the Danish East India Company's service, informed Sir Joseph Banks that in the year 1791 he had taken the fish from a moist hollow in the stem of a Palmyra palm that grew near a lake. He saw him when already five feet from the ground, struggling to get still higher, hanging by his toothed gill-covers, bending his tail to the left, fixing his tail fin in the clefts of the bark, and then, by stretching out his body, urging his way up. Why he went up the tree, when there was a whole lake of water at its base, he had no voice to tell, and no man has the wit to discover. Nevertheless, even a thousand years ago, the compiler of "The Travels of Two Mohammedans," says that he was told by Suleyman, who visited India in the ninth century, of a fish which, leaving the water, climbed cocoanut palms to drink their sap, and then returned to the sea.

A REMARKABLE discovery has lately been made in Florida—that there exists, in some of the rivers of that State, a species of musical fish, which are about ten inches in length, and which give forth a droning, organ-like tone, about sunset; and as they are clustered in bands of hundreds, and sometimes of thousands, the volume of sound is occasionally quite full and mellow. The fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. They continue their music during the night, imitating the grave and sonorous droning of an organ, just as it reaches your ear when you stand outside a church.

THE shooting-fish is found in the West Indies. He has a hollow cylindrical beak, and frequents the rivers on the seashore in search of food; and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he derives his name. When he espies a fly or an insect sitting on plants in shallow water, he swims away to the distance of four or five feet, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed, and so swiftly shot forth, that it never fails.

ANTIPATHIES AND PECULIAR CONSTITUTIONAL IDIOSYNCRASIES.

THE following are a few of the more striking manifestations of that unaccountable feeling of antipathy to certain objects, to which so many persons are subject, and with instances of which, in a modified form, perhaps, most people are acquainted:

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever.

Ambrose Pare mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

There is an account of another gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

A lady, a native of France, always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples.

If an apple was shown to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., he bled at the nose.

A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

Henry III., of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomburg had the same aversion.

M. Vangheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word lana, (wool), although his cloak was woollen.

The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe.

La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.

CERTAIN antipathies appear to depend upon a peculiarity of the senses. The horror inspired by the odor of certain flowers may be referred to this cause. Amalus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell while that flower was blooming. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror when seeing a lily. Montaigne remarked on this subject that there were men who dreaded an apple more than a musket-ball. Zimmermann tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk and satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Boyle records the case of a man who felt a natural abhorrence to honey. Without his knowledge, some honey was introduced in a plaster applied to his foot, and the accidents that resulted compelled his attendants to withdraw it. A young man was known to faint whenever he heard the servant sweeping. Hippocrates mentions one, Nicanor, who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Shakspeare has alluded to the effects of the bag-pipe. Julia, daughter of Frederick, king of Naples, could not taste meat without serious accidents. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses. The Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, although a hare did not produce the same effect. Tycho Brache fainted at the sight of a fox, and Marshal d'Abert in presence of a pig. Many individuals cannot digest, or even retain certain substances, such as rice, wine, various fruits and vegetables, upon their stomachs.

THERE are antipathies that border upon mental aberration. Such was the case with a clergyman who fainted whenever a certain verse in Jeremiah was read. We lately dined in company with a gentleman who was seized with symptoms of syncope whenever a surgical operation or an accident was spoken of. St. John Long's name happened to be mentioned, and he was carried out of the room. We have also known a person who experienced an alarming vertigo and dizziness whenever a great height or a dizzy precipice was described. A similar accident has been occasioned by Edgar's description of Dover Cliff in King Lear. All these sympathies may be looked upon as morbid affections, or rather peculiar idiosyncrasies, beyond the control of our reason or our volition, although it is not impossible that they might be gradually checked by habit. Our dislikes to individuals are often as unaccountable, whence we are obliged to confess with the poet Martial:

Non amo te, Sabide, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere; Non amo te.

In English:

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell;
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell.

CARDINAL CARDONA would fall into a swoon upon the smell of a rose; Laurentius died from their odor; Cardinal

Carassa would never permit any one to approach him who had a rose about him, and during the season of roses shut himself up from society; rue had a similar effect on a veteran warrior, who invariably fled at the smell of it. There are many cases in which the sight or smell of apples has produced sickness, fainting and bleeding at the nose. A Neapolitan princess could never touch meat without falling into a fit; on Guainerius pork produced all the effects of poison; another instance of this is related of a gentleman who swooned at the mere sight of a pig. Beef, and indeed all kinds of meat, have been equally repugnant, as fish of all sorts is to the writer of this notice. An old writer tells of a person of "prime quality," who fainted at the sight of an eel, even though brought to table enclosed in a paste. Johannes Henricus could never touch pepper; and the Count of Arnstadt fell into a swoon at the presence of olive oil, in however small a quantity. There is the story told of a boy who, if at any time he ate an egg, his lips would swell, and his face rise in black and purple spots, while his mouth frothed as though he had taken poison. Still more singular are such instances as that of Germanicus, who could never endure the sight of a cock; of that nobleman who was seized with illness on seeing any elderly woman, and who at last died from such a cause; of that of the man who was attacked with convulsions in the left hand on the sight of a dog; of the girl who fainted at the sound of a bell; of the nun who fell into fits at the sight of a beetle; and of the Italian nobleman who was thrown into a cold sweat at the sight of a hedgehog. Numerous other instances might be given, but these are enough to show that these sensations are not within our own control, although there is no doubt they may become so, to some extent, by judicious treatment.

A famous astronomer changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox.

Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by mistake he did get it first, he would step back and place his right foot foremost.

Julius Cæsar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get into a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise.

To Queen Elizabeth the simple word, "death," was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word pronounced.

Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat.

Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge, and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so; whenever he set foot on one he would shriek out in distress and agony.

Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor would be helped himself; if any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished.

ATTORNEYS, AND COURT-HOUSE SCENES.

The following is an instance of the ready tact and infinite resource of O'Connell in the defence of a client: In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat found near the place of the murder belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James. "By virtue of your oath, are you sure that this is the same hat?"—"Yes."—"Did you examine it carefully before you swore, in your information, that it was the prisoner's?"—"I did."—"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began to examine it carefully on the inside. He then spelled aloud the name James slowly, and repeated the question as to whether that hat contained the name, when the respondent replied, "I did."—"Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case—there is no name whatever inscribed in the hat." The result was an instant acquittal.

Counsellor Lamb, an old man when Lord Erskine was at the height of his reputation, was a man of timid manners and nervous temperament, and usually prefaced his plea with an apology to that effect. On one occasion, when opposed to Erskine, he happened to remark that he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older. "No wonder," replied the witty, but relentless barrister, "every one knows that the older a lamb grows, the more sheepish he becomes."

Mr. Leach
Made a speech,
Angry, neat, but wrong;

Mr. Hart,
On the other part,
Was heavy, dull, and long;

Mr. Parker,
Made the case darker,
Which was dark enough without;

Mr. Cook
Cited the book,
And the Chancellor said, "I doubt."

ONCE Pitt was expatiating on the superiority of the Latin over the English language, and cited as an instance the fact, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative could do. "Then your father and mother," exclaimed Thurlow, in his usual gruff style, "must have been themselves two negatives to have introduced such a positive fellow as you are."

ONE day, at the table of the late Dr. Pearse (Dean of Ely), just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of the extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "no less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this, and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised." The effect was irresistible.

A FARMER, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel, "speak to the landlord civilly; tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me."

He did so, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again—but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel.

"Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel, "do as I bid you, and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.

THE following colloquy took place between Counsellor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back:"

"You say, sir, the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir. 'Cause why, she has confessed she was."

"And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course. How else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The last answer was such a clincher, that Counsellor S. asked the Court to protect him (Sealingwax) from the gross insults of the witness.

DURING a session of the Circuit Court at Lynchburg, an Irishman was indicted for stabbing another on the canal, and the only witness was Dennis O'Brine, who was required to enter into bonds for his appearance at the next court. The recognizance was read in the usual form:

"You acknowledge yourself indebted to the Commonwealth of Virginia in the sum of $500."

Dennis. "I don't owe her a cint, sir."

As soon as the clerk recovered from the amusement of the answer, he explained the meaning of the form, and read it over again.

Dennis. "I tell ye I don't owe her a cint. It's more money nor I ever saw, nor my father before me."

At this stage of the matter a brother of Dennis interfered, and said:

"Ye must jest say it, Dennis; it's one of the forms of the law."

Dennis. "But I won't. I'm a dacent, honest man, what pays my debts, and I'll spake the truth, and the divil may drink all my whiskey for a month, if I say I owe anybody a cint. Now cheat me, if you can."

DON'T you think," said a brother lawyer to Judge Greenwood, of Georgia, "that Jim Pierson is the greatest liar of a lawyer that you ever saw?"

"I should be sorry to say that of brother Pierson," replied the judge; "but he is certainly the most economical of truth of any other lawyer on the circuit."

"MR. FILKINS, you say you know the defendant—what is his character?"—"For what, sir—spreeing or integrity?"—"For integrity, sir."—"Well, all that I can say about Jones is that if he's honest, he's got a queer way of showing it, that's all."—"What do you mean by that?"—"Just this—that the night before he dines on turkey, somebody's poultry-coop is always broken open."—"That will do, Mr. Filkins."

A LAWYER engaged in a case before Judge Peters, tormented a witness so much with questions, that the poor fellow at last cried out for water.

"There," said the judge, "I thought you would pump him dry."

A CERTAIN judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a young lawyer, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them in the tail of his judgment.

NOT far from Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage-roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was as dark as tar, and, as he could see no one, he cried out:

"Who are you, there?"

"Burder and Yancy and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to Tuscaloosa to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do anything to oblige you, but that is impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?"

"Oh, yes, can do that, gentlemen."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited till daylight did appear.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but, to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for the night was nigh unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

A YOUNG man of Nuremburg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all.

"No," replied he.

"Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"Not for all the world!"

"'Tis well," replied the lawyer. "I had a reason for asking."

The next time he saw the girl's father, he said:

"I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he has refused, twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that, in the sequel, he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

THE following dialogue, which occurred several years ago between a lawyer and a witness in a justice's court, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile). "Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable). "A straddle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones). "But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness. "He never rides any gate, sir. His boys ride all the gates."

Lawyer (his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky). "But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness. "Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury). "How does he ride when alone, sir?"

Witness. "Don't know; never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer. "I have done with you, sir."

A LEARNED counsel deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. But terworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness being called to the stand, the law yer commenced:

"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Butter worth—let me see—about two and tenpence a pound, sir, although I have paid as high as—"

The lawyer stared. "Yes, that will do, sir. You can take your seat."

Major W., who owned a large and beautiful garden in Boston, was much annoyed by his neighbor's cows, who claimed and exercised the privilege of promenading his delightful parterre, and of tasting its delicious fruits, without invitation from its rich owner. One in particular had acquired such dexterity in penetrating the forbidden premises, that no artifice of his could prevent her nocturnal visits. It may be supposed that the depredations of the sagacious intruder were not infrequent.

Enraged at these repeated acts of vandalism, in a moment of anger he directed one of his domestics to lie in wait for the four-footed destroyer, and as a punishment for the repeated injuries he had sustained, it was decreed that she should be deprived of the two essential appendages of the lady brute, her tail and ears. The sentence was executed with as much despatch as were ever the mandates of Robespierre, and the next morning the poor animal was seen issuing from the enclosure where she had so often been a trespasser, completely shorn of her useful and ornamental gear, to the no small amusement of the spectators, who, although they commiserated the sufferings of the poor brute, could but smile at her ridiculous appearance, notwithstanding that her punishment exceeded her offence.

But the owner of the animal determined that the purse of his neighbor should cure the wounds he had inflicted on the beast. A lawsuit was of course resorted to, and after the usual delays, the case was brought before the judge and jury for trial. The evidence was plenary; the animal was seen issuing from the garden of Major W., in a mutilated state, without the ears or tail that formerly belonged to her. This was positively sworn to by a credible witness. No defence was made by the counsel for the defendant. In despair he had left the cause with the jury without argument, the judge could see no reason to doubt his guilt, and the jury were only hesitating as to the amount of damages which should be given, when the major, suddenly raising himself from one of the benches, thus addressed the court:

"Please your honor, sir, I should like to ask the witness one question."

The judge consented, and the witness was called.

"You say, sir," said the major, "you saw the cow come from my garden with her ears and tail cut off."

"Yes," was the reply.

"And pray, sir," continued he, "can you swear she had any tail and ears on when she went in there?"

The witness was confounded, the court was convulsed with laughter, and the major acquitted.

A "**Green Mountain Boy**" (so called because the mountains, and *not* the *boys*, are green) tells the Boston Post the following anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen. Roswell F., a Vermont lawyer of distinguished ability, now residing at St. Louis, and in the first rank of the bar of Missouri, had brought a suit in court, which was really so plain a case for the plaintiff that, having submitted the papers and other proofs to the court, he felt that his client's interests required no more, and he accordingly sat down without making the customary address to the jury. But the defendant's counsel, more ambitious of rhetorical display, and probably conscious that the defence required the best abilities, rose and made a long harangue, characterized by an immense flood of pompous words (as was his custom), but destitute of even an attempt at logic or reasoning of any kind. When he had done, the plaintiff's counsel, who was expected to make an elaborate speech in reply, rose and merely said, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, in this case I shall follow the example of the counsel for defence, and submit the case *without argument!*"

Daniel Webster, the lawyer, once had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said —"Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did." —"It is of no consequence," said the lawyer, "the jury did not believe a word you said."

WHEN the celebrated Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

SOME years ago in Newcastle county, Delaware, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery, and in due time the case came to trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of the keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say the prisoner at the bar is the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Was it by moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Divil a bit iv it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any house near by?"

"Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, stars, nor light from any house, and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner was the man? How could you see him?"

"Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out ov me eyes so bright you might have seen to pick up a pin, you could."

The court, jury, counsel, and spectators exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was directly after declared not guilty.

A GENTLEMAN in the country who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit to him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hatbands, scarfs, etc. "Why, do you bury attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely. "Yes, to be sure we do, how else?"—"Oh, we never do that in London."—"No!" said the other, much surprised; "how do you manage?"—"Why, when a patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."—"Indeed!" said the other in amazement. "What becomes of him?"—"Why, that we can't exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes; all that we know of the matter is, there is a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

AN attorney brought an action against a farmer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he heard the man call him a lawyer.

"I did," was the reply.

"Pray," said the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?"

"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow.

"Why, good man," said the judge: "there is no dishonor in the name, is there?"

"I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a lawyer I'd knock him down."

"Why, sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I too am a lawyer."

"No, no," replied the fellow; "no, my lord: you are a judge, I know; but I'm sure you are no lawyer."

A HUMOROUS fellow being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered:

"Just thirteen feet eleven inches and a half."

"How came you to be so exact?" said the counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and I just measured it."

A CERTAIN witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded: "So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."—"Hit the dog?"—"No, yer honor; hit Dennis. And then I up wid a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."—"Threw a stone at Dennis?"—"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."—"The dog?"—"No, Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."—"Dennis?"—"No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."—"The dog came back at you?"—"No, Dennis, yer honor; and he isn't hurt any at all."—"Who isn't hurt?"—"The dog, yer honor."

A STORY is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was trying to brow-beat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that Mr. A. should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

Lawyer. "How old are you?"

Witness. "Seventy-two years."

Lawyer. "Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

Witness. "I do not know but it is."

Lawyer. "State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

Witness. "I appeal to your honor if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent."

Judge. "You had better answer the question."

Lawyer. "Yes, sir; state it!"

Witness. "Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge B.'s office, did you not?"

Lawyer. "Yes."

Witness. "Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined to-morrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a new suit of clothes.' I remember, also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it was but yesterday."

A WITNESS in a court, who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive a wagon?"—"No, sir, I do not."—"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"—"No, sir, I did not."—"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"—"No, sir."—"What is your occupation, then?"—"I drive a horse, sir."

OLD Mrs. Lawson was called as a witness. She was sharp and wide-awake At last the cross-examining lawyer, out of all patience, exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve-quart pail."—"Yes," she replied, "and you've got saäse enough to fill it."

"MR. WITNESS, you stated that my client manifested great astonishment when you told him the facts you just stated. Now, how did he manifest astonishment?"

"He looked astonished."

"But what were the indications of astonishment, sir? You seem to be a very smart witness, and you ought to be able to tell me this."

"O, I merely judged of his feelings by his general appearance."

"That won't answer, sir. If you can't describe the appearance of my client, when astonished, in order to give the jury an idea of it, suppose you look astonished once yourself!"

"That I will do, if you show me something astonishing."

"Well, now, my sharp fellow, what

would astonish such an astonishing witness as yourself, hey?"

"Why, if you want to paralyze me with astonishment, just show me an honest lawyer!"

"Th—the wi—witness can take his seat."

WHEN Erskine was in the full tide of success as a barrister, some of his fellow lawyers, wishing to annoy him, hired a boy to ask him, as he was going into court with his green bag stuffed with briefs, if he had any old clothes for sale.

"No, you young rascal!" said Erskine, "these are all new suits."

A JURYMAN out West was asked whether he had been charged by the presiding judge. "Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit, and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charges anything or not."

"IN Cork," says O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming with a stentorian voice: 'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presince of the court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers.'"

THERE was a lawyer on Cape Cod, a long time ago, the only one in those "diggins" then, and, for aught we know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and, what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage:

"Look here, squire," said he, "that are blasted shoemaker down to the Pigeon Grove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, then, you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued, and I want to keep him out of his money if I ken."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went off, very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was 'termined to make him. That's the long and the short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."

"Certainly, squire, if you say so, and glad to get it."

So the lawyer forked over the V, and kept the other. In a few days his client came along, and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer, "we've non-suited him. He'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! That's great! I'd rather gin fifty dollars than had him get the money for them boots."

IF a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," what would, think you, be what is called, in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein?" The phrase would run thus: "I give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulps, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding," and much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers, and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the same orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

LORD BROUGHAM once facetiously defined a lawyer thus: "A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself."

A WITNESS, a jolly, plump old lady, on a trial in the Supreme Court at Worcester, was asked at what time a certain train of cars passed her house. She replied that she commenced knitting at three o'clock, and had knit twice around the leg of a stocking, before they came along. The next question, of course, was, how long it would take her to knit twice around. The judge here, in his usual quiet humor, suggested that that would depend upon the size of the stocking. To this the witness remarked that the stocking was for herself, and they could exercise their own judgment as to the size, and guess how long it would take.

A FELLOW named Donks was lately tried at Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent, and seizing a bag of gold dust valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that, on the night specified, he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I rushed after him at once," continued the witness, "but when I cotched him, I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterwards where he had throwed it."

"How far did he get in when he took the dust?" inquired the counsel.

"Well, he was stoopin' over, about half in, I should say," replied the witness.

"May it please your honor," interposed the counsel, "the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night-time, with intent to steal. The testimony is clear that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half-way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?"

"I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved," replied the judge.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty," as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "Not Guilty" as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty part to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him.

THE great lawyer Mansfield, probably with a view to prolong his own days, was always anxious, when old witnesses were in court, to know their customary habits of life. It so happened that two very old men by the name of Elm were one day the object of inquiry. "You are a very old man," said his lordship to the elder brother. "I suppose you have lived a temperate life?"—"Never drank anything but water, my lord," said Elm. "Nor you neither, I suppose," said the judge, addressing himself to the younger brother. "When I could get nothing else, my lord," was the reply; "I always took my glass with my friend."—"Well, then," replied his lordship, "all that we can say is—an elm will flourish wet or dry."

JIM H., out West, tells a good story about a "shell-bark lawyer." His client was up on two charges—"frivolous charges," as shell-bark designated them—(forging a note of hand and stealing a horse). On running his eyes over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance, setting forth the absence in Alabama of a principal witness. He read it in a whisper tc the prisoner, who, shaking his head, said:

"Squire, I can't swear to that ar' dockyment."

"Why?"

"Kase hit haint true."

Old shell inflated and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room.

"What! forge a note and steal a hoss, an' can't swear to a lie? Hang such infernal fools."

And he left the conscientious man to his fate.

AN Irish lawyer having lost his client's cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent ones, some of the other barristers indulged in a good deal of merriment on the occasion.

"Well, now," said the vanquished counsellor, "who the devil could help it, when there were a hundred judges on the bench?"

"A hundred," said a bystander, "why, man, there were but three."

"By St. Patrick," replied the defeated lawyer, "and how do you make out there's only three. There were one and two cyphers."

A CELEBRATED lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, sir."—"Yes," said the lawyer, "we lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is thick as it is long, sir."

MR. CRITTENDEN was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God in his eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them:—'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice, 'O God, make him not, for he will trample upon thy laws.' Truth made answer also, 'O God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries.'

"But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, 'O God, make him—I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread.' Then God made man, and said to him, 'O man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal mercifully with thy brother.'"

"MAY it please the court," said a Yankee lawyer, before a Dutch justice who presided, "this is a case of great importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"

"Shtop dare! I say, vot has dis suit to do mit de eagles? Dis has notin' to do mit de wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the judge.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights."

"Your gliant has no right to de eagle."

"Of course not; but the laws of language—"

"What do I care for de laws of language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat vill do! dat vill do! You glient charge mit sthealing a sheep, just nine shillin'. De court vill adjourn."

DR. JOHNSON compared plaintiff and defendant in an action of law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain the longest under water.

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So he advertised him—"To be sold, for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

A PERT young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain lawsuit; the other replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

A LITTLE boy, nine years of age, was called as a witness at a late trial at Cambridge. After the oath was administered, the chief-justice, with a view of ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him, "Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?"—"Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I have been keeping pigs for Mr. Banyard."

QUITE a laugh was raised in the Supreme Court, not long since, by an official, who, when the judge called out for the crier to open the court, said, "May it please your honor, the crier can't cry to-day, because his wife is dead!"

AN Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

AT a small country town, a young lawyer, who thought himself "some," made certain proposals at a town meeting, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, he said to the farmer:

"Sir, do you know that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?"

"Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

AN old settler out West, who was elected Justice of the Peace, couldn't raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself.

WHEN Mason was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about two hundred witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted. "But the man is a witness, a Methodist minister."—"Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?"—"I have had a vision; two angels have appeared to me and told me that Brother Avery is innocent—"—"Let them be summoned," said Mason, as he resumed his work.

THERE is a lawsuit in Albany that originated in a Justice's Court in 1850, the dispute being over the amount of interest due on borrowed money, which only amounted to about $8. The difference of opinion between the parties was only four cents. One made the amount of interest $8.08, the other $8.12. A suit was instituted to recover the four cents difference, and the suit is still in vogue, after a lapse of eighteen years. The $8.12 has increased to $1800, besides the fees attending the prosecution and defence of the claim. The original actors are both dead, as well as the first lawyers who appeared in the case.

IT is of Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely in a will case is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir; upon your oath, you did?"

"I did."

"My lord, it's a wafer!"

It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is preceded by insanity, a fact which had occasioned the remark that when folks got madder they were about to die. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, wherein a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate—his relatives grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the defunct. It may be as well to premise that the presiding judge was not only convivial, but also very gallant. "What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney. The pretty widow blushed, and, looking down, replied: "I'd rather not tell."—"But, indeed, you must, ma'am. Your claim may be decided by it." Still blushing, the widow declined to tell. At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information. He said: "Kiss me, Polly, and open the other bottle of champagne." We know not whether it was admiration for the deceased husband of the living wife that inspired the judge at this instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction: "Sensible to the last."

A gentleman who is rather given to story-telling relates the following:

When I was a young man I spent several years at the South, residing a while at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi River. A great deal of litigation was going on there about that time, and it was not always an easy matter to obtain a jury. One day I was summoned to act in that capacity, and went to the court to get excused.

On my name being called, I informed his honor, the judge, that I was not a freeholder, and therefore was not qualified to serve.

"Where do you reside?"

"I am stopping, for the time being, at Port Hudson."

"I presume, then, you board at the hotel?"

"I take my meals there, but I have rooms in another part of the town."

"So you keep bachelor's hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you lived in that manner?"

"Six months."

"I think you are qualified," gravely replied the judge, "for I have never known a man to keep bachelor's hall the length of time you mention who had not dirt enough to make him a freeholder!"

The court did not excuse him.

"I don't say, Mr. Judge," said a witness, "that the defendant was drunk.

No, not by any means; but this I will say—when I last seen him, he was washing his face in a mud puddle, and drying it on a door mat. Whether a sober man would do this I can't say."

THE following incident in Western practice illustrates the looseness with which affidavits are frequently taken:

A livery-stable keeper was requested to call at the office of an attorney who was transacting some business for a friend of his.

"Here," says the lawyer, "sign this affidavit."

Livery-stable keeper signs it.

"Take off your hat," says a notary, standing by.

The livery man obeys.

"Hold up your hand."

Up go both hands to the highest point.

"You swear," etc., "that the contents of this affidavit, by you subscribed, are true."

"Yes!—what is it?"

IT is said that Tom Corwin, as he is familiarly called, was once trying a case in which he was opposed to the late Mr. Wirt, when the latter tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt. "Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

Witness. "Yes."

Wirt. "Do you believe it all?"

Witness. "Well, yes, squire, I don't know but what I do."

The same answer was returned as to "Gulliver's Travels," and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the while fidgeting and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattened out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question to ask, and put it:

Mr. Corwin. "Have you read 'Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry'?"

Witness. "Yes."

Corwin. "Do you believe it all?"

Witness. "Why, no, squire, I can't quite go that."

A BROW-BEATING lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a certain day, to which he replied: "In company with two friends."—"Friends!" exclaimed the lawyer, "two thieves, I suppose you mean!"—"They may be so," replied the witness, "for they were both lawyers."

AN ingenious expedient was once devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the criminal court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down in writing by a police officer; and the following passage was read from it:

"Hagnam said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford."

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was this:

"Hagnam said he never robbed but twice; said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting that, so far from proving the guilt of the prisoner, it clearly proved his innocence.

"This," said the learned gentleman, "is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence:

"'Hagnam said he never robbed, but twice said it was Crawford.'"

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT, when young, was very extravagant, and belonged to a club of wild fellows most of whom took to an infamous course of life When his lordship was engaged on a certain occasion, at the Old Bailey, a man was tried and convicted of a robbery on the highway, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by that curiosity which is natural on a retrospection of past life, and thinking the fellow did not know him, Justice Holt asked what had become of such and such of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, said, "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I!"

A LAWYER had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets.

His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed:

"Oh! how like the original. It's the very picture of him."

"'Taint like him," exclaimed an old farmer.

"Just show us where it is not like him," everybody exclaimed.

"'Taint, no 'taint," responded the farmer, "don't you see he has got his hands in his own pockets? 'twould be as like again, if he had them in somebody else's."

IT is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his display in the Senate of the United States, will never be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in the story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement weather. The young man knew Martin by sight, and as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out on legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering on my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give me your experience, the key to distinction at the bar, I will—"

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses while you are in Annapolis."

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I'll furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

The young man assented.

"Very well," said Mr. Martin, "the whole secret of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I laid down early to guide me. If you will follow it, you cannot fail to succeed. It is this: 'Always be sure of your evidence.'"

The listener was very attentive, smiled, threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience, of "Al ways be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Martin, with his student, took rooms at the hotel in the city.

The only thing peculiar to the hotel in the eyes of the young man was that the wine bottles and the *et cæteras* of the fine living seemed to recall vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Whenever eating was concerned he was, indeed, a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immensely fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after-everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have legal rights, and so the young man begins to think of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned.

The subject daily grew upon the young man. It was all-absorbing to the mind and pocket. A week elapsed; Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar-room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend, Mr. ——, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professionally pledged, to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"Where is your evidence?" asked the young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.

"Yes, sir," said the young man demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare and pulled out his pocket-book, paid the bill, and with great good humor assured the young man—

"You will do, sir, and get through the world with your profession, without any advice from me."

A LAWYER was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said, "May it please the court, I do not in this case propose to bore for water, but—" Here the tears were suddenly dried, and laughter ensued, and the defendant got clear.

A CERTAIN British barrister wrote three hands—all different. He wrote one hand which he could read and his clerk couldn't; another which his clerk could read, and he couldn't; and a third which neither he, his clerk, nor anybody else could read.

AN attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had; he was thereupon honorably acquitted.

SOME genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service, in case of war—because their charges are so great that no one could stand them.

WHEN Judge Howell was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on a suit, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat *caput vacuum* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, and well knowing the author, addressed the chief justice as follows: "May it please your lordship, I ask protection (holding up his hat), for I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

"DID you say you considered Mr. Smith insane?" asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Upon what grounds did you base that impression?"

"Why, I lent him a silk umbrella, and five dollars in money, and he returned them both."

A LAWYER at Poughkeepsie was applied to during his lifetime, by an indigent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law in which the interests of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice, and charged the poor wretch three dollars for it.

"There is the money," said the client, "it is all I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork."

"Thank God!" replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor never will!" the countryman rejoined, "so long she has such a great hog as you."

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of his repartee, that he forgave the poor fellow, and returned him his money. That is hard to believe.

A LAWYER in S. H., who was noted for his profanity, and, of course, for an irreligious life, being deeply engaged in an argument, declared that rather than yield to his opponent he would carry his suit to the Court of Heaven! "I guess," replied one who stood near, "you will have to get somebody else to 'tend to it, for I'll be darned if they'll let you into that are court."

A YOUNG lawyer was asked by a judge, whether, in the transmigration of souls, he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass?

"An ass," quickly replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

A YOUNG German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny once, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the court, and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and imprinted upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the court-room like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and triumph unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded court-room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst over her head, and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation.

UNDER a great tree, close to a village, two boys found a walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Ignatius, "for I was first to see it."

"No, it belongs to me," cried Bernard, "for I picked it up," and so they began to quarrel in earnest.

"I will settle the dispute," said an older boy who had just come up.

He placed himself between the two boys, broke the nut in two, and said:

"The one piece of shell belongs to him who first saw the nut; the other piece of shell belongs to him who first picked it up; but the kernel I keep for judging the case. And this," he said, as he sat down and laughed, "is the common end of lawsuits."

A WITNESS being called into court to testify in a certain case there pending, on being asked what he knew of the matter, gave the following lucid evidence. He undertakes to relate a conversation had between himself and the defendant:

"Pat!" said he; "What!" said I; "Here," said he; "Where?" said I; "It's cold!" said he; "Faith it is!" said I; "Oho!" said he; "Ah!" said I; "The Devil!" said he; "When" (whistling), said I. "And that's all he told me upon the subject."

"WHAT is your name, sir?"

"My name is Knott Martin, your honor."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is Knott Martin."

"Not Martin again! We don't ask you what your name is not, but what it is. No contempt of court, sir!"

"If your honor will give me leave, I'll spell my name."

"Well, spell it."

"K n o double t, Knott, M a r, Mar, t i n, Martin."

"O, very well, Mr. Martin; we see through it now, but it is one of the most knotty cases we have had before us for some time."

CURRAN once dined in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed: "I had rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets."—"Don't you think, sir, that one would be enough for you?" said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at the table next to him. We wish you could have seen Curran's face.

JOSH was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it. The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

WHILE a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining together at Wicasset, some time ago, a jolly son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done eating.

"Let him dine with us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we shall have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were not born in this country?" said one.

"No, sir; I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir; he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"Trading horses."

"Did your father ever cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one, I believe."

"Why did he not prosecute him?"

"Because he searched the kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a lawyer."

The last answer spoilt the whole of the fun in the estimation of the lawyers.

EVERY one has heard and will remember how Thomas F. Marshall was once engaged in a lawsuit before a magistrate. A point of evidence being decided against him, he became slightly irritated, but with the blandest expression he could assume under the circumstances, he said to the magistrate:

"I wish your worship would fine me five dollars for contempt of court."

"The court is not aware of any contempt, Mr. Marshall, for which you should be fined."

"Well, I feel a most profound contempt for this court," responded Marshall, with that peculiar twitching of the facial nerves for which he was so remarkable. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd. And now for an imitation.

The other day a young lawyer of this country was employed to prosecute a man indicted for larceny before a committing court composed of three magistrates. On hearing the testimony, they refused to commit the prisoner to jail. Our lawyer, whose name is McKay, has heard the above anecdote of Marshall, and concluded to joke the magistrates. He accordingly began the attack:

"I wish your worships would fine me five dollars for contempt of court."

"Why, Mr. McKay?"

"Because I feel a very decided contempt for the court."

"Your contempt for the court is not more decided than the court's contempt for you," was the response of one of the magistrates.

This was a stinging retort, and Mac felt it; but another worshipful member of the court—a dry, hard-looking blacksmith—put in a blow that finished the work, and completely demolished the young lawyer:

"We won't fine you," he said, "for we don't know which one of us you'd want to borrow the money from to pay it with."

The laugh was against Mac. He was a notorious borrower when he could find a lender.

MR. CURRAN, being retained against a young officer, who was indicted for a gross assault, opened the case in the following manner: "My lord, I am counsel for the crown; and I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier——"—"Nay, sir," says the military hero, "I would have you know, sir, I am an officer!"—"O, sir, I beg your pardon," said the counsellor, very drily; "why, then, to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier."

"TALKING of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what de 'mortal Cato, who lib 'mos a tousand years ago.

once said—'De law am like a groun' glass window, dat gibs light 'nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debbel hisself to see through it.'"

DURING the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, a noted wag, replied that, "one way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs." The learned counsel winked his eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"YOU are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his solicitor. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

COUNTY COURT was sitting awhile ago in ——, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however, and unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against a wall, with "tears in his fist and his eyes doubled up," and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wall, I s'pose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin! that is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through h—l in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly pysiognomy. "I bon through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to know."

"Oh," says the pilgrim, deliberately half shutting his eyes and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig-tail appeared through the slit in his cheek, "you'll find them much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit nighest the fire."

A LAWYER near Boston, says: A few days since, as I was sitting with Brother D. in his office in Court Square, a client came in, and said, "Squire D., W. the stabler shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," says D.

Client. "I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse and wagon to go to Dedham. He said one dollar and a half. I took the team and went, and when I came back, I paid him one dollar and a half, and he said he wanted another dollar and a half for coming back, and made me pay it."

D. gave him some legal advice, which client immediately acted upon as follows:

He went to the stabler and said, "How much will you charge me for a horse and wagon to *go* to Salem?"

Stabler replied, "Five dollars."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem and came back by railroad, went to stabler, saying, "Here is your money," paying him five dollars.

"Where is my horse and wagon?" says W.

"He is at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to *go* to Salem."

This brought him to terms.

JUDGE MARSHALL, returning from North Carolina, wrapped in profound thought on some knotty point, found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened between the front wheel and the body of his buggy. Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an axe and cut down the tree. The servant told the judge tha there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, but just to back the buggy. Pleased at the good sense of the fellow he told him that he would leave him something at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the negro applied, and a dollar was handed him. Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he replied, "No, sir; I concluded he was a gentleman by his leaving the money, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw."

A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness, fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, began:—"May it please your honor, you lie, and steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the judge reddened, and he exclaimed, "Turn your head to the jury when you speak."

A LAWYER at a circuit town in Ireland dropped a ten-pound note under the table while playing cards at an inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said:

"I know what you want, sir; you have lost something."

"Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note."

"Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is."

"Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you."

"No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

TWO country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean? The wagoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered that his fore horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

AN evidence in a court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side, exclaimed:

"Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?"—"Because," replied the rustic, "I think I sees a thief."

A LAWYER on his death-bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronized him.

A CULPRIT being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him, replied:

"He had nothing to say, as too much had been said about it already."

"PAY me that two dollars you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney. "For what?"—"For the opinion you had of me."—"Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

A LEGAL TENDER is a contradiction in terms; for we must say, within our experience, we never yet knew anything "legal" that was ever "tender."

A BARRISTER, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said:

"Gentlemen, in my argument I shall use nothing but what is necessary."

"Then," replied a wag, "take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

A WITNESS in court, being asked his profession, said that he was a shoemaker, but that he kept a wine and liquor store besides.

"Then, I suppose," said the counsel, "you are what may be called a sherry-cobbler?"

A DUTCHMAN was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked by the lawyer if the hog had any ear-marks, he replied:

"Te only ear-marks dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

LORD MANSFIELD being in one of the counties on the circuit, a poor woman was indicted for witchcraft. The inhabitants of the place were exasperated against her. Some witnesses deposed that they had seen her walk in the air, and with her feet upward and her head downward. Lord Mansfield heard the evidence with great tranquillity, and perceiving the temper of the people, whom it would not have been prudent to irritate, he thus addressed them: "I do not doubt that this woman has walked in the air with her feet upward, since you have all seen it; but she has the honor to be born in England as well as you and I, and consequently cannot be judged but by the laws of the country, nor punished but in proportion as she has violated them. Now, I know not one law that forbids walking in the air with the feet upward. We all have a right to do it with impunity; I see no reason, therefore, for this prosecution, and this poor woman may return home when she pleases." Her life was saved.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said an Arkansas lawyer, "would you set a rat-trap to catch a bear? Would you make fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting-needle? No, gentlemen, I am sure you would not. Then, how can you be guilty of the gross absurdity of finding my client guilty of manslaughter for taking the life of a woman?"

A YOUNG barrister, being reproached by his opponent for his extreme youth, said: "It is true that I am young, but my learned friend will find in the course of this trial that I read old books."

JUDGE T., who is now a very able judge of the supreme court of one of the great States of this Union, when he first came to the bar, was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove; just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as are in that jury box."

The effect can be imagined.

A MAN was called upon to appear as witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and, with much emphasis, said:

"My lord, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff; 'where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead."

GOVERNOR S. was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner, and said:

"Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?"

To which Jem replied:

"Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

"ONE more question, Mr. Parker. You have known the defendant a long time. What are his habits, loose or otherwise?"

"The one he's got on now I think rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion."

"You can retire, Mr. Parker."

"DID you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client.

"I did, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why, then, I came to you."

A DEVOUT philosopher, no doubt anxious to instruct his fellow men in true happiness, has given the world a distich worthy of universal application:

When I from my slumbers rise
  My first prayer in the morn is,
Oh, keep me from the devil, Lord,
  But chiefly from attorneys.

AT a railroad dinner, in compliment to the fraternity, the toast was given: "An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God!" But an old farmer, in the back part of the hall, rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice. "About the scarcest."

A MAN stole his neighbor's gate, and being brought up for it, said he took it only by way of a joke. The judge asked him how far he carried it. He replied, "About a mile." — "That," said the judge, "was carrying the joke too far," and he punished the man.

SOME time ago, a steamboat called the Old Kentuck blew up, near the Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, where it is a well-established fact that a great many musquitoes will weigh a pound, by which accident a lady, rejoicing in the name of Jones, lost her husband and her trunk, and for both of which an action was brought.

There was, strange to say, great difficulty proving that Mr. Jones had been on the boat at the time of the collapse, that worthy having been notoriously drunk on the wharf-boat just as the steamer left Trinity.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally a Mr. Deitzmar, a German, was placed upon the stand.

The attorney for the boat elicited from Mr. Deitzmar this testimony:

"Mr. Deitzmar, did you know the Old Kentuck?"

"Yah, I was blown up mit her."

"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"

"When she bust the bile? yes, I wash dare."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure. Mr. Jones and me took passenger togedder."

"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?"

"Wall! I didn't see Mr. Jones aboard de boat de last time."

The attorney fancied his case was safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury, said:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last did you see Mr. Jones?"

"Well, when de schmoke pipe and me was going up we met Mr. Jones coming down."

"JUDGE, can't a man dink vat he bleases?" — "Certainly," replied the court, "you may think whatever you like."—"Den," replied Dasche, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic feature as he glanced at judge and jury, "I dinks you ish all a set of invernal scoundrels!"

A SOMEWHAT eccentric yet celebrated judge, some years ago, was asked by a counsellor to put down a certain case for the last Friday in the month of March, which happened to be Good Friday. His honor indignantly replied: "No, sir; I won't set any cause down for that day. There never was but one judge who tried a cause on that day; that was Pontius Pilate, sir."

AN Irish lawyer once addressed the court as "gentlemen," instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus:

"May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

A MAN was brought up by a farmer, and accused of stealing some ducks. The farmer said he should know them anywhere, and went on to describe their peculiarity. "Why," said the counsel for the prisoner, "they can't be such a very rare breed; I have some very like them in my yard."—"That's very likely sir," replied the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the sort I have had stolen lately."

MR. CURRAN was engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though, in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple." Again—"No man," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister to Curran, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property."—"May I ask you, sir," said Curran, "how many acres make a wise-acre?" Again—"Could you not have known this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman in addressing Mr. Curran. "Oh, yes," replied the barrister, "I see the maker's name stamped upon the blade."

A YOUNG lawyer in New H., who had never yet had a case in court, was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a new bridge. He did not prepare himself, for he had an idea that that was unlawyer-like, and that a lawyer must be able to speak any number of hours in a style of thrilling eloquence at a moment's notice. He stood out on the platform, and amid the profound attention of his hearers, commenced as follows:—"Fellow citizens: Five and forty years ago this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge where we now stand was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused (cries of Good, go on, go on). Here was the rub. "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness, and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was a part and parcel of it now."

AN old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:

Lady. "Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him."

Lawyer. "The boy appears rather young, madam; how old is he?"

Lady. "Seven years, sir."

Lawyer. "He is too young, decidedly too young. Have you no boys older?"

Lady. "O yes, I have several, but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told the old man I thought this little fellow would make a first rate lawyer, so I called to see if you would take him."

Lawyer. "No, madam, he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy any better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?"

Lady. "Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day. When he was only five he'd lie like all natur'; when he got to be six he was sassy and impudent as any critter could be, and now he'll steal everything he can lay his hands on."

A PERSON looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under, "Has been tried and acquitted."

THE following is said to be a copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients:—"Sir, I am desired to apply to you for the sum of twenty pounds due to my client, Mr. Jones. If you send me the money by this day week you will oblige me—if not, I shall oblige you."

"GUILTY, or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor plazes. It's not for the like o' me to dictate to yer honor's worship," was the reply.

A PERSIAN merchant, complaining heavily of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the cadi. "But the cadi is your uncle," urged the plaintiff. "Then you can go to the grand vizier."—"But his secretary is your cousin."—"Then you may go to the sultan."—"But his favorite sultana is your niece."—"Well, then, go to the devil."—"Ah! that is still a closer family connection," said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.

AN Irishman was brought before a magistrate on the charge of vagrancy, and was thus questioned:—"What trade are you?"—"Shure now, your honor, I'm a sailor."—"You are in the seafaring line; I question whether you have ever been to sea in your life?"—"Sure does your honor think I came over from Ireland in a wagon?"

A DIMINUTIVE lawyer, appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor what profession he was of, and having replied that he was an attorney:—"You a lawyer," said Brief, "why I could put you in my pocket."—"Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head."

A GENTLEMAN, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, in a certain part of South Carolina, inquired of a pert negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

My name is ——, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess it from my appearance; don't you see that I am a timber-cutter."

"No, boss, you no timber-cutter."

"An overseer, then?"

"No, sir; you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; they don't ride in sulky."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

'I sorter specs you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, siree, you don't that."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now, you see, boss, I'se bin ridin' wid you for mor'n a mile, an' you haint cussed any, and a lawyer always cusses."

THE younger of two brothers had endeavored to deprive the elder of an estate of 500 pounds a year by suborning witnesses to declare that he died in a foreign land. Coming into the court in the guise of a miller, Sir Matthew Hale was chosen the twelfth juryman to sit on this cause. As soon as the clerk of the court had sworn in the jurymen, a little, dexterous fellow came into their apartment and slipped ten gold pieces into the hands of eleven of the jury, and gave the miller five, while the judge was known to be bribed with a great sum. The judge summed up the evidence in favor of the younger brother, and the jury were about to give their assent, when the supposed miller stood up and addressed the court with such energetic and manly eloquence as astonished the judge and all present, unravelled the sophistry to the very bottom, proved the fact of bribery, evinced the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

THE following lines on Serjeant Bettesworth, which Swift inserted in one of his poems, gave rise to a violent resentment on the part of the barrister:

So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth at a time when he was surrounded with his friends in a convivial party. He read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then flung it down with great violence, trembled and turned pale, and after some pause, his rage for awhile depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and, opening it vehemently, swore, "With this very penknife I will cut off his ears."

He then went to the dean's house, and not finding him at home, followed him to the house of a friend, where, being shown into a back room, desired the doctor might be sent for; and, on Swift entering the room, and asking what were his commands, "Sir," said he, "I am Serjeant Bettesworth."

"Of what regiment, pray, sir?" said Swift.

"O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery—you know me well enough; I am one of his Majesty's serjeants at law, and I am come to demand if you are the author of this poem (producing it), and these villanous lies on me?"

"Sir," said Swift, "when I was a young man, I had the honor of being intimate with some great legal characters, particularly Lord Somers, who, knowing my propensity to satire, advised me, when I lampooned a knave or fool, never to own it. Conformably to that advice, I tell you I am not the author."

A WOMAN was testifying in behalf of her son, "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer, who cross-examined her, said:—"You assert that your son worked on a farm ever since he was born?"—"I do."—"What did he do the first year?"—"He milked!" The lawyer evaporated.

A LATE judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness:—"Humbugged you! My good woman, what do you mean by that?" said he, sternly. "Well, your honor," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain exactly; but if a girl called your honor a handsome man, now she would be humbugging you."

A CERTAIN judge, pronouncing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said:—"You shall be taken to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed:—"Hold there, judge; I want none of your prayers, for I never knew any one to live long after you prayed for him."

LAWYER. "Now, Mr. A., was the fence alluded to a good, strong fence?"

Uncle Will. "Yes, sir."

Lawyer. "Well, what sort of a fence was it?"

Uncle Will (holding in). "It was a Buncombe fence, sir."

Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old gent). "Now, squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?"

Uncle Will. "A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight!"

Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors.

A COUNTRYMAN, very much marked with the small pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbors had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected,

"Fellow," said the justice in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the smallpox or not; but I am sure you have been for stupidity."

"Why, and please your honor," replied the man, "perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the *natural way.*"

A LAWYER once came into court drunk, when the judge said to him:

"Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family, and the profession to which you belong."

This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did, sir. I said, sir, that in my opinion you disgraced yourself and family the court, and the profession, by your course of conduct."

"May i-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney in-in-in this c-c-court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

A YOUNG lawyer gained a suit for a pretty but not over-wealthy client. He sent in a bill for $1000. The next day the lady called on him and inquired if he was in earnest in proposing to her. "Propose to you, madam! I didn't propose to you!" replied the astonished attorney. "Well, you asked for my fortune; and I thought you would have the grace to take me with it!" was the calm reply.

A PERSON once inquired in a court of justice why witnesses, on being sworn were obliged to kiss the cover of the book. To make the oath *binding*, was the reply.

LORD BACON tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a judge on the Northern Circuit, he was, by one of the malefactors, mightily importuned to save his life, which when nothing he said did avail, he at length desired his mercy n account of kindred.

"Prithee," said my Lord Judge, "how came that in?"

"Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog; and in all ages hog and bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated."

"Ay, but," replied Lord Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

JUDGE JEFFRIES, when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard.

"Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beard? If so, your lordship has none at all!"

A LAWYER, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying:—"I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel." Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued, "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries."

TWO lawyers in Lowell, returning from court the other day, one said to the other: 'I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. ——'s hurch; been debating the matter for ome time. What do you think of it?"

"Wouldn't do it," said the other.

"Well, why?"

"Because it could do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

ELISHA WILLIAMS, formerly of Columbia county, was somewhat noted for his eloquence and power of moving a jury. On one occasion he made a plea which produced a marked effect both upon the jury and upon the court. His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but shrewd, and, as it so happened on the occasion, succeeded in laying out the eminent counsellor. When Mr. Williams had closed his eloquent appeal, the pettifogger rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, and your honors: I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoke than what I like the piece. He spoke it good. I've heered him give it four times afore—once at Scodack, in a burglary case; once at Kiak, on a suspicion o' stealing; once at Poughkeepsie, in a murder case; and the next time at Kakiak, about the man who was catched counterfeiting. Well, he always spoke it good, but this time he's really beat himself. But what does it all amount to, gentlemen of the jury? That is the question, and you can answer it as well as I kin, and better tew!"

And so they did, and quickly, by a verdict for the pettifogger's client.

PETER BURROWS, an eminent Irish barrister, was on one occasion, while defending a prisoner, oppressed with a cough, which he sought to soften by the occasional use of lozenges. The client whom he was defending was indicted for murder, and it was deemed important in his defence to produce the bullet with which it was alleged the deed was done. This he was about to do, and held the bullet in one hand and a lozenge in the other, when, in the ardor of advocacy, he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet.

THERE is a scripture simplicity about the following which is quite refreshing, and carries one back to the anti-diluvian time:

A distinguished member of the New York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend also a New Yorker, to attend to a complaint made against him before a

New Jersey Justice for an alleged assault and battery upon one of the residents of the "Old Jersey State."

"I appear for the prisoner," said the counsellor to the Dogberry.

"You abbers de bris'ner, do you; and who den be you?" interrupted the justice, eyeing him head to foot with marked curiosity. "I don't knows you; vair be's su come from and vot's yer name?"

The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said: "I am a member of the New York bar."

"Vell den you gant bractise in dis here gort," replied the justice.

"I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New York," reiterated the attorney.

"Dat makes not'ing tifferent," said the inveterate justice.

"Well then," said the baffled lawyer, "suppose I show to your honor that I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States."

"It ton't makes a pit better," replied he of the ermine; "you ain't a counsellor von de State of New Jersey, and you gan't bractis in dis gort!"

This decision accounts for the fact that New Jersey is not in the United States.

A BLACKSMITH of a village in Spain murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," said the alcalde, "how then can I fulfil justice?" A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."

WHEN Jekyll, the witty lawyer, was asked what was the difference between an attorney and a solicitor, he replied:

"About the same that exists between an alligator and a crocodile."

A MAN was charged before Lord Mansfield with stealing a silver punch-ladle. The prosecuting counsel inveighed bitterly against the prisoner, declaring that he was an attorney, and had disgraced the profession.

"Oh," said Lord Mansfield, "I don't think he can be an attorney, or else he would have taken the bowl as well as the ladle."

"I'LL bring you down to the hard pan of truth, sir;" said a lawyer to the opposing counsel. "Very well," was the reply, "that's the pan, I suppose, you just flashed in."

THERE is a lawyer in Plymouth, England, so excessively honest that he puts all his flower-pots out over nights, so determined is he that everything shall have its *dew*.

"FRIEND Broadbrim," said Zephania Straitlace to his master, a rich Quaker, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide meal to-day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calls Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it!—yea, and he hath eaten it."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog—even Pinchem."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless Quaker, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Foxcraft," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into my neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I see him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the motton—nothing can be clearer."

"Know, then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast denominated Pinchem, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in the market this morning."

"O, well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it." And he having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet awhile, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings for advice."

"Then, verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled."

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"—"Yes, to the bone."—"What is his character?"—"Didn't know he had any."—"Does he live near you?"—"So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

A CAPITAL story is told of a convivial lawyer, who lived in the last century. He was accustomed to drink hard over night, so that when he appeared in court in the morning he was not able to make a very brilliant display, and, though a man of undoubted ability, very often lost cases from his over-night excesses.

He was, on one occasion, counsel on a most important case, but on the morning of the trial it became evident to the attorney that little good would be got out of him. He leaned back in despair, when a sudden thought struck him, and he hastened out of court into the street, where he entered several shops, changing sixpences into pennies, and pennies into farthings. When he had between twenty and thirty of the latter, he put them into bits of paper, entered the court just as the advocate rose to speak, and put two of them into his hand. The fingers closed over them, placed them in the waistcoat pocket, and a change became observeable to all in his full and clear explanation of the case. Whenever he showed any symptoms of breaking down, the agent was near with another refresher. He won the case.

Thereafter going to a tavern with one or two others, he ordered refreshments, and threw down in payment one of the farthings still wrapped in paper, telling the waiter to keep the change for himself. The astonishment of the waiter on opening the paper was only equalled by that of the advocate, who, instead of finding himself in possession of a store of guineas had only farthings.

A LAWYER in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time; and thus he spoke in conclusion: "Gentlemen of the jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of luscious loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold, damp, and dead of the night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!" The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

JUDGE P. was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of imagination into the seventh heaven, and was preparing for a higher ascent when the judge struck his rule on the desk once or twice, and exclaimed to the astonished orator:—"Hold on, my dear sir, don't go any higher, you are already out of the jurisdiction of this court."

A YOUNG member of the bar thought he would adopt a motto for himself, and after much reflection, wrote in large letters and posted up against the wall the following:

"*Suum cuique*," which may be translated, "let every one have his own."

A country client coming in, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added:

"You don't spell it right."

"Indeed! Then how ought it to be spelt?"

The visitor replied: "Sue'em quick."

THOMAS ASLETT took the benefit of the nibble started from the bench. The prisoner was charged with stealing a letter from the post-office containing a sovereign, while in the employment of that establishment as a letter-carrier. The evidence clearly proved the theft charged in the indictment, and the prisoner was seen to take the property in the post-office, and was secured. The chief-justice was of opinion that "it required the property (according to the act of Parliament) should be taken from the post-office and not in the post-office," and the prisoner was acquitted. Thus had the prisoner but crossed the threshold, his death would have been inevitable. Nice distinction.

A WESTERN pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain:

"Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can never be intimidated nor tyrannized over; mark that! And, sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—"

Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander.

"Mean? Why, sir, a writ of progander is a—a—a—it's a—wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what'll knock thunder out of your one-horse court, anyhow."

AN English judge stated that it had always been his opinion that calling many witnesses to prove one fact was like adding a large quantity of water to a small quantity of brandy—it made it weak.

MR. JUSTICE PAGE was renowned for his harshness and ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer by the name of Crowle was asked if "the judge was not just behind?"—"I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am sure he never was just before."

To seek redress of grievances by having recourse to law, is too aptly compared to sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.

"How do you know that the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" said a county court judge to the witness on the stand.

"Because I saw him a few minutes after supper trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack."

Verdict for the defendant.

AN overbearing barrister, endeavoring to brow-beat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face.

"I never knew till now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

A GENTLEMAN asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any act," says the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

AN Indiana judge recently stated, in behalf of a female witness whom a lawyer was cross-questioning as to her age, that a woman had a right to be of any age she pleased, because, if she stated her real age, nobody would believe her.

A COUNTRYMAN applied to a lawyer for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. "O yes, sir," rejoined the simple rustic, "I thought it better to tell you the plain truth, and you can put th lies to it yourself."

"SIR," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your handwriting?"—"I reckon not,' was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your handwriting?"—"Yes, sir, I think it don't."—"Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"—"Well, I do, old hoss."—"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"—"Yes, sir."—"Now, how do you know?"—"Cause I can't write."

A CELEBRATED lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

"IT is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse."

"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse; but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

"PRAY, my good man," said a judge to an Irishman who was witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?"—"Och, thin, plase your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim a top of a wall. 'Paddy,' says he; 'What?' says I; 'Here,' says he; 'Where?' says I; 'Whist,' says he; 'Hush,' says I, and that's all, plase your lordship."

A GOOD story is told of a trial justice in the town of Spencer, Mass., in relation to enforcing the prohibitory law. In one case a man was arraigned for liquor selling—the article sold being thin, sour, and beady. The judge ordered the officer to bring along with the prisoner a pitcher of ale. The prisoner pleaded that he had not violated the law; the ale was not intoxicating.

"We will see about that," said the justice; "you drink half of what is in the pitcher, and I will drink the other half, and then I will adjourn the court until two o'clock (now ten), and see."

The ale was divided and drunk, and the court adjourned. On reassembling short work was made of the case.

"Guilty, and sentenced three months."

A GENTLEMAN, dying, left all his estates to a monastery, on condition that, on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy fathers should give him whatever "they should choose." When the son came home, he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the wise monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. The young man consulted his friends, and all agreed that there was no remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his case. The gentleman followed this advice, and the suit terminated in his favor through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning:—"The testator," said the ingenious barrister, "has left his son that 'share of the estate which the monks should choose;' these are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will, 'Let me have,' says he, 'the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'"

A DECEASED, upright, and able chief-justice of one of our courts, was once obliged thus to address a southern jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that, to me, it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

"I CLAIM, may it please the court, that there is no wrong, there can be no wrong, without a remedy!" grandiloquently exclaimed a young lawyer once, while arguing a case. "Well, now, let us see about that," quietly replied his opponent. "Suppose that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and the view refuses to return it, what remedy will distance have in the case?"

A COUNTRY-WOMAN was carrying on a very simple process against a neighbor in one of the small courts of Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties, that she lost all patience, and interrupted him thus:

"My lord, the case is simply this: I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet, with figures which were to be as handsome as my lord, the judge; and he wants now to force me to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his attorney. Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?"

The court laughed at the comparison, the attorney was stupified, and the woman won the case.

An old lawyer was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded in justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall."—"But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where both law and justice are dead against me?"—"In that case, my son," replied the lawyer, "talk round it!"

"What have you to charge against the defendant?" asked a lawyer of an ebony-headed witness.

"Why, de nigger am bigoted," was the reply.

"He's what!"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what dat am?"

"Why, no," replied the lawyer, who was much of a wag: "will you define the term, Job?"

"Sartainly, sartainly, I does. To be bigoted, a culled pusson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers."

A somewhat eccentric lawyer, being engaged in defending a hard case, and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding judge, remarked that he believed the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans.

The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for this contempt of court, threatening him with commitment for the offence, if he did not apologize.

The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed that the court could be bought with a peck of beans: that he had said it without reflection, and wished to take it back; "but," said he, "if I had put it half a bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world!"

An attorney-at-law who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer from the interior of New Jersey, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighborhood.

"Yes," replied the old man, "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and some of 'em are beginning to take up with lawyers." The attorney didn't follow up the subject.

A cunning lawyer meeting with a shrewd old friend on a white horse, determined to quiz him. "Good morning, daddy! Pray, what makes your horse look so pale in the face?"

"Ah! my dear friend," replied the old man, "if thee had looked through a halter so long, thee would look pale too!"

Judge S. had a very wild son named Bob, who was constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once for drunkenness, the judge cried out:

"Is that our Bob?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Fine the rascal two dollars and costs; I'd make it ten dollars if I didn't know it would come out of my own pocket."

That distinguished lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, when young, delighted much in company; and being strong and robust, he was a great master of all those exercises that required much strength. He also learned to fence, and became so expert in the use of his weapons, that he worsted many of the professors of the art. One of his masters told him he could teach him no more, for he was now better at his own trade than himself. This Mr. Hale looked on as flattery: so, to make the master discover himself, he promised him the house he lived in, for he was his tenant, if he could hit him a blow on the head; and bade him do his best, for he would be as good as his word. After a little engagement, his master being really superior to him, made a palpable hit on the head. Mr. Hale performed his promise; he gave him the house freely; and was not unwilling at that rate to learn so early to distinguish flattery from plain and simple truth.

At a trial in an Alabama town, not long since, one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eyesight.

"Can you see me?" said he.

"Yes," was answered.

"How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer.

"Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman." The answer brought down the house and silenced the counsel.

The distinguished jurist, Judge G., of North Carolina, so justly esteemed for his abilities and estimable characteristics, displayed an amiable trait in the incidents and anecdotes which it was usual with him to retail to his admiring associates. The point of their wit was not unfrequently directed against himself. Upon an occasion of this kind he remarked:

"When I was first admitted to the bar, I was one day riding the wearisome road through the piney woods, and as chances favored me, to break the monotony, I came upon an old field log school-house. It was the hour of recreation, no doubt, for the children were scattered through the woods, frolicsome and merry, and the school-room was deserted, except in one instance, where a lazy, lolling, tallow-faced, cotton-headed, lack-lustre-eyed boy hung half way out of the window—the personification of stupidity itself. Upon the spur of the moment, I determined to amuse myself at his expense. So as I walked my horse past him, I, with the true school-boy whine, commenced spelling aloud:

"'B-a-k-e-r, baker.'

"Cotton-head gazed at me full in the face an instant, without change of expression or feature, and then his mouth slowly opened, and with an undisguised snarl, he shouted and returned:

"'F-oo-l, fool.'

"I left instantly," said Judge G., "or rather as soon as I could recover my senses."

At a recent trial of a liquor case, which occurred not a thousand miles from Worcester, Mass., the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen at the defendant's domicile, which he had said he had visited "a number of times."

"Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.

"Why, yes—I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.

"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself up for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell what kind of spirits it was?"

"Spirits of turpentine!"

The explosion of mirth that followed this answer fairly shook the court-room; and as soon as it subsided, the witness was discharged, the opinion being that his testimony was not to the point.

In one of the courts some time ago, a very pretty young lady appeared as a witness. Her testimony was likely to result unfavorably for the client of a pert young lawyer, who addressed her very superciliously with the inquiry:

"You are married, I believe?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! only about to be married?"

"No, sir."

"Only wish to?"

"Really I don't know. Would you advice such a step?"

"Oh, certainly! I am a married man myself."

"Is it possible? I never should have thought it. Is your wife deaf or blind?"

It is hardly necessary to add that the discomfited attorney did not vouchsafe a reply.

THE following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge of —— State. The judge was supported on the right and on the left by his humble associates, and the old lady was called to give evidence:

President Judge. "Take off your bonnet, madam."

Lady. "I would rather not, sir."

Judge. "I desire you to take off your bonnet."

Lady. "I am informed, that in public assemblies the women should cover the head, such is the custom—and of course I will not take off my bonnet."

Judge. "Why, you are a pretty woman! Indeed I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench."

Lady. "I thank you kindly, sir; but I really think there are old women enough there already."

A "SETTLER" in Australia was taken before a justice very drunk, and instead of answering the questions put to him, he persistently spluttered out:

"Your honor is very—wise—y-y-our honor is very wise." Being unable to get any other answer, the justice ordered him to be locked up till next day, when he was again brought up.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions the only answer you made me was, 'your honor's very wise.'"

"Did I say so?" quoth the defendant. "Then I must have been drunk indeed."

LORD CHATHAM rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer, by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "Why was not this ointment sold, and the money given to the poor?" Chatham rose and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him. 'This Judas said, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief and carried the bag!'"

THE following anecdote, illustrative of the character of Judge Parsons, is sublime in thought and language: A gentleman whose name was Time, was concerned in a duel; the ball of his antagonist struck his watch and remained there. It thus saved his life. The watch was exhibited, with the ball remaining in it, in a company where Judge Parsons was present. It was observed by several that it was a valuable watch. "Yes," said Parsons, "very excellent; it has kept Time from Eternity."

DURING a trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings:

Among the witnesses was one as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir!"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Wall, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

A BLACKSMITH was summoned to a county court as a witness in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not advise them to settle, as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum. He replied, "I told the fools to settle; for I said the clerk would take their coats, the lawyers their skirts, and if they got into your honor's court you'd skin 'em."

IT was the habit of Lord Eldon, when he was attorney-general, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said:

"It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired."

Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the attorney-general, began to weep.

"Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?"

Tooke replied: "He is crying to think what small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

"COME here, my lad," said an attorney to a lad about nine years old; "a case is between the devil and the people; which do you think will be most likely to gain the action?" The boy replied: "I guess it will be a tight squeeze; the people have the money, but the devil has the lawyers."

A FRENCH lawyer once defended a man who had stolen a chicken from a barnyard. He said his client was insane. "I do not see in this theft anything that would account for the mental alienation of the prisoner," said the president of the court. "I beg your pardon," replied the lawyer, "this poor fellow is certainly insane. He stole a wretched chicken when he might have taken a nice fat pig."

AN English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

A JUDGE was interrupted in his charge to the jury by the loud braying of a donkey on the street. "What's that?" said the judge. A gentleman with whom the judge had just had a fiery flare up, rose and gravely assured him that it was merely "the echo of the court."

"HAS a man," asked a prisoner of a magistrate, "any right to commit a nuisance?"—"No, sir; not even the mayor."—"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance, and, as no one has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

A CERTAIN justice was called to the jail to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?"—"Why?" asked the other, rather chagrined at the question. "I can swear that I am not worth that at present."—"Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear to the rest, so go along, Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

WHEN James T. Brady, the celebrated lawer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he had," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do you sell?" he inquired, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Begorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."

SERJEANT FAZAKERLY being on a visit in the country, in the time of long vacation, was one day riding out with a rich squire, who happened at that time to be about engaging in a lawsuit, and thought it a good opportunity to pump an opinion out of the counsellor gratis. The serjeant gave his opinion in such a way that the gentleman was encouraged to go on with the suit, which, however, he lost, after expending considerable sums. Irritated by his disappointment, he waited upon the serjeant at his chambers, and exclaimed:

"Zounds! Mr. Serjeant, here have I lost three thousand pounds by your advice."

"By my advice?" says Fazakerly, "how can that be? I don't remember giving you my advice, but let me look over my book."

"Book," says the other, "there is no occasion to look at your book; it was when we were riding together at such a place."

"Oh," answered the serjeant, "I remember something of it; but, neighbor, that was only my travelling opinion, and my opinion is never to be relied on except it is registered in my fee-book."

AN ingenious attorney, who always made it a point to get his case, was applied to by a fellow who had stolen some pork, to defend him. Accordingly, in his usual inventive way, he ruined the evidence on which the plaintiff relied, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. After the verdict was declared, as the fellow was leaving the court house he whispered to his attorney thus:

"Squire, what shall I do with the pork, for I have got it yet?"

"Eat it," replied the lawyer, "for the jury say you did not steal it."

AN editor down South, who had served four days on the jury, says, "He's so full of the law that it is hard to keep from cheating somebody."

LORD ELDON, once speaking of circumstantial evidence, remarked: "I remember once in a case where I was counsel, that the evidence for a long time did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect self-control, evidently feeling himself quite safe. At last a surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot, a gun shot wound in the head, and he produced the matted hair, and stuff cut from, and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of the gun, which proved to be a part of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was arrested. He was hanged."

A MAN by the name of Gray had sued a neighbor for killing his dog. The evidence was clear, and the lawyer of the plaintiff submitted the case in a few words. The counsel for the defence then rose and spread himself for a speech. He was just launching into the merits of the case after the usual exordium, "May it please the court, we are proud to live in a land where justice is administered to the king on the throne and the beggar on his dunghill—" when the squire, who had heard enough, interrupted him, and said:

"Mr. Hurd, you may go ahead with your speech, but the case is decided."

The lawyer very wisely reasoned that there was no use in expending his eloquence under such discouraging circumstances, and wound up with a few preliminary remarks.

O'CONNELL, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every other epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "This *naufrageous* ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said, "he thought it sounded well."

"MAY it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the city judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus."

"Well," said a fellow in an under tone, who stood in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door."

A FAT old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defence offered on trial by the wag:—First, By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a *calf*. Second, He is blind and cannot see to bite. Third, Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. Fourth, Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. Fifth, My dog died six weeks ago. Sixth, I never had a dog!

AN advocate having gained a suit for a poor young lady she remarked,

"I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart."

"Hand it over to the clerk, if you please. I wish no fee for myself," he replied.

A CLIENT burst into tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming: "I did not think I suffered half so much till I heard it this day."

A FELLOW being called as a witness in one of the English courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"

"A horse-chaunter, my lord."

"A what? A horse-chaunter? Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me —and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' ses I. 'He's got the beautifulest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' ses I. 'Only look at iz open nostrils—he got vind like a no-go-motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never once think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and he says to 'imself, 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rale judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im, and trots off. Vell, then I goes up to the man vot keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'Vell, vot are you going to stand for that ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vot I call 'orse chaunting, my lord. There's rale little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

LATELY, in one of the New Orleans courts, a negro was called as a witness. The judge, who is noted for his austerity, held out the book and the witness was sworn, and was, of course, expected to kiss the book. But the witness was unused to criminal proceedings, and entertained curious ideas of the manner and propriety of swearing, and stood erect.

"Why don't you kiss?" demanded the magistrate.

"Sar!"

"Ain't you going to kiss?" was again inquired.

"Sar!" repeated the astonished darkey, evidently mistaking the meaning of the court, and surprised beyond measure at such an invitation.

"Kiss, I tell you!" thundered the judge.

"Yes, sar!" exclaimed the frightened and trembling darkey, nerving himself for the contemplated embrace, and without any more ado the long arms of the son of Ham were thrown around the neck of the judge, and before he could be prevented a stentorian smack resounded through the court-room.

"Quit, you beast; help! help!" shouted the magistrate.

But the witness enjoyed the luxury, and the embrace was renewed with unction.

"Take him off! Take him off!" cried the court, while the loud shouts of the spectators testified their appreciation of the fun.

At last, however, the officers of the court interfered, and the half-strangled judge was rescued from the clasp of the literal witness.

COUNSELLOR HIGGINS was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner, and would sometimes almost laugh down an indictment for a small offence. A fellow, one Smith, being on trial for stealing a turkey, the counsellor attempted to give a good humane turn to the affair.

"Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a very small affair; I wonder any one would bring such a complaint into court; if we are going on at this rate, we shall have business enough to our hands. Why, I recollect when I was in college, that nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We used to have many good suppers in this way. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, and no fault found."

After the court rose, one of the jury, a plain old farmer, meeting the counsellor, complimented him on his ingenuity and said:

"Now, squire, I should like to ask you one question; which road do you take in going home, the upper or lower?"

"The lower."

"Well, then it's no matter; I only wanted to observe that if you were going my way I would just jog on before and lock up my hen-house."

A COUNTRYMAN on a trial respecting the right of fishing, at the Lancaster Assizes, was cross-examined by the late Serjeant Cockle, who, among many other questions, asked the witness, "Dost thou love fish?"—"Yea," says the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity. "What sauce dost thou like to it?" asked the serjeant. "Wha, I like onny sauce but Cockle sauce," was the reply, and which set all the court in a roar of laughter, in which the serjeant heartily joined.

CHARLES CHAPMAN, a witty lawyer of Hartford, was once called out of town to act in a case in which a lady was the principal witness. Her husband was present—a diminutive, meek, forbearing sort of a man—who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, "looked like a rooster just fished out of a swill-barrel," while the lady was a large, portly woman, evidently the "better horse." She balked on the cross-examination, and the lawyer was pressing the question with his usual urgency, when she broke out, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes:—"Mr. Chapman, you needn't think you can catch me, if you try all day." Putting on his most quizzical expression, Mr. Chapman replied, "Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to *catch* you, and your husband looks to me as if he was sorry *he* had." The husband faintly smiled assent.

THE late Judge Oakley was rigid in requiring the attendance of persons summoned as jurors. Excuses, unless very good, were of no avail. On one occasion, several whose names had been called stood before the bench, "and they all with one accord began to make excuses." Among them was an insignificant, frowsy-looking little fellow, who said, "Judge, I wish you'd let me off."—"For what reason?" inquired his honor. "Well, judge, I don't want to say."—"You must say or serve."—"But, judge, I don't think the other jurors would like to have me serve with them."—"Why not? out with it!"—"Well, judge—" (pausing.)—"Go on."—"I've got the itch."—"Mr. Clerk, scratch that man out," was the prompt order of his honor, and the party left.

"SIR," said Fieryfaces the lawyer to an unwilling witness, "Sir, do you say upon your oath that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?"

"I did not say anybody had ever accused him of being an honest man, did I?" replied Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, witness, that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" said the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon."

"Sir," cried Fieryfaces, "Sir-r, upon your oath—mind, your oath—you say that Blimpkins is a rogue, a thief, and a villain."

"You say so," was Pipkins' answer.

"Haven't you said so?" inquired the lawyer.

"Why you've said it, and what's the use of my repeating it?" replied Pipkins.

"Sir," thundered Fieryfaces the Demosthenean, "sir, I charge you upon your oath, do you or do you not say Blimpkins stole things?"

"No, sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkins, "I never said Blimpkins stole things; but I do say he's got a way of finding things that nobody has lost."

AN Irish counsel, being questioned by a judge to know for whom he was concerned, replied as follows: "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

"WHY don't you hold up your head in the world, as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."

A GENTLEMAN ordered a suit of clothes from a tailor, and especially enjoined him that they must be made by the next Tuesday, and that they must be made in the finest style, and that unless the tailor could have them ready to a certainty, beyond a peradventure to the day, that he must not undertake them; but Snip promised faithfully that they would be finished *ad diem.* Tuesday came, and no clothes; the enraged man flew to the cabbage man's house, and said:

"What's the reason my clothes were not ready, as you promised? Here you have kept me in the city at a loss of time and business only to disappoint me now, if we had you in our part of the country, I tell you what they would call you, they would say you were a perfect squirt."

The knight of the goose explained that the only competent workman he had, capable of making the suit, had a wife lying at death's door, and he could not possibly leave her. The outraged gentleman was not able to smother his disappointment, and berated the tailor pretty soundly for failing in his positive promise. The ninth fraction of the *genus homo* could not stand this, and plainly told his customer to go to the caloric regions of Pandemonium.

The customer, red with rage, rushed across the street to a lawyer, and in an excited and hurried manner said: "Do you know Snip the tailor across the way?"

"Yes, I know him," answered Brief.

"Well, now, I want your advice," said the gentleman, "I want to know what you would do in such a case. That infamous fellow has not only kept me here in the city on expense, to the great detriment of my business, and disappointed me in a suit of clothes, but when I went to remonstrate with the fellow about it, what do you suppose the independent rascal told me? He told me to go to a hot place down below." With these words the gentleman laid a ten dollar bill on the desk, and said, "Now, what would you do?"

"Do you mean this for a retainer?" asked Brief.

"I do," was the reply.

"Then," said Brief, quietly folding up the ten and putting it in his pocket, "he told you to go below. Well, my opinion and advice to you is, don't do it. There is, moreover, no statute or local law that can compel you to a specific performance. I say don't you do it."

THE French papers, in the autumn of 1821, mention that a man named Desjardins was tried, on his own confession, as an accomplice for Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri. But in his defence Desjardins contended that his confession ought not to be believed, because he was so notorious for falsehood that nobody in the world would give credit to a word he said. In support of this he produced a host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore that the excessive bad character he had given of himself was true, and he was declared "not guilty." This case parallels with a similar instance some time before in Ireland. A man was charged with highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty, but the jury pronounced him by their verdict "not guilty." The astonished judge exclaimed:

"Impossible! Gentlemen, did you not hear the man declare himself that he was guilty?"

The foreman said:

"We did, my lord, and that was the very reason we acquitted him, for we know the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

THE plaintiff, in a suit brought against the city of New York, had been injured by a fall, caused by what is termed "a corporation hole," and during the trial, Dr. Willard Parker being upon the stand in behalf of the plaintiff, the associate counsel of the city cross-examined him, and elicited the remark that "the plaintiff was so injured that he could lie only on one side." The answer was no sooner given than the counsel said;—"I suppose, doctor, you mean he would make a very poor lawyer?" The court did not maintain its gravity.

WHEN the late Judge Wells, of Boston, was living, and presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, an action was brought to recover the price of some felloes and tires to wheels furnished by the plaintiff. The counsel in the case were Messrs. Main and Morris, and they proved to be so tedious that the court and jury got out of all patience, and the foreman perpetrated the following impromptu:

Morris and Main, two lawyers shrewd,
(Though they themselves may like the sport)
Talking of felloes and of tires,
Tire all the fellows in the court.

TWO lawyers in a country court—one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent:—"A person at your time of life, sir," looking at the barrister's gray head, "ought to have long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." —"Yes, sir," was the reply, "you may stare at my gray hair if you like. My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye."

SYDNEY SMITH compares the whistle of a locomotive to the squeal of an attorney when Satan first gets hold of him.

THE sharpest practice on record is told of a Bangor lawyer, who tried to get his Christmas turkey for nothing. He asked a countryman of whom he proposed to purchase if the bird was young, and being answered in the affirmative, asked if he would take his oath of it. The rural poulterer assented; and the lawyer administered the oath, and demanded a dollar as his fee.

WHEN persons reach threescore years and five, they may feel and admit that their mortal powers, physical and intellectual, are beginning to decay; but when their age extends considerably beyond this figure, they are often slow to allow that their bodily and mental strength is in the least abated. What is apparent to all others is denied by themselves. When the Rev. Dr. Perkins, of West Hartford, was in the neighborhood of sixty, he wanted a colleague; but when he was seventy he could dispense with one, being, in his own judgment, fully competent to do all the pastoral work himself. And it is told of Robert Treat Paine, who was on the bench of the Supreme Court in Massachusetts, that when he got to be aged, and the bar desired to have him withdraw from the bench, they appointed Mr. Harrison Gray Otis to go and see him. Mr. Otis suggested to the judge that it must be a very great inconvenience for him to leave his home so often and for so long. "Yes," said he, "it is always right to sacrifice personal preference for the good of the country."—"But," said Mr. Otis, "judge, you are not in good health; you are infirm. Are you not afraid that this excessive work will kill you?"—"Yes," said the judge, "but a man cannot die in a better cause than administering justice."—"But, Judge Paine, do you see as well as you used to?" —"O yes; I can see in my glasses perfectly."—"Do you hear as well as you used to?"—for it was notorious that he could not hear anything unless it was bawled in his ear. "O yes; I hear perfectly, but they don't speak as loud as they did before the Revolution!"

ONE day, upon removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said: "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" —"No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a supreme being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer; kill that lawyer!' How should you like that, Jones? and I am sure to most people a lawyer is a more obnoxious animal than a spider."

THEY have a good joke on a rising young lawyer of Troy. His eloquence had cleared a man charged with offering counterfeit money, and the grateful man gave him fifty dollars for his services. He tried to use some of the money after the fellow left the town, and found that every dollar of it was counterfeit.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, were quarrelling some years ago so violently that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation: "No, sir, never; I defy you' I defy you! you can't do it."

THAD. STEVENS once having lost a cause in a county court, through a stupid ruling of the judge, left the room, scattering imprecations right and left. The judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad. if he meant to "express his contempt for this court." Thad. turned to him very deferentially, in feigned amazement:—"Express my contempt for this court! No, sir, I am trying to conceal it, your honor."

ON entrance into Philadelphia, General Lafayette was accompanied in the barouche by the venerable Judge Peters. The dust was somewhat troublesome, and from his advanced age, etc., the general felt and expressed some solicitude lest his companion should experience inconvenience from it. To which he replied: "General, do you not recollect that I am a judge—I do not regard the dust, I am accustomed to it. The lawyers throw dust in my eyes almost every day in the court house."

A YOUNG lawyer, who was rather given to browbeating, had a favorite mode of mystifying a witness, by saying, "Well, sir, I shall only ask you one question, and I do not care which way you answer it." Mr. Brougham, who was on the same circuit, accosted his friend one morning: "Well, Jones, I have but one question to ask you, and I do not care what way you answer it. How do you do to-day?"

A COUNSELLOR was one day asked by a judge why he was always employed in knavish causes. "Why, my lord," said the counsellor, "I have been so much in the habit of losing good causes, that I think I had better undertake bad ones."

COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS has perpetrated another bull, says an English paper. At the Salop Assizes, Mr. Campbell apologized for a client's not having paid the expenses of a former trial, in consequence of having paid the debt of nature, to which Mr. Phillips replied: "It is the only debt he ever paid in his life."

A CHINESE thus describes a trial in the English law courts:—"One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve men condemn the man who has not said a word."

AT a court held in New Jersey, a prosecution was proceeding against a preacher for assault and battery upon a young man, who was previously prosecuted by the preacher for having disturbed their religious meetings. In the course of the trial it appeared that at the time the alleged disturbance took place, the preacher laid hold of the young man, and shook him pretty roughly, which was the assault complained of. The gentleman of the law concerned in the cause seemed very anxious to know the extent and severity, etc., of this same shaking, and interrogated the witness as to this matter a long time. One of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, was asked, "How did he shake him? Did he shake him hard? How hard did he shake him?" etc., and not having satisfied Mr. H., one of the counsel, as to the extent, etc., Mr. H. again pressed the matter by saying, "Well, now, can't you tell me how he shook him, and in what way he did it?" The witness thereupon laid hold of the counsel by the collar, "suiting the action to the word and the word to the action," and having given him some half dozen most terrible shakes, observed very coolly: "He shook him that way, sir," to the no small amusement of the judges, spectators, etc., who were convulsed with laughter.

When the late Lord Kaimes went to Aberdeen, as judge upon the circuit, he took up his quarters at a good tavern; and being fatigued and pensive after dinner, he inquired of the landlord if there were any learned man in the neighborhood who could favor him with his company over a glass of wine. The landlord answered that the professor of mathematics lived close by; and the Lord of Sessions sent his compliments. The professor was not only eminent in science, but of various and lively conversation, though he had the defect of La Fontaine and Thomson, both great poets—that of a stupid and dull appearance, before it became enlivened by wine or company. After a respectful bow, he took his seat and looked at the fire, quite immersed in some problem he had left. Two glasses of wine were filled and drunk in complete silence. Lord Kaimes, to begin the conversation, said:—"I have just passed your new bridge, wholly constructed of white granite. What may have been the cost?"—"Can't say," was the dry answer of the mathematician, who still looked at the fire. My Lord, surprised and piqued, said:—"I saw a board put up of all the tolls to be paid by carriages and animals; will you be so good as to inform me what is the toll of an ass?" The professor, as if awakening from a dream, quickly retorted, "I do not pretend to know; but when your lordship repasses, the toll-gatherer cannot fail to inform you." Our learned judge, starting up and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "You are my man!" and they began a long and animated conversation.

"**Gentlemen** of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and to withdraw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."

Curran being at a party at the seat of an Irish nobleman, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone.

"Oh," says Curran, "he has just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

Rufus Choate, the great Boston lawyer, in an important assault and battery case, at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour that Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony Dick said that the night was as "dark as pitch, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him:

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon—"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then, how do you know that there was a moon?"

"The nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in

what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator."

"Sho'—you're joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude at the equator."

That shot floored Rufus.

A BARRISTER entered the hall with his wig very much awry, of which he was not at all apprised, but was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last, addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?"

"Nothing but the head," was the answer.

MR. SERJEANT GARDINER, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it.

"O, my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove everything as plain as the nose on your face!"

A LAWYER on his passage from Europe observed a shark, and asked a sailor what it was, who replied: "Here we call 'em sea lawyers."

DURING the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (afterward Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip, with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on:

"I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the judge, taking snuff.

"My lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlett fever."

JUDGE ROOT, in going a circuit in England, had a stone thrown at his head, but from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friend, "had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

AN Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad who was called as witness was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed "he would go where all the lawyers went."

AUTHORS AND STATESMEN, THEIR WRITINGS, HABITS AND FATE.

THE following is from Chambers' Journal:

Before giving facts to show why this nineteenth century is entitled to be called the golden age of literature, it will be well to inquire the rates of literary remuneration authors received in former times—men "who daily scribbled for their daily bread." Tasso was reduced to such poverty that he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence; Cervantes, the Spanish genius, wanted food; Corneille died in great poverty; Spenser lived in great want. Letters patent under the Great Seal were graciously granted by James I. to the learned antiquary, Stow, permitting him, as a reward for his labors and travel for forty-five years, "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England—to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects!" This was to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; and one parish in the city generously sent seven-and-sixpence! The immortal Shakspeare received only 5*l.* for "Hamlet," though his commentators have been greatly enriched by their various editions of his plays. (Dr. Johnson had 375*l.* for his first, and 100*l.* for his second, edition of the great dramatist's works.) Till he was thirty-one, Milton did not earn a penny for himself. "Paradise Lost" was completed by the 27th April, 1667, he being then fifty-eight years of age. On that day it was sold to Samuel Simmons the bookseller for 5*l.* down, with a promise of 5*l.* more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition should have been sold; another 5*l.* more when thirteen hundred copies of the second edition should be sold; and so on for successive editions. It was not, however, till 1674, the year of his death, that the second edition was published; and in December, 1680, Milton's widow parted with all her interest in the work for 8*l.* paid by Simmons. The daughter of Milton had to crave alms from the admirers of her father. Tonson, in 1739, obtained an injunction to restrain another bookseller from printing "Paradise Lost," Tonson and his family deriving great benefit from its sale. The elder Tonson was, says Mr. Disraeli, at first unable to pay 20*l.* for a play by Dryden, and joined with another bookseller to advance that sum; the play sold, and Tonson was afterwards enabled to purchase the succeeding ones. He and his nephew died worth 200,000*l.* Dryden sold Tonson ten thousand verses for 268*l.*

Dr. Johnson thought that there existed among authors no other motive but writing for money; however that may be, the price that the great doctor had for his work, the dictionary, was exhausted long before his work was concluded. Smollett wore himself out for inadequate literary remuneration, and died in poverty, almost broken-hearted, in a foreign land. He is buried in the English cemetery at Leghorn; and had he lived a few more years, he would have been entitled to an estate of 1000*l.* a year. He wrote: "Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve that character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should in all probability have spared myself the incredible labor and chagrin I have since undergone."

Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, has left a curious account book, entitled, "Copies when Purchased." Mr. Disraeli, in his "Quarrels and Calamities of Authors," gives some particulars from it; but a more extended list will be found in the "Percy Anecdotes." According to this, Pope received 215*l.* for each of the six volumes of his translation of Homer, and also a further sum from 654 subscribers—amounting altogether to 5320*l.* "No such encouragement to literature had ever before been manifested," says Mr. Carruthers. He secured his life from want by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to be charged with 500*l.* a year, payable to Pope. He also bought the lease of his house at Twickenham—that is, 500*l.* a year, and a villa out of 5000*l.* The king gave 200*l.* and the prince 100*l.* for their copies. For the "Odyssey," Pope received 2855*l.*, paying 700*l.* to his assistants, Elijah Fenton and Broome. For some smaller poems contributed to "Miscellaneous Poems and Translations by several Hands," 1712, he received for "Windsor Forest," 32*l.* 5*s.*; for "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," 15*l.*; and "Temple of Fame," 32*l.* 5*s.* Pope is stated to have satirized the Duchess of Marlborough in the character of Atossa, and received 1000*l.* from her grace to suppress the satire; but a writer in the Athenæum stated that it was not the Duchess of Marlborough, but the Duchess of Buckingham, that Atossa was meant for.

To return to Lintot's Book. Gay, for his "Wife of Bath," received 25*l.*; for his "Trivia," 43*l.*; and "Three Hours after Marriage," 43*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Dr. Sewell, for his "Observations on the Tragedy of Jane Shore," received only a guinea. Theobald was to have translated for Lintot the twenty-four books of Homer's "Odyssey" into English blank verse; also the four tragedies of Sophocles, called "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Œdipus at Colonus," "Trichiniœ," and "Philoctetes," into English blank verse, with explanatory notes. He was to receive for every four hundred and fifty Greek verses, with the notes, 2*l.* 10*s.*! Rather different from Pope's gains. The facetious Dr. King received only 5*l.* for the "History of Cajamai;" but obtained 32*l.* 5*s.* for the "Art of Cookery;" and the same sum for the "Art of Love." The highest prices paid by Lintot are for plays; Dr. Young, for his "Busiris," had 84*l.*; Smith for "Phædra and Hippolytus," 50*l.*; Rowe for "Jane Shore," 50*l.* 15*s.*, and "Jane Grey," 75*l.* 15*s.*; Cibber obtained 105*l.* for the copyright of the "Nonjuror." For a seventh share of "Captain Cook's Voyages," Lintot gave 7*l.* 3*s.* Jacob, for his "Accomplished Conveyancer," had 105*l.*; Keill, for his "English Astronomy," 100*l.*

Sheridan, for translating "Pizarro," received 1500*l.*; as a contrast to which we may mention that Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for 10*l.* Johnson had three hundred guineas for his "Lives of the Poets;" Dr. Darwin 600*l.* for his "Botanic Garden;" and Gibbon 600*l.* for his "History." Disraeli tells us that at the sale of the Robinsons, the copyright of "Vyse's Spelling-book" was sold for 2200*l.*, with an annuity of 52*l.* 10*s.* to the author!

Charles Lamb, in writing to Bernard Barton, a poet who consulted him about starting as a professional author, said: "Literature is a very bad crutch, but a very good walking-stick." In this opinion Mr. Froude seems to agree; but it certainly is not applicable at the present time, and though we are far from recommending young men to venture without fitness into such a pursuit, in no occupation is it so easy to earn 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year; though it is certainly difficult, even in this golden age of literature, to earn 700*l.* or 800*l.* As a modern writer has well expressed it: "Those who live by writing must write to live; and they must write too much, too fast, and on too many subjects, to write as well, and think as deeply, as those who can wait five years for the payment of their labors—who will not starve if they be never paid at all. They may write brilliant leading articles, or graceful poems, or delightful stories; but how can they find time to think out a great work of history, politics, or philosophy; how can they spare the mental labor necessary to produce a book which shall influence statesmen, engage the attention of sages, or command the acceptance of a nation? How, in one word, can they have leisure and energy thoroughly to master any subject whatever? The power of brain-work is limited, the hours of the day are numbered, and both are fully occupied with uttering; there is no time to think. Men who live by teaching lack leisure to learn."

In days now happily gone by, an author had to write a fulsome dedication to his book, hoping to get a good present from his patron; but now authors write for the public, and the publishers take good care to cater to its taste. The sums publishers pay authors now for their works are wonderful—a striking contrast to those paid in former times. Scott, even after the failure of Ballantyne & Co., reduced their debts from 117,000*l.* to 54,000*l.*, which latter sum was paid by his executors out of the moneys arising from his life insurance, copyright property, and other literary remains. With respect to living writers, we have only the authority of the newspapers for what follows: but even if they magnify in some cases, the exaggeration is insignificant. It is stated that Lord (then Sir E. B.) Lytton received 1000*l.* for each week's instalment of "A Strange Story;" and that Mr. Wilkie Collins received 5000*l.* for a novel contributed to the Cornhill. Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are said to have paid Miss Evans 2500*l.* for "Silas Marner," 4000*l.* for "The Mill on the Floss," and 7000*l.* for "Romola." The Literary Budget stated that in 1862 Mr. Coventry Gatmore was paid 2000*l.* by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for his "Victories of Love," contributed to Macmillan's Magazine—or about a guinea a line. Messrs. Strahan & Co., the publishers of Good Words, placed 5000*l.* to the credit of Dr. Guthrie, for the purpose of his going to the Holy Land, and there writing a Commentary on the Bible, to be published in penny numbers. The same publishers paid 1000*l.* to Mr. Millais for twelve illustrations to "The Parables read in the Light of the Present Day," by Guthrie. Messrs. Lacroix & Co., of Brussels, stated that they paid Victor Hugo 16,000*l.*, or 400,000 francs, for "Les Misérables;" but the author was for twenty-three years engaged on the work. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, the same publishers have just signed a contract with Victor Hugo to purchase, for the sum of 12,000*l.*, the right of publication, for a limited term, of an historical novel, in four volumes, entitled, "Par Ordre du Roi" (By Order of the King), the scene of which is laid in England, at the close of the seventeenth century; together with a volume of poems, entitled, "Fin de Satan," and a volume composed of three dramas, not intended for representation, and entitled, "Théâtre en Liberté." Mr. Tennyson is said to have been offered 4000*l.* a year by his new publishers for the exclusive right to publish his works. There was certainly never such an opening for young authors, or for those who dabble in literature in addition to another calling, as at present. To take in a copy of all the periodicals for one year would cost, exclusive of the transactions of the learned societies, 450*l.*, of which about sixty guineas would be laid out in quarterlies, 160*l.* in monthlies, and 230*l.* in periodicals published at shorter intervals, principally weeklies. A single copy of each would cost 30*l.*; they numbered about 750. In addition to this, there are thousands of newspapers which are able and willing to pay well for their articles.

POVERTY is a state not so fatal to genius as it is usually conceived to be. We shall find that it has been sometimes voluntarily chosen, and that, to connect too closely great fortune with great genius, creates one of those powerful, but unhappy alliances, where the one party must necessarily act contrary to the interests of the other.

It is curious to notice that Montesquieu, who was in England, observed that, "If I had been born here, nothing could have consoled me for failing to accumulate a large fortune, but I do not lament the mediocrity of my circumstances in France."

We see Rousseau rushing out of the palace of the financier, selling his watch, copying music by the sheet, and by the mechanical industry of two hours purchasing ten for genius.

Spinosa, a name as celebrated, and perhaps as calumniated as that of Epicurus, lived in all sorts of abstinence, even of honors, of pensions and of presents, which, however disguised by kindness, he would not accept, so fearful was this philosopher of a chain.

Poussin persisted in refusing a higher price than that affixed to the back of his pictures, at the very time when he was living without a domestic.

The great oriental scholar Anquetil de Perron, a recent example of the literary character, carried his indifference to privations to the very cynicism of poverty, and he seems to exult over his destitution with the same pride as others would expatiate over their possessions. De Perron refused the offer of thirty thousand livres for his copy of the "Zen-avesta." Writing to some Brahmins, he describes his life at Paris to be much like their own: "I subsist on the produce of my literary labors without revenue, establishment or place. I have no wife nor children; alone, absolutely free, but always the friend of men of probity. In a perpetual war with my senses, I triumph over the attractions of the world, or I contemn them."

Naked but free! A life of deprivations was long that of the illustrious Linnæus. Without fortune, to that great mind it never seemed necessary to acquire any. Peregrinating on foot with a stylus, a magnifying glass and a basket for plants, he shared the meagre meal of the peasant. Satisfied with the least of the little, he only felt one perpetual want, that of completing his Floras. Not that Linnæus was insensible to his situation, for he gave his name to a little flower in Lapland, the *Linnæa borealis*, from the fanciful analogy he discovered between its character and his own early fate, "a little northern plant blooming early, depressed, abject, and long overlooked."

In a garret the author of the "Studies of Nature," as he exultingly tells us, arranged his work:—"It was in a little garret in the new street of Etienne du Mont, where I resided four years in the midst of physical and domestic afflictions. But there I enjoyed the most exquisite pleasures of my life, amid profound solitude and an enchanting horizon. There I put the finishing hand to my 'Studies of Nature,' and there I published them."

The man of genius wrestling with oppressive future, who follows the avocations of an author as a precarious source of existence, should take as the model of the authorial life that of Dr. Johnson. The dignity of literary character was as deeply associated with his feelings, and the "reverence thyself" as present to his mind, when doomed to be one of the helots of literature, by Osborn, Cave and Miller, as when in the honest triumph of genius, he repelled a tardy adulation of the lordly Chesterfield.

"There are worse evils for the literary man," says a celebrated author, who himself is the true model of the great literary character, "than neglect, poverty, imprisonment and death." There are even more pitiable objects than Chatterton himself with the poison at his lips.

In one of Shakspeare's sonnets he pathetically laments this compulsion of his necessities, which forced him to the trade of pleasing the public, and he illustrates this degradation by a novel image. "Chide Fortune," cries the bard :

The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

We hear the eloquent truth from one who has alike shared in the bliss of composition and the misery of its "daily bread." "A single hour of composition, won from the business of the day, is worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the trade of literature."

Boileau seems to censure Racine for having accepted money for one of his dramas, while he, who was not rich, gave away his polished poems to the public.

Olivet presented his elaborate edition of Cicero to the world, requiring no other remuneration than its glory. Milton did not compose his immortal work for his trivial copyright, and Linnæus sold his labors for a single ducat.

The Abbé Mably, the author of many political and moral works, lived on little, and would accept only a few presentation copies from the booksellers.

Now-a-days, wealth, and even noble authors are proud to receive the largest tribute to their genius, because this tribute is the certain evidence of the number who pay it. This change in the affairs of the literary republic in England was felt by Gibbon, who has fixed on "the patronage of booksellers" as the standard of public opinion : "The measure of their liberality," he says, "is the least ambiguous test of our common success." The same opinion was held by Johnson. The only man of genius who has thrown out a hint for improving the situation of the literary man is Adam Smith.

MANY celebrated men pursued learning in old age. Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature ; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature ; but now they are too old.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in political meetings who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learnt men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Ludovico, at the great age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy. But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives the man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, I am too old to study.

ARE old maids' prejudices against marriages with poets and novelists, and writers generally, built on any ground of reason? You remember how unhappy was Byron's marriage. Shelley's was no better. Milton's three marriages were all unhappy. Campbell was wretched every way. What an angelic patience Tom Moore's wife possessed! how often must her heart have been wrung by husband as well as children! You know how unfortunately all turned out. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton separated from his wife. Mr. Charles Dickens parted from his wife. Mrs. Norton quitted her husband. Mrs. Fanny Kemble fled hers.

Rogers, Pope, Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, all remained bachelors—most wisely. Coleridge left his wife to starve. Charles Lamb kept out of the noose. Addison married and found consolation only in the bottle: and by a strange coincidence, Lord Stowell (so closely resembling Addison in many particulars,) lived happily until late in life he married a lady bearing the title as the woman who poisoned Addison's last years. Swift never married. Bolingbroke quarrelled and parted with his wife. Neither Pitt nor Fox was ever married. Both of Sheridan's marriages were unhappy. Shakspeare's will is supposed to exhibit evidence of an unhappy marriage.

THE following compact summary of the actual fruits of Dr. Franklin's varied career, taken from the Life of this distinguished man by Parton, published by Mason Brothers, is a striking illustration of the amount of beneficent achievements that may be crowded into a single lifetime:

Franklin was one of those who had the force to earn his own leisure and the grace to use it well. At the age of forty-two he was a free man; *i. e.*, he had an estate of seven hundred pounds a year. He became, successively, the servant of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Colonies, England, France, the United States, and mankind. It was a proof of unusual ability that he should have fairly won his leisure at forty-two; it was an evidence of his goodness and good sense, that he should have made a free gift of it to the public. If nothing is more demoralizing than philanthropy pursued as a vocation, for money, nothing is nobler than the devotion to it of well-earned leisure. Howard inherited an estate, Franklin earned one, and the master of both had an equivalent in being able to dispense with a place wherein to lay his head.

"It is incredible," wrote Franklin once, "the quantity of good that may be done in a country by a single man who will make a business of it, and not suffer himself to be diverted from that purpose by different avocations, studies, or amusements."

As a commentary upon this remark, I will present here a catalogue of the good deeds of Franklin himself, beginning at the time of his regeneration.

He established and inspired the Junto, the most sensible, useful, and pleasant club of which we have any knowledge.

He founded the Philadelphia Library, parent of a thousand libraries, an immense and endless good to the whole of the civilized portion of the United States, the States not barbarized by slavery.

He edited the best newspaper in the Colonies, one which published no libels and fomented no quarrels, which quickened the intelligence of Pennsylvania, and gave the onward impulse to the press of America.

He was the first who turned to great account the engine of advertising, an indispensable element in modern business.

He published "Poor Richard," by means of which so much of the wit and wisdom of all ages as its readers could appropriate and enjoy, was brought home to their minds, in such words as they could understand and remember forever.

He created the Post-Office system of America ; and forbore to avail himself, as postmaster, of privileges from which he had formerly suffered.

It was he who caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted, and cleaned.

As fuel became scarce in the vicinity of the colonial towns, he invented the Franklin Stove, which economized it, and suggested the subsequent warming inventions, in which America beats the world. Besides making a free gift of this invention to the public, he generously wrote an extensive pamphlet explaining its construction and utility.

He delivered civilized mankind from the nuisance, once universal, of smoky chimneys.

He was the first effective preacher of the blessed gospel of ventilation. He spoke, and the windows of hospitals were lowered ; consumption ceased to gasp, and fever to inhale poison.

He devoted the leisure of seven years, and all the energy of his genius, to the science of electricity, which gave a stronger impulse to scientific inquiry than any other event of that century. He taught Goethe to experiment in electricity, and set all students to make electrical machines. He robbed thunder of its terrors and lightning of its power to destroy.

He was chiefly instrumental in founding the first high school of Pennsylvania, and died protesting against the abuse of the funds of that institution in teaching American youth the language of Greece and Rome, while French, Spanish, and German were spoken in the streets and were required in the commerce of the wharves.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science.

He suggested the use of mineral manure, introduced the basket willow, and promoted the early culture of silk.

He lent the indispensable assistance of his name and tact to the founding of the Philadelphia Hospital.

Entering into politics, he broke the spell of Quakerism, and woke Pennsylvania from the dream of unarmed safety.

He led Pennsylvania in its thirty years' struggle with the mean tyranny of the Penns, a rehearsal of the subsequent contest with the king of Great Britain.

When the Indians were ravaging and scalping within eighty miles of Philadelphia, Gen. Benjamin Franklin led the troops of the city against them.

He was the author of the first scheme of uniting the colonies, a scheme so suitable that it was adopted in its essential features, in the union of the States, and binds us together to this day.

He assisted England to keep Canada, when there was danger of its falling back into the hands of a reactionary race.

More than any other man, he was instrumental in causing the repeal of the Stamp Act, which deferred the inevitable struggle until the colonies were strong enough for triumph.

More than any other man, he educated the colonies up to independence, and secured for them in England the sympathy and support of the Brights, the Cobdens, the Spencers, and Mills of that day.

He discovered the temperature of the Gulf Stream.

He discovered that north-east storms begin in the south-west.

Do not judge men by their writings. Steele wrote excellently on temperance—when sober. Sallust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself a debauchee. Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a perfect boor. The gloomy verses of Young give one the blues, but he was a brisk, lively man. "The Comforts of Human Life," by B. Heron, was written in prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded with every luxury. All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a selfish man; yet, as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity, at one time beating his wife, at another wasting his sympathies over a dead monkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

THE following characteristics of a few men of genius in conversation may be interesting:

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable and irritable when pressed into conversation. Kirwin, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourses. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Cornelius in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and vivacity were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, as was also Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was a pleasant stream in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

MOORE says: "The five most remarkable instances of early authorship are those of Pope, Congreve, Churchill, Chatterton and Byron." The first of these died in his fifty-sixth year; the second in his fifty-eighth year; the third in his thirty-fourth; the "sleepless boy" committed suicide in his eighteenth, and Byron died in his thirty-seventh year.

Mozart, at the age of three years, began to display astonishing taste for music, and in the two following years composed trifling pieces, which his father carefully preserved, and, like all prodigies, his career was a short one—he died at thirty-six.

Tasso, from infancy, exhibited such quickness of understanding, that, at the age of five, he was sent to a Jesuit academy, and two years afterwards recited verses and orations of his own composition—he died at fifty-one. Dermody was employed by his father, who was a schoolmaster, as assistant in teaching the Latin and Greek languages, in his ninth year—he died at twenty-seven. The American prodigy, Lucretia Davidson, was another melancholy instance of precocious genius and early death. Keats wrote several pieces before he was fifteen, and only reached his twenty-fifth year. The order of Dante's temperament, we are told, was manifested in his childhood. The lady he celebrated in his poems, under the name of Beatrice, he fell in love with at the age of ten. Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was the author of an epic poem—he died at forty-six. Cowley published a collection of his juvenile poems, called, "Poetical Blossoms," at sixteen, and died at sixty-nine. Wordsworth was nineteen years completing "Peter Bell."

Dr. Adam Clarke said that "the old proverb, about having too many irons in the fire, was an abominable old lie. Have all in it, shovel, tongs, and poker." It is not so much the multiplicity of employments, as the want of system in them, that distracts and injures both the work and the workman.

Wesley said: "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry; leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He travelled about five thousand miles in a year; preached about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning, and his published works amounted to about two hundred volumes!

Ashbury travelled six thousand miles and preached incessantly.

Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and labored in all respects as if, like the apostles, he would turn the world upside down. At seventy years of age he started to Christianize India!

It is said that Luther preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant, fills many volumes; he was perpetually harassed with controversies and was the most voluminous writer of his day.

The same or even more might be said of Calvin. While in Strasburg he preached or lectured every day. In a letter to Farei, dated from that city, he says that on one day he had revised twenty sheets of one of his works, lectured, preached, written four letters, reconciled several parties who were at variance, and answered more than ten persons who came to him for advice. In Geneva, he was pastor, professor, and almost magistrate. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe; and was the author of works (amounting to nine volumes folio) which any man of our generation would think more than enough to occupy his whole time. And this amid perpetual infirmity, headache, catarrh, stranguary, gravel, stone, and gout.

Baxter says of himself, that before the war he preached every Sabbath, and once in the week, besides occasional sermons, and several regular evening religious meetings. Two days in the week he catechized the people from house to house, spending an hour with each family. Besides all this, he was forced, by the necessity of the people, to practise physic; and, as he never took a penny from any one, he was crowded with patients. In the midst of all these duties, though afflicted with almost all the diseases which man is heir to, he wrote more books than we can find time to read.

All these men were poor. We find Luther begging the elector for a new coat, and thanking him for a piece of meat; Calvin selling his books to pay his rent; and Baxter was a curate with sixty pounds a year.

The eminent Lord Lyndhurst's father was a portrait painter, and that of St. Leonards a saddler. The origin of the late Lord Tenterden was, perhaps, the humblest of all the English nobility, nor was he ashamed of it; for he felt that the industry, study and application, by means of which he achieved his eminent position, were entirely due to himself. It is related of him that on one occasion he took his son Charles to a little shed then standing opposite the western front of Canterbury Cathedral, and pointing it out said: "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! That is the proudest reflection of my life."

Some idea of Goldsmith's early residence in a metropolis, which afterwards rang with his name, may be gathered from the following extract: "I called on Goldsmith at his lodgings, in March, 1759, and found him writing his 'Inquiry,' in a miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he himself was obliged to sit in the window."

IT is said that Butler, the celebrated author of "Hudibras," was equally remarkable for poverty and pride. A friend of his one evening invited him to supper, and contrived to place in his pocket a purse containing one hundred guineas. This was found by the poet the following morning, and feeling uneasy, he ascertained by whom it was given, and then returned it, expressing his warm displeasure at the insult which had been thus offered to him. Butler, after all, was left to starve; for, according to Dennis, the author of "Hudibras" died in a garret.

WASHINGTON IRVING was so much disheartened, by a common-place criticism on "Rip Van Winkle," that he acknowledged his incapacity as an author, and resolved to quit the field of literature. But this critic, who, by the expression of a few vulgar opinions, could dampen the ardor of a rising author, has passed away, and his name has been forgotten. It is no sign that you are an imbecile because somebody, be he ever so intelligent, says that you are. When Byron first entered the lists as a poet, he was assailed by no less a personage than Lord Brougham. His writings were said by this eminent critic, philosopher and statesman, to display not the least spark of genius, and to be on the whole unworthy the perusal of a British public. Yet Byron, feeling a greater consciousness of his powers than Irving, was not the least discomfited, though somewhat annoyed, and wrote on with the same degree of earnestness and satisfaction as before. Had he and Irving been governed in their actions by what others said of them, England and America would each have been deprived of one of the greatest authors of modern times.

IT cost Lord Lyttelton twenty years to write the "Life and History of Henry II." The historian Gibbon was twelve years in completing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Adam Smith occupied ten years in producing his "Wealth of Nations."

KNIGHTLEY, in reference to the daily life of Milton, says: In his mode of living, Milton, as might be anticipated, was moderate and temperate. At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies; and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but in his latter years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter, and, if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose, he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then, with, of course, the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined; took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself—and afterwards played on the organ, or on the bassviol, and either sang himself, or made his wife sing, who had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest.

MANY authors have had great difficulties. The miserable life of Savage, and the equally miserable life of Poe, were due, perhaps, mainly to the lack of moral principle in the men, but there are instances, even in modern days, of the scantiness of reward of modern authors. Alphonse Karr wrote his first novel, popular in France even yet, and sold it to a publisher for 1200 francs ($240) and took promissory notes for this amount. The notes were never paid, and the costs of protest, amounting to as much more, fell on poor Karr. Another French writer of reputation, Sandeau, received for novels 600 francs, one half in wafers. Beranger, from whose works his publishers netted half a million of francs, received an annuity of less than $160. However, Beranger had few wants, and was so content that it was with difficulty his publishers could get him to take the money when they raised his annual pension to three thousand francs. The elder authors suffered more than the younger. Thus, Spenser was always in want; Corneille had an old age of misery; Tasso had to borrow small amounts of silver at one time to procure food; Camoens, the great Portuguese poet, died in a hospital, without having a sheet or shroud to cover him. Aldrovandus also died in a hospital; Ockley, the author of a famous "History of the Saracens," passed a great part of his life in a debtors' prison; Vaudel, the most illustrious poet of Holland, died in poverty; Cervantes was miserably poor; Xylander sold a manuscript work for a dinner; the fate of Chatterton is universally known; and Vaugelas, before he closed a life of wretchedness, left his dead body to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors.

THOMAS MOORE was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an impromptu, and Sheridan was frequently employed all day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be the inspiration of the moment.

GREAT writers have many peculiarities. It is a part of our proneness to hero-worship, that we take pleasure in anecdotes illustrative of the private life, the foibles and peculiarities of great men. From no idle curiosity or love of gossip springs the popular taste for such reminiscences of men of genius, but rather from an ennobling respect for our kind, which seeks, through such collected evidences, to prove that there is yet a common level whereon the poet, whose words coin fame and gold, and the poet to fortune and to fame alike unknown, and whose master-pieces must ever remain songs without words, may meet and grasp hands.

Their eccentricities we not only pardon, but cherish as proofs of their original equality and fraternity.

It is pleasant and good to know that the grand sermons of Bossuet were humbly and devoutly composed on his knees; that St. Chrysostom meditated with his eyes fixed upon a painting of St. Paul; that Milton composed and elevated his thoughts for his great work by listening to the solemn waves of tone his fingers evoked from the organ, recognizing, perhaps, the truth that Luther felt, when, overpowered by fatigue, he would leave his desk, and, in the open porch, execute with the art of a skilled performer a musical *fantasia* on his flute or guitar, finding an invariable solace in his own sweet strains.

"Music," he asserts, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only other art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight."

The learned Amyot never studied without a harpsichord at his side—frequently laying aside his pen to repose himself by playing; and Bentham had a pianoforte in every room of his house for his diversion.

A more eccentric recreation from literary labor was that of Richelieu, who amused himself with a squadron of pet cats, of whom he was very fond.

Buffon's favorite study was a garden pavilion, the walls of which were painted green. Its floor was paved with tiles, and its furniture of the simplest description, consisted of a writing-table of plain wood, placed in the centre of the room, with an easy-chair before it.

Cowper was more luxurious, for although the summer-house, wherein he translated Homer, was, to use his own description, a mere "nut-shell," but little larger than a sedan-chair, its door opened upon the garden—a sweet tangle of lilies, roses, and honeysuckles.

The poet caused this bower of the muses to be lined with garden-mats, and furnished with a table and two chairs—the duality of seats suggesting occasional sacrifices to sociality; and there he wrote all that he wrote during the summer-time, whether to his friends or to the public.

Goldsmith, strolling among the English lanes and hedgerows, jotted upon scraps of paper, pencillings of thought to be developed, corrected, and written out at home.

Shelley wrote his " Prometheus " in the baths of Caracalla, near the Coliseum. It was his favorite haunt in Rome.

Campbell would often defer his task to the last moment, and seat himself to accomplish it in a corner of the room, but if, as it often happened, the noisiest of the streets distracted him, he would hie off to the quiet of the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task.

It was the custom of Barry Carnwall to write in a small closet adjoining his library. It contained just room enough in it for his desk and two chairs, and a miscellaneous collection of his favorite books, miniature likenesses of authors, and manuscripts piled around in what might have been poetic, but could never have been regarded as picturesque confusion.

In Luther's study an ivory crucifix stood always on the table before him, and the walls were grotesquely embellished with caricatures of the pope.

Milton's temperance of habit was fastidiously plain. He drank water, and lived upon the most frugal fare.

Campbell asserts of himself: "Oranges, exercise, and early rising, keep me flourishing."

Doctor Johnson, great in so many other ways, could well afford to forego the addition to his reputation of being a great eater, but he was a trencherman of enormous powers. He thought more of a young lady who could make a good pudding, than of one who wrote a good poem, and his capacities for drinking tea have immortalized the patience of his hostess, Mrs. Thrale, who is recorded to have poured for him eighteen cups at a single sitting.

Poe was o'er fond of a more inebriating cup, and looked on the wine when it was red, to his own lasting detriment.

Byron said of himself, that though he felt driven to write, and he was in a state of torture until he had fairly delivered himself of what he had to say, yet that writing never gave him any pleasure, but was felt to be a severe labor. We can readily believe that he found the task distasteful and full of pain, when we remember that the inspiration of "Don Juan" was no more of the divine afflatus than may be obtained from gin and water, and the author consumed the midnight oil in quaffing and composing. The to-morrows of gin are retributive.

Byron was eccentric, past all fastidiousness, in his diet, sacrificing epicureanism to his fear of growing fat. He was perpetually getting himself weighed, and computing his loss or gain in flesh. We read that he dined off a combination of cold fish, greens, and vegetables—all mixed together and deluged with vinegar.

On one occasion he drank his " night-cap " out of a bowl calculated to incite a visitation from Queen Mab, and all her night-mare train—a ghastly goblet formed of the hollow skull of a monk of Newstead Abbey, polished and mounted in silver.

A sketch of Douglas Jerrold's working-day reads pleasantly. At eight o'clock he breakfasted on iced new milk, toast, bacon, water-cresses, and fruit—strawberries in the season. Thereafter, he indulged in a leisurely inspection of the daily newspapers, scissoring unsparingly among the items. Thus warmed to his work, he withdrew to his study—a snug room filled with books, hung with pictures, and furnished in carved oak. Often he would pause, walk rapidly around the room, talking wildly to himself, and laughing whenever he made a good point or hit. At intervals, he would throw down his pen, ramble through the conservatory, into the garden, but he would soon return and resume his work. His lunch was brought to him in silence—a crust of bread and a glass of wine. After partaking of it, he would write on rapidly, halt suddenly, cast aside his pen, and work was ended for the day. Another stroll through the garden, a visit to the horse, cow, and poultry, a lengthened ramble on the lawn, and at last, rest with a book, in a tent under the mulberry tree. Then, friends would arrive, and walks and conversations followed. At four dinner was served—the fare simple enough, but seasoned with a plentiful spicery of wit. His siesta was brief—forty winks taken on the great sofa in his study—and the remainder of the day was devoted to social recreations.

As a companion-piece, we give a sketch of Dr. Channing's day. He arose with the sun; and after his morning bath, hastened to his study to write down the thoughts that thronged his teeming brain during his night vigils. After reading one or more chapters in the Greek Testament, and a quick glance over the newspapers, he took a light repast, often consisting of coarse wheat bread, cream, and a cup of tea. Morning prayers followed breakfast, and he returned to the labors of his desk.

A close, earnest, laborious student, by noon his powers of study were exhausted. After dinner, he sought the needed repose upon the sofa, and when thus refreshed from the morning toil, either drove or walked out. He kept the hour of sunset as a holy time. Perhaps to him then came the moments of his richest thought—his highest and purest inspiration.

And who shall say how much of inspiration Rousseau received from the plash and sparkle of the fountains, on whose margins he so often left the book, whose page he had forgotten to turn, or from the over-arched and murmurous aisles and moss-carpeted glens of the stately royal forests, beneath whose shade it was his delight to wander?

Who shall say how much nature enriched the thought and fancy of her lover and devotee — Thoreau, through the changeful seasons when her snows clad the trees of Walden with spotless ermine; when her tender stars, gleaming through the budding twigs, lighted for him the lonely woodland paths; when her pines, fragrant of oozing aromatic gums, embowered the roof of his lowly Hermitage with their summer verdure?

And, for the reader of Emerson's essay on "Nature," does it not add an indescribable charm to the pages to know that it was written, as were many of Hawthorne's fascinating romances, in the Old Manse, in "the most delightful little nook of the study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar."

"It was here," says Hawthorne, "that Emerson wrote 'Nature,' for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn, and the Paphian sunset and moonrise, from the summit of our eastern hill."

And so, sage, philosopher, wit, and poet, seeking the quiet of verdant fields, the solitude of forests, inhaling the fragrance of garden-wildernesses, alone in the tangled greenery of the wildwood, in the bright, pure air, and the golden sunshine, ever receiving nature's regal largess, has given us each his great thought, instinct with something better than he knew.

Dr. Winslow, in his work on "Obscure Diseases of the Brain," seems inclined to think that many historical characters, "celebrated either for their crimes, brutality, tyranny, or vice, were probably of unsound mind, and that in many, undetected, unrecognised, unperceived mental disease, in all probability, arose from cerebral irritation, or physical ill-health."

Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, the debauchee and drunkard, who treated his children with marked cruelty, compelling them to eat the most unwholesome and disgusting food, and crowned his brutality by spitting into it, suffered from hypochondriasis and great mental depression, once attempting suicide.

Judge Jeffreys was tortured by a cruel internal malady, aggravated by intemperance.

Damien persisted in declaring that had he been bled in the morning, as he wished, he never would have attempted the assassination of Louis XV.

Caligula commenced his reign with mildness, and it was after a violent attack of bodily illness he began his career of cruelty, vice and crime.

Frequently, long before an attack of insanity is clearly defined, the patient admits he is under the influence of certain vague apprehensions, undefinable misgivings, and anxious suspicions as to the sane character of his emotions. Such sad doubts, fearful apprehensions, mysterious, inexplicable forebodings, and distressing misgivings as to the healthy condition of the mind, often induce the heart-broken sufferer, convulsed with pain, and choking with anguish, prayerfully, and in accents of wild and frenzied despair, to ejaculate with King Lear:

> O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven;
> Keep me in temper—I would not be mad.

Dean Swift had a singular presentiment of his imbecility. Dr. Young walking one day with Dean Swift, some short distance from Dublin, suddenly missed the Dean, who had laggered behind. He found him at a distance gazing in a solemn state of abstraction at the top of a lofty elm, whose head had been blasted by a hurricane. He directed Dr. Young's attention to the summit of the tree, and, heaving a heavy sigh, exclaimed, "I shall be like that tree—I shall die at the top first."

These words convey a solemn warning, in these days of fast living and perpetual mental toil. It behoves us all to take care we do not "die at the top first," when a little attention to what is going on within us will keep up a healthy circulation of the sap.

Sir Isaac Newton was urged by one of his friends to marry; he excused himself by saying that he had no time to court a wife. His friends said they would assist by sending to his apartments a woman of worth. He thanked them for their offer, and promised to receive a visit from her. His friends applied to the woman, and requested her to dispense with the usual ceremonies of courtship and wait on the philosopher, which she consented to do. When she came to his apartment, and produced her letter of recommendation, he received it politely, filled and fired his pipe, and sat down by her side, took hold of her hand, and conversed on the subject. Before they had brought the point to a close, some question about the magnitude of the heavenly bodies struck his mind with such force that he forgot what he was about—he turned his eyes up to heaven, took his pipe out of his mouth with his left hand, and being lost in study, without design took the lady's left hand, which he held in his own, and with one of her fingers crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, and held it so long that her heart as well as her finger took fire, and she in a huff sprang up and went off, leaving the philosopher to finish his study alone.

Burke, whenever indisposed, no matter what the indisposition was, almost invariably had recourse to one remedy—hot water. As the approach of his fits of illness occurred, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes as much as four or five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour about a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon, as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world.

Are the personal dispositions of an author, says the elder D'Israeli, discoverable in his writings, as those of an artist are imagined to appear in his works: where Michael Angelo is always great, and Raphael ever graceful?

Is the moralist a moral man? Is he malignant who publishes caustic satires? Is he a libertine who composes loose poems? And is he whose imagination delights in terrors and in blood, the very monster he paints? Many licentious writers have led chaste lives. La Mothe le Vayer wrote two works of a free nature, yet his was the unblemished life of a retired sage. Bayle is the too faithful compiler of impurities, but he resisted the voluptuousness of the senses as much as Newton. La Fontaine wrote tales fertile in intrigues, yet the *bon-homme* has not left on record a single ingenious amour of his own. The Queen of Navarre's tales are gross imitations of Boccaccio's, but she herself was a princess of irreproachable habits, and had given proof of the most rigid virtue.

Fortiguerra, the author of "Ricciardetto," abounds in loose and licentious descriptions; and yet neither his manners nor his personal character were stained by the offending freedom of his inventions. Thus licentious writers may be very chaste persons.

Turn to the moralist. There was Seneca, a usurer worth seven millions, writing about moderate desires on a table of gold. Sallust, who eloquently declaims against the licentiousness of the age, was repeatedly accused, in the Senate, of public and habitual debaucheries.

Napoleon said of Bernardin St. Pierre, whose writings breathe the warm principles of humanity and social happiness in every page, that he was one of the worst private characters in France. The pathetic genius of Sterne played about his head, but never reached his heart. Cardinal Richelieu wrote "The Perfection of a Christian is the Life of a Christian," yet was he an utter stranger to Gospel maxims; and Frederick the Great, when young, published his "Anti-Machiavel," and deceived the world by promises of a pacific reign.

Johnson would not believe that Horace was a happy man because his verses were cheerful, any more than he could think Pope so because the poet is continually informing us of it. It surprised Spence when Pope told him that Rowe, the tragic poet, whom he had considered so solemn a personage, "would laugh all day long, and do nothing else but laugh." Young, who is constantly contemning preferment in his writings, was all his life pining after it, and the conversation of the sombrous author of the "Night Thoughts," was of the most volatile kind, abounding in trivial puns.

Molière, on the contrary, whose humor is so perfectly comic and even ludicrous, was thoughtful, serious and even melancholy. His strongly-featured physiognomy exhibits the face of a great tragic rather than of a great comic poet. Boileau called Molière, "the contemplative man." Burton, the pleasant and vivacious author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," in his chamber was "mute and mopish," and was at last so overcome by that intellectual disorder, that it is believed he closed his life in a fit of melancholy. Drummond, of Hawthornden, whose sonnets still retain the beauty, sweetness, and delicacy of the most amiable imagination, was a man of a harsh, irritable temper, and has been characterized: "Testie Drummond could not speak for fretting."

We must not then consider that he who paints vice with energy is therefore vicious, lest we injure an honorable man; nor must we imagine that he who celebrates virtue is therefore virtuous, for we may then repose on a heart which, knowing the right, pursues the wrong. These paradoxical appearances in the history of genius present a curious moral phenomenon.

"So versatile is this faculty of genius, that its possessors are sometimes uncertain of the manner in which they shall treat their subject, whether gravely or ludicrously. When Bredœuf, the French translator of the "Pharsalia" of Lucan, had completed the book as it now appears, he at the same time completed a burlesque version, and sent both to the great arbiter of taste in that day, to decide which the poet should continue. The decision proved to be difficult.

In proving that the character of the man may be very opposite to that of his writings, we must recollect that the habits of the life may be contrary to the habits of the mind. The influence of their studies over men of genius is limited. An author has, in truth, two distinct characters: the literary formed by the habits of his studies, and the personal, formed by the situation. Gray, cold, effeminate, and timid in his personal, was lofty and awful in his literary character. We see men of polished manners and bland affections, who, in grasping a pen, are thrusting a poniard; while others, in domestic life, with the simplicity of children and the feebleness of nervous affections, can shake the senate or the bar with the vehemence of their eloquence and the intrepidity of their spirit. The writings of the famous Baptista Porta are marked by the boldness of his genius, which formed a singular contrast with the pusillanimity of his conduct when menaced or attacked.

The heart may be feeble though the mind is strong. To think boldly may be the habit of the mind; to act may be the habit of the constitution.

MILTON, although austere, irritable and exacting, though glorying in his honest haughtiness and self-esteem, was, on the whole, a good husband to a wife content to take him as he was; to a lady bent upon yielding rather than exacting admiration; to a woman who preferred the ease and comfort and security of home to the romance of wedded life in doors and to noisy amusements without. Quiet and methodical in his habits, he respected the habits of others so long as they did not jar with his own; prudent, economical and provident, his wife had no reason to fear for her own future or that of her offspring; rigidly faithful, if she reigned but in a small corner of his being, she had the satisfaction of knowing that in that limited domain she reigned supreme, and if not his affection, then at least his habits and principles placed her in the proud position of contemning all rivalry. So long as Milton's wife lived under the same roof with him, his thoughts were not of other women. It was far different when she died. Female society, the companionship and conversation of a wife, were almost a necessity for the poet, who in "Paradise Lost" paints the transcendant joys of connubial life.

CAMPBELL, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age wrote: "I am all alone in this world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet, but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" died.

MANY great men have combined dissipation with talent:—There was William Pitt, dead at forty-nine, carrying the British Empire on his shoulders for a quarter of a century, and attempting to carry a pint of port wine daily and a pinch of opium in his stomach, and foundering in mid-ocean, with this overcargo. What a wreck was that when Brinsley Sheridan went to pieces on the breakers of intemperance and overwork! There, too, was Mirabeau, that prodigy of health and strength, of versatility and splendid talent, killed by the overwhelming labors and excitements of the tribune and the orgies of the night. Serjeant S. Prentiss attempted the double task; and if ever a man might with impunity, he could, with leonine health and marvellous mental gifts. Said a distinguished Mississippi lawyer, "Prentiss would sit up all night gambling and drinking, and then go into court next day and make a better plea in all respects than I could, or anybody else at the bar of our State, even though we studied our case half the night and slept the rest." He tried it, and in the trying burned to the socket in forty-one years the lamp of life that had been trimmed to last fourscore. A draft upon the constitution in behalf of appetite is just as much a draft as in behalf of work; and if both are habitually preferred together, bankruptcy and ruin are sure and swift.

SOME singular facts concerning the different stimulants used by eminent men are given by an English writer, Dr. Paris, in his "Pharmacologia." Hobbes drank cold water when he was desirous of making a strong intellectual effort. Newton smoked, Bonaparte took snuff, Pope strong coffee, Byron gin and water. Wedderburn, the first Lord Ashburton, always placed a blister on his chest when he had to make a great speech.

CUVIER, the naturalist, said: "I found that my shaving took me a quarter of an hour a day; this makes seven hours and a half in a month, and ninety hours, or three days and eighteen hours, very nearly four days, a year. This discovery staggered me. Here was I complaining that time was too short, that the years flew by too swiftly, that I had not hours enough for work, and in the midst of my complaining I was wasting nearly four days a year in lathering my face with a shaving brush, and I resolved thenceforth to let my beard grow."

FROM the barber's shop rose Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain; and Turner, the very greatest among landscape painters. No one knows to a certainty what Shakspeare was; but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a very humble rank. The common rank of day laborers has given us Brindley, the engineer; Cook, the navigator; and Burns, the poet. Masons and bricklayers can boast of Ben Jonson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edwards and Telford, the engineers; Hugh Miller, the geologist, and Allan Cunningham, the writer and sculptor; whilst amongst distinguished carpenters we find the names of Inigo Jones, the architect; Harrison, the chronometer maker John Hunter, the physiologist; Romney and Opie, painters; Prof. Lee, the orientalist; and John Gibson, the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson, the mathematician; Bacon, the sculptor; the two Milners, Adam Walker, John Foster, Wilson, the ornithologist; Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveller; and Tannahill, the poet. Shoemakers have given us Sturgeon, the electrician; Samuel Drew, the essayist; Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review;" Bloomfield, the poet: and William Carey, the missionary; whilst Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts. A profound naturalist was discovered in the person of a shoemaker at Banff, named Thomas Edwards, who, while maintaining himself by his trade, devoted his leisure to the study of natural science in all its branches; his researches in connection with the smaller crustacea having been rewarded by the discovery of a new species, to which the name of *Praniza Edwardsii* has been given by naturalists.

Nor have the tailors been altogether undistinguished, Jackson, the painter, having worked at that trade until he reached manhood. But what is, perhaps, more remarkable, one of the most gallant of British seamen, Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Vigo, in 1702, originally belonged to this calling. Cardinal Wolsey, De Foe, Akenside, and Kirk White, were the sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket-maker Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam engine are those of Newcomen, Watt, and Stephenson; the first a blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine fireman. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, and Bewick, the father of wood-engraving, were coal miners. Dodsley was a footman, and Holcroft a groom. Baffin, the navigator, was a common seaman, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel was a cabin-boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman carver; Etty, a journeyman printer; and Sir Thomas Lawrence, the son of a tavern keeper.

Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a bookbinder, and worked at that trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he rose to occupy the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphry Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and abstruce points in natural science. Sir Roderick Murchison discovered at Thurso, in the far north of Scotland, a profound geologist in the person of a baker there, named Robert Dick. When Sir Roderick called up at the bake-house, in which he baked and earned his bread, Dick delineated to him by means of flour upon a board the geographical features and geological phenomena of his native county, pointing out the imperfections in the existing maps, which he had ascertained by travelling over the county in his leisure hours. On further inquiry, Sir Roderick ascertained that the humble individual before him was not only a capital baker and geologist, but a first-rate botanist. "I found," said the Director-General of the Geographical Society, "to my great humiliation, that this baker knew more of botanical science than I did, and that there were only some twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased; but the greater portion had been accumulated by his industry, in his native county of Caithness, and the specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order, with their scientific names affixed."

SOME literary men make good use of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakspeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of his purpose that at a comparatively early age he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford upon Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient master of the mint. Wadsworth was a distributer of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the court of sessions—both having a genius for poetry, with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, was also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profoundness of speculation, retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department.

Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool card with the end of a burnt heather-stem. Professor Moore, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth or that of his guard bed was his seat to study in; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing table; and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with French, German and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works.

Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse school, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clarke, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and, while a student at Edinburgh University, received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands, as a "fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong minded mother, who thought him a little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."

PRESCOTT, the historian, was as regular in his habits as clockwork, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day, for the space of one hour, to some story or tale read to him by his wife or secretary. He said he needed this kind of mental refreshment as a relief from his graver studies, just as much as he needed sleep, or exercise in the open air. And what he required, every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation of the human intellect as any other kind of literary exercise.

THE great caricaturists of the latter days of the Georges all came to gloomy ends. They who knew so well to make all the rest of the world laugh, were themselves the victims of distress and trouble. Rowlandson died in poverty, Hogarth died of a broken heart, caused by attacks upon him by Wilkes and Churchill; and Gillray, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of melancholy.

MANY men eminent in church and state were addicted to the habit of smoking. Even men of science have labored under the impression that the narcotic weed could clear the intellect. Robert Hall is said to have preached his most eloquent sermons after smoking a pipe in his vestry; the same with Dr. Parr, who sometimes smoked twenty pipes in one evening, and "never wrote well except under the inspiration of tobacco." According to Bishop Kennet, Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, retired to his study every day after dinner, and had his candle and ten or twelve pipes of tobacco laid by him: then, shutting his door, he fell to smoking, thinking, and writing for several hours; and, although such an excessive smoker, lived to the good old age of ninety-two. Thomas Carlyle smokes, as do Lord Lytton, Tennyson, Louis Napoleon, and many other eminent men. Campbell, Byron, Moore, and Lord Eldon were moderate smokers, and frequently bore testimony to the comforts of tobacco. Sir Walter Scott was a great smoker; as was Lord Palmerston—and the use of the weed did not shorten his days. We wish we could say so much for Charles Lamb, "the gentle Elia," who toiled after it as some men toil after virtue.

ALL men who have succeeded in life have been men of high resolve and endurance. The famed William Pitt was in early life fond of gaming; the passion increased with his years; he knew he must at once master the passion, or the passion would master him. He made a firm resolve that he would never again play at a game of hazard. He could make such a resolution; he could keep it. His subsequent eminence was the fruit of that power. William Wilberforce, in his earlier days, like most young men of his rank and age, loved the excitement of places of hazard. He was one night persuaded to keep the faro bank. He saw the ruin of the vice of gaming as he never saw it before; he was appalled at what he beheld. Sitting amid gaming, ruin, and despair, he took the resolution that he would never again enter a gaming house. He changed his company with the change of his conduct, and subsequently became one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his age.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was once requested to drink wine with a friend. The doctor proposed tea. "But drink a little wine," said the host. "I cannot," was the reply. "I know abstinence, I know excess; but I know no medium. Long since I resolved, as I could not drink a little wine, I would not drink at all." A man who could thus support his resolution by action, was a man of endurance, and that element is as well displayed in this incident as in the combinations of his great work.

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan made his first speech in Parliament, it was regarded on all hands as a mortifying failure. His friends urged him to abandon a parliamentary career, and enter upon a field better suited to his ability. "No," said Sheridan; "no, it is in me, and it shall come out!" And it did, and he became one of the most splendid debaters in England.

Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits, the courtier, the man of gallantry and dissipation, obtained such mastery over himself by labor and endurance, that, to illustrate the fact, he stood several hours, apparently unmoved, in a pond of ice and muddy water up to his chin.

Perhaps no other nation in Europe, at the time, could have won the battle of Waterloo except the British, because no other could have brought to that conflict the amount of endurance necessary to win. For many hours that army stood manfully before the murderous fire of the French, column after column fell, while not a gun was discharged on their part. One sullen word of command ran along the line as thousands fell, "File up! file up!" "Not yet, not yet!" was the Iron Duke's reply to the earnest requests made to charge and fight the foe. At length the time of action came. The charge was given, and victory crowned the standard of England.

Men of genius without endurance cannot succeed. Men who start in one kind of business may find it impossible to continue therein all their days. Ill health may demand a change. New and wider fields of enterprise and success may be opened to them; new elements of character may be developed. Men may have a positive distaste for some pursuits, and success may demand a change. None of these cases fall within the general rule. Men may have rare talents, but if they "are everything by turns, and nothing long," they must not expect to prosper. No form of business is free from vexations; each man knows the spot on which his own harness chafes; but he cannot know how much his neighbor suffers.

HOMER was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet he starved with them all; Tasso was often pressed for a few shillings; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens, the writer of the "Lusiad" ended his days in an almshouse; Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to help pay his debts. In England Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died in want; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for 15*l*., and died in obscurity; Dryden lived in penury and distress; Otway perished of hunger; Lee died in the streets; Steele was in perpetual warfare with the bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grasp of the law.

GLANCING over the lives of the most distinguished English celebrities, we were struck with the suddenness with which the race of such men has come to an end. The subject is one which is worthy of more careful inquiry than it has yet met with, although the circumstance has before been adverted to.

We may put Shakspeare at the head of the list. His eldest daughter, Susanna, was married at Stratford, June 6th, 1607, to Mr. John Hall. There was only one child by this marriage. The youngest daughter was married to Thomas Quiney. At Shakspeare's death, in 1616, the family consisted of his wife, his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. Hall; Judith and Thomas Quiney, and Elizabeth Hall, a grand-daughter. Judith Quiney had several children, who were all dead in 1639. The poet's grand-daughter, Elizabeth Hall, was married in 1626 to Thomas Nash, who died in 1647, without issue; and secondly, in 1649, to John Barnard, of Abington, county of Northampton, by whom she had no family, and died in 1670. Thus, in fifty-four years, Shakspeare's descendants, both male and female, came to an end.

Milton, the poet, left female descendants only, whose family are believed long since to have ceased to exist. A poor woman, named Clarke, some years ago claimed to be the last descendant from John Milton.

The male line of Sir Christopher Wren was speedily extinguished, and we believe the female line has also ceased.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cowper, the poet, Pope, Locke, Seldon, Thomas Campbell, Oliver Goldsmith, Wilkie, Dean Swift, Sir Isaac Newton, Hogarth, Turner, the landscape painter, Sir Humphry Davy, Edmund Burke, Pitt—left no descendants. Robert Stephenson ended the line of his father George.

Notwithstanding all the anxiety of Sir Walter Scott to establish a family inheritance, his direct race has perished, and those of but slight relationship inherit his land and title.

We believe that with the sons of Robert Burns, the family of the national poet of Scotland will expire.

Lord Byron is only represented on the female side.

It would be easy to prolong this list to a great extent. We have not omitted to look at the reasons and circumstances which may be supposed to argue against the facts to which we allude; but we believe that a more careful and extensive research would show that, in nine cases out of ten, the race of those of mighty intellect has, with remarkable suddenness, come to an end.

MANY great men had severe infirmities. Handel, Milton, and Delille were blind; Lucretius, Tasso, Swift, Cowper, Rosseau, and Chatterton, are melancholy cases of insanity.

Richelieu had occasional attacks of insanity, in which he fancied himself a horse: he would prance around the billiard-table, neighing, kicking out his servants, and making a great noise, until, exhausted by fatigue, he suffered himself to be put to bed and well covered. On awaking, he remembered nothing that had passed.

Shelley had hallucinations. Bernardin St. Pierre, while writing one of his works, was "attacked by a strange illness." Lights flashed before his eyes; objects appeared double and in motion; he imagined all the passers-by to be his enemies. Heine died of a chronic disease of the spine. Metastasio early suffered from nervous affections.

Molière was liable to convulsions. Paganini was cataleptic at four years old. Mozart died of water on the brain. Beethoven was bizarre, irritable, hypochondriacal. Donizetti died in an asylum. Chatterton and Gilbert committed suicide. Chateaubriand was troubled with suicidal thoughts; and George Sand confesses to the same. Sophocles was accused of imbecility by his son, but this was after he was eighty. Pope was deformed, and, according to Atterbury, he had *mens curva in corpore curvo.* He believed that he once saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room.

Cromwell had fits of hypochondria. Dr. Francia was unequivocally insane. Dr. Johnson was hypochondriacal, and declared that he once distinctly heard his mother call to him, "Samuel," when she was many miles distant. Rosseau was certainly insane. St. Simon is said to have committed suicide under circumstances indicating insanity. Fourrier passed his life in a continual hallucination. Cardan, Swedenborg, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mahomet, Van Helmont, Loyola, St. Francais Xavier, St. Dominic, all had visions. Even Luther had his hallucinations; satan frequently appeared, not only to have inkstands thrown at his sophistical head, but to get into the reformer's bed and lie beside him. Jeanne d'Arc gloried in her celestial visions.

WE present the following instances of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances; Æsop, Publius, Cyrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were serfs at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter. Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water, and carrying burdens. Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor, and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic Philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by firelight; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

BANKS.

We take the following from the "Percy Anecdotes:"

As soon as the simple method of transfers and deposits by means of an office for the purpose was experienced, and the advantage which commerce might derive from such a manner of accounts, was felt, the credit and circulation of banks were invented, and their uses discovered.

BANK OF VENICE.

The republic of Venice may boast of having given the first example to Europe of an establishment altogether unknown to the ancients, and which is the pride of the commercial system. There is, perhaps, nothing which more strongly proves the extent of the commerce at Venice, than that it was the first to establish a public bank, since mercantile transactions must have been numerous and extensive before such an institution could be fully perceived, or the principles of trade could be so fully understood, as to form the regulations proper for conducting it with success.

In 1171, the republic being hard pressed by war, levied a forced contribution on the richest of its citizens, giving them the engagement of a perpetual annuity of 4 per cent. The lenders established a bureau, or office, for the receipt and repartition of this interest.

This chamber became the Bank of Venice; but at what period, or on what other basis, we are ignorant. In the defect of historic evidence, let us endeavor to state what may be reasonably conjectured of the matter.

As the interest of this loan was always paid punctually, every registered claim in the books of this office might be considered a productive capital; and these claims, or the right of receiving this annuity, were, probably, often transferred by demise or cession from one to another.

The bureau of Venice, in effect, became a deposit bank. In 1423 its revenues amounted to above 200,000*l.*, chiefly received from the government of the republic.

Though this bank appears to have been established without a capital deposited, its shares and credit were so well supported, that its bills at all times bore a premium above the current money of the state.

The invasion of the French, in 1797, terminated the prosperity of this bank; the freedom of the city and the independence of the state beng lost, the guarantee, and consequently the credit, of the ancient bank vanished like a dream.

BANK OF AMSTERDAM.

This bank was founded in 1609, on strictly commercial principles and views, and not to afford any assistance to the state, or meddle with its finances. Amsterdam was then an entrepot, a perpetual fair, where the products of the whole earth were collected and exchanged. This great commerce brought at that time to this city the coins of all Europe, but often worn and defaced, reducing their average value 9 per cent. below that of their original stamp and issue. The new coins no sooner appeared, than they were melted or exported. The merchants could never find enough of them to pay their acceptances and engagements, and the rate or value of bills became variable to a great degree of fluctuation, in spite of all the regulations made to prevent it.

This was the condition and inconvenience of coined metallic payments, two centuries ago, in the emporium, entrepot, and free mart of the commerce of the globe. It was solely to remedy this vexation and impediment, and to fix the value or par of the current money of the country, that the merchants of Amsterdam established a bank on the model of that of Venice.

Its first capital was formed of Spanish ducats, or ducatoons, a silver coin which Spain had struck in the war with Holland, to support it, and which the tide of commerce had caused to overflow in the very country which it was formed to overthrow!

The bank soon accepted the coins of all countries, worn or fresh, at their intrinsic value, and made its own bank money payable in good coin of the country, of full weight, taking a "brassage" for this exchange, and giving a credit on its books called bank money.

This bank professed not to lend out any part of the specie deposited within it, but to keep in its coffers all that was inscribed on its books. In 1672, when Louis XIV. penetrated as far as Utrecht, almost every person who had accounts with the bank, demanded their deposits at once, which were delivered to them so readily, that no suspicion could be felt of the fidelity of the administration of this bank. A considerable quantity of the coin then brought forth showed the marks of the conflagration which happened soon after the establishment of the bank at the Hotel de Ville.

This good faith was maintained till about the middle of the last century, when the municipal managers secretly lent their bullion to the East India Company and to the government, and were for a long time unsuspected. The usual oaths of office were taken by a religious magistracy; or rather by the magistracy of a religious people, that all was safe. The event proved that oaths will not confine gold and silver always to their cells. The good people of Holland believed, as an article of their creed, that every florin which circulated as bank money had its metallic constituent in the treasury of the bank, sealed up and secured by oaths, honesty and policy.

This blind confidence was dissipated in December, 1790, by a declaration that the bank would retain 10 per cent. of all deposits, and would return none of a less amount than 2500 florins. Even this was submitted to and forgiven; four years afterwards, on the invasion of the French, this bank was obliged to declare that it had advanced to the States, and the East India Company, more than 10,500,000 florins, which sum they were deficient to their depositors; to whom, however, they could assign these claims to be liquidated at some future time. Bank money, which bore a premium of 5 per cent., immediately fell to 16 per cent. below current money.

This epoch marked the decay of this institution, which had so long enjoyed an unlimited credit, and had rendered the greatest services to the country. The amount of the treasures of this bank was estimated as high as 33,000,000 florins; but vulgar opinion has carried the estimate much higher.

BANK OF HAMBURGH.

THE Bank of Hamburgh was established in 1619, on the model of that of Amsterdam; its funds were formed of German crowns, called specie dollars. From 1759 to 1769, this bank suffered much from the base money with which Germany was inundated after the seven years' war, and was obliged to shut up. In 1770, it was arrange that this bank should receive bullion as well as coin, and it soon ceased altogether to keep an account in coins. This bank now receives specie in ingots or foreign coins, as bullion only, which renders the money or paper of this bank the least variable standard of any in Europe. Those who deposit pay less than ½ per cent. for the security, and 1 to 1½ per cent. for refining, when they redemand their deposits in the proper standard, which few do, but for a profit on the metal beyond this charge, preferring at all other times the bank money.

This bank also lends its money on the deposit of Spanish dollars, by giving its receipts payable to bearer; the charge for this accommodation is only 3*s.* 4*d.* per month, or 2 per cent. per annum. The loans are limited to three months, when the deposit is withdrawn, or the loan renewed.

The Bank of Hamburgh is one of the best administered in Europe; its business and accounts are open and known to the public; and its governors are responsible.

In the night of the 4th of November, 1813, Marshal Davoust seized on all the treasures he found, when he retook the city. In the bank he found seven millions and a half of marcs banco; the restitution of this money has since been claimed from France.

BANK OF GENOA.

THIS bank was founded on shares deposited, and was independent of the government; but soon after its formation, in order to secure its privileges, all its funds were placed on the security of the revenues of the state. By this fatal step, its credit was sapped and shaken; and a still more serious blow was given to it by the invasion of the Austrians in 1746. It was afterwards again established, but recovered very slowly.

Previous to the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second, the republic of Genoa resigned to the bank the Island of Corsica, as a security for the money in which they stood indebted to it: and when, in the year 1453, that conqueror made himself master of Pera, the shock given to Genoese commerce and credit was so great as to induce them also to make over to the body of creditors the city of Caffa, and every other colony or possession in the Black Sea. The calamities, foreign and domestic, were such, at this period, that the bank shares fell 67 per cent. before the year 1464. But when Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan, became sovereign of Genoa, the wisdom and vigor of his government soon revived its credit. Such was the confidence excited by these qualities, that the bank voluntarily resigned to him, in 1465, the sovereignty of Corsica; he, notwithstanding, declined its acceptance, and immediately restored it to that body.

Under his son Galeazzo, Caffa was lost, and the Genoese commerce suffered severe depredations; but in 1468 credit revived, and the shares in the bank rose proportionably. It is worthy of remark and admiration, that during all the revolutions, conspiracies, and political convulsions with which Genoa was affected, no prince ever attempted to violate the privileges enjoyed by the bank, or to invade the public credit, inseparably connected with that institution. In 1508, when Louis XII. of France entered Genoa as a conqueror, burnt the records and archives of the commonwealth, and constructed a citadel at the expense of the vanquished citizens, he caused a solemn declaration to be registered, importing that the bank should remain in the possession of all its ancient rights and prerogatives. To this inviolability was owing its permanent credit, which, though continually shaken, has always revived.

After the middle of the fifteenth century, some of the most essential and important functions of the sovereign power devolved on, and were executed by the bank. In 1484, it received the city of Sarzana in deposit, and immediately sent a garrison thither. When Corsica revolted in 1497, the bank dispatched forces to reduce the island to subjection, and named the general to whom the expedition was entrusted. At the peace of Cateau, in 1559, Henry II., king of France, restored his Corsican conquests, not to the republic, but to the bank. In like manner, when the insurrection began anew in that island, in 1563, the bank prosecuted the war to its conclusion; and the oath of submission, taken by the rebel chiefs when they laid down their arms and returned to their allegiance, in 1568, was tendered by, and received in the name of the bank.

What renders the history of this institution still more remarkable is, that its administration has always been as permanent and unchangeable as that of the republic has been agitated and fluctuating. No alteration ever took place in the mode of governing and regulating the affairs of the bank; and two sovereign and independent powers, at war with each other, have been within the walls of the city, without producing the slightest shock. This confidence, and the facility which the bank gave to many operations of commerce, and the security which it held out to those who had vested their property in it, made it of great importance to the republic, after the loss of her colonies, and the diminution of her trade.

BANK OF STOCKHOLM.

THIS bank was established by the government in 1657. Its capital was 300,000 specie crowns. It issued notes bearing interest, and payable to the bearer. It borrowed money at 4 per cent., and lent it at 6. The affairs of this bank were so well administered, that at the death of Charles XII. its capital had augmented to 5,000,000 crowns.

Another bank was established, and soon united to the first. They now made advances to the government, and to the nobility; increased their paper to 600,000,000 of crowns of copper, or about 8,000,000*l.* sterling. The debts of the state swelled; luxury and expense increased; even copper disappeared in bars, as in coin; and the bank paper could not be liquidated, even in this coarse metal; it fell to the ninety-sixth part of that for which it was issued. The government at last owed to this bank more than 80,000,000 of silver crowns, or more than 60,000,000*l.* sterling.

Gustavus III., by some wise and vigorous measures, remedied much of this disorder; but at last destroyed his own labors, by making war on Russia. From this time Sweden was overwhelmed by a paper money without value, and was so completely stripped of metallic currency as to use notes of the low value of sixpence!

BANK OF COPENHAGEN.

THE Bank of Copenhagen was, like that of Stockholm, founded by royal authority. It was established in 1736, with a capital of 500,000 crowns. In 1745, it applied to the government to be relieved of the obligation to pay in coin; it continued still to issue its paper, and to make advances to the state and to individuals. The public suffered, but the proprietors gained; and their dividend was so large that the shares of the bank sold for three times their original deposit.

This bank had issued 11,000,000 of paper crowns when the king returned their deposits to the shareholders, and became himself the sole proprietor. The paper issued was twenty times the amount of the capital, which had been increased to 600,000 crowns. The king carried this issue to 16,000,000; specie disappeared, and paper notes were issued for as low a sum as a single crown.

The evil was at its height, when some remedy was attempted. In 1791, all further emission was forbidden, and a progressive liquidation ordered. A new bank, called the "Specie Bank," was created by a capital, in shares, of 3,400,000 crowns. This bank was to be independent of the government; and the directors, who were sworn to be faithful, were, at the same time, in all that related to the bank, relieved formally from their oath to the sovereign. The issue of notes was limited to less than double the amount of specie in its coffers. The former bank was to withdraw annually 750,000 of its paper crowns.

By all these means it was hoped to relieve Denmark, in less than fifteen years, from its oppressive load of paper money; but the event did not justify this expectation. When once the gangrene of a forced state paper money has seized on a country, the government and individuals struggle in vain to extirpate this "caries" of the political economy, by the regimen of alteratives, mild and slow in their operation. Only a decided and prompt, though painful, excision could relieve and save Denmark, sunk under an increasing depreciation. In 1804, the new notes lost 25 per cent. in exchange with the currency in which they were payable; the notes of the old bank were at a discount of 45. In October, 1813, the depreciation was such that 1800 crowns in paper were offered for one crown in silver!

BANK OF VIENNA.

THIS bank was founded by Maria Theresa, during the seven years' war. The empress issued simply bills of credit for 12,000,000 of florins, ordering a proportion of the taxes to be receivable in this paper only; this regulation gave them a value higher than the metallic currency. The provincial treasuries found this paper very convenient, as it avoided perpetual transport of specie to and from the capital. But these operations were repeated too often, and carried so far that all metallic money disappeared, and was exported or hidden.

At last, in 1797 (the very year in which the Bank of England suspended its cash payments), the Bank of Vienna could pay its notes no longer, and was freed from the obligation to discharge them in metallic money, and all were obliged by law to receive them as current money; they now ceased to be bank bills of credit, and became a forced state paper money.

Its depreciation soon followed, but was accelerated and exaggerated by the expedient of creating a copper coinage of little value; one hundred pounds of copper was coined into 2400 pieces, and stamped as of the value of 600 florins.

In 1810, a florin of silver exchanged for 12 or 13 florins in paper. The emission of this paper was carried beyond 1,000,000,000 of florins, till, in February, 1811, the Austrian government declared it would issue no more, and ordered it to be liquidated at one fifth part of its nominal value in a new paper money, called "Bills of Redemption;" a sort of sinking fund, to be discharged by the sale of ecclesiastical property.

Though this paper was little better than the former, the reduction of quantity alone served to assist its currency and support its value: and in May, 1812, 100 florins of silver would exchange for only 186 of this paper, while the former had fallen below 12 to 1.

BANK OF BERLIN.

THE Bank of Berlin was founded in 1765, and issued notes of from four to a thousand livres; the bank livre is an ideal money, worth, at par, one and five sixteenths of the crown of English currency. This paper has always been liquidated most exactly; but neither the wisdom nor the good faith of the Prussian government could protect it from the risk attendant on such institutions. The capture of Berlin by the French, in 1806, suspended the payments of the bank; but they have since been entirely discharged and the bank re-established.

BANK OF RUSSIA.

WHEN the Empress Catharine commenced the war against the Turks, in 1768, she established the Bank of Assignats, designed to issue notes or bills payable to the bearer. In the manifesto by which it was created, these notes were declared, in general terms, and very indistinctly, to be payable in "current money." This promise, however, was soon dispelled. In the first months of their issue, it was ascertained that they would be discharged in copper money only, in imitation of the Bank of Stockholm. But this was as impossible as it was improper. The value of copper was too small and too variable, and its transport impracticable for the purpose. As copper could not be the basis of guarantee for the value of these notes, they soon ceased to be notes of credit, and became merely a state paper money.

For a time, however, this paper money, by its convenience, the confidence of the people, the moderation of the government in its issue, and the regulation that it should be received instead of specie in all the government treasuries, bore a value above its nominal par with silver. In the first eighteen years, only 40,000,000 (equivalent then to nearly 5,000,000*l.* sterling) were issued, and no note for less than 25 roubles, or about 5*l.* at the exchange of that time.

This proceeding, with the real advantages of paper currency, made the assignats so agreeable to the public, that until 1788, they preserved an agio or premium of 5 per cent. above copper money, and silver had not more than 3 per cent. premium in its favor. In 1774, at the peace of that date, paper was on a par with silver.

In 1786, the empress created a loan bank, and increased assignats to 100,000,000 roubles, engaging to carry it no further; but the wars with Turkey, Sweden, Poland, and Persia, forced her to break this engagement in the year 1790. At her decease, in 1796, the assignats in circulation were about 160,000,000 of roubles.

This increase was too great and too sudden, and led to depreciation. In 1788, paper was at discount; in had sunk nearly one-third, and metallic currency had disappeared, so much the more, because paper notes of 10 and of 5 roubles were issued, and all payments made in paper and in copper.

In 1800, the assignats sunk to a discount even with copper, which produced new difficulties; and they were afterwards depreciated to nearly one-fourth of the nominal value of their issue.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE Bank of England is the greatest bank of circulation in Europe. It was established in 1690, by charter, and was projected by Mr. Patterson, a keen and ardent Scotsman, who also conceived the grand design of uniting the great oceans of the Atlantic and the Pacific, by an establishment at the Isthmus of Darien. The original capital was 1,200,000*l*., which was lent to King William and Queen Mary at the high rate of 100,000*l*. a year. It soon required an additional subscription of 300,000*l*.

Great Britain has had an advantage over all the other states of Europe, from her private and provincial banks, which, with proper regulation and prudence, might be sufficient for all the real wants of foreign commerce. The Bank of England has combined the proper business of commercial banking with the national finance, and is now less a bank of circulation than an engine of the government. All its capital is placed in the public funds; the greater part of its advances is made to the government; a moderate proportion only of its paper money is employed for discounts for merchants.

The Bank of England, like all other public banks, has been exposed to the shocks of public convulsion. During the invasion of 1745, time was gained by counting out sixpences. The embarrassment which its connection with the government brought on in 1797, and the suspension of metallic payments at this period, reduced the bank notes from a paper of commercial credit to a state paper money. At this time, only 8,500,000*l*. of its notes were in circulation, and not 1,300,000*l*. of specie in its coffers. It was then discovered, that nine-tenths of its paper served the purposes of government, and that its uses in the commerce of the country had been greatly exaggerated in the public opinion; that it was the private banks that fed and supported the great circulation of the country, and not the trifling sum of 3,000,000*l*. of Bank of England paper employed in the discount of commercial bills.

So much have the affairs of the bank since improved, that it is now supposed that it can, with its bullion and bills discounted, withdraw in one hour (if it were physically possible) all its notes, not exceeding, perhaps, at this time, 25,000,000*l*. The capital of its proprietors and the amount of its accumulation then remain, all vested in the public funds, or advanced on the Exchequer bills of the state. In this case there is no cause for public alarm, as to credit or solvency; but the mechanism of the bank is essential to the motion of all payments, of which it is the centre and the pivot of regulation, as of impetus and progression.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that although the Bank of England was originally projected by a Scotsman, yet it has been a constant practice, almost from the period of its first establishment, to exclude all Scotsmen from a share in its direction. They probably think with the Irishman, who some years ago, feeling indignant at the superior influence of the Scotch over his own countrymen, remarked, "That if ever a Scotch plebeian succeeded in acquiring a fortune in China, he would end by becoming prime minister there; and if the Chinese emperor would let him go on, there would not be a single ecclesiastical, civil, or military situation in the whole empire, that in the course of ten years would not be filled by Scotsmen."

BEGGARS.

LEIGH RICHMOND, when travelling in Ireland, passed a man who was a painful spectacle of squalor and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back and said to him:

"If you are in want, my friend, why don't you beg?"

"And sure, isn't it begging I am, your honor?"

"You didn't say a word."

"Ov coorse not, your honor; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers, and the bones crying out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that is starin' in me eyes! Isn't it begging that I am with a hundred tongues?"

A STRONG, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt farmer and asked for cold victuals and old clothes. "You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking man," said the farmer; "what do you do for a living?"—"Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from one place to another."—"Travelling about, ha!" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?"—"Oh, yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that."—"Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

AN old, ragged, red-faced, forlorn-looking woman accosted a gentleman with—

"Plaise, sur, for the luv of Heaven, give me a fip to buy bread with. I am a poor lone woman, and have young twins to support."

"Why, my good woman," he replied, "you seem to be too old to have twins of your own."

"They are not mine, sir," she replied; "I am only raisin' 'em."

"How old are your twins?"

"One of 'em is seven weeks ould, and t'other is eight months."

AN eccentric beggar thus laconically addressed a lady:—"Will you, madam, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay tonight?" We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

THACKERAY tells us of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake ye."

A BOY at a crossing having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied:—"Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit in that way."

A RAGGED little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scapegrace took the garments, and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket."

"PRISONER, you are charged with begging on the public street on Sunday, on the pretence that you are suffering from a grievous wound."—"Well, it is all true."—"Why didn't you show your wound to the police, then, when they asked to see it?"—"I couldn't, your honor. My wound is closed on Sundays."

A BLIND man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, and, overtaking the thief, cudgelled him severely, after which he closed his eyes, and fell to begging again.

A POOR Irishman applied to one of the overseers of the poor for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief he enforced his suit with much earnestness.

"Och, yer honor," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since, but for my cat."

"But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator.

"My cat," rejoined the Irishman.

"Your cat—how so?"

"Sure, yer honor, I sould her eleven times for sixpence a time, and she was always home before I could get there meself."

"YOU had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar-boy, who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

WALKING up Chestnut street the other day, we saw a beggar go up to a crabbed old bachelor and ask him for a few cents. "I have no cents," said the bachelor. "Nor any feeling either," returned the beggar.

A RAGGED little child was heard to call from a window of a mean-looking house to her opposite neighbor, "Please Mrs. Jones, mother's best compliments, and if it is fine weather, will you go a-begging with her to-morrow?"

A PROFESSIONAL beggar boy, some ten years of age, ignorant of the art of reading, bought a card to be placed on his breast, and appeared in the public streets as a "poor widow with eight small children."

A DANDY lately appeared in Iowa, with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had "no visible means of support."

"SIR," said a woman to a loafer, "if you do not send home my husband's clothes, I will expose you."—"If I do I shall expose myself," was the cool reply.

BOSWELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland. "I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

"PRAY, sir, take pity on a miserable wretch; I have a wife and six children."

Gent. "My poor fellow, accept my heartfelt sympathy. So have I."

SIR WALTER SCOTT once gave an Irishman a shilling when sixpence would have sufficed. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence."—"May your honor live till I pay you," was the reply.

"WOULD you like me to give you a dollar?" asked a boy of a gentleman he met in the street. "Certainly," was the reply. "Very well, then," said the boy, "do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

DURING a time of dearth, a poor beggar-woman, miserably clad, but very clean, went through a village asking alms. From some doors she was driven away with harsh words, from others she received a few hard crusts, or other refuse, too mouldy and decayed to be eaten by the family. One poor laborer, however, noticing her destitution, invited her into the house, made her sit by the stove, and his wife cut off a liberal slice from a fresh-baked loaf. The poor old woman enjoyed the warmth and food, and with many thanks went on her way.

The following day all the villagers were invited up to dine at the castle. As they entered the dining-room, they were astonished to observe that on the great table there were many dishes, with here and there bits of mouldy bread, raw turnips, and a handful of bran, nothing more. On a small table at the head of the hall was spread an array of all sorts of nice things.

The lady of the castle, stepping forward, welcomed her guests, and then said:

"I was the disguised beggar-woman who yesterday passed through the village, and I was anxious to know how, in these hard times, the poor fared, and thus put your benevolence to the proof. Of all, these poor people shared with me their best. They shall now eat with me, and I will settle on them a yearly sum. The rest of you are welcome to take back what you gave me, and which you will find on these plates, and remember, also, that as we sow on earth, so we reap in heaven."

AN unfortunate beggar-woman came into a shop at Liverpool and asked the master for relief. He, wishing to play a joke upon an acquaintance who was present, said to her:

"Ask that gentleman—he's the master."

She immediately turned to him with:

"Will your honor spare a trifle for a poor distressed woman?"

"Are you really in distress?" said the gentleman.

"Indeed, sir, I am in sad distress."

"Well, then, give her a sixpence out of the till," said he to the master, and immediately walked out.

In vain the master protested that he was not the master. She would not believe him, but so pertinaciously urged her request that he was at length obliged to give it, to rid himself of the annoyance.

THE Courier de Paris tells the story of a beggar who presented himself regularly at a certain coffee-house with a clarionet under his arm. "Will you allow me, gentlemen," said he, in an humble tone of voice, "to play a tune? I am no *virtuoso*, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound reverence. This he repeated several evenings in succession. At last, one evening, a young man, who had never failed to contribute to the wants of the itinerant musician, asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him.

"But I am afraid, sir, I shall disappoint you."

"Never mind that, give us a tune."

"But I am a very poor player, and I have a very poor instrument."

"No matter for that, I want to hear you."

"Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all. I carry this clarionet merely for the purpose of threatening people with my performance."

CHILDREN.

A SMALL boy at school, somewhat defective in the upper story, was often bantered by one of his school-mates calling him a fool, and observing how strange it was his mother should have but one child and that he should be a fool, when the weak boy appeared inspired and replied:

"Not half so strange as that your mother should have ten children, and that all of them should be fools."

A PROMISING young shaver of five or six years was reading his lesson at school one day, in that deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

A GENTLEMAN who had been absent for a considerable time, and who, during his travels, had cultivated a great crop of whiskers and moustaches, visited a relative whose little girl had been his especial pet. The little girl made no demonstration at saluting him with a kiss as usual. "Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give your old friend a kiss?"—"Why, ma," said the child with perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

"GRANDPA, where do people get the fashions from?"

"From Philadelphia."

"Well, where do the Philadelphia people get them?"

"From England."

"Ah! and where do the English?"

"From France."

"But where do the French get them?"

"Why, straight from the devil; now stop your noise."

A LADY leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy:—"Mamma, will you remember to buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one, so that I can use it on Sunday?"

LITTLE Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued:—"Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?"—"Yes, I hope so, child."—"Well, I hope I'll go, too, or you'll be lonesome."—"Oh, yes, and I hope your papa will go, too."—"Oh, no, papa can't go, he can't leave the store."

A BOY about six years of age entered a shop once, and asked for a pint of canary seed. As he had no money to pay for it the shopkeeper, to whom the boy was well known, wishing to ascertain whether he had been sent by his parents or any other party, asked:

"Is that seed for your mother, my lad?"

"No," said the boy, "it's for the bird."

"THERE now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "There now! Grand'pa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?" And, shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips:—"You goin' to die?"—"They tell me so."—"Goin' to heaven?"—"I hope so."—"Well, here are grand'pa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

"WHO made you?" asked a teacher of a lubber of a boy, who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't you know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy fourteen years old! Why, there is little Dicky Fulton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky; who made you?"

"God," said the infant.

"There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy; "'taint but a little while since he was made."

A VERDANT young man entered a fancy store in a city, while the lady proprietor was arranging a lot of perfumery. She inquired of him if he would not like to have some musk bags to put in his drawers. After an examination of the article, he told the young lady that he did not wear drawers, and wanted to know if it wouldn't do to wear them in his pantaloons.

THE following is the imaginary soliloquy of a baby:

"I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket, and chew it up, and then I'll holler. The more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled her snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm dead I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea.

"I will tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, 'Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby,' and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline. No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's granny. Emeline told me, and she took me up and held me against her soft cheek, and said, 'It was granny's baby, so it was.' I declare I don't know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and may be I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to."

A NEW YORK elegant was visiting a New York elegante, the latter having a little son at her side, who thought a great deal of his handsome mother. Suspecting that the exquisite was not fully posted in all his mother's toilet resources, he runs suddenly up to him, and exclaims, "O, Mr. ——, don't you believe that mamma has got so much hair that she keeps some of it in a box."

IN a certain city, the wife of one of the city fathers presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years old, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few moments, when turning to her father, she inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

"MAMMA," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!"—"Yes," replied his mamma; "but don't say 'fat,' dear, say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table on the following day Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout."

"PETER, what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster.

"He wanted to know, if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain; I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give 'em back."

"Well, why don't you do it?"

"Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left."

A LITTLE boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, "just to see what he would say," to give them one or both his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothin', say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

A LITTLE ebony applied to a friend of ours, says the S. C. Mercury, in the name of her mistress, for a sample of cheese. The article was given, and in a few moments Darkey returned with:

"Missis say berry good cheese, and tank you for send two more samples."

A SEVEN-year-old boy was heard to use profane language. On being reproved by his mother, and directed to ask God's forgiveness, he retired to his room, and was overheard to say:

"O God, I am very sorry I said that naughty word, and I won't say so any more; but please hurry and make me grow up to be a man, and then I can swear as much as I want to, like pa, and nobody will notice it."

"O CHARLEY," said a little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house!"

"Pooh! that's nothing," rejoined the other; "pa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

TWO street sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand who had that day joined their gang.

"Well, Bill, what do you think of the new man?"

"O, I don't reckon much of him; he's all very well for a bit of up and down sweeping, but," shaking his head, "let him try a bit of fancy work round a post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

A STORY is told about a not very promising son of an anxious parent or two, who had been employed at board in a store, for about six months. Parent writes to head of the concern, asking how boy gets along; if he is good, and if he sleeps in the store.

Head of the concern writes briefly: "Boy as good as ever. Sleeps in the store day times; don't know where in thunder he sleeps at night."

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?"

"I 'spose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' regularly every day, and says I merit two."

A LITTLE boy asked his mother what blood relation meant. She explained that it meant near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said:

"Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."

A LITTLE boy in New Bedford, in giving an account to his brother of the Garden of Eden, said:

"The Lord made a gardener, and put him in the garden to take care of it; and to see that nobody hurt anything, or pasted bills on the trees."

SMALL boy on tip-toe to companions: "Sh—h—stop your noise all of you." Companion: "Hallo, Tommy, what's up now?" Small boy: "We've got a new baby—very weak and tired—walked all the way from heaven last night—musn't go a kickin' up a row around here."

A PRECOCIOUS youth being asked in geography what they raised in South Carolina, replied, "They used to raise niggers and cotton, but now they are raising the devil."

"MAMMA," said little Nell, "ought governess to flog me for what I have not done?"

"No, my dear child; but why do you ask?"

"'Cause she flogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

"PAPA," said a little girl to her father one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me." He confessed doubts on that subject, but he concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing his silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she, at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and it takes more to love you."

A YOUNGSTER, perusing a chapter of Genesis, turned to his mother and inquired if people in those days used to do sums on the ground. He had been reading the passage: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

AN enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating on the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great vehemence, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth.

"What're bitin' me for?"

"Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere war?"

"MY lad," said a traveller to a little fellow, whom he met, clothed in pants and small jacket, but without a necessary article of apparel, "My lad, where is your shirt?"

"Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?"

"No other!" exclaimed the urchin in surprise. "Would you want a fellow to have a thousand shirts?"

A LITTLE boy, whose mother had promised him a present, was saying his prayers preparatory to going to bed, but his mind running on a horse, he began as follows:

"Our Father who art in Heaven—ma, won't you give me a horse—thy kingdom come—with a string to it?"

LITTLE Alice found out an ingenious way of getting to bed in a hurry. The crib in which she slept was so low that, by placing one foot on the inside, and taking hold of the post, she could easily spring in. "Mamma," she said to her mother, "do you know how I get in bed quick?"—"No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and scare myself right in."

A SCHOOL girl of ten summers purchased a pair of boots. After wearing them one day, she found they had broken out. She took them back to the man she had bought them of, and after examining them, he said:

"They were not taken in enough, were they?"

"No, sir," she replied, "but I was." The clerk smiled.

A FRIEND asked a pretty child of six years old, "Which do you love the best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner:—"I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll so."

"I DECLARE, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pettish little way, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

A FATHER was winding up his watch, when he playfully said to his little daughter:

"Let me wind your nose up."

"No," said the child; "I don't want my nose wound up; for I don't want it to run all day."

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, we do not now remember what, exclaimed:

"It's true, for ma says so; and if ma says so, it is so, if it ain't so."

"OH, auntie!" cried little Mary, "make Freddy behave himself. Every time I hit him on the head with pa's cane, he makes such an ugly face and bursts out a crying."

A BOY'S idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows:

"The doctor hitched fast on to me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

"MA, what is revenge?"—"It is when your daddy scolds me, and I hit him with the broomstick."

LITTLE Johnny was the pride and pet of his parents—a bright, blue-eyed, six years old. His father, one morning, after reading a chapter in the Bible, asked what a famine was. His quick reply was:—"A cob without any corn on it!"

LITTLE Harry while playing cut his finger. Seeing it bleeding, he called out:—"Hurry, mamma, and stop it up, it's leaking."

A LITTLE four-year-old child in Portland told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed:

"Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

"MOTHER, can I go and have my photograph taken?"—"No, I guess it isn't worth while."—"Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled out; I never go anywhere."

THE following letter of a loving mother about her darling Eddie and his pet, the kitten, will be found amusing:

"I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a beautiful kitten, which I bought and brought home for a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and I agreed, that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the oldest—but only three years—should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard the poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie:

"There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten; I heard her cry."

"No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my own part, and your part hollered!"

THREE little girls were playing among the poppies and sage-brush of the back yard. Two of them were making believe keep house, a little way apart, as near neighbors might. At last one of them was overheard saying to the youngest of the lot:

"There, now, Nellie, you go over to Sarah's house and stop there a little while, and talk as fast as ever you can, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; and then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad as hornets, and won't speak when we meet, just as our mothers do, you know; and that'll be such fun—won't it?"

Hadn't these little mischiefs lived to some purpose? and were they not close observers and apt scholars, charmingly trained for the chief business of life in a small neighborhood?

A LITTLE girl had seen her brother playing with a burning-glass, and heard him talk about the "focus." Consulting the dictionary, she found that the focus was a place where the rays meet. At dinner she announced that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was, and she said it was the word focus, and that it meant "a place where they raise calves."

This, of course, raised a great laugh: but she produced her dictionary in proof.

"There," said she, triumphantly, "'Focus, a place where the rays meet.' Calves are meat; and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right—aint I, father?"

"PAPA, didn't you whip me once for biting little Tommy?"

"Yes, my child; you hurt him much."

"Well, then, papa, you ought to whip sister's music master, too; he bit sister, yesterday afternoon, right on the mouth; and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

AUNT ROBY was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked her for his share, the dame replied, "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no peace for the wicked."

AT Lynn, Mass., a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman."

"MAMMA, Lucy says this is my birthday," said a sunny-faced little boy to his mother.

"Yes, Dicky, you are seven years old," replied the mother.

"Will the stores keep open to-day, mamma?"

"Yes, my son, but school don't."

"MY son, hold up your head and tell who was the strongest man."

"Jonah."

"Why so?"

"'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

"MA, if you will give me an apple, I will be good."

"No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

"JIM, does your mother whip you?"

"No; but does a precious sight worse."

"What's that?"

"She washes me all over every morning."

"YOU, Jim, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good whipping."

"Well, ma, I wish you would, for you have never given me any licking that I called good yet."

A LITTLE fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trowsers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grandma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods exclaimed:

"Grandma, put one on t'other knee, and two behind, like Eddy Smith's."

As two urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher he was carrying. He commenced crying, when the other boy asked him why he took on so.

"'Cause," said he, "when I get home

mother will whip me for breaking the mug."

"What," said the other, "haint you got no grandmother living at your house?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, I have, and I might break two mugs, and they daren't whip me."

LIZZIE was a pretty girl of eight years. She was fond of dress, and longed for "a handsome ring with a stone in it." Her brother bought her one of paste, which was just as acceptable to her as a genuine diamond would have been. One day, a friend, visiting the family, asked her:

"Lizzie, where did you get your pretty ring?"

"Brother gave it to me."

"Is it a diamond?"

To which she very indignantly replied:

"Well, I should think it ought to be, it cost twenty-five cents!"

A MAN once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow very promptly answered:—"We are good to make men of."

"JOHNNY, how many seasons are there?"—"Six: spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera, and 'Thomson's Seasons.'"

"BILL, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping."

"I know it, daddy, but bills are not always paid when they become due."

"Do you think you are fit to die?" asked a mother of her neglected child.

"I don't know," said the little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress with her dirty fingers and inspecting it. "I guess so, if I aint too dirty."

A LITTLE girl wanted to say that she had a fan, but had forgotten the name, so she described it as "a thing to brush the warm off you with."

A LITTLE girl attending a party, was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness; I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

SOME time ago a father was relating to his family the fact of a friend having found upon his door-step a little male infant, whom he had adopted, when one of the "olive branches" remarked:

"Dear pa, it will be his step-son, won't it?"

"JOHNNY," said a little three-year-old sister to an elder brother of six—"Johnny, why can't we see the sun go back where it rises?"

"Why, sis, you little goosey, because it would be ashamed to be seen going down east."

"Do you want any berries, ma'am?" said a little boy to a lady, one day.

The lady told him she would like some, and taking the pail from him she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right? How do you know but that I may cheat you?" said the lady.

"I am not afraid; you would get the worst of it, ma'am," said he.

"Get the worst of it? What do you mean?" said she.

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again; and then, with child-like simplicity, he added: "Lord, make ma's temper better, too."

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is told of a little child. At the time that the Richmond papers made mention of the confirmation of Jefferson Davis in the Episcopal Church, and when it was reported that his health was failing so that he was not probably long for this world, the little girl having heard the matter spoken of in the family, asked her mother whether Jeff. Davis would go to heaven if he died. The mother replied that she did not know anything about it, and declined giving any direct answer. "Well," said the little girl, "there is one thing that I know." Being asked what it was, she said, "I know, if Jeff. Davis goes to heaven, Washington won't speak to him."

"BOY, what's become of that hole I saw in your pants the other day?"

Young America, carefully examining his unmentionables. "It's worn out, sir."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."—"What is honorably, mother?"—"It means that you must give him the largest piece."—"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

"CAN water run up hill?" asked a nine-year-old of paterfamilias. "No, my son," was the reply. "But the Mississippi runs up hill, if my map's right," persisted the youngster. "All rivers that run toward the Equator must run up hill, if the geography is right about the shape of the earth." Papa scratched his head, and concluded that bed-time for children had arrived.

"PAPA," said a boy, "what is punctuation?"—"It is the art of putting stops, my child."—"Then I wish you'd go down into the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

A LITTLE three-year-old child ran away from home and came over to a neighbor's about eight o'clock in the evening, while her mother had gone for a pail of water. Rather surprised at seeing her out at so late an hour, we asked her:

"Are you not afraid to come so far from home in the night?"

"O no, sir," replied the confiding little thing, "I've got on mother's hood."

SOME time ago a widow left her only child, a boy, in New York, and travelled South for her health. She was gone over two years, and during that time married a very respectable, worthy old gentleman. She returned to present her little son with a new father. As is often the case, the boy was not inclined to welcome the stranger, and was timid and bashful in his presence. This continued for some months, and winter arrived. Then the boy wanted a sled. He didn't like to ask his father for it, still he felt that he must have it. So one evening, when his mother and her husband were sitting in the parlor, the little fellow ran in, and going slyly up to his mother, whispered:

"Ma, I want a sled. I do want a sled. Can't I have a sled, ma?"

"Certainly, my son; I suppose so. Ask your father."

"I don't like to ask him, ma."

"Why, what nonsense. Ask him."

"No, ma, you ask him; you've known him the longest!"

UNCLE. "George, have you got a pocket-book?"

Nephew. "No, sir."

Uncle. "Then I am very sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to put into it."

George visits his uncle again, fortified with a large wallet.

Uncle. "George, have you got a pocket-book yet?"

Nephew (whose countenance brightens up). "Yes, sir."

Uncle. "O, then, I am quite sorry, for I was going to give you a shilling to buy one."

"SAMMY, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

"TOMMY, my son," said a fond mother, "do you say your prayers night and morning?"—"Yes, that is, nights; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the daytime."

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?"

"No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Domini, 1845; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

"MA, if I were to die and go to heaven, should I wear my moire antique dress?"

"No, my love; we can scarcely suppose that we shall wear the attire of this world in the next."

"Then tell me, ma; how would the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

"I WISH, said an anxious mother to her careless son, "I wish you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic."—"Well, I do," was the reply; "I pay as little attention to it as possible."

"REMEMBER who you are talking to, sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy. "I am your father, sir."—"Well, whose to blame for that?" said the young impertinence; "'taint me."

"MOTHER, did you ever hear sissy swear?"

"No, my dear, what did she say?"

"Why, she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church."

"PAPA, I know what makes some people call pistols horse-pistols."

"Why, my son?"

"Because they kick so."

"Mary, put that boy to bed, he is so sharp he will cut somebody."

"PLEASE, sir," said a little child to a guest. "who lives next door to you?"

"Why, my child, do you ask?" said the guest.

"Because mamma said you were next door to a brute," replied the child.

"O MA," said a little girl who had been to the show, "I've seen the elephant; and he walks backwards and eats with his tail."

"JULIA, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary; Mary don't want hers now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while the mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course she thought it was time to speak.

"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Julia's?"

"Why, I eat hers up first."

"O MAMMA, mamma," said a tow-headed little urchin, in a tone of mingled fright and penitence, "O mamma, I's been thwearing!"

"Been swearing, my child; what did you say?"

"O mamma" (begins to sob), "I—I thed old Dan Tucker."

A LADY of New Bedford was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy, of some five years, between whom and herself there sprang up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him:

"Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed!" he replied with a clinging kiss.

"How much?"

"Why, I love you—up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell on his mother. Flinging his arms about her, and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed:

"But, mamma, I love you way up to God!"

MR. PARDIE, or some one of his profession, was addressing a large assembly of Sunday-school children:

"Now, my little boys and girls," he said, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." They were all silent for a moment, when one cried out at the top of her little voice, "Let her drop!"

AN English paper says there's a boy in Dublin so bright that his mother has to look at him through a bit of smoked glass.

"PAPA, have guns got legs?"—"No."—"How do they kick, then?"—"With their breeches, my son."

"I CANNOT conceive, my dear, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," was the exclamation of an indulgent husband to his better half, the other day.

"No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin ever so long this morning."

Two little children were talking of the moon the other evening. Charley said solemnly, in his imperfect pronunciation, that it was "Dod."

"No, it aint," said Sarah, "it aint big enough."

"Well," replied the boy, determined not to be put down altogether, "it is the hole he looks through, any how!"

"Ma, what difference is there between a little girl and boy?"

"My dear, little boys wear pantaloons and little girls wear dresses."

"And did I come into the world all dressed?"

"No, darling."

"Then, ma, how did you know I was a little girl?"

Grandma. "Well, Charley, and what have you been learning to-day?"

Charley. "Pneumatics, gran'ma; I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as gran'pa's head!"

"How old are you?" asked a railroad conductor of a little girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a half ticket.

"I am nine at home, but in the cars I am only six and a half."

It is said that the kind mothers of the east have got so good that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

"Ben," said a father, "I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging."

"Don't hurry yourself, papa," replied the son, "I can wait."

"Mother, mother! here's Zeke fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him; then he'll squall again, and mother will give him more, and you can take that, and so we'll both have some."

The Toledo Times says Judge —— of that city has a little four-year-old boy, who one day, when company was present, wished a seat at the table, but was sent away with the remark that his whiskers were not long enough for him to sit there. The little chap took a seat by the stand, when the servant gave him his dinner. While eating it, the house cat came purring around him, when he said:

"O, go off! your whiskers are big enough to eat at the other table."

"What on airth ails these 'ere shirt buttons, I wonder? Just the minnit I puts the needle through 'em to sew 'em on, they splits and flies all to bits."

"Why, grandmother, them isn't buttons, they's my peppermints, and now you've been a spiling them."

A small boy stepped into a bookstore, and inquired the price of a spelling-book. On being told that they were twelve cents apiece, and being possessed of but nine cents, he was completely nonplussed. At length an idea seemed to have struck him, and he said:

"Mister, can't you find one that's torn, that you'll let me have for nine cents?"

The clerk looked in vain. The boy was dispirited. At length another idea seemed to strike him.

"Please, mister, can't you tear one?"

"Why don't you wash the bottom of your feet, Johnny?" asked a grandmother of a boy, when he was performing the operation before retiring for the night.

"Why, granny doesn't think I'se going to stand up in bed, does ye?" replied Johnny.

It is somewhere related that a boy having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible.

"Do write to father," he replied, "and tell him of it, for he always said I had no brains."

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old lady, "and he never cries."—"That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

A BOY was arrested in Hartford for theft. His father pleaded guilty for him before the court, but said, in extenuation: "James is a good boy, but he will steal."

A LITTLE fellow one day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry: "Mother, if a man is a mister, aint a woman a mistery?"

"PAPA, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin?"—"Why, my child?"—"Because the papers say they are out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she is out of order."

A LITTLE four-year-old was told that God made him. Measuring off a few inches on his arm, he wrathfully replied:

"No, He didn't. God made me a little mite of a thing, so long, and I growed the rest myself."

WONDER what makes papa tell such nice stories about hiding the schoolmaster's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from school when the mistress was going to whip him, and then shut me up in the dark room all day because I tried to be as smart as he was?

"MA!"—"Well, darling?"—"Don't little boys have the hecups?"—"Yes, pet."—"Then, don't little girls have the shecups?"

"OF what fruit is cider made?"—"Don't know, sir."—"What a stupid boy. What did you get when you robbed widow Coffin's orchard?"—"I got a licking, sir."

"PAPA, can't I go to the Zoologereal Room to see the cammomile fight the rye-no-sir-ee-hoss?"

"Sartin, my son, but don't get your trowsers torn."

"Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has got for natural history. No longer ago than yesterday he had eight pair of tom-cats hanging by their tails to the clothes line! Bless his little heart: come to his mother."

A BOY and a girl of tender years were disputing as to what their "mothers could do." Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by way of climax and a clincher: "Well, here's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"

SOME friends of ours in Akron, Ohio, have a little girl about four years old, and a little boy about six. They had been cautioned in their morning strife after hen's eggs not to take away the nest egg; but one morning the little girl reached the nest first, seized an egg and started for the house. Her disappointed brother followed, crying:

"Mother, mother! Suzy, she's been and got the egg the old hen measures by!"

"JIMMY, are your folks all well?"—"Yes, ma'am; all, but Sally Ann."—"Why, what is the matter with her?"—"O, nothin' particular, only she had the whoopin' cough once, and she haint never got over it. The cough aint any count now, but she has got the hoop desp'rate."

"O, BOBBY, I am a goin' to have a hooped dress, and an oyster-shell bonnet, a pair of ear-drops, and a baby."

Little Bob. "The thunder you is! Well, I'm goin' to have a pair of tight pants, a shanghae coat, a crooked cane, and a pistol."

AUNT E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," says Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

"GRANDPA, did you know that the United States was in the habit of encouraging tories?"

"Certainly not, Simon, what kind of tories?"

"Terri-tories! Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the measles, and make you pay for 'em."

"MA, what is hush?" asked a little boy.

"Why, my dear, do you ask?"

"Because I asked sister Jane what made her new dress stick out so all round like a hoop, and she said 'Hush.'"

"MOTHER, I wish my doll was realized."

"Why, what do you mean?" her mother replied.

"Why," she said, "you see she has only glass eyes; I want her to have real eyes."

A GENTLEMAN asked a little girl what it was that made a person feel so when another tickled him. "I suppose it is the laugh creeping over him!" was the instant reply.

"MOTHER," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "why don't the book never mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it has spoken of her, but it has not once spoke it."

"Why, she has no other name, child."

"Yes, she had, mother, and I know it."

"What was it?"

"Why, Turvy—Topsy Turvy."

"You had better go to bed, my dear," said the mother. You are as bad as your old grandmother, for she can't say pork without beans, for the life of her."

IN the N. Y. Independent we find the following from a mother:

"But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"

"No; what was it?"

"Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. 'Ma!' said he, all at once, 'oh ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he wont get any!'"

A LITTLE girl, after having been to church, was very fond of preaching to her dolls. Her mother overheard her one day reproving one for being so wicked.

"Oh, you naughty sinful child," she said, shaking its waxen limbs, "you'll just go to that place of brimstone and molasses, and you wont burn up, you'll just sizzle."

A CHARITY scholar was under examination in the Psalms.

"What," she was asked, "is the pestilence that walketh in the darkness?"

"Please, sir, bugs," was the answer.

"SONNY, does your father take a paper?"

"Yes, sir, two of them; one of 'em belongs to Mr. Smith and the other to Mr. Thompson, I hook 'em both off the stoop as regular as can be."

A LITTLE child, about three years old, when asked playfully, "Why, George, what do you do for a living now?" without a moment's hesitation, replied: "I eats."

A LITTLE boy, about six years old, was inclined to be pugnacious. One day at dinner the conversation turned upon the evil habit of lying. He joined in by saying, "I know a boy who never told a lie, because I asked him yesterday if he could lick me, and he said No!"

"ISN'T your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a man with a shocking bad one on.

"No—why?" inquired the gentleman.

"Why, because it looks as if it was a long time since it had a nap."

"DEAR me, Miss Jones, where's your son, Harry? I aint seen him this long time."

"Well, I'll tell yer, Mrs. Flukes; his father thought he'd have one of the fam'ly what'd be smart, so he sent him off to get an epidemic education."

"PAPA, why do they plant guns, do they grow and have leaves?"

"No, my son; but, like plants, they shoot, and then others do the leaving."

"WILLIE," said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high school, "Willie, my dear, will you pass the butter?"—

"Thirtainly, thir; takthes me to path anything. Butter ith a common thubthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat cakth, and ith governed by thugar—molatheth underthood."

A GRAND-CHILD of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon was made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

"Don't ask me that question; you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study:

"I've found it out—the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."

"GIVE me a nice polish, you young scamp!" said a pork-pie cap.

"I can't," said the lad: "it would take a cleverer man nor me to do that. But I can polish boots, sir."

"PAPA, has Mr. Smith's eyes got feet?"

"Why do you ask such a question, my boy?"

"Because I heard mother say that at a party the other evening, Mr. Smith's eyes followed her all around the room."

AT a missionary station among the Hottentots, the following question was asked:

"Have we anything that we have not received from God?"

A little girl of five years replied, "Yes, sir, sin."

"PAP, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said a smart youth to his father, "and what do you think came up?"

"Why, potatoes, of course."

"No sir-ee! There came up a drove of hogs and ate them all."

"FATHER," said a roguish boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder tea for mother."—"Why not?"—"Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."

"YOU like plenty of nice things, don't you, Johnny! How many cakes did you have at the pastry-cook's yesterday?"

"Five; first a sponge-cake, then an almond-cake, then a currant-cake, then a sweet-cake, and then a stoma-cake!"

"CHILDREN," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "Children, you may have everything you want, but you must not want anything you can't have."

A LITTLE girl—an only child—one day looked up in her mother's face with, "Mother, what do you make me wear this old frock for? I should think you might afford to dress me better, seein' as how there's only one of us."

"O MR. GRUBBLES! shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?"

"No, ma'am, I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket," said the old bachelor.

"O MOTHER, do send for the doctor!" said a little boy of three years.

"What for, my dear?"

"Why, there's a man in the parlor who says he'll die if Jane don't marry him—and Jane says she won't."

"MY lad," said a lady to a boy carrying newspapers, "are you the mail boy?"

"You doesn't think I'ze a female boy, duz ye?"

"FATHER," said a young lisper of some four summers, "when wath the flood?"

"O my son," replied the parent, "that happened a long time ago."

"Wath we all alive then?" persisted the little inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply; "the flood we read of in the Bible happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy in great

disgust, "that is too bad! I thought Tom Brown (another youngster of the same age) wath fibbin. He thaid to me this morning that he was there then and waded through!"

CHILDREN sometimes say very wise things; for instance, at an examination, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies," on which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied: "It was when nobody didn't do nothing, and somebody went and told of it."

"DAN," said a little four-year-old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house, now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me a sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts."

His brother shelled out immediately.

A LITTLE girl seeking celestial information, asked her mother: "Have angels wings?" The unsuspecting mamma, full of memories of pictures and traditions, answered: "Certainly they have." Straightway young inquisitive sprung her trap: "Then what did they want a ladder for to get down to Jacob?" Mamma's answer is not recorded, but the chances are that, shortly after, discovery was made of the fact that young inquisitive's bedtime was at hand.

A LITTLE two-year-old girl fell, and, striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse with drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs, she asked him, in the kindest tones:

"What'se matter, hossy? Bump 'oo head?"

"FATHER," said a lad, "I often read of people being poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say, rich but honest?"

"Tut, tut, my son," replied the father, "nobody would believe them."

"DAD, have you been to the museum?" said a ten-year-old.

"No, my son."

"Well, go; and mention my name to the doorkeeper, and he'll take you round, and show you everything."

THE distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl, six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much.

"Do you love it?" asked her aunt.

"No," replied the child with a look of disgust. "I like it. If I loved it, I should kiss it."

A CITIZEN of Hartford tells that the first time he attended church, a little four-year-old, he was seated in a pew. Upon coming home he was asked what he did in church, when he replied:

"I went into a little cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

JOHNNY, one bright evening, was standing by the window, gazing at the moon and stars, and, after looking at them some time very intently, he turned and said to his mother, who was sitting by him, "Mamma, what are those bright little things in the sky? Are they the moon's little babies?"

A BUTCHER-BOY says he has often heard of the fore-quarters of the globe, but has never heard any person say anything about the hind-quarters.

LITTE Thomas Tittlebat was five years old. He was in the musing mood, and his mother asked him what he was thinking about? "O," said he, "I was thinking of old times."

AMONG the passengers in a stage coach was a little gentleman who had possibly seen five summers. The coach being quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pickpockets, and soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend remarked :—"My fine friend, how easy I could pick your pocket?"—"No you couldn't," replied he, "I've been looking out for you all the time."

ONE summer in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals practised their songs nightly, to the annoyance of every one. While our little girl, Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her:

"Ettie, you must be a good girl, and then at night when you are asleep the angels will come and watch around your bed."

"O yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that. I heard them singing all around my head last night, and some of them bit me, too!"

CHILDREN are inquisitive bodies—for instance:

"What does *cleave* mean, father?"

"It means to unite together."

"Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?"

"Hem, well, it means to separate."

"Well, father, does a man separate from his wife, when he cleaves to her?"

"Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child!"

SAID little Tommy to the occasional physician:

"Ma declares you're such a duck of a doctor."

"How so, sonny?"

"Why, because pa said you were such an unmitigated quack."

"ISAAC, my son, let the good book be a lamp unto thy path."

"Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

A MOTHER was looking at some pictures, in which little naked angels were quite conspicuous. She called the attention of her little daughter to them, and remarked :—"Molly, dear, if you are a good girl, and go to heaven, you will be like these angels." Molly turned to her mother with a look that told at once she did not appreciate the promise, and said: —"I want to be better dressed than that when I go to heaven."

"HERE, you little rascal, walk up here and give an account of yourself—where have you been?"

"After the girls, father."

"Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?"

"No, sir, but mother did."

"My son, you had better go to bed."

"BUY Bulwer's last work," said a sharp newsboy, the other day, to a gentleman on the ferry-boat.

"No," said the man: "I'm Bulwer himself."

"Well, buy the 'Women of England,' sir; you're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?"

"PA, can a person catch anything if he don't run after it?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, then, how did you catch the cold you've got?"

THE daughter of the proprietor of a coal mine in Pennsylvania was inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy his coal of you?"

A BRIGHT little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school, to which he replied that he did not hurt himself at it.

"But," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you will never become President of the United States."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I don't expect to—I'm a Democrat."

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her :—"Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips."—"Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

FUN represents a six-year-old in Knickerbockers, seated in a barber's chair, and to him the hairdresser said :—"Well, my little gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" Charles. "O, like papa's, please, with a little round hole at the top."

"SAMMY, dear, hold up your head, and tell the gentleman how much twice nine makes."—"Ten."—"Oh! fie! guess again."-"Eleven."-"No."-"Twelve."—"No."—"Thirteen."—"No."—"Fourteen."—"No."—"Fifteen."—"No."—"Sixteen."—"No."—"Seventeen."—"No."—"Eighteen."—"Right! mother's own darling! That boy, I'm thinking, will make a figure in the world."

LITTLE Alice was talking to her dolly, and said to her, looking lovingly into her face:—"You is bootiful, dolly, very bootiful; but you is dot no brains."

DURING that period of the war when there was so much excitement about iron-clad vessels, a gentleman happened one day to be at dinner, and was carving a piece of mutton. Said he, "This mutton seems to be very tough." Little Walter, a six years old chap, looking very gravely, deliberately said, "Father, I guess it came from one of our iron-clad rams."

A LITTLE boy in Lowell was asked how many mills make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt reply. Immediately a bright-faced little girl held up her hand in token of dissent. "Well, miss, what have you to say?"—"Please, sir, ten mills don't make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

"LOOK here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin, who was munching sugar-candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much."

"No I aint, neither; I'm a-gnawing this ere candy," replied the urchin.

"YOU want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to his unruly son.

"I know it, dad, but I'll try and get along without it," replied the independent brat.

A LITTLE girl who was in the car that was partially demolished by an accident on the railroad below Burlington, noticing the alarm created among the passengers, turned to her grandma, who was with her, and said, "Are we killed?"

"PAPA, please buy me a muff, when you go to Boston," said little three-year-old Carrie. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said, "You are too little to have a muff."—"Am I too little to be cold?" rejoined the indignant little Carrie.

"MA, didn't the minister say last Sunday that the sparks flew upwards?"—"Yes, my dear, how came you to be thinking of it?"—"Because, yesterday, I saw cousin Sally's spark staggering along the street and falling downwards."—"Here, Bridget, put this child to bed; she must be sleepy."

A PROMISING boy, not more than five years old, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line,

An honest man's the noblest work of God,

said, "he knew it wasn't true, his mother was better than any man that was ever made."

THE mother of a little fellow who was about taking a ride in the Hartford horse cars, asked him, as he scrambled in, "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?" The little rogue was in such a hurry that he couldn't stop, and hastily called out, "Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?"

ONE cold day a belle stopped and bought a paper of a ragged little newsboy. "Poor fellow!" said she, "aint you very cold?"—"I was, ma'am, before you smiled," was the reply. That was the perfection of flattery.

A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring: "What is the good of a hoss till it is broke?"

"AUNT MARY," said a thoughtful little five-year-old, "why don't they celebrate Mrs. Washington's birth-day as well as Mr. Washington's?"

"Because George Washington was a

great and good man is the reason why his birth-day is celebrated."

"Well, wasn't Mrs. Washington a great and good woman?"

"Yes, but George Washington was the father of his country."

"Well," looking up triumphantly, "was not Mrs. Washington the mother of her country?"

"MOTHER," said little Nelly, looking up to the starry skies one bright evening, "what a delightful place heaven must be, when its wrong side is so beautiful."

"FATHER, are there any boys in Congress?"—"No, my son; why do you ask that question?"—"Because the papers said, the other day, that the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the House."

A LITTLE boy was munching a bit of gingerbread. His mother asked who gave it to him. "Miss Johnson gave it to me."—"And did you thank her for it?" inquired the mother. "Y-e-s, I did, but I didn't tell her so."

A LITTLE boy upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said: "Give me two or three licks more, mother. I don't think I can behave well yet."

"LITTLE boy, why did the people throw stones at Stephen?"

"Cos, sir, I 'spose they wanted to hit him."

"FATHER, has a dog got wings?"—"No, my son."—"Well, I thought so, but mother told me, the other day, that as she was going along the road, a dog flew at her."

ON a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

"WHY does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't think, 'cept it's because she has a large comb in her hair."

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I am tired of this pug nose; it's growing pugger and pugger every day."

"MOTHER, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?"

"Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

"GRANDMOTHER," said a child on returning from Sunday-school one fine morning, "is the Bible true?"

"Certainly," replied the old lady; "but why do you ask?"

"Because it says every hair of our head is numbered, and so I pulled out a handful to-day, and there wasn't a number on one of 'em."

"What heresy!" exclaimed the old lady, as she adjusted her spectacles.

WHEN Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?"—"Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

A LADY passing along the street, one morning, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that is real benevolence."—"No, it aint, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

"SAM, where have you been?"

"We've been swimming, father."

"We! Who swam with you?"

"Nobody, sir."

"Well, but you said, 'we've been swimming,' didn't you?"

"We have been swimming, father."

"Who did you swim with, then, you young rascal?"

"We! I swam with the tide, dad."

"MAMMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then, why did you tell Annie, this morning, to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

"SAMMY, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get along in this world was to scratch a-head."

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy sometimes said queer things. One day he said to his little sister, "When I get wings, I'll take you up where God is, 'cause you are too little to go alone—and then, will you be afraid to stay with the angels while I go back and get mamma?"

"JOSIAH, how many scruples are there in a drachm?"

"Don't know, zur."

"Well, recollect, there are two."

"Oh, there is, hay! Well, daddy takes his dram every morning without any scruples."

"I DARE say when I take you home again, Charlie, your mamma will have a nice present for you. What would you like best, my boy, a little brother or a little sister?"

Charlie (after some consideration). "Well, if it makes no difference to ma, I'd rather have a little pony."

MR. P.'s little daughter came running to her aunt one day, saying, "Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swallowed a button!"

Seeing her terror, her aunt calmly replied, "Well, what good will that do her?"

Said the child very seriously, "Not any good, as I see, unless she swallows a button hole!"

A LITTLE boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him.

"Powder, powder!" said he, raising himself on his elbow and putting on a roguish smile. "Mother, I aint a gun!"

SIGNOR BLITZ, the great enchanter, had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the experiments.

"Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five piece, which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No, sir," said the boy confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"Cause the pocket is all torn out."

"MA, has flour been sick?"—"Sick! why no, you sarpint! What under the canopy made you ask that question?"—"Coz, the Express says, 'Flour is better!' I don't see how it could be *better* ef it hadn't been *wuss;* nor how it could a been wuss if it hadn't been sick! That's the how on't mother."—"Jake!"—"Waal, mother?"—"You'll be the death of some one, yet!"—"Yethem!"

A LADY from the city, who was visiting in the country with her little daughter, attended church, where the little child was quiet and attentive, until the minister commenced giving out the hymn commencing with the verse,—

Behold a stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still—
You treat no other friend so ill;

at which the little girl, turning to her mother, said:

"Ma, why don't he ring the bell?"

THE mother of a boy noticed that he visited a particular spot in the garden quite often, and watched his movements. Going to where he was stooping one day, she saw him examining a feather he had pulled out of the ground, to see, as he said, if it sprouted. His mother inquired his object in planting the quill, when the youngster replied:

"Hum, I guess I'se goin' to raise chickens as well as any body." At this point the laugh came in, and the point was clearly perceptible.

A YOUTH, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of nature, replied: "Ma, I think there's one thing nature can't do."—"What is it?" eagerly inquired the mother. "She can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

A LITTLE girl of six years of age, on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked by her aunt, "How she liked the country?"—"O ma'am," replied the girl, looking her questioner full in the face, "O ma'am, I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

"PLEASE, sir, lend pappy your knife to make a pen with!"—"Certainly, my son, here it is."—"Please, sir, here's your knife; pappy's done with it."—"I should think he was. Why, what has he been doing with it? I thought he wanted to make a pen?"—"So he did; but I forgot to say it was a pig-pen." Exit youth, a little in advance of an old boot.

A LADY who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:

"Charlie, my dear, won't you have some beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub.

"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "No what!"

"No beans," said the child.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD boy went to church one Sunday, and when he got home his grandmother asked him what the minister said: "Don't know," said he, "he didn't speak to me." A good many older people might answer the same way.

A BEVY of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got grammar, geography, arithmetic, etc. The next got reading, spelling, and definitions. "And what do you get, my little soldier?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was, at that moment, slily driving a tenpenny nail into the door-panel. "Me? Oh, I gets readin', spellin', and spankins'."

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good little girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?"—"Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

"BOY," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way and see how old Mrs. Brown is." The boy did the errand, and on his return reported that Mrs. Brown did not know how old she was.

A TUTOR lecturing a young man for his irregular conduct, added with great pathos, "The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hair in sorrow to the grave."—"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the incorrigible, "my father wears a wig."

A LITTLE child, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, see that boy breaking the Sabbath." The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed: "O mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with an axe."

"JIM," said one youngster to another on the Fourth, "Jim, lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early that I spent all my money before breakfast. I didn't think the day was going to be so long."

"JOHN," said a doting parent to her rather inestimable boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma, replied the young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

WHILE the boys were home for the holidays, a gentleman passing the gate of Winchester College, stopped and inquired of a bright-looking lad, "What they did in there?" The urchin looked up, scanning his interrogator's face a moment, and then, with a knowing wink, replied, "They tan hides, sir."

AN apothecary, who was continually troubled with inquiry for the time, was asked:

"Please, sir, tell me what time it is?"

"Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," said the astonished apothecary.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman."

"I FEEL rather unwell, my dear, and my tongue is furred—can it be those sausages I had for supper?" said an ailing gentleman to his good spouse, at breakfast.

"O, I dare say it is, pa!" cried a precocious urchin, "for I've heard that they make cats into sausages."

A LITTLE fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some unusual occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment: there was a struggle between smiles and tears: the thought was broken: "Ma," said he, resuming his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, "Ma—ugh! ugh! ugh! what was I crying about just now?"

A LITTLE boy asked his father what fool lived in the house next to theirs.

"No fool lives there that I know of; what makes you ask such a question?" said the father.

"Why, I heard ma say the other day that you was next door to a fool," was the reply.

The sire looked contemplative.

TOMMIE was always of an inquiring mind. When about four years of age, he was looking out of the window one morning, and a funeral train passed. He turned to his mother with an eager look, and said:

"Mother, who will bury the last man that dies?"

A KIND friend was making a cotton doll for little Annie Grace, who was much interested in the manufacture. She was impatient to have the eyes painted, and when told that they must be done last, she said:

"That's the reason why we can't see how God makes us—he puts in the eyes the last thing."

"LENNY, you're a pig," said a father to his little five-year-old boy. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lenny?"—"Yes, sir; a pig's a hog's little boy."

"GEORGE SMITH, do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?"

"Yes, sir. David was a tavern-keeper, and Goliath was an intemperate man."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I read it—and it is said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it."

A LITTLE girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would all blow up when she danced. "O, no," said the mother, "your father will do all that when he discovers I have bought them."

A MOTHER was hugging and kissing a four-year-old, when she exclaimed:

"Charley, what does make you so sweet?"

Charley thought a moment, and having been taught that he was made out of dust of the ground, replied, with a rosy smile:

"I think, mother, God must have put a little thugar in the dust, don't you?"

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "I know what I would do if I was at sea, and all the men were starving, and they should draw lots to see who should be killed and eaten, and it should come to me—I'd jump into the water."—"But," said the mother, "they would soon fish you up."—"Ah," said he, "but I wouldn't bite."

A BOY once complained of his brother for taking half of the bed. "And why not?" said his mother, "he is entitled to half, aint he?"—"Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

"MA," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."—"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother. "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

"MOTHER," said little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

"MAMMA," said a little fellow, whose mother had forbade him drawing horses and ships on the mahogany sideboard with a sharp nail, "Mamma, this aint a nice house. At Sam Sickett's we can cut the sofa and pull out the hair, and ride the shovel and tongs over the carpet, but here we cant get any fun at all."

LITTLE Frank was taught he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching the dust as the wind was whirling it in eddies, he exclaimed seriously: "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

"WELL, Charley," said a parent to his son on Christmas day, "what did you find in your stocking this morning?"

"Find, father," replied the hopeful youth, "why, I found a big hole."

A LITTLE boy once said to his aunt: "Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God."

"He must be trouble enough, indeed, I should think so," she answered.

"I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no devil to put him up to it," said the lad.

"ARTHUR," said a good-natured father to his young hopeful, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week."

"Didn't you, pa?" replied hopeful. "I knew it at the time."

A GENTLEMAN was chatting with a little girl on a railway train, when she suddenly looked up in his face, and said:

"You look like Abraham Lincoln."

"Do I?" said the gentleman. "How do you know I'm not?"

"He's dead," with an astonished look at the questioner; "they killed him."

"Well," said the gentleman, "didn't Abraham Lincoln have a brother?"

The child looked puzzled for a minute, but then quietly remarked:

"My father saw Abraham Lincoln."

"Did he?" said the gentleman.

"Yes; after he was dead he saw him. Did you ever see him?"

"No," said the gentleman, "I never saw him."

"Then," said the child triumphantly, "of course you aint his brother."

NEWMAN HALL says that he knew of a little girl in England who loved to pray. But one night she was very tired and sleepy, and was getting into her little bed without saying her prayers. But her mamma told her to kneel down first to pray. So she folded her little hands and said, "Please God, remember what little Polly said last night, she's so tired. Amen."

WILLIE P., a little five-year-old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee stung him. "O grandma!" cried Willie, "I didn't know bees had splinters in their feet."

A GENTLEMAN whose proboscis had been lost was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered around the table everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled the table:

"Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any."

A LITTLE boy once, not pleased at being reproved by his mother for some misdeed, showed his displeasure in his face, when his mother remarked, "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!"

Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted, "Why I calculated to laugh; but, mamma, my face slipped."

A LITTLE boy of Hudson, N. Y., couldn't remember the text exactly, but thought it was "something about a hawk between two pigeons." It was, "Why halt ye between two opinions?"

CLERGYMEN.

"I HAVE taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my disquisitions and readings, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul:—'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' to this I cleave, and herein I find rest." Rev. Dr. A. Alexander said substantially the same thing as he came to die.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD stopped for several days at the house of a general, at Providence, R. I. The general, his wife, his son, and three daughters were serious but not decidedly religious. Whitefield departed from his usual custom, which was to address the residents, in the house where he stayed, individually, concerning the welfare of their souls. The last evening came, and the last night he was to spend there. He retired to rest; but the Spirit of God came to him in the night, saying, "O man of God! if these people perish, their blood be on thy head." He listened; but the flesh said, "Do not speak to these people; they are so good and kind, that you could not say a harsh thing to them." He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck him. He took his diamond ring from his finger, went up to the window, and wrote these words upon the glass—"One thing thou lackest." He could not summon courage to say a word to the inmates, but went his way. No sooner was he gone, than the general, who had a great veneration for him, went into the room he had occupied; and the first thing that struck his attention was the sentence upon the window, "One thing thou lackest." That was exactly his case. The Spirit of God blessed it to his heart.

As Luther drew near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his judges—The Diet of Worms—he met a valiant knight, the celebrated George of Freundsberg who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then charging to the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure delayed the captivity of the king of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler stand than I or any captains have made in the bloodiest of our battles. But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing. God will not forsake thee." A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of mind. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," were the words of a king.

THE Rev. Robert Hall, disgusted by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, was provoked to say:

"Yes, there was one very fine passage of your discourse, sir."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it, pray?"

"Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit into the vestry!"

IT is related of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, that while busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he had called under great distress of mind.

"Sit down, sir, be good enough to be seated," turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table.

The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and mother, etc.

Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated.

Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you would help me in that way."

At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping him among others:

"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! It's too bad! And to burden your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"

The Calvinistic and Arminian controversy ran high in Mr. Whitefield's day—more high, perhaps, among their followers than between him and Wesley. On one occasion, one of Mr. Whitefield's ardent admirers met him walking with a friend, and accosted him: "Oh! Mr. Whitefield, I am so glad to have met you; I want to ask an important question." — "Well, what is it?" said Mr. Whitefield. "Why, sir, I was at a party of friends the other night, and somebody said that we shall see John Wesley in heaven. Do you think we shall, Mr. Whitefield?" who replied, "You ask me—that is, you and I—shall we see Mr. Wesley in heaven? Certainly not."—"I thought you would say so," replied the ardent hyper; "thank you, sir."—"But stop, my friend, hear all I have to say about it. John Wesley will be so near the throne, and you and I so far off, that we cannot expect to see him."

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the year 1855-6, that every house was filled every night with travellers wanting lodging. Every traveller there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows." The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night in one of the hotels in Ann Harbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they were so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now?" particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why, here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist minister, and myself, already, and I should think that is enough for one bed, even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left the trio to their repose.

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of difference of opinion by this argument: "Now, if every body had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons, who sat just behind him, responded: "Yes, and if every body was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

It is related of a certain New England divine, who flourished not many years ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supper, in Luke xiv., in which occurs this passage, "And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee to have me excused; and another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come," he suddenly paused at the end of this verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking around on his hearers, said, with emphasis: "The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man farther from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen!"

A small boy in very dilapidated clothing called at the residence of Rev. Mr. R., and asked for something to eat. The servant who came to the door asked the minister what she could give him, when he pointed to a pile of bread that was very hard and stale. "Give him some of that." The servant did so, and as the boy was going away, chewing on the crust of bread, the minister called out:

"Bridget, send that little boy here."

The little fellow went into the dining-room, where the minister and his family were about sitting down to dinner, and was staring at the eatables on the table, when the dominie said: "My little man, did you ever go to Sunday school?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever learn to pray?" again asked the minister.

"No, sir," answered the boy.

"Come here and I will teach you."

The boy went up to the minister, and he commenced:

"You must say just as I do,—Our Father—"

"Your Father," said the boy.

"No, no; you must say, Our Father."

"Your Father," again said the boy.

"Will you never learn?" said the minister. "You must say, Our Father."

"Is it Our Father—Your Father—My Father?"

"Why certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile, and then commenced crying, and at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You said that your Father was my Father, yet you aren't ashamed to give your little brother such stuff as this to eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself."

The minister looked astonished, and, although it hurt his feelings, asked the little fellow to sit down and take dinner with him.

MR. WITEFIELD once preached before the seamen at New York, and introduced the following bold apostrophe into his sermon: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon. Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm a-gathering! Every man to his duty. How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat."

THERE was a physician in the nighborhood of Franklin, where Dr. Emmons preached for seventy-one years, who was corrupting the minds of men by his pantheism. This physician being called to a sick family in the Franklin parish, met the Franklin minister at the house of affliction. It was no place for a dispute. It was no place for any unbecoming familiarity with the minister. It was no place for a physician to inquire into the age of the minister, especially with any intent of entangling him in a debate, and, above all, where the querist was too visionary for any logical discussion. But the abrupt question of the pantheist was:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" came the quick reply.

"As old as the creation, sir," was the triumphant response.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly; I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third person in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you."

The pantheist did not follow up the discussion.

IN the neighborhood of Boston once lived two clergymen, one of whom was remarkable for his dry humor, and the other for his prolixity. The former meeting the latter, asked him to preach for him at his "Preparatory Lecture." The latter replied that he could not, as he was busy writing a sermon on the "Golden Calf." "That's just the thing," was the rejoinder, "come and give us a forequarter of it."

TOWARD the end of the last century, the Rev. Mr. B., minister of the parish of Abercorn, on a Sabbath, when he had occasion to be absent, confided his pulpit to a young probationer, who fired off one of those flash sermons we have all listened to, missing every aim but the only too evident one of ministering to the vanity of the speaker. Strutting out in the evening with one of the young ladies of the family, the flush and elation of his morning's performance still unsubsided, and chancing to pass a cottage whence proceeded the sounds of evening devotion, he eagerly drew near to listen. "It would be so curious," he said, "to hear what these simple, uneducated people had to say." A voice, tremulous with age, was pouring forth one of those fervent prayers so frequently to be heard among the pious peasantry, one which might have been uttered by some David Deans on the hillside. Somewhat solemnized, and in evident wonder, the young preacher listened attentively, till, from general supplication, the old man came to particulars, and besought God to have mercy on "the poor parish of Abercorn, for they had been fed out o' a toom (empty) spoon that day." The young man shrunk away, having heard rather too much of what such people say.

WHEN the march of pulpit oratory was less advanced than at present, a number of pious parishioners resolved to compliment their beloved pastor with a horse, and after a great deal of scraping together and gathering up, they accumulated funds sufficient to purchase a saddle, which was forthwith despatched to the minister, with an intimation that the horse would be sent to his worship at a more convenient season. Week after week, however, passed on, and no word of the minister's nag. This dilatoriness will never do, thought the reverend gentleman; and accordingly, one Sunday afternoon he took occasion to introduce the subject, in winding up a thundering discourse on the unspeakable loveliness of charity. "Now, my friends," said the preacher, "if that said horse be na nipping grass yont by at the manse in a day or twa, I ken what I'll do!" Here the minister smote the pulpit in a manner that made the hearts of the congregation melt within them like wax, while he, stern man, continued his appeal to their pecuniary feelings so long, and repeated the fearful threat, "I ken what I'll do!" so often that one doughty heritor could suppress his alarm no longer. "And what the devil wull you do, sir?" exclaimed he. "Why, man," said the minister, coolly, "I'll just sell the saddle!"

MR. JACKSON tells us of a Yorkshire Methodist preacher, familiarly called "Our Billy," who "has been known to take a pair of scales into the pulpit, and literally to weigh in the balance the several characters he described." Whitefield produced great effect upon his hearers, on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed, something in the same way, to the eye as well as to the ear. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter. Oh! just as easy as for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand—"But I have missed it!"

MR. HOOD has a story of a clergyman who was sent for suddenly to a cottage, where he found a man in bed. "Well, my friend," said the pastor, "what induced you to send for me?" The patient, who was rather deaf, appealed to his wife. "What do he say?"—"He says," shouted the woman—"what the deuce did you send for him for?"

THE effectiveness of a sermon, with the ordinary class of hearers, is certainly to be measured by its directness. Rowland Hill was right when he said: "I don't like those mighty fine preachers who so beautifully round off all their periods that they roll off the sinner's conscience." Rowland Hill was but the type of a class of preachers as old as the days of Origen, who looked more to the immediate effect of what they said upon their hearers than to the force of their logic or the beauty of their oratory.

A NOBLE lord, distinguished for a total neglect of religion, and who was boasting the superior excellence of some water-works which he had invented and constructed, added, "That after having been so useful to mankind, he expected to be very comfortable in the next world, notwithstanding his ridicule and disbelief of religion." "Ah!" replied the clergyman, "if you mean to be comfortable there you must take your water-works along with you."

THE hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was then handed to the minister, who, by the way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling, he exclaimed, with great fervor:—"I thank God that I got my hat from this congregation."

A METHODIST minister and a Missionary Baptist once met at the house of a friend to take dinner. The Methodist being a young circuit preacher, the Baptist thought to run a good joke at his expense. Said the Baptist:—"You Methodist preachers will not get many yellow leg chickens to eat this year."—"Do you wish to know the reason?" said the Methodist. "Yes," said the Baptist. "Well, you Baptists have went round and sucked all the eggs."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER sent the following note to the proprietor of the New York Ledger:

My Dear Mr. Bonner,—I have just received a curious letter from Michigan, and I give it to you *verbatim:*

"Owasso City, Mich., 1870.
"April Fool."

I have heard of men who wrote letters and forgot to sign their names, but never before met a case in which a man signed his name and forgot to write the letter.

H. W. B.

AT a camp meeting a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding the frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humor, arose and said:

"I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings they would sit down."

This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats.

A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said:

"Oh, brother, how could you say that?"

"Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on."

A MINISTER was travelling in the back woods, and espying a cabin entered upon a mission of mercy. The lady of the house (she being present alone, and rightly judging his errand), when she saw him approaching seized the Bible, and as he entered was to all intents busily engaged in perusing the volume. He noticed, however, that she held the letters reversed; or, in other words, upside down. After the usual courtesies the minister inquired what she was reading.

"O, 'bout the old prophets," was the evidently self-satisfactory response.

"It is very edifying to read the sufferings of Christ," said the minister.

"And so that good man is dead, is he?" asked the matron, evidently getting interested.

"Certainly he is."

"Well, that's just the way. I've been at John a long time to get him to take the newspapers, but he won't. Everybody in the world might die, an' we not hear a word 'bout it," said the woman in a rapid tone.

"Ah, woman, you are in the dark," said the preacher with an elongated face.

"Yes, I know we are. I've been at John a long time to put a window in the fur end of the house, but he won't do that either."

"I perceive that you are weak in knowledge."

"I know that I'm weak, and I guess if you'd had the bilious fever, and been takin saxafrax and cataract pills as long as I have, you'd be weak too," replied the woman, in rather an angry tone of voice, and half an octave higher than usual.

ROWLAND HILL once preached in aid of a certain meritorious institution. At the conclusion of the sermon, just before the plates were handed round for the collection, he made this short address to the congregation: "From the great sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is only one thing I am afraid of—that some of you may be inclined to give too much. Now it is my duty to inform you that justice though not so pleasant, yet should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will all immediately be waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood that no person will think of putting anything into the plate who cannot pay his debts." It is needless to say that these remarks produced an overflowing collection.

IN the early part of the present century prominent among the three-cornered hat divines of New England was the Rev. Mr. Emmons, of Franklin, Mass. At this time, instrumental music in churches was by many, and none the less so by the old doctor himself, considered as among the abominations of latter day innovations. Not so thought the choir, mostly of the younger class; and its introduction was secretly determined on, but most carefully kept from the knowledge of Dr. E., whose opposition was certain, and whose will was absolute. The eventful day arrived. The doctor made the customary introductory prayer, read the hymn, and immediately his ears were greeted with the sacrilegious sounds of the hautboy, clarionet, and—abomination of all abominations!—the screaming fiddle! The second or long prayer followed, and, omitting the second customary hymn, then followed the sermon, benediction, etc. Rapid almost as on the wings of the wind, news of the dire event spread from house to house, and long before the afternoon services commenced there was not a vacent seat or standing-place in the house, such was the anxiety to witness the result. As usual, and apparently in no wise disturbed by the morning's proceedings, the doctor read a hymn, when the leader of the choir arose in his place and announced that "there would be no singing this afternoon."

"Then," said the doctor, "there will be no preaching; the congregation is dismissed."

Not till after the doctor's soul, as is fondly believed, was at rest in heaven, was the attempt repeated to introduce instrumental music.

A CLERGYMAN was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation.

"Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion. What can I do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady; "I am only nervous and can't sleep."

"How can I help that?" asked the parson.

"O sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would preach a little for me!"

The parson "made tracks."

A HARD-SHELL Baptist preacher, in discoursing about Daniel in the lions' den, said:

"And there he sot all night long, looking at the show for nothing; and it didn't cost him a cent!"

A DISTINGUISHED divine was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine was the shepherd. Said the friend to D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed, "How much higher is that going to be?"—"Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

SAID a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it."—"It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you; but then, you see, it don't take near so much water to run it."

In the course of his pastoral visitations, Rev. Dr. Chalmers called upon a worthy shoemaker, who, in recounting his blessings, said that he and his family had lived happily together for thirty years without a single quarrel. This was too much for the doctor, who struck his cane on the floor and exclaimed:—"Terribly monotonous, man! terribly monotonous!"

UNCLE TOBY had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after awhile he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Toby," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. Smith since he joined the church?"—"O, yes," said Uncle Toby, "a great difference, a very considerable change. Before, when he went to mend the fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

SOME years ago—before Bishop Colenso had been among that profoundly learned and highly cultivated people, the Zulus, and obtained such marvellous illumination as to astonish all Christendom—infidels had to resort to the old stereotyped objections to the Bible. Two of this class met one morning in the country, and began to try to strengthen each other in unbelief; and, for want of a better argument against the Bible and Christianity, took the case of David, whom they handled most unmercifully. At length, who should come along but old Uncle Peter, a poor, simple, uneducated but sincere Christian, not entirely destitute of good sense and shrewdness, however. Now, says one, there comes Uncle Peter; let us see what he has to say about this. "Good morning, Uncle Peter! We have been talking about your saint: the man after God's own heart—David. What do you think of his conduct in the matter of Uriah?"—"Well, I think of it just about as Nathan did, when he told the king that thereby he had given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." Uncle Peter passed along, leaving them to apply, at their leisure, the tacit but not very equivocal compliment. If they ever attacked Uncle Peter again, neither record nor tradition has handed down the fact; from which it is presumed that thereafter he was not molested by them in his simple-minded "belief in the truth."

SELDEN, the most learned man of his age, and one of the wittiest, gives this sensible counsel to preachers: "First in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric. Rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root. That rhetoric is best which is most seasonable and most catching. An instance we have in the old blunt commander at Cadiz, who showed himself a good orator. Having to say something to his soldiers, which he was not used to do, he made them a speech to this purpose: 'What a shame it will be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and brewers, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons.' And so put more spirit in his men than he could have done with the most learned oration. Rhetoric is either very good or stark naught. There is no medium in rhetoric. If I am not fully persuaded, I laugh at the orator."

A SCOTTISH clergyman, happening to go into the churchyard while the beadle was employed, neck deep, in digging a grave, thus accosted him:—"Well, Saunders, that's a work you're employed in well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you don't repent of your evil ways." The old worthy, resting on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied, "I thought, sir, ye kent that there was nae repentance in the grave."

A GENTLEMAN relates the following joke:

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed pleasantly on several topics, until, seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on kissing just about the time the train was approaching.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, "since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposal to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge."

The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed me somewhat as I saw his black eyes fairly sparkle with daring.

"Yes," said he, "I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I hardly stepped inside the car, when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest-looking women my eyes ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant as the morning. And further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door opened and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly at her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made my "mouth water" from end to end. I expected, of course, a shriek of terror, and a row generally, and a knock down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

Quick as a flash he turned to me and said:

"Now, sir, it is your turn," pointing to a hideous, ugly, wrinkled old woman, who sat in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. "I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing."

"Well," said he, "since you are a man of so much taste and such quick perception, I'll let you know."

And we all burst into laughter as he said:

"This is my wife; I have been waiting here for her. I knew that she was a safe proposition."

He told the story to his wife, who looked tenfold sweeter as she heard it. Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cars, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopal preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural, and more eloquent preacher is hard to find. He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination of the West.

A STORY is told of an insane clergyman who once lived in Vermont, who was well read in his profession and well acquainted with the writings of distinguished theologians, both of ancient and modern times. One Sabbath he attended the ministrations of a young brother, and the crazy man detected, or thought he detected, the fact that in his sermon the young clergyman pilfered from the writings of some of the older divines. Accordingly, when he struck upon an eloquent passage, the old man spoke out in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the congregation, "That's Tillotson!" or "That's Doddridge!" The young clergyman could stand it no longer, and finally called out, "Must I be insulted in the house of God?"—"That's original!" exclaimed the old man, but he was immediately taken into custody and carried out of the house.

IT was Mr. Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic, in the judgment of one of his flock, who determined to rebuke it. It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects; and one Sabbath Mr. Hill was proceeding with the reading of these requests as usual, when he found himself in the midst of one to the following purport: "Prayers are requested for the Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be more humble and like his Divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage, was content to be borne on an ass." Having read the notice, he lifted the spectacles to his forehead, and looking around the house, observed that it was quite true he had been guilty of the fault alleged; but if the writer would step around to the vestry door after service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to ride home, after his Master's example, on the back of an ass.

WHEN Erskine was made Lord Chancellor, Lady Holland never rested till she prevailed on him to give Sydney Smith the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire. Smith went to thank him for the appointment. "Oh," said Erskine, "don't thank me, Mr. Smith, I gave you the living because Lady Holland insisted on my doing so, and if she had desired me to give it to the devil, he must have had it."

AN eminent and witty prelate was asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his lordship, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig, he drives it first."

WHEN a Scotch minister told his neighbor that he had preached two hours and a half the day before, the neighbor said to him: "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?"—"Aw, na," said he, "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

FATHER ANDRE was a jester by nature, and used his talent in a fashion which is certainly startling to the sober taste of a modern congregation. But if the opinion of those critics who were nearly his contemporaries is to be trusted, he was much more than a mere jester. Some of the best attested show that the little Father's jests must often have been carefully planted home-thrusts to his auditors. Preaching on the casting-out of the devil which was dumb: "Know you, brethren, what a dumb devil is? I will tell you—it is a lawyer at the feet of his confessor. In court, these gentlemen chatter like pies; but at the confessional, devil a word can one draw out of them—*dæmonium mutum*—a dumb devil indeed." Preaching before M. de Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris, he saw the prelate asleep. He called out loudly to the Suisse on duty, "Shut the doors! the shepherd is asleep, the sheep will get out; to whom am I to preach the word of God?" The archbishop was very soon awake, and remained so to the end of the sermon.

THE Rev. Rowland Hill once visited a poor man, of weak intellect, and on conversing with him, said:

"Well, Richard, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"Heaven is a long way off," said the minister, "and the journey is difficult."

"Do you think so? I think heaven is very near."

"Most people think it is a very difficult matter to get to heaven."

"I think heaven is very near," said Richard again, "and the way to it is very short; there are only three steps there."

Mr. Hill replied: "Only three steps!"

Richard repeated: "Yes, only three steps."

"And pray," said the pastor, "what do you consider those three steps to be?"

"Those three steps are: out of self, unto Christ, into glory."

WHEN Bascom was in his prime he attracted immense crowds and held them enchanted for hours. On one occasion a hearer jumped up and down in his seat, sometimes exclaiming: "Oh, I am afraid he will quit!" A peculiarity of Bascom's preaching was, it left no distinct and deep impression of truth; you could not call to mind his propositions or arguments; you felt indeed that a great mind had been at work, that a great truth had been discussed, and that elegant diction, grand figures of speech, and majestic periods had been employed in the description, and that the point aimed at by the speaker had been reached, but how, you could hardly tell. One man being asked what he thought of the orator, said :—"He is an Aurora Borealis." Another said :—"He took my soul out of me, shook it, and put it back without giving me any new idea." A third said :—"The Quaker was right who said to him, 'You shoot too high; set the muzzle of your gun lower, about the fifth button of the waistcoat.'"

"MY dear hearers," said a preacher, discoursing on the awful subject of death, "there's nothing destroys so many lives as death. Some people are killed by accident, and some in battle; some are lost at sea, and some are devoured by wild beasts; but, my hearers, it is a solemn truth that nothing kills so many as death. Ay, death has been at work ever since sin entered the world, and has destroyed millions and millions of the human family."

A PRIVATE letter from Alabama says: —Our minister nearly got himself into a scrape the other day, and whether he is "a bit of a wag," or a very careless fellow, or an "Abolition traitor," is now the topic of discussion with us. At the meeting on fast day he gave out Dr. Watts' hymn commencing:

And are we wretches yet alive,
And do we yet rebel!
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace,
That we are out of hell.

AS Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman, who had lately arrived in this country, and was in search of a brother who had come before him, and settled in some of the diggings in that part of the country.

Pat was a strong man, a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning that Brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his new-made friend to keep him company thither, his destination being a small Methodist meeting-house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons, who was a very small man in stature, invited Brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, etc. After he was seated, he turned round to Brother Ingalls, and in a whisper that could be heard all round, inquired:

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls; "if you speak a word they will put you out."

"Divil a word will I speak at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened by prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman, who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Glory!"

"Hist, ye divil," rejoined he, with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister; "be dacent, and don't make a blockhead of yourself."

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist, ye blackguard! have ye no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to lose his equilibrium.

The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a suppliant manner, said:

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your riverince," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, Brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick sent him into the vestibule of the church.

THE Rev. William Tennant once took much pains to prepare a sermon to convince a celebrated infidel of the truth of Christianity; but in attempting to deliver his labored discourse, he was so confused as to be compelled to stop and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever by the force of his eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. T. had been at other times aided by a divine power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons he had ever delivered.

As a minister and a lawyer were riding together, says the minister to the lawyer:

"Sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do," says the lawyer.

"And what do you do with mistakes?" inquired the minister.

"Why, if large ones I mend them; if small ones I let them go," said the lawyer. "And I pray, sir," continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with mistakes?" said the lawyer.

"Why, sir, I dispose of them in the same manner as you do. Not long since," continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of liars, but made a mistake, and said the father of lawyers. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

SAID Mr. C., a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety:—"I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion. At one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress and a head of exceedingly red hair. In a slip immediately behind the young gentleman sat an urchin, who must have been urged by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive that the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the young man about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod in the fire to heat, and then placing it on his knee, commenced to pound his finger in imitation of a smith making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with anything like mirth."

STERNE, so celebrated as the author of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey," was of Cambridge University—not a strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not liking to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce, powdered young fellow at the fireside, who was speaking of the clergy in a mass as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length toward the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow:

"Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder."

"What disorder is that?" replied the fellow.

"Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black."

"That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?"

"Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy."

A CLERGYMAN, in catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from a catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and in death?"

The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is a young printer named P., in Spruce street."

A YOUNG minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times: "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it a very fine one, and as he had said the "commoutators did not agree with him, he had sent some of his best kidneys."

THE following anecdote, by a clergyman, sets forth in a very pleasant way the folly of reproaching preachers as hirelings merely because they receive temporal support from their congregations. A man may be a hireling whether he receives a salary or not. Love of applause and distinction, as well as of money, may make a man a hireling.

At the meeting of a presbytery, in an eastern State, it fell to the lot of one of the ministers to be quartered with a man belonging to a denomination which does not allow of salaried preachers. He was accosted by his host as follows:

"What is thy name, friend? I mean the name thy parents gave thee."

"John."

"Hast thee any objections that I should call thee by that name?"

"Certainly not; my mother always called me John."

"Well, John, I understand thee belongs to the class of hireling preachers."

"You are greatly mistaken, sir; I do not belong to that class."

"I mean thee is one of those preachers who receive pay for preaching."

"No, sir; I receive nothing for preaching to my people."

"How, then," said the interrogator, evidently surprised and disconcerted, "does thee manage to live?"

"Why, I work for my people six days, and then I preach for them on Sundays for nothing."

A CLERGYMAN was opposed to the use of the violin in church, and his congregation were determined to have one. The next Sunday the parson began the services by saying, in long, drawn accents, "You may f-i-d-d-l-e and s-i-n-g the fortieth psalm."

A CLERGYMAN on Sunday evening, in the course of his address, remarked: "Frequently when I have been describing the inevitable fate of the poor sinner, who persisting in his evil career, at last perishes in everlasting torment, I have been put into a pulpit sweat by some over-zealous brothers vociferating 'Amen'."

AT a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say:

"Let me see, this is the 30th."

"The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, it is only the eleventh!"

HENRY WARD BEECHER asked Park Benjamin, the poet and humorist, why he never came to hear him preach. Benjamin replied, "Why, Beecher, the fact is, I have conscientious scruples against going to places of amusement on Sunday."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S nephew was a clergyman. When he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple he always refused the fee, saying:

"Go your ways, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

A CERTAIN minister had a new-born baby, and all the women folks wanted it to be named "Eliza." To this he objected, because there would always be conundrums made about it, thus: "Why is Mr. M. like the devil? Because he is the father of Lize!"

AN admirer of a distinguished clergyman remarked in his praise, that "President Holley was an excellent preacher—he never put any religion or politics in his sermon."

OLIVER MAILLARD, a cordelier, one of the preachers to Louis XI. of France, was another of those early divines who acted on Horace's maxim, that a jest may sometimes do duty for a sermon. He was as bold, however, as he was humorous, and launched his bitter jests against ladies of high degree, judges on the bench, and even Louis himself, with as much earnestness as point. A courtier told him the king threatened to have him thrown into the Seine. "Tell his majesty," said Maillard, "that even then I shall get to heaven by water, sooner than he will with all his post-horses." The establishment of posts through France was just then the king's favorite project, and Louis was wise enough to laugh and forgive him.

A CLERGYMAN, observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark:

"Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as readily as you are breaking those stones."

The man replied:

"Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

DR. MAGOON, in a lecture on "Mind your own Business," tells the following good one:—A young man went from New York city to the West, where he commenced business on his own account and married. His friends in the city were interested in his welfare, and when a merchant was about to journey to the place where the young man had located, he was requested to visit the emigrant and ascertain how he lived, and what sort of a wife he had chosen, his prospects, etc. Accordingly the New Yorker ascertained the residence of his young friend, and called upon him quite early in the morning. He found him in a small, neat cottage, and just taking his breakfast. The introduction of the New Yorker to his wife was quite offhand and unceremonious, and he was requested to partake of the morning meal. The young wife had prepared the steak, biscuit and coffee with her own hands, and for a table had used her kneading-board, over which a napkin was spread, and the "board" placed on her lap. The New Yorker declined a seat at the table, and took his leave. On making his report to his New York friends as to how he found his young friend living, he described the style as "magnificent!" and for explanation of the superlative, he said that were he the owner of that young man's furniture, he would not take ten thousand dollars for the legs of his table!

A CERTAIN minister had promised a little boy of his that he should accompany him to church on the following Sabbath. The little fellow, although not quite four years old, was still old enough to remember the promise. But when the church time came it happened that he was sound asleep, and his parents went away leaving him in bed. Some time after he awoke, and called to mind the promise given him. He hurried down stairs only to find his father and mother gone. Determined not to be frustrated in this manner, he made his way into the street, and crossing to where the church stood entered the open door. The minister at that moment was beginning his sermon. Fixing his eyes upon his father, the little fellow waddled up the aisle in his night clothes, until directly opposite the pulpit, when he halted, and looking up at him called, "I des you fordot me."

DEAN SWIFT was once travelling through one of the rural parishes, some leagues from London, and introducing himself to the parson as a member of the same profession, was invited to partake of his fraternal hospitalities. The dean consented, and accompanied the parson to his church the next morning. And there the dean had the satisfaction of hearing one of his own sermons preached by an ignorant minister without a word of acknowledgment. When the service was over, the dean asked the preacher how long it took him to write such a sermon. "O," said the minister, "I wrote that sermon in about two hours."—"Did you, indeed?" said the dean in reply. "Why it took me over two months to write that very sermon."

THE Rev. John Newton one day said to a gentleman, who was mourning over the death of a lovely daughter: "Sir, if you were going to the East Indies, I suppose you would send a remittance before you. This little girl is just like a remittance sent to heaven before you go yourself. I suppose a merchant on change is never heard expressing himself thus: 'O my dear ship, I am sorry she has got into port so soon! I am sorry she has escaped the storms that are coming!' Neither should we sorrow for children dying."

"I WAS preaching one evening," writes a clergyman, who relishes a good thing richly, "from the passage in the history of Moses where he, with his two friends, Aaron and Hur, was standing on a hill and beholding the battle between Israel and Amalek. My text was, 'Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands;' and I argued the duty of the people to hold up the hands of their minister, from the example of these good men of old who thus supported Moses. On my way home from church, one of the leading men of my parish joined me, and after expressing his great satisfaction with my discourse, begged leave to suggest one point that I had quite overlooked.

"Ah!" said I, "and what can that be?"

"I mean," he answered, "the powerful argument in favor of female influence."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not perceive that the subject is hinted at. How do you discover it, my dear sir?"

"Why, does it not read," said he, with some surprise, "that 'Aaron and her held up his hands?' I suppose the woman helped as much as the man."

M. IS a flourishing liquor merchant, but when disposing of his surplus funds, always wants to achieve a corresponding benefit. Not long since, a committee called upon him to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman.

"Can't do it, gentlemen," was his reply. "I gave five pounds to the Rev. Mr. P. yesterday."

After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R., and departed with thanks; but one of them happening to return for some purpose a minute afterwards, overheard him giving the following directions to an assistant:

"Draw off five pounds' worth of liquor, and fill up with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P."

A FEW miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there lived a worthy clergyman, a man, however, short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, the Sunday morning saw Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with over pious faces seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking tremulous voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman became confused and turned all sorts of colors. Many in the general uproar left the church; and it was not long before the minister was able to proceed with the sermon so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came—and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of the audience. The text was annouced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, again a little while and ye shall not see me."

In the course of his sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

WHILE a parson was standing at his door in a country village he was accosted by a poor laboring man. The parson told him he made it a rule not to encourage idleness; but if the man would get into his garden and root up the weeds he would pay him for it.

"That's all I wish," said the poor fellow.

"Well then, come along with me, and I'll show you what's to be done."

When they were in, the reverend gentleman agreed to give the man a shilling for his trouble; however, after the job was done, he thought that sixpence would be enough for the time the laborer had been employed. The poor man being half-starved, and wishing to get himself some bread, finding the other would give him no more, agreed to take the sixpence on condition the reverend gentleman would teach him the Lord's prayer, which he consented to do, beginning:

"Our Father—"

"What!" said the laborer, "both our Fathers?"

"Yes, yes; come, say after me—'Our Father—'"

The laborer again asked:

"What, your Father and mine, too?"

"To be sure," replied the parson.

"Well, then," said the laborer, "you must be a confounded rogue to cheat your brother of a sixpence."

THE prayer of the Unitarian preacher of Fitchburg, Mass., runs as follows: "O God, we pray Thee to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation."

A YOUNG lady rather given to gossiping was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning. She consulted a physician on the matter. He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth.

"Well, then, doctor," said she, "if that is the case, I will be sure to let it all out before night hereafter."

A YOUNG man once told Dr. Bethune that he had enlisted in the army of Zion. "In what church?" asked the doctor. "In the Baptist," was the reply. "I should call that joining the navy," was the reply.

A CURATE having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied:

"My lord, I wore a mask."

"Oh, well," returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

A DIGNIFIED clergyman, possessor of a coal mine, respecting which he was likely to have a lawsuit, sent for an attorney in order to have his advice. The lawyer was curious to see a coal pit, and was let down by a rope. Before he was lowered, he said to the parson:

"Doctor, your knowledge is not confined to the surface of the world, but you have likewise penetrated to its inmost recesses. How far may it be from this to hell?"

"I don't know, exactly," answered he, gravely, "but if you let go your hold, you'll be there in a minute."

OLD Rev. Mr. R., the Worcester divine, was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when, after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said:

"My beloved brother, you have been called to part with the best and loveliest of wives—"

Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully saying:

"O no, Brother R., not the best, but about middling—about middling, Brother R."

THE Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards —and a troop they are, worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of table-land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, was up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into line they cried, "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sung out, "I knowed you'd beat, massa! I knowed you'd beat!"

AT a meeting of a parish, a straight-laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had.

DEACON A., while passing through his lot the other day, stooped down to tie his shoe. A pet ram, which the boys had tamed, among other things, was taught to regard the posture as highly offensive. He instantly pitched into the old gentleman's undefended rear, and laid him full length in a mud-hole. Picking himself up, the deacon discovered the cause of his overthrow standing in all the calmness and dignity of a conscious victor. His rage was boundless, and he saluted him with the energetic language:

"You old rascal!"

At that moment he caught a glimpse of the benign face of the "minister," peering through the fence, and he instantly added:

"If I may be allowed the expression."

MR. WILKES was almost as pungent and unsparing in his sarcasms on the errors and frailties of men as Robert Hall; but, blind to his own fault, he once undertook to cast the mote out of his brother's eye. As might have been anticipated, he received a retort from the clerical prince of wits that extinguished all desire for a second interference.

Mr. Wilkes one day, in the presence of several ministers and other religious men, addressed Mr. Hall as follows, immediately after the latter had been indulging in those sarcasms, jokes, and ill-natured remarks at the expense of other men, to which he was so much in the habit of giving utterance:

"Mr. Hall, we all admit that you are a great man; some of us think you are a good man; but I must plainly tell you that there are many persons who doubt your Christianity altogether."

"Why so, sir?" inquired Mr. Hall in his usual impatient and abrupt manner. "Why so, sir? Why should any man doubt my Christianity any more than your Christianity, sir?"

"Because, Mr. Hall," replied Mr. Wilkes, "you are so much in the habit of making acrimonious remarks, and sporting jokes at other people's expense.'

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Hall, "and what if I sometimes do? The only difference between you and me, sir, is, that I speak my nonsense in the parlor, and you speak yours in the pulpit."

Mr. Wilkes, strong as were his nerves, was completely put down, as the phrase is, by the combined wit and severity of the remark. He was heard afterwards to say, that he would never again take upon himself the office of rebuking Mr. Hall for any improprieties of speech of which he might be guilty in his presence.

A CLERGYMAN in Wisconsin one Sunday informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts—the first should be terrible, the second horrible, and the third should be terribly horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, he exclaimed in a startling,agonizing tone:

"What is that I see there?" Still louder, "What is that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black cried out, with a shrill, treble voice:

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he wont bite nobody."

DR. ADAM CLARKE was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland, and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the gospel, and telling them the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, 'without money and without price;' but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in." The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

MR. DODD, having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which prevailed among the more wealthy of his parish, was told by a servant of a nobleman:—"Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dodd replied:—"I should not have offended your lord except that he had been conscious that he offended my Lord, and if your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

ONE evening, in a rather crowded place, a minister was preaching very finely and flourishingly to little purpose from the "white horse," and the "red horse," and the "black horse," and the "pale horse," in the Revelation. Robert Hall, who was present, sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed he pushed out toward the door, saying, "Let me out of this horse fair."

A GENIUS of the Icarian school asked permission of Bishop Doane to fly from the top of the church spire in Burlington. The bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as temporal safety, told him "he was welcome to fly to the church, but he would encourage no man to fly from it."

A CLERGYMAN going to a miserly old lady to beg for a worthy object, found himself refused on the ground of poverty. Feigning himself much interested in her story, he expressed great surprise thereat, and said:—"I had not thought you in such want;" and then, taking out some money, he said, "here is something that will do for the present purpose; when I call again I will bring you more." The old lady was so enraged that she gave him a good round sum to show him that she did not mean she was a pauper.

"PATRICK," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?"—"Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your riverince for the whole stack; for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

AN Irish priest, wishing to explain the nature of a miracle to a sceptical parishioner, gave the wretch a tremendous kick.

"Did it hurt ye?" asked the reverend father.

"Hurt?" exclaimed the victim, tenderly solacing the aggrieved region with his hand.

"Well, then," said the clergyman complacently, "it would have been a miracle if it hadn't hurt ye."

A GREAT Methodist orator, in Dublin, once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterward, remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he "had better hereafter let other people's wives alone."

A CHILD once asked a minister: "Do you think my father will go to heaven?"—"Yes," was the reply. "Well," returned the child, "if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long."

DR. WILLIAMSON, Vicar of Moulton, in Lincolnshire, had a quarrel with one of his parishioners of the name of Hardy, who showed some resentment, and exhibited much unreasonable obstinacy. On the succeeding Sunday the doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with much emphasis, and with a significant look at Mr. Hardy: "There is no fool like the fool—Hardy."

OLD Parson B., who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns in the State of ——, was, without any exception, a most eccentric divine. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulpit as out of it. Here is an instance:

Among the church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practised so long that after a while it became a matter of course, and no one save the divine seemed to take any notice of it. And he at length told brother P. that such a thing must be needless, but P. said at that hour his family needed him at home, and he must do it, nevertheless. On leaving church he always took a round about course, which, by some mysterious means, always brought him in close proximity to the village tavern, which he would enter, and "thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. learned from some source that P.'s object in leaving church was to have a "dram," and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath brother P. left his seat at the same time, and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed:

"Brother P."

P., on being addressed, stopped short, and gazed toward the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time; as I passed the tavern this morning I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot until church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

A GENTLEMAN and his wife, one Sabbath morning, going to church in Glasgow, Scotland, met a friend, who spoke to them and inquired where they were going. They said, to hear Dr. Chalmers. He said, What! To hear that madman? They replied, if he would agree to go with them and hear Dr. Chalmers for once, and if, after that, he persisted in talking in such a manner of him, they would never dispute the matter with him again. He accompanied them, and, singular to relate, it happened that when Dr. Chalmers entered the pulpit that day, he gave out the text, "I am not mad most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness," and the gentleman, who was a medical man, became from that day a changed man, and a convert to evangelical Christianity. Dr. Webb knew this to be perfectly authentic, and he knew who the party was.

"THERE is but one good wife in this town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon—the congregation looked expectant—"and every married man thinks he's got her," added the minister.

IN an interior town of Pennsylvania, attached to the Presbyterian body, was a distinguished clergyman, whose nervousness revolted at monotonous interruptions in the service. On several successive Sabbaths his attention had been attracted to a young man, in the fulness of pride at the possession of a showy gold watch establishment, deliberately drawing it forth in ostentatious prominence to ascertain the hour. This display mettled the divine, who determined to end it. On the last day of its exposure the preacher was dilating to a rapt audience on the great theme of Eternity, and his own feelings and imaginations were lending great eloquence to a gifted tongue, when, to the horror of the preacher, out came the glittering bauble. Fired to abrupt reproof at this stolidity and disrespect, without a pause long enough to attract general attention to the digression, he exclaimed, looking full at the offender:—"Put up your watch, young man; we are speaking of eternity—not of time!"

THE following story is told of a Rev. Dr. Morse. At an association dinner a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping in bringing up children. The doctor took the affirmative, and his chief opponent was a young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by unjust punishment, from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me was for telling the truth."

"Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

AN Irish news-carrier, says The Builder, who sometimes courts the Muses, has given his idea of the church-building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

They put up a front to the street,
Like ould Westminster Abbey;
But thin they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby.

HALF a century ago, the pious, but sometimes facetious Dr. Pond, dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A., in the State of "Steady Habits." The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation approved; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people.

He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's, and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend to her the usual "How-d'ye-do?" she began:

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle. A fiddle! Oh dear! what is the world coming to when ministers will do such things!"

"Who told you I had bought Enoch a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me! Why, everyboody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But aint it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"A violin! what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch," said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command; but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the lady exclaimed:

"La! now, there; why, it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait until you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played the Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified. It looked like a fiddle; but, then, who had ever heard the Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La me! just to think how people will lie!"

PREACHING politics has become so common in these days, that the following brief conversation has a pretty sharp point to it:

Passenger. "Well, Mr. Conductor, what news in the political world?"

Conductor. "Don't know, sir; I haven't been to church for the last two Sundays."

A CLERGYMAN and a barber quarrelling, the former said:

"You have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave."

"Then," said the barber, "you will bury me like a knave."

A STORY is told of a clergyman who, one summer, visited the market early in the morning. While there, his attention was called to some very fine strawberries. He wished very much to purchase some, but it being so very early on Monday morning, it occurred to him that they must have been picked on Sunday; and, of course, he could not purchase or use anything which had been procured under such circumstances. He inquired of the farmer, "Mr. Smith, were these berries picked on Sunday?" Mr. Smith, with a sly twinkle of his eye, replied:—"No, doctor, they were picked this morning, but they grew on Sunday."

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman lately preached a sermon on "faith," in which he took the ground that it was the source of all power and achievement, and more trustworthy than any physical or material advantage. While he was going home, after church, one of his congregation, accosting him, said that he was expecting to be assaulted by a bully whom he had offended, and good-humoredly inquired if he should trust to faith or muscle in the impending contest. "To faith! by all means to faith!" earnestly responded the preacher; "but," he instantly added, and with a gesture suited to the occasion, "you must show your faith by your works!"

THE Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia. He was cross-eyed and wiry made, and very dark skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable, and occasionally extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, Rev. Mr. R., a prominent pastor, in a visit to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and, of course, Clawson was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then, pressing through the crowd, he found brother R.; and, sitting down beside him, he threw his arms around his neck, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said:

"Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

"Well, well," said brother R., "you come so near it that you needn't cry about it."

DR. ADAM CLARKE, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at dinner where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said:—"O Lord, if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless the pig."

WHEN Rowland Hill at one time was in Scotland, he was introduced to an aged minister, somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said:—"Weel, I have been looking for some teem at the leens of your face."—"And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, I am thinking that if the grace of God had not changed your heart, you would be a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said:—"Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."

A POPULAR speaker on a clerical occasion was particularly eloquent. The Drawer says:

At length he came to speak of the burning of Servetus at Geneva. After depicting the horrible details in a manner terribly graphic, and laying the whole blame on John Calvin, whom he declared to be the chief instigator of the atrocity, he turned to the clerical *posse* behind him, exclaiming, in the most deprecatory and confidential tone:—"Gentlemen, I wish to God some pope had done that, and not the head of our church!"

"IF I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied:—"You think differently from your father."

WHEN Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his majesty was astonished to find, one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the king. "I caused it to be given out, sire," returned Fenelon, "that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

WE apprehend a great many sermons, written as well as extempore, are made long because their authors are too lazy to condense their matter and make them short. There was once a clergyman in New Hampshire noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that parson B., remarkable for his laziness, writes such interminable sermons?"—"Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

THE Rev. Mr. Peters, of Tennessee, was preaching, and having a large gift of continuance, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the middle of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said: "Brethren, that young man has just as good a right to go out as any of you." It is needless to say that he was the last deserter.

At another time while Mr. Peters was preaching a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused and said:

"I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out."

The fellow very coolly took his seat and said:

"Then it will be some time before you get through."

The preacher, however, was up to him, and remarking, "A bad promise is better broken than kept," went on with his sermon.

THE following is attributed to the celebrated Rowland Hill: Two strangers passing the church where he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door the preacher said:

"But I will tell you a story. Once there was a man," said the speaker, "who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the gospel, and stop to hear a story."

The strangers thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street.

A LOCAL minister in England, who was distinguished for disinterested labor and ready wit, devoted several years of the last part of his life to gratuitous labor in a new cause in a populous town about three miles from his residence, to which place he walked every Lord's day morning, preached three times, and then walked home. On one Lord's day morning, as he walked along, meditating on his sermons for the day, he met the parish priest.

"Well," said his reverence, "I suppose you are on your way to your preaching again?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply of the humble minister.

"It is high time government took up this subject and put a stop to this travelling preaching."

"They will have rather hard work, sir," replied the imperturbable minister.

"I am not so very sure of that," rejoined the priest, "at any rate, I will see whether I cannot stop you myself."

"I judge," said the worthy man, "you will find it more difficult than you suppose. Indeed there is but one way to stop my preaching, but there are three ways to stop yours."

"What, fellow, do you mean by that?" asked his reverence, in a towering passion.

"Why, sir," replied the little preacher, with the most provoking coolness, "Why, sir, there is but one way of stopping my preaching, that is, to cut my tongue out. But there are three ways to stop yours; for take your book from you and you can't preach; take your gown from you and you dare not preach; and take your pay from you and you won't preach."

The priest vanished.

A WESTERN preacher, after stating that tea, coffee, sugar, spices, pickles, preserves, milk, meal, snuff and tobacco were adulterated, stretched himself up to his height, and with great emphasis, exclaimed:

"Who will dare to deny the fact that this is a wicked and adulterous generation?"

SMALL wits, who seek to make themselves merry at the expense of the clergy, are sometimes well come up with, as in the case of the merchant's travelling clerk in a rail-car with a clerical gentleman, who had given him no occasion to be impertinent. But the conceited youngster thought to show his wit by asking:

"Does your reverence know the difference between a priest and an ass?"

"No, I do not," returned the priest.

"Why," said the young man, "one carries a cross on his breast, and the other a cross on his back."

"And now," said the priest, "do you know the difference between a conceited young man and an ass?"

"No, I do not, I am sure," said the youth.

"Nor I either," said the priest; and the applause of the passengers sealed the retort and rebuke.

THE Rev. Dr. Bishop, late President of the University of Oxford, Ohio, was once preaching in a little schoolhouse not far from the college on a bitter cold day. A man who was much the worse for liquor opened the door several times and looked in, but did not enter. The doctor's attention was at length attracted, and in his Scotch-Irish way he called out to him, "Come in, mon; come in, and hear the gospel." The invitation was accepted, and the man took a seat by the stove. The heat fired up the liquor with which he was soaked, and he soon gave such signs of drunken sickness that the doctor, thinking his gospel was doing no good, cried:—"Turn him out! turn him out!" The poor fellow was put to the door, but waked up just enough to sputter out as he went:—"Such preaching as that is enough to make a dog sick."

AN Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Och! no, your riverince, it was the meetin' of the devil I was afeard uv," replied Pat.

AN old clergyman who had an old tailor as his beadle for many years, returning from a walk, in which the "minister's man" was in the constant habit of attending him, thus addressed his fellow-traveller:—"Thomas, I cannot tell how it is that our congregation should be getting thinner and thinner; for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did, and must have gained a great deal of experience since I first came among you."—"Indeed, sir," replied Thomas, "old parsons, now-a-days, are just like old tailors. I am sure I sew as well as ever I did, and the cloth is the same; but it's the cut, sir—the new cut—that beats me."

A ROMAN ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A cardinal, having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest, saying to him that he had an important question to propose. He asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptize in soup?"—"I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no!—if you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your excellency's soup, I say yes! for there is, really, no difference between it and water!"

A CLERGYMAN, while engaged in catechizing a number of boys in a class, asked one of them for a definition of matrimony. The reply was:

"A place of punishment where some souls suffer for a time before they can go to heaven."

"Good boy," said the clergyman, "take your seat."

AN anecdote is told of a certain minister, who changed all at once from being loud and boisterous in his discourses, to a long and earnest modulation of voice. When asked by one of his congregation the cause, he said, "Oh, when I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed people; but as I grew older, I found it was the lightning. So I resolved to thunder less and lighten more, in the future."

THE following pleasing anecdote is related of the celebrated travelling preacher, George Whitefield:

In the early part of his life, Mr. Whitefield was preaching in an open field, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat his drum in a violent manner in order to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitefield, who spoke very loud, bore it as long as he could, but was compelled at last to beat a retreat. He therefore called to the drummer in these words: "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings: you beat up for volunteers for King George, I for the Lord Jesus. In God's name, then, let us not interrupt each other, the world is wide enough for both, and we may get recruits in abundance." This speech had such an effect on the drummer, that he went away in great good humor, and left the preacher in full possession of the field.

A REVEREND doctor of Georgia had rather a slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the lunatic asylum. He was preaching and illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung, and reprieved under the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence, the doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer: he arose in the congregation and shouted:—"Hurry, doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry! They'll hang the man before you get there."

THE Rev. A. S. Laurie had occasion to exchange pulpits with the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York. Many members of Mr. Chapin's congregation have an idea that nobody else can preach a sermon as well as their pastor, and when they enter their church and find a stranger occupying his place, they are apt to turn and go out. So it happened on this occasion that not a few persons departed, and others were on the point of doing so, when Mr. Laurie arose, book in hand, and gravely remarked, "All those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin have now an opportunity to retire; but those who came to worship God, will please unite in singing the hundredth psalm."

AT a meeting of a certain minister's supporters, in behalf of the building of a new chapel, the list of contributors being read over, there appeared successively the names of "Duke, Knight, and King," the latter down for five shillings. "Dear me!" exclaimed the preacher, "we have got into grand company—a duke, a knight, and a king, too!—and the king has actually given his crown! What a liberal monarch!" Directly after a "Mr. Pig" was called out as having given a guinea. "That," said the clerical punster, "is a guinea pig."

A YOUNG clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his old Dutch brethren. The old fellow was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening, when, to his being a little near-sighted, was added the dim light of a country church. After cleaning his throat and adjusting his spectacles, he commenced giving out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology:

The light ish bad, mine eyes ish dim,
I sceerce can see to read dish hymn.

The clerk, supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of a common metre. The old fellow taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:

I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,
I only meant mine eyes ish dim.

The clerk, still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.

The old man at this waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

I dink the debil's in you all,
Vot wash no hymn to sing at all.

A RENOWNED clergyman preached rather a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said:—"That is right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

THERE are practices tolerated in religious congregations which Christians, who are jealous for the honor of their Master's house, should utterly condemn. Decorum is the handmaid of devotional feelings, and for this reason the house of God should never be disturbed by the slightest approach of irreverence. "It is a part of my religion," said a pious old lady, when asked why she went early to church—"It is a part of my religion not to interrupt the religion of others." A gross abuse of religious decorum sometimes needs harsh medicine as a remedy. We give that adopted by Henry Clay Dean, who was at one time chaplain of Congress. The anecdote is from the Pacific Methodist:

Being worried, one afternoon, by the turning practice in his congregation, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon, and said:

"Now you listen to me, and I will tell you who the people are as each of them comes in."

He then went on with his discourse, and until a gentleman entered, when he bawled out like an usher, "Deacon A., who keeps the shop over the way," and then went on with his sermon.

Presently another man passed up the aisle, and he gave his name, residence and occupation; so he continued for some time.

At length some one entered the door who wasn't known to Mr. Dean, when he cried out:—"A little old man, with drab coat and an old white hat; don't you know him?—look for yourselves."

The congregation was cured.

BEFORE the bitter controversy between the old Armenian and Calvinistic clergy, they used to meet in a friendly way to criticise each other's sermons. It fell to the lot of Dr. Dunbar to preach before the association. He felt moved to be very positive, and make a very distinct enunciation of Calvinism. With each of the five points he would bring down his fist upon the desk, with the exclamation, "This is the gospel!" First, total depravity was depicted, with the emphatic endorsement, "This is the gospel!" Then election and reprobation, then irresistible grace, then effectual calling, and so to the end, and under each a tremendous sledge-blow on the pulpit, with "This is the gospel!" After service, the ministers met, and each in turn was asked by the moderator to give his views of the sermon. Dr. Gray had a sly, genial humor, which diffused good nature through the clerical body he belonged to, and kept out of it the theological odium. His turn came to criticise the sermon, and he delivered himself in this way:—"The sermon reminded me of the earliest efforts at painting. When the art was in its infancy, and the first rude drawings were made, they wrote the name of the animal under the figure which was drawn, so that people could be sure to identify it. Under one rude figure you would see written, 'This is a horse,' under another, 'This is an ox,' and so on. When the art is perfected a little, this becomes unnecessary, and the animal is recognized without the underscript. I am greatly obliged to my brother Dunbar in this infancy of the art, that he helped me in this way to identify the gospel. As I followed him through the five figures which he sketched for us, I must confess that, unless he had written under each one of them in large letters, 'This is the gospel,' I never should have known it."

A CLERGYMAN of Concord, N. H., met a little boy of his acquaintance on the cars, and said to him:

"This is quite a stormy day, my son."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "this is quite a wet rain."

The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of other than wet rain.

"I never knew personally of any other," said the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a wet rain."

WHEN Rev. Mr. Hill was returning from Ireland, he found himself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate; then the mate swore at the captain; then they both swore at the winds. Hr. Hill called to them for "fair play."

"Stop, stop," said he, "let us have fair play, gentlemen, it is my turn now."

"At what is it your turn?" quickly asked the captain.

"At swearing," replied Mr. Hill.

Well, they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted, and they wished Mr. Hill to make haste and take his turn. He told them, however, that he had a right to take his own time, and swear at his own convenience. The captain replied, with a laugh:

"Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn."

"Pardon me, captain," answered Mr. Hill, "I shall do so as soon as I can find the good of doing it." Mr. Hill did not hear another oath on the entire voyage.

AN Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied:

"O, me preach."

"Preach!" said a bystander; "do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me get a shillin', sometimes two shillin'."

"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"O yes, but it's mighty poor preachin'."

COLLINS, the free-thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir."—"What to do there?"—"To worship God."—"Pray, tell whether your God is a great God or a little God."—"He is both, sir."—"How can he be both?"—"He is so great, sir, that the heavens cannot contain him; and so little that he can dwell in my heart."

Collins declared that this simple answer from the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

WE heard a Methodist preacher once "go on" in this way:

"As I was riding along once, on one of those beautiful western prairies, with my dear old wife, who has gone to heaven in a buggy."

MANY contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical, according to the explanation given of metaphysics by the Scotchman who said:

"Metaphysics is when twa men are talking thegither, and ane of them disna ken what he is talking aboot, and the ither canna understand him."

Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said:

"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract, called, 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," exclaimed Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract; I published it myself!"

"BRETHREN," said a staid and learned oracle of the pulpit—"My dear brethren, there is a great deal to be did, and it is time we were up and didding on't."

IT is told of John Wesley that when he saw some of his hearers asleep, he stopped in his discourse and shouted, "Fire! fire!" The people were alarmed, and some one cried out, "Where, sir? where?" To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, "In hell, for those who sleep under the preaching of the word."

ON the first introduction of Tractarianism into Scotland, the full choral service had been established in an Episcopal church, where a noble family had adopted those views, and carried them out regardless of expense. The lady who had been instrumental in getting up these musical services, was very anxious that a female servant of the family—a Presbyterian of the Old School—should have an opportunity of hearing them; accordingly, she very kindly took her down to church in the carriage, and on returning, asked her what she thought of the music, etc.

"Ou, it's varra bonny, varra bonny; but, O, my lady, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath."

The good woman could only look upon the whole thing as a musical performance.

REV. MR. FIELD, who lived in Vermont, went to deposit his vote. The officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposition politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ and his kingdom were not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

SEVERAL years ago there lived in Kentucky an eccentric specimen of humanity, a Methodist preacher, named George Hall. In a suit of buckskin leather, which had become glossy from long use, he once visited Louisville, and in his wanderings through the city entered one day the Catholic Cathedral during the celebration of mass. While looking at the various paintings on the walls he came to a picture of the Crucifixion. This attracted his attention at once, and, unconscious of outward objects, he was soon lost in contemplation of the wondrous event, till at length he gave vent to his feelings by a loud and sudden exclamation of "Whew."

The officiating priest looked quickly round, surprised at the interruption of the solemn service, but seeing nothing, proceeded. Mr. Hall still gazed at the picture, and once more, moved by the mighty thoughts within, cried, in a louder voice, "Whew!"

"Who's that?" said the astonished priest; and was instantly answered,

"I, George Hall, praising the Lord."

The priest, indignant at his presumption, cried out:

"You, George Hall, go out of this house if you want to praise the Lord."

Hall immediately answered:

"You're right. All that want to praise the Lord, come out of this house."

A REVEREND gentleman, in the course of a lecture, told the following story as a hit at that kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a very fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to the bedpost. Then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the "document," and with the words—"O Lord! them's my sentiments!"—blew out the light, and nestled amid the blankets.

A YOUNG man, on the eve of going to Australia, heard his father preach from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" On his return, after a long absence, he went on the first Sunday, as was proper, to his father's church, when the old gentleman read out the same text, "Adam, where art thou?"—"Mother," said the son, who was something of a wag, "has father not found Adam yet?"

A SCOTCH minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him sick. "Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea myself." So putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?"—"What ither way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I say, minister."—"It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it."

A SCOTCH parson in the Rump time said in his prayer, "Laird bless the grand council, the parliament, and grant that they may all hang together." A country fellow said "Amen" very loudly, adding, "I'm sure it's the prayer of all good people."—"Friends," said the minister, "I don't mean as that fellow means. My prayer is that they may all hang together in accord and concord."—"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so that it be but a strong one."

WE have heard of a dyspeptic clergyman at the South, who, after a long confinement, concluded to try an experiment of preaching once more; and he accordingly delivered three discourses in one day, of an hour each. Upon his return to the house, he told his negro servant that he felt much better for preaching. The servant replied, "I thought you would, massa, to get so much trash off your stomach."

A MINISTER travelling through the West in a missionary capacity, several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called; in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine. if people would only live up to it."

A COUNTRY apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, with a hope of disconcerting a young clergyman whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the hearing of a large company, "Why the patriarchs of old lived to such an extreme age?" To which the clergyman replied, "I suppose the ancient patriarchs took no physic."

THE celebrated Mr. Shepherd, when on his death-bed, said to some young ministers who had come to see him:—"Your work is great, and calls for great seriousness." With respect to himself he told these three things: First, that the studying of his sermons frequently cost him tears. Secondly, before he preached any sermon to others, he got good by it himself. And, Thirdly, that he always went to the pulpit as if he were immediately after to render an account to his Master.

A GENTLEMAN on a stage-coach passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied:

"It is the Unitarian church."

"Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?"

"I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the opposition line."

DR. SOUTH began a sermon on this text:—"The wages of sin is death," as follows: "Poor wages, indeed, that a man can't live by."

A HOMELY illustration by a colored preacher of Philadelphia, struck us as being both good and characteristic:

"My bred'ren, de liberal man w'at gib away his prop'aty aint gwina to hebben for *dat*, no more dan some of you wicked sinners. Charity aint no good widout righteousness. It is like beefsteak widout gravy; dat is to say, no good, no how."

AN itinerant minister was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was much annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience being at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in!"

A LADY once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud.

"Madam," said the minister, "when you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

DR. BARNES being inclined to sleep a little during a dull, prosy sermon, a friend who was with him joked him on his having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted on his having been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?"—"Yes, I can," he answered; "it was about an hour too long!"

ARCHDEACON FISHER was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having once preached an old sermon, which he was not aware that Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable; "I always did like that sermon."

A WOULD-BE poet thus criticises some church-going people:

Attend your church, the parson cries,
To church each fair one goes;
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.

"OH, Mr. Hill," said one of the Rev. Mr. Rowland's hearers, "how is it you say so many out of the way things in your sermons?"—"Because," said the eccentric divine, "you are such out of the way sinners."

AT a public dinner three clergymen stood up at the same moment to say grace. Sydney Smith, who was present, called them the Three Graces.

A CLERGYMAN, who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence to be:—"And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife." Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read:—"And she was pitched without and within." He had, unhappily, got into a description of Noah's Ark.

AT a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text—"Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, Adam preached from these words, "Lo, here am I."

"MY friends," said a returned missionary at an anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb that 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you cannot get the crook out of it.' Now a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace!"

POOR Spintext, who was not much of a pulpit orator, came into the chapel one day drenched with rain, and said to a brother who stood by, as he shook and brushed and wiped his clothes:—"I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet."—"O no, you won't," was the reply, "you are always dry enough there."

A CLERGYMAN who had, in the lottery of matrimony, drawn a share that proved to him worse than a blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated by his own feelings and experience, rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book and began:

"Man that is born of a woman has but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," etc., repeating a part of the burial service.

The astonished bridegroom exclaimed: "Sir, sir, you mistake! We are here to be married, not buried."

"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist upon it, I am obliged to marry you; but, believe me, my friends, you had better be buried."

THE Rev. Dr. Mason stopped to read a theatrical placard which attracted his attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him:

"Good morning, sir. Do ministers of the gospel read such things?"

"Why not, sir?" said the doctor; "ministers of the gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

A METHODIST preacher South, during his prayer, preliminary to preaching, while full of zeal, used the following expression :—"O Lord, we pray thee to curtail the devil's power in this place!" An old negro who was always ready for a response, leaped upon his feet and exclaimed, "Amen! dat right. Lord, cut his tail smack and smoov off."

A METHODIST minister in the West, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his monthly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money," replied the steward, "you preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied: "Souls! I can't eat souls; and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

LOUIS XIV. said one day to Massillon, after hearing him preach at Versailles :—"Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel; I have been highly pleased with them; but for you, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself, for I see more of my own character." This has been considered the finest encomium ever bestowed upon a preacher.

A YOUNG minister once, in a sermon addressed to a fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance as seen in their dresses, ribbons, ruffles, jewelry, etc. In the evening, talking with the older minister, for whom he had preached: "Father D.," said he, "why do you not preach against the pride and vanity of this people for dressing so extravagantly?"

"Ah! my son," said Father D., "while you are trimming off the top and branches of the tree, I am endeavoring to cut it up by the roots, and then the whole top dies of itself."

HENRY WARD BEECHER once denounced the practice of working railroad conductors and drivers on Sunday. In his peculiar way he made inquiries of a Brooklyn street-conductor, to whom he was unknown, as to whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up.

"I think it might be," said the conductor, "but for that sanctimonious hypocrite, Beecher. So many of the fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road more profitable on Sunday than any other day in the week. If he would only shut up, the thing could be done."

THE bishop presiding at a conference was the victim of heart-disease. Over his head the sword of Damocles hung ever suspended by a hair, the death's head was never absent from his banquet, and the dread of sudden death had discolored all his ideas of life. He was the morbid and sworn foe to everything like gaiety, and while not sour or sullen, yet his piety was weighty and lugubrious. It may well be imagined that such a chairman had trouble to keep in order a man like Peter Cartwright, with whom humor and drollery were as natural as to breathe. Brother Cartwright had the floor one day, and, by his irresistible fun, set the conference in a roar. "Stop, brother Cartwright," said the bishop, "I cannot allow such sin to be committed among Methodist preachers when I have the charge of them. I read in the Bible be angry and sin not, but I nowhere see laugh and sin not. Let us bow down and confess our offence. Brother Cartwright, lead in prayer." The backwoods preacher kneeled and repeated the Lord's prayer, and then, rising, said :—"Look here, Mr. Bishop, when I dig potatoes, I dig potatoes; when I hoe corn, I hoe corn; when I pray, I pray; and when I attend to business, I want to attend to business—I wish you did, too, and I don't want you to take such snap judgment on me again."

"Brother," said the bishop, in a monitory tone, "do you think you are growing in grace?"—"Yes, bishop, I think I am—in spots." It is hardly necessary to add, that the bishop gave him up as incorrigible.

A CLERGYMAN in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said a thing that was not true, they ought to whistle. One Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes; and, being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days, they were as big as the hills in Scotland! He had scarcely pronounced the words when he heard a loud whistle. "What's that," said he, "who calls me a liar?"—"It is I, Willy McDonald, the baker."—"Weel, Willy, what objection ha' ye to what I told ye?"—"None, Master John; only I wanted to know what sort of oven they had to bake those loaves in?"

JOHN WILKES was once asked by a Roman Catholic gentleman, in a warm dispute on religion, "Where was your church before Luther?"—"Did you wash your face this morning?" inquired the facetious alderman. "I did, sir."—"Then, pray, where was your face before it was washed?"

A SCOTCH minister went to visit a friend who was dangerously ill. After sitting with the invalid for some time, he left him to take some rest, and went below. He had been reading in the library some little time, when, on looking up, he saw the sick man standing at the door. "God bless me!" he cried, starting up, "how can you be so imprudent?" The figure disappeared; and, hastening up stairs, he found his friend had expired.

A CLERGYMAN who found it impossible to provide for himself and family out of his very slender income, wrote to his friend thus:

"I must give up my living to save my life."

ALTHOUGH this world is a "thorny waste," it seems some good men are not in a hurry to leave it. The Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, Longside, while passing along a street in a village, was met by an old woman who was in the habit of begging. As was her practice, she made a great solicitation for a half-penny. On feeling his pocket, Mr. Skinner discovered that he had not a half-penny, but was possessed of a penny piece, which he handed to her. The sum being double what was expected, so excited her gratitude that she exclaimed:—"Lord bless you, sir, and may much good attend your family through life. As for yourself, may God take you to your resting place this very night."—"Thank you, madam, for your good wishes," said Mr. Skinner, "but you need not have been so very particular about the time."

"I REMEMBER," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' "—"Why," said she, "if I had only told him nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

REV. DANIEL ISAAC was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ah, there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day enjoying his pipe, "at your idol again."—"Yes, my dear madam," he replied, "I hope you do not find fault with me, for I ought to be commended, as you see I'm burning it."

THE Rev. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the prosy nature of some sermons, said: "They are written as if sin were to be taken out of man, like Eve out of Adam—by putting him to sleep."

WILLIAM A. ALCOTT gives an account, in the N. Y. Tribune, of a young lady who was cured of a chronic disease by the prayers of a clergyman. She had somehow got the notion that prayer of faith might save the sick now as well as in former times, and made up her mind that if a certain good minister of her acquaintance would visit her room and pray, she would get well. The clergyman concluded to try it as an experiment in mental philosophy. The first prayer did the girl a great deal of good, and the second one brought her to her feet, and she soon recovered. She thinks the prayers did it, but the minister is confident it was the effect of her confidence, and another instance of the influence of the mind over the body.

THE Baltimore Christian Advocate relates the following of a New York minister, who desired to make a sensation in preaching on the crucifixion:

He instructed the sexton, when he got

to that part of the discourse where he describes the darkness overspreading the heavens, to draw down the gas, giving light only enough to make the darkness visible. The sexton, however, put the gas out altogether, which so confounded the preacher that he was unable to proceed. Some of the trustees of the church hurried to the sexton in the lobby, and inquired what was the matter. Greatly to his chagrin and mortification, as well as that of the preacher, he was obliged to explain.

WHEN a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

REV. THOMAS WHITTIMORE tells a story of his having attended church to hear an eminent divine, and the subject of the morning discourse was, "Ye are children of the devil." He attended the same church in the afternoon, when the text was, "Children, obey your parents."

JOHN WESLEY, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox populi vox Dei* against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said, "I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God."—"Yes," she replied mildly, "it cried, 'Crucify him, crucify him!'" A more admirable answer was perhaps never given.

THE Bishop of Carlisle, who thinks that every boy and girl should learn to repeat the Thirty-nine Articles as well as the catechism, once asked a youthful scholar if he had read the Thirty-nine Articles.

"No," said the boy, "but I have read the Forty Thieves."

"You may sit down," said the bishop.

"YOU must admit, doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated Doctor of Divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes"—"You must admit that woman was created before man."—"Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case."—"That can be easily done, sir," she naïvely replied. "Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

AN American minister of fine descriptive power, was on one occasion preaching about heaven, and to show the absurdity of Emanuel Swedenborg on the subject, drew a graphic picture of the Swedenborg heaven, with its beautiful fields, fine houses, cows, and pretty women; and in the midst of his glowing description, a good old sister, carried away with the scene, went into raptures, and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!" The preacher was so disconcerted that he paused, seeming hardly to know what next to do, till the presiding elder, in the stand behind him, cried out to the shouter, "Hold on, there, sister, you are shouting over the wrong heaven."

IT was once the custom for the preachers at the Chapel Royal to write out the text and send it to the royal pew before the beginning of service. When Dr. Delany preached before George II., he was not aware of this custom; and when an official kept coming to him during the prayers, and whispering in his ear, "There is no text," the doctor could only conclude that the poor man was bereft of his senses.

"I have a text," audibly whispered the doctor: yet again and again the official glided to his side, and distinctly uttered the mysterious words, "There is no text." The repetition of this threw the doctor into a state of extreme nervousness: but at the end of the prayers, he was followed into the vestry by one of the clergy, who explained to him the sin of omission of which he had been guilty, and that he must at once write out his text and send it up to the king. The doctor could neither find a piece of paper nor steady his hand to write; but his wife came to his rescue; and on the cover of a letter she wrote the words of the text, and sent it to the royal pew. After all, Dr. Delany's nerves were not severely tried. What would he have done had he been placed in a situation similar to that of the German divine who had applied to Frederic the Great for a vacant chaplaincy? The king told him that he would test his qualifications for the office by hearing him preach at the Royal Chapel an extempore sermon, for which he himself would supply the text. On the following Sunday the king and his court were assembled in the Royal Chapel; and when the preacher had ascended the pulpit, an aid-de-camp advanced and handed him a sealed packet. He opened it and took therefrom the paper on which he expected to find his text. The paper was blank. In this critical condition his presence of mind did not forsake him; for, turning the paper on both sides and exhibiting it to the congregation, he said:

"My friends, here is nothing, and there is nothing, and out of nothing God created all things." And then he gave them so admirable an address on the wonders of creation, that the king at once appointed him to the vacant chaplaincy.

ONE of Bishop Blomfield's latest bon mots was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition."

BROWN, of Grace Church, was undoubtedly one of the most important men in New York, and literally one of the greatest. Among other qualities, he added to his sterner duties the ornamentation of wit—a wit, by the way, that had a sort of ecclesiastical architecture about it. As an illustration, we would mention that Miss ——, of Boston, a great belle, by the way, as all fashionables are in duty bound, visited Grace Church. As she stepped from the carriage into the porch, she exclaimed:

"Oh, la! what a dark, dingy-looking hole this is."

Brown, who was immediately in attendance, promptly replied:

"Madam, the entrance of the church may be dark, but when you get inside you will find the light of the gospel."

PARSON GREEN was in the habit sometimes of drawing upon a box of sermons bequeathed him by his father, who was also a minister, and upon one occasion got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the state prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised them with the information, that "had it not been for the clemency of the governor, every one of them would have been hung a long time ago."

IN some parish churches it is the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said:

"Your reverence, the noise is not among us."

"So much the better," answered the priest, "it will be the sooner over."

ONE of the best double puns we have ever heard was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann.

"How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend.

"They appeared both *annie-mated* and *bennie-fited*," was the reply.

A CELEBRATED Scotch divine said:—"The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been supreme; and that supreme, which always was and is supreme, we know by the name of God."

THE Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who had recently died. A young lady immediately asked, "O, sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied:—"There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first."—"Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'how did she die?'"—"How did she live?" he replied.

A LINK-BOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light.

"No, child," said the doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world."

"I wish, then," said the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

AN old clergyman—more distinguished for his piety than for the elegance of his oratorical delivery—once read aloud from his pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line:

Life's like a shadow, how it flies.

But, pausing in the middle of the word "shadow," to take breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read:

Life's like a shad—oh, how it flies.

A VERY pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but, if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

THE Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following:

We have a Methodist preacher here who is a jolly wag. A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to his church, and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell.

"And you are going to that degenerate place, New Orleans, are you?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't expect to be influenced by an extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man with considerable earnestness.

"Well, I am glad to see you so confident, I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?"

"No, not particularly."

"Well, I do; you'll find wanton women in guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll find gay company, and night brawling, and gambling, and dissipation, and running after the lusts of the old man Adam."

"Still, sir, I hope to combat them all successfully."

"I hope you will, my dear Christian brother," was the reply. "I hope you will. And let me give you this much for your consolation in case you should fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin, and the greater the temptation the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to heaven by the way of New Orleans, is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania."

A REVEREND clergyman, who was as well known for his eccentricity as his talents, one day sent his son, a lazy lad about twelve years of age, to catch his horse. The boy went sauntering along, with an ear of corn in one hand and the bridle in the other, dragging the reins along the ground.

"Thomas!" said his father, calling after him in a very solemn tone of voice—"come here, Thomas, I want to say one word to you before you go."

The lad returned and the parson proceeded:

"You know, Thomas, that I have given you a great deal of counsel. You know what I have taught you, before closing your eyes, to say:

Now I lay me down to sleep, etc.

besides a good many other things in the way of explanation and advice. But this is the last opportunity I may ever have of speaking to you. I couldn't let it pass without giving a parting charge. Be a good boy, Thomas, and always say that pretty prayer before going to sleep. I fear I shall never see you again."

As he said this in a very sad and solemn manner the poor boy began to be frightened, and burst into tears with this exclamation:

"You'll never see me again, pa."

"No, for I shall probably die before you get back with the horse!"

This quickened Thomas's ideas; and gathering up the bridle reins, he ran and caught the horse quicker than he ever had done before.

A MAN not a thousand miles from New York, once asked another man who he liked best to hear preach.

"Why," said he, "I like Mr. Johnson best, because I don't like any preaching, and his comes the nearest to nothing of any that I ever heard."

THE effect of asperity in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which was laid in the state of "steady habits:"

Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other had remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that, while I have labored as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied, "O, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first get a rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large codline and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with, 'There, bite, you dogs.' Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as a fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and I twitch 'em out, twitch 'em out, till my basket is full."

A ROMANIST peasant in Ireland had obtained a copy of the Bible. It came to the knowledge of the priest, who endeavored to convince him that he had no right to have the holy book in his possession. Among other things, he told him "he had no business with the Bible, for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and he referred to 1 Peter ii. 2, in confirmation of his remark.

The poor man replied with a spice of Irish wit, "I know that well, please your riverince, but for fear the milk should be spoiled, I like to keep the cow that gives it with me in the house." The priest did not get that Bible.

ATTERBURY, the celebrated Bishop of Rochester, the friend of the Tory statesmen in the time of Queen Anne, happened to say in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he now was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet. Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark that one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass. Atterbury, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus:

"Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other part of the parallel—I am sure I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

DURING the residence of the Prince of Wales at Oxford, it was not unnatural that the dons should pay him a good deal of attention, with a view to future preferment. One of them, however, who is remarkable for his independent spirit, when his turn came to preach the University sermon, chose the following for his text:

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

NEAR Lewisburg, Virginia, are the celebrated White Sulphur Springs, which, in the winter season of the year, look somewhat shabby, but which, in summer, are invariably thronged with probably more unexceptionable guests than any watering place in the Union.

During the lifetime of "Harry of the West"—the patriotic, eloquent, and widely-lamented Henry Clay—scarcely a season passed without his enlivening companionship. An anecdote in reference to his appreciation of plain preaching is recorded as follows:

About fourteen years ago, when the Rev. S. S. Rozzel was stationed here, he was called upon to preach, one Sunday, at the Springs.

Mr. R. finally agreed to do so, and when he arrived had among other notabilities in the audience the Hon. Henry Clay. Whether the preacher knew him just then is not known. At any rate, he slashed away in his usual style, cutting sinners to the quick, and, in his own peculiar language, "battering out the brains of the devil with the sledgehammer of truth." Mr. Clay was delighted, and that, too, to the utter surprise of many thin-skinned and tender-footed brethren, who held up their hands in holy horror, thinking very foolishly that the preacher by his plainness had hurt himself and his cause in Mr. Clay's estimation. One of them went so far as to say that he thought the preacher rude; but quick as a flash met with a rebuke from the gallant Clay, who said "Truth, dear sir, makes no compromises."

THE minister at a certain church one Sunday gave out the hymn, "I love to steal awhile away," and the deacon who led the singing commenced, "I love to steal—" but found he had pitched it too high. Again he commenced, "I love too steal—" but this time it was too low; once more he tried, "I love to steal—" and it was again wrong. After the third failure the minister rose and said:

"Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

This is about equal to the story of a certain doctor who was choir-leader in a town in New York. One Sabbath the hymn given out by the minister commenced with the following line: "With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord." The doctor pitched the tune and led off, but broke down before finishing the line. He tried a second and third time with the same result, when a wag on the ground floor rose in his pew, and, turning his face upward to the choir, exclaimed:

"Try some other herb, doctor."

IT is related of a clergyman who had travelled some distance to preach, that, at the conclusion of the morning service, he waited for some one to invite him home to dinner. One by one, however, the congregation departed without noticing him. Finally, when nearly all had gone, he walked to an elderly gentleman, and said: "Will you go home and dine with me to-day, brother?"—"Where do you live?"—"About twenty miles away, sir."—"No," said the man, coloring, "but you must go with me." This, of course, the minister did cheerfully.

IN South Carolina a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After declaiming at some length on the awful consequences of disobedience to the Divine command, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder that passed through the congregation like an electric shock: "And are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present whose name was Jonah, and thinking himself called on, immediately rose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with his broadest grin, and best bow, very readily answered: "Here be one, massa."

"I DIDN'T like your minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who slept all sermon time, to a brother deacon.

"Didn't like it, brother A.? Why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the worthy parson."

"WHAT are you doing?" said a London D. D. to a visitor from the country. "O, sir, I am in the ministry now," was the somewhat exultant reply. "Ah, but, my brother," said the querist again, "is the ministry in you?"

SWIFT was a good writer, but had a bad heart. Even to the last he was devoured by ambition, which he pretended to despise. Would you believe that after finding his opposition to the ministry fruitless, and what galled him still more, contemned, he summoned up resolution to wait on Sir Robert Walpole? Sir Robert, seeing Swift look pale and ill, inquired the state of his health, with his usual old English good humor and urbanity. They were standing by a window that looked into the court-yard, where was an ancient ivy drooping towards the ground. "Sir," said Swift, with an emphatic look, "I am like that ivy, I want support." Sir Robert answered, "Why, then, doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?" Swift took the hint, made a bow and retired.

FEW men could produce more effect in making a solemn appeal to the consciences of his hearers than Dr. Mercer. He once preached from the language of the apostle:—"If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha," when one of the most distinguished men in the country was present, and was deeply impressed with the discourse. On coming away, he said:—"I could feel the very curse of God running through my bones."

A SCEPTIC, meeting a clergyman of one of our large cities, with a view, probably, of showing his wit, asked:—"If we are to live after death, why have we not some certain knowledge of it?" The clergyman, feeling it important sometimes to answer a fool according to his folly, asked, in return:—"Why didn't you get some knowledge of this world before you came into it?"

IN a sermon delivered some years since, Dr. Bedell said:—"I have been nearly twenty years in the ministry of the gospel, and I here publicly state to you, that I do not believe I could enumerate three persons, over fifty years of age, whom I have ever heard ask the solemn and eternally momentous question, 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

ONE of the clergy of a large Scotch town, having been ruralizing, was returning home from a day's piscatorial enjoyment, his rod across his shoulder, when he met a youth with whom he was slightly acquainted, who happened to be carrying a bridle in his hand. The divine, thinking to be witty, even at the risk of being personal, pointed significantly to the bridle, and, with a shake of his head and a smile, remarked, in passing, "A bridle for the ass;" to which the young man, nothing daunted, and pointing to the fishing-rod over the clerical shoulder, instantaneously rejoined, "And a rod for the fool's back."

LORENZO DOW, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been stolen. Dow told him if he would come to meeting with him, he would find his axe. At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a large stone. Suddenly, in the midst of his sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said:—"An axe was stolen in the neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone," and at the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present dodged his head, and forthwith acknowledged the theft.

"IT amazes me, ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," replied the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text."

"O, if a text is all that you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon:

"'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'"

"Do you mean me, sir?" inquired the lady quickly.

"O, my good woman," was the grave response, you will never make a sermonizer: you are too soon in your application."

NEAR the city of N., in Connecticut, there lived and preached old parson P., who was excitable and near-sighted. One day he had been in the city with his horse, and among his purchases was a barrel of flour, the head of which was partially out.

On the way home, the old man was overtaken and passed by a fast young man, driving a fast horse and putting on much airs. Now, the parson's horse was usually a quiet, steady-going animal enough, but he couldn't stand that sort of thing; so he started after him on the fast order, in good earnest.

The jolting of the wagon at length jarred the head completely off the barrel, and the strong wind that was blowing directly after the parson, blew the flour all over him and the horse. At last the fast young man was left, and the village reached; but the speed of his horse was not checked.

In driving through a street to reach his home, he came in contact with one of his deacons, who was naturally suprised to see his minister driving at such a pace, and signalled him to stop.

"Why, parson P.," said he, "you seem greatly excited."

"Excited!" yelled the old man, "excited! who wouldn't be excited at a snow storm in July? Get up, Dobbin."

"ARE you not alarmed at the approach of the king of terrors?" said a minister to a sick man. "Oh, no! I have been living six and thirty years with the queen of terrors, the king cannot be much worse."

"YOUNG man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister to a young member of church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and two nephews, but I don't intend to sustain them any longer."

"YOU are not accustomed to canonical proceedings," said a clergyman to a one-armed soldier. "Aint I, though?" responded the soldier; "if we didn't have canonical proceedings down there in the Wilderness and at Coal Harbor, then they never had 'em anywhere."

THE celebrated Dean Swift, in preaching an assize sermon, was severe against the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young counsel said some severe things against the clergy, and added, "that he did not doubt were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon."—"Yes," said Swift, "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

A CLERGYMAN who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

THE minister who boasted of preaching without notes, didn't mean to be understood to refer to greenbacks.

A STORY is told of a preacher who observed that it is a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that death was placed at the end of life —thus giving time to make the necessary preparation for that event. This calls to mind the profound remark of the philosopher, who admired the arrangement of placing Sunday at the end of the week instead of in the middle, which would make a broken week of it!

THE Rev. Hamilton Paul, a Scotch clergyman, is said to be a reviver of Dean Swift's celebrated wit in the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to be a great favorite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage: "And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him." Another time, when he was called upon to preach before a military company in green uniform, he preached from the words: "And I beheld men like trees, walking." He once made a serious proposal to a young woman whose Christian name was Lydia, and at that time took for his text: "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things that were spoken of Paul."

A CLERGYMAN from a neighboring town and one of its elderly parishoners were walking home from church one icy day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him:

"Friend, sinners stand on slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said:

"I see they do, but I can't."

THE celebrated Dr. Chalmers, with the lofty grandeur of his thoughts and deep, solemn intonations of his voice, nevertheless had a vein of facetiousness in his composition. He records in his journal the following adventure with a London barber: "Wednesday, 26th—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humorist: he undertook at the commencement of the operation to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all black ones. There was a very bright corruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay harvest, his hay making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me after he had performed his work, that he had made me at least thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wonderful transformation, and gave him half a crown —observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other."

ROWLAND HILL once said, on observing some person enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling:

' Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella."

THE Rev. Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, said that of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

A CLERGYMAN was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written, and to erase that which he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers:—"Father, does God tell you what to preach?"—"Certainly, my child."—"Then what makes you scratch it out?"

THE Rev. Mr. Walker, of Connecticut, saw his friend, the Rev. Mr. Read, sitting in one of the pews on a Sunday morning and, leaving the pulpit, went to Mr. Read and urged him to preach for him. Mr. Read begged off, as he was providentially detained in town over the Sabbath, and had no "preparation" with him. But Mr. Walker was pressing, and at length his friend yielded to his importunity and entered the pulpit. But he had no text, and after some reflection pitched upon Job i. 7:—"Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from going to and fro on the earth and from walking up and down in it." From this passage he drew the doctrine, and announced it boldly, that the devil is a great Walker. He rung the changes on the name of his friend till the people took, and signified their notice by a general smile. Mr. Walker took the pulpit in the afternoon, and returned his friend's compliments by taking for his text Matthew xi. 7: "A reed shaken with the wind." The doctrine of the text, he said, is the instability of Reeds. On this theme he discoursed till Mr. Read wished that he had never ventured his wit in the pulpit at the expense of his friend Walker.

THE Rev. Mr. ——, a Scotch minister of some humor, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming to recognize her, he walked briskly up to her, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with—

"My dear Marie! how do you do? how left you your worthy father and venerable mother? and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with the energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend, and with an air of equality, a little savoring of superiority.

The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make reply, until he paused as if out of breath, and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her still in the face. The fine young lady by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said, with some alarm:

"You are mistaken, sir."

"What," replied he, "is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed, I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good morning, madam!"—and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

A LEARNED clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education:—"Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?"—"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without learning."—"A similar event," replied the latter, "occurred in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

"IF you can't keep awake without," said a preacher to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"—"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put in the sermon."

THE following anecdote, related by Dr. Franklin, which is equally characteristic of the preacher and himself, further illustrates the power of Whitefield's eloquence: "I happened," said the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pieces of gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that and determined me to give the silver, and he finished so admirably that when the officer of the church came round I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold, silver, and all. At this sermon there was one of our company who, having no change, felt so strong an inclination to give at the conclusion of the sermon that he applied to a friend who sat near to lend him some money. The request was made, perhaps, to the only man in their company who had the coldness not to be affected by the preacher, and whose answer was, 'At any other time, friend H., I would lend thee freely, but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses.'"

THE celebrated Lord Rochester one day met Dr. Barrow in the park, and being determined, as he said, to put down the rusty piece of divinity, accosted him by taking off his hat, and with a profound bow exclaimed:—"Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie." The doctor, perceiving his aim, returned the salute with equal ceremony:—"My lord, I am yours to the ground." His lordship then made a deeper congee, and said:—"Doctor, I am yours to the centre." Barrow replied, with the same formality, "My lord, I am yours to the antipodes;" on which Rochester made another attempt by exclaiming, "I am yours to the lowest pit."—"There, my lord," said Barrow, "I leave you," and immediately walked away.

OF Haynes, the colored preacher, it is said that some time after the publication of his sermon on the text, "Ye shall not surely die," two reckless young men having agreed together to try his wit, one of them said:—"Father Haynes, have you heard the news?"—"No," said Haynes, "what is it?"—"It is great news, indeed," said the other, "and if true, your business is done."—"What is it?" again inquired Haynes. "Why," said the first, "the devil is dead." In a moment the old man replied, lifting up both hands and placing them on the heads of the young men, and in a tone of solemn concern, "Oh, poor, fatherless children, what will become of you?"

WHEN Bishop Asbury "run" the Methodist church, there was one circuit in Virginia where the ladies were so fascinating that all the young preachers sent there were soon taken captive. The bishop thought to stop this by sending thither two decrepid old men, but to his great surprise both were married the same year. He exclaimed, in disgust:—"I am afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers."

MR. CECIL had a rich hearer, who, when a young man, had solicited his advice, but who had not for some time had an interview with him. Mr. Cecil one day went to his house, and, after the usual salutations, addressed him thus:—"I understand you are very dangerously situated!" Here he paused. The young man was not a little appalled at this strange announcement, and, with a countenance expressive of alarm, replied to his friend, "Indeed I am not aware of it, sir."—"I thought it was probable you were not, and therefore I have called on you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands unwittingly to destruction!" This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness that it made a deep and lasting impression.

A FASHIONABLE clergyman in Maine took a pious plain old lady of his congregation to see some gay improvements in his meeting-house, and asked:—"What do you think of this frescoing?" to which she replied, "Wall, brother, I think this frisco is born of the devil."

A COUNTRYMAN from the interior of the State of New York paid a visit to the city, and, as he was a church-going man, felt an anxious desire to visit the churches and hear the different ministers in that great emporium. On Sunday morning he seated himself in a church in the upper part of the city, where a minister, apparently a stranger to the congregation, preached, and took for his text:—"And Peter's wife's mother laid sick of a fever." He thought the discourse a good one, as it embodied many wise and wholesome lessons. In the afternoon he directed his steps to the lower end of the city to attend service. Singing and praying being over, he was not a little surprised to see the same preacher stand up and take the same text:—"And Peter's wife's mother laid sick of a fever." Wishing to hear something of a different order in the evening, he crossed the river to Brooklyn, and entering a church, took a seat where he could get a good look at the minister, and hear every word that might fall from the lips of the pastor. He had not been seated long before he heard the echo of footsteps which appeared to be familiar to his ear, and looking around he saw the same minister he had heard twice before making his way towards the pulpit. He felt somewhat disappointed, and as the time approached to deliver the sermon his heart throbs grew stronger and quicker. The climax at last was reached, when the preacher uttered in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos:—"And Peter's wife's mother laid sick of a fever." To listen to one sermon repeated three times through the course of one Sabbath was a little too much of a good thing for our country friend, who, finding his nervous system somewhat unstrung, concluded to remain over night in Brooklyn and return the next morning. Early after breakfast found him on board of the steamboat, and whilst his eyes were directed toward the city his attention was suddenly arrested by a familiar voice, and on looking around he saw the figure of the well-known minister, and in another instant he deposited his carpet bag at his very feet. His locomotive powers for a time were suspended, and he stood transfixed upon the spot, with the preacher at his elbow. Very shortly, however, the steamboat bell began to toll—a signal for the departure of the boat—when some greenhorn, who had never been on board of a steamboat before, not understanding the meaning of the noise, approached our country friend and asked him to inform him what that bell was ringing for, to which he replied: "I rather guess it is for Peter's wife's mother, as I heard three times yesterday she lay sick of a fever." Just at that moment a carpet bag with a man attached was seen moving rapidly towards the ladies' cabin.

A SCOTCH minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what his people thought of his preaching, questioned the beadle:— "What do they say of Mr. ——?" (his predecessor). "Oh," said the beadle, "they say he's not sound."—"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself). "Oh, they say he's all sound!"

AT a missionary meeting in New Hampshire, in 1833, a minister rose and said that he once knew a man in an awful state, for whom the wood was drawn together to make a cage in which he might be kept from doing himself and others injury. "While in that state, one solitary female prayed for him. God heard her prayer, and now he is in the midst of you, a happy man and a minister of Jesus Christ. I am," added he, "that man; and that woman was my wife, whom I wish to honor by making her a life member of the Missionary Society."

MANY facts are recorded of the power of Dr. Mason's pulpit eloquence. His mind of the highest order, his theology Calvinistic, and his style of eloquence irresistible as a torrent. When the distinguished Robert Hall heard him deliver his celebrated discourse on Messiah's Throne, at a missionary meeting in London, 1802, it is said he exclaimed, "I can never preach again."

MANY good stories of the upsets of pulpit gravity are told, but the following, from the Baltimore Methodist Protestant, are among the most amusing we have seen:

A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of a future judgment. In the gallery sat a colored girl with a white child in her arms, which she was dancing up and down with a commendable effort to make the baby observe the proprieties of the place. The preacher was so much interested in his subject as not to notice the occasional noise of the infant, and, at the right point of his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards that part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked in a low deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause so as to answer his own question, the colored girl responded in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ear of the entire congregation.

"I don' no sa; I 'spec it is dis here chile; but, indeed, sa, I has been a doin' all I could to keep him from 'sturpin' you."

It is easy to imagine that this unexpected rejoinder took the tragic out of the preacher in the very shortest time imaginable, and that the solemnity of that judgment day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

Another instance, equally confounding to the minister, happened, we believe, in Richmond, Virginia. A large congregation had assembled to hear a stranger of some notoriety. Soon after he had introduced his subject, the cry of "Fire! fire!" in the street, very much disturbed the congregation, and many were about to retire, when an elderly brother rose and said:

"If the congregation will be composed, I will step out and see if there is any fire near, and report."

The congregation became composed, and the minister proceeded. Taking advantage of the occurrence, he called attention to a fire that would consume the world—a fire that would burn in the lake that is bottomless; and had just concluded a sentence of terrible import, and not without manifest impression on his audience, when a voice from the other end of the church, as if in flat denial of all he said, bawled out:

"It's a false alarm!"

The effect was ludicrous in the extreme. The old man had returned; but his inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

Rev. Mr. S. was preaching in one of the Methodist Episcopal churches, and there was in attendance a good Methodist brother, very much given to responses. Sometimes those responses were not exactly appropriate, but they were always well meant. The preacher, usually lucid, was rather perplexed and felt it himself. He labored through his first part, and then said:

"Brethren, I have now reached the conclusion of my first point."

"Thank God!" piously ejaculated the old man, who sat before him, profoundly interested. The unexpected response, and the suggestive power of it, so confused the preacher that it was with difficulty he could rally himself to a continuance of his discourse.

THE Cincinnati Gazette states that a clergyman in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing:

Forever let my grateful heart,

when he hesitated, baulked, and exclaimed, "Ahem! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read:

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

"SOME years ago," writes a Southern gentleman, "when a sermon was considered short that continued less than two hours, and "meeting" often held till the small hours in the morning, three ministers of different denominations held a meeting together. It was customary for every minister, after preaching, to "call" for members. The first took for his text the words of Peter:—"I go a fishing." He preached about two hours, then called for members, but received none, and sat down. The second remarked that as he followed his brother he would take the words following for his text:—"I also go with thee." He likewise preached a long discourse; called for members (as it is "called"), and sat down. The third, who was in favor of short sermons, arose and remarked that he would follow the example of his brother, and he chose for his text:—"And they toiled all night and caught nothing!" He rather "had em!"

THERE once resided in R., an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion by the name of Driver, yet more familiarly known by the name of Tom Driver, who loved a good joke, no matter whom it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply.

One day while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with:

"Well friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, I'm in the mud and can't get out."

"Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know the Bible says, 'Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.'"

The farmer replied that was not the reason.

"Well, what is it then?" asked the divine.

"Why they are just like the North Baptist Church at R.," replied the farmer pettishly, "they want a darn'd sight better Driver then they've got now."

A CONFERENCE preacher one day went into the house of a Wesleyan Reformer, and saw the portraits of three expelled ministers suspended from his walls.

"What!" said he, "have you got them hanging there?"

"O, yes," was the answer; "they are there."

"Ah, well! but one is wanted to complete the set."

"Pray who is that?"

"Why, the devil, to be sure."

"Ah," said the reformer, "but he is not yet expelled from the Conference!"

THE Rev. Zeb. Twitchel was the most noted Methodist preacher in Vermont, for shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, but out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun. Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, introduce something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and discussed as follows:

"Brethren, you havn't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of these regions are enormous. A great many of them would weigh a pound, and they will get on the logs and bark when the missionaries are going along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit.

"There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," he said.

"But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound; I said a great many, and I think a million of them would."

"But you said that they barked at the missionaries."

"No, no, brother, I said they would get on the logs and bark."

AN old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, was suddenly interrupted by his wife asking him the question—one which has puzzled the oldest divine—"Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied:

"To be sure we shall. Do you think we shall be bigger fools there than we are here?"

A YOUNG minister went into the country to preach, and observed during his discourse a poor woman who seemed to be affected. After the service he resolved to pay her a visit and see what were the impressions on her mind. "Well," said the woman, "I'll tell you. About six years ago me and husband removed to this place and all the property we had was a donkey. Husband, he died, and then me and poor donkey was left alone. At last the donkey, he died, and to tell you the truth, your voice put me so much in mind of that dear old critter, that I couldn't help taking on about it."

MR. CARTER, being invited to dine together with several other ministers at the house of a respectable magistrate at Ipswich, a very vain person who sat at the table boasted that he would dispute with any gentleman present upon any question that should be proposed either in divinity or philosophy. A profound silence ensued, till Mr. Carter addressed him in these words:—"I will go no farther than my trencher to puzzle you. Here is a sole. Now tell the reason why this fish, which has always lived in salt water, should come out fresh?" As the bold challenger did not so much as attempt any answer, the scorn and laughter of the company were presently turned on him.

REV. MR. NEWTON, when his memory was nearly gone, used to say that forget what he might, he never forgot two things. First, that he was a sinner. Second, that Jesus Christ was a great Saviour. He was telling one day how much his memory was decayed. "There," said he, "last Wednesday, after dinner, I asked Mrs. C. what I had been about that afternoon, for I could not recollect. 'Why,' said she, 'you have been preaching at St. Mary's.' Yet it is wonderful when I am in the pulpit I can recollect any passage of Scripture I want to introduce into my sermon, from Genesis to Revelation."

A CLERGYMAN, having made several attempts to reform a profligate, was, at length, repulsed with, "It is all vain, doctor, you can't get me to change my religion."—"I do not want that," replied the good man, "I wish religion to change you."

A VERY young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the King of Prussia, requesting that his majesty would appoint him inspector in a certain place where a vacancy had just happened. As it was an office of much consequence the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man, and instead of any answer to the petition he wrote underneath :—"2d Book of Samuel, chapter 10, verse 5," and returned it. The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation, but to his disappointment found the words :—"Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown."

A BAPTIST minister, the Rev. Mr. S., meeting Ray on the road as he was returning from camp-meeting, the former, having just left an association of his sect, thus accosted him :—"How do you do, Brother Ray ? You seem to be returning from camp-meeting, and I suppose you had the devil with you as usual."—"No, sir," replied Ray, "he had not time to leave the association."

Ray was very fond of horse-flesh, and generally rode upon a superior steed. Once, while riding through the town of M., a group of young lawyers and doctors, perceiving his approach, appointed a spokesman, who addressed him as follows :—"Well, Father Ray, how is it that you are so much better than your Master ? He had to ride on an ass, but you are mounted on a very fine horse. You must be proud. Why don't you ride as did your Master ?"—"For the simple reason," said Ray, "that there are no asses now to be obtained ; they turn them all into lawyers and doctors."

AN Irish Dominican preacher, wishing to place the meanness of Judas in the clearest light before his audience, suggested to them that, from long familiarity with the gospel narrative, they had come to overlook the force of the words there used to describe the apostate's habitual roguery. "Not only," he reminded them, "did Judas steal the money, but Holy Writ emphatically adds that he even kept the bag."

SOME young ladies, feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things ?"—"By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of vain and ridiculous notions it is well enough to hang out the sign."

A MINISTER in Meridan, Conn., once said from his pulpit :—"There is not a soul living that would not sacrifice another soul to save itself."

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity, Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him by letter requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied, "That in general elections he never interfered, but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence to make his own particular calling and election sure."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY once puzzled a number of clergymen in whose company he was, by asking them this question :—"How is it that white sheep eat more than black ?" After keeping them wondering for some time, he said : "The reason is because there are more of them."

ON one occasion as the Reverend Matthew Wilks, a celebrated London preacher, was on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower in a place called Billingsgate, where there were a number of women dealing in fish, who were using most profane and vulgar language. As he stopped under a shed in the midst of them he was called upon to give at least his testimony against such wickedness.

"Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgment?"

"I presume so," said one, "for the biggest rogue always turns State's evidence."

Matthew, when he got to the meeting, related the incident.

"And what did you say in reply, Mr. Wilks?" said one of the ministers present.

"What could I?" was the characteristic reply.

A PARISH priest was sent for to attend the death-bed of a poor old village schoolmistress. She had a sin to confess; she could not die in peace till she had confessed it. With broken speech she sobbed and hesitated and sobbed again. "I—I—I," she stammered out and hid her face again. "There, I must, I must tell it, and may I be forgiven! You know, sir, I have kept school forty years—a poor sinful creature—I—I—" "My good woman," said the parish priest, "take comfort, it will be pardoned if you are thus penitent; I hope it is not a very great sin."—"O, yes," said she, "and pray call me not good woman. I am—not—good" (sobbing) "alas; then I will out with it. I put down that I taught grammar, and" (sobbing) "I—I did not know it myself."

AN amusing anecdote is told of an old gentleman who ministered at the altar years ago, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning Father H. brought his breeches down from the garret, but the wasps had taken possession of them during the summer, and were having a nice time in their comfortable quarters. By dint of effort the old gentleman got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. After reaching the church he commenced the ceremonies, and while reading the Scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the small-waisted fellows, and jumped around his pulpit, slapping his thighs; but the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought their pastor had gone crazy, and some of them started up the aisle to take charge of him, fearing that he might do himself bodily injury, but he explained the matter by saying, "Brethren, take your seats; don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth;" (feeling another sharp sting) "but—but—but the devil is in my breeches."

A WELSH clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one, but as the clergyman was taking his leave he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir!" said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?"—"No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

A NEW story of Robert Hall is related, to the effect that one of his congregation took him to task for not preaching more frequently on predestination. Hall was very indignant. He looked steadily at his censor for a moment, and replied: "Sir, I perceive you are predestined to be an ass; and what is more, I see that you are determined to make your calling and election sure."

THE celebrated preacher, Rowland Hill, was greatly annoyed whenever any noise diverted the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death, he was preaching to a crowded congregation, and in the middle of his discourse observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction, exclaimed: "What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you!" A plain, country-looking man started to his feet, and addressing Hill in reply, said:—"No, sir; it aren't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady what's faint; and she's a very fat 'un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to again in a hurry."—"Oh, that's it, is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin. "Then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

AN incorrigible wag who lent a minister a horse, which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in "spreading" the gospel.

A LONDON clergyman who was preaching in a village where he had gone to spend the summer vacation, flattered the pride of the people by saying:—"I am satisfied that there are fewer wicked people in this village than in my native city;" but cruelly added, "simply because there are not so many inhabitants in this village as in my native city."

A CLERGYMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that, no doubt, the child had gone to heaven."

"Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there."

A DIVINE, once praying, said:—"O Lord! give us neither poverty nor riches," and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "especially poverty."

DR. SOUTH, whose habit of punning in the pulpit is well known, when appointed chaplain to the Merchant Tailors' Company, took for the text of his inauguration sermon the words, "A remnant of all shall be saved."

THE Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated John Wesley, being strongly importuned, by the friends of James II., to support the measures of the court in favor of popery, with promises of preferment, absolutely refused even to read the king's declaration; and though surrounded with courtiers, soldiers, and informers, he preached a bold and pointed discourse against it, from these words: "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

THE Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher was going home one night with a volume of an Encyclopedia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk, as might have been expected, opened his battery with a return of fire so well directed that the divine was glad to retreat. When he arrived at home his friends could scarce come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them. Some time after this, some one published a pamphlet speaking very abusingly of the worthy doctor, who was asked: "Why don't you publish a book and put him down at once?" His reply was prompt and wise:—"Sir, I have learnt better. Some years ago I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

MR. MCLAREN and Mr. Gustart were both ministers of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. When Mr. McLaren was dying, Mr. Gustart paid him a visit, and put the question to him: "What are you doing, brother?" His answer was, "I'll tell you what I am doing, brother, I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace."

A CLERGYMAN who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting on his plough in a tobacco field. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said, with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?"

John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine himself, said:

"See here, wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and while they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

The reverend gentleman laughed and left.

ANOTHER clergyman, who was in the habit of preaching in different parts of the country, was once at an inn, where he observed a horse-jockey trying to take in a simple gentleman by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson knew the bad character of the jockey, and taking the gentleman aside told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman finally declined the purchase, and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I would much rather hear you preach than see you privately interfere in bargains between man and man in this way."—"Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you might have heard me preach."—"Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the State prison," returned the clergyman.

MANY years since there lived in Virginia a Baptist minister named B. Although uneducated, he was a sound thinker and an eloquent speaker, and no preacher had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meetings at the residences of members, and once or twice during the winter at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B. neither preached nor conducted the meeting when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. He was often pressed for an explanation without success; but, finally, to the importunities of some of his flock, gave the following:

"When I was much younger than now, in fact not long after the commencement of my ministration, I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain to dinner, Mrs. B. sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's house for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time, in the outskirts of the congregation. Being well warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demanded, with all the energy in my power,

"'And what did Paul say?'

"Tim, at the top of his little squeaking voice, exclaimed, as Tim only could have done:

"'He thed you coudn't git any more butter till you paid up for what you'd got!'

"This brought down the house, and cut short one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected with my domestic affairs."

IT is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that, one day, when he was advancing among the teens, and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, at length reached a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, and looking about over his audience, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation—more suggestive than reverent—earnestly responded: "Say amen!"

A PREACHER took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church: "A very good text, sir, but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

IN a small country town in Iowa there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, "run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually giving out. One evening on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual—the deacon of course leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested Brother —— to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly "pitched" it to another tune, and it was again performed with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out a second hymn, when he was interrupted by Deacon —— gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation:

"Will Mr. —— please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

THE following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit and took for his text the following passage from Job:

"O, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out:

"I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

A CLERGYMAN, after preaching a tedious sermon on happiness, during which he enumerated the various classes of happy persons, asked one of his elders what he thought of his discourse. "You omitted one large class of the happy," replied the elder, "and that is they who escaped your sermon."

A WITTY clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance by the name of Cobb, replied, "I don't know you, sir."—"My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half-seas-over. "Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much of the corn on you that I did not see the cob."

A COMMITTEE of the dominant party in the Legislature of Virginia waited upon the Rev. Dr. Plumer, then resident in Richmond and pastor of one of its churches, but afteward professor in the Western Theological Seminary, and inquired whether he would consent to become their candidate for the United States Senate, assuring him that he could very easily be elected if he would permit his name to be used by the party. The doctor, after thanking them for the honor intended to be conferred upon him, said to them in his oracular style:

"Gentlemen, I believe you are in the habit, when you give up one office to seek another, of aiming to go up higher; are you not?"

They all replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said he, "it is a high honor, and very honorable office, to represent the State of Virginia in the United States Senate, but it is a much higher one to be an ambassador of Christ to dying sinners, and I can't come down from a minister of the Court of Heaven to that of a United States Senator."

He magnified his office, as did Paul, and so should every other man who bears it in his person; and if he does not do it, he should give it to other men who will fulfil its duties and properly appreciate its dignities. Let those preachers who so long to be politicians quit the calling they are ashamed of, and take the lower they like the better.

Two farmers riding along together met a large number of clergymen, and one of them said to the other: "Where are all these parsons coming from?" To this his friend replied, "They have been at visitation." The other, no wiser than before, asked, "What's a visitation?" The answer was, "Why, it is where all the parsons go once a year and swop their sermons." His friend, thus enlightened, quietly remarked: "Hang it, but our fellow gets the worst on it every time."

A YOUNG man having preached for his bishop, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The bishop, however, did not introduce the subject, and the young brother was obliged to bait the hook for him.

"I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?"

"No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either."

A SCOTCH clergyman, by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion a young officer scoffed at the idea that it required so much time and study to write a sermon as ministers pretended, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without any preparation. Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text, "And the ass opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his eloquence upon the text.

On another occasion, Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so if he would, in return, grant him the first favor he should ask. Mr. Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman assented; and a party of many gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism. Mr. Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog as was customary in the baptism of children, and said: "As I am minister of the church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the church."

"Certainly," said the major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well then, major, I begin with the usual question: You acknowledge yourself to be the father of this puppy?"

AN itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, that "Scattering shot would hit the most birds."

"I LOVE to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments exactly—all but the pains."

DR. H., who was pastor of an orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak," whenever an oppportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that "an opportunity would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member.

On one special occasion the latter prefaced a long and tedious harangue with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary.

"My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart."

Then followed the prosy, incoherent harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered:

"Brother, I think the devil was right."

A GENTLEMAN, who saw and conversed with Dr. Payson in Boston, when he visited that city towards the latter part of his life, was led by his preaching and conversation to a degree of serious concern for his soul. His wife was still in a great measure indifferent to the subject. One day, meeting her in company, he said to her, "Madam, I think your husband is looking upwards; making some efforts to rise above the world, towards God and heaven. You must not let him try alone. Whenever I see the husband struggling alone in such efforts, it makes me think of a dove endeavoring to fly upwards while it has one broken wing. It leaps and flutters, and perhaps raises itself up a little way, and then it becomes wearied, and drops back again to the ground. If both wings co-operate, then it mounts easily."

"HAVING some business," said the Rev. R. Cecil, "to transact with a gentleman in the city, I called one day at his counting-house; he begged I would call again, as I had so much more time to spend than he had, who was a man of business. 'An hour is nothing to you!' said he. You seem little to understand the nature of our profession," Mr. Cecil replied. "One hour of a clergyman's time, rightly employed, sir, is worth more to him than all the gains of your merhandise."

Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend, a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not: you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" This was excellent advice, and well worth remembering sixty-five years.

Dr. Sprague tells the following anecdote of an evangelical clergyman of the English Church, named Jones. The story was given him by the Rev. George Burder.

Mr. Jones had a college classmate, who entered the ministry at the same time with himself, but was a mere man of the world, and knew little and cared nothing of the true gospel. This man, conversing one day with Mr. Jones, said to him, half jocosely, half seriously:

"Why is it that you are so popular as a preacher, and so few come to hear me, when everybody knows that at the University I was considered greatly your superior?"

"Why," said Mr. Jones, "the reason is that I preach the gospel."

"The gospel?" said the other; "so do I; almost every text I preach upon is from Matthew, Mark, or John."

Said Mr. Jones:—"You may do that, and yet never preach Jesus Christ."

"Well," said the other, "lend me one of your sermons, and see what effect it will have."

He actually did lend him one, and he preached it, as he had engaged to do, and as he was coming out of the church, at the close of the service, he was accosted by a young man; who, in listening to the borrowed discourse, had been thrown into a state of anxiety in respect to his salvation.

Says the minister, somewhat confused by the strange result of his preaching:—"Wait, wait, say nothing about it till the people have gone out."

After the congregation had retired, the anxious inquirer began further to explain himself, when the clergyman interrupted him by saying:

"But what is the matter with you? I see no occasion for making yourself so unhappy."

"Matter," replied he; "why, your preaching has made me feel like a condemned criminal, and I fear there is no mercy for me."

"Well, really," said the minister, "I am very sorry that I have wounded your feelings—I had no intention of doing it; but, since you have got into this uncomfortable state, I advise you to go and see Mr. Jones."

Clergymen frequently administer personal rebukes from the pulpit. The best we can remember was that of an Irish curate, whose Christian name was Joseph. He had been promised a living by a member of the great Butler family previous to his coming to the title and the estates. The promise was not redeemed; and, on the first opportunity the curate had of preaching before the powerful nobleman, he selected for his text the conclusion of the fortieth chapter of Genesis—"Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him." The Irish Joseph speedily obtained the gift of a very valuable living.

A **Welsh** parson preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of his remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish that once met upon a bridge so very narrow that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river; and, continued he, "how do you think they acted? why, I will tell you—one goat laid himself down and let the other leap over him. Ah, beloved, let us live like goats."

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, apparently as if he saw the Psalmist stand immediately before him, he said:

"You said in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here you might have said it after mature reflection."

"Do you believe in predestination?" said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be travelling with him.

"Of course I do."

"And you also believe that what is to be, will be?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because, I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler aint to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said:

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be, will be."

"So I do, but prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place."

A Universalist minister was once relating to his little son the story of "The Babes in the Wood," when the boy asked what became of the poor little children. "They went to heaven," was the answer. "And what became of their wicked old uncle?"—"He went to heaven, too."—"But, father," he asked with a child's anxiety, "won't he kill them again?" This simple and most natural query proved one of God's chosen arrows to the man's heart, and swept away at a breath whole volumes of sophistry, with which he had fortified his belief. He was led into the true light, and labored long as a faithful preacher of God's whole truth.

An irreligious young man went to hear Mr. Whitefield, who took his text from Matt. iii. 7—"But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers! who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"—"Mr. Whitefield," said the young man, "described the Sadducean character; this did not touch me,—I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described the exterior decency, but observed that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears, lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, 'O my hearers! the wrath to come! the wrath to come!' These words sunk deep into my heart, like lead in the waters. I wept, and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went, 'The wrath to come! the wrath to come!'" The result was, that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, and in a short time became a very eminent preacher.

A Scotchman in New Hampshire, being sick, was called upon by a clergyman, who conversed with him upon his religious concerns. Said the minister:—"Do you repent of all your sins? Do you repent of Adam's first sin?"—"Adom! Adom!" said the sick Scotchman, "I never knew the mon!"

The eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, was once a guest at a hotel kept by a man named Bush. Senator Root, a well-known New York politician, was staying there.

Thinking to have some fun out of the preacher, they asked him what kind of a place heaven was. "It is," said the ready-witted old man, "a vast plain, without a Root or a Bush in it."

An eminent doctor of divinity, residing not a hundred miles from New York, and famous for the originality of his phraseology, was asleep in his chamber, while his wife was mending one of his garments. He woke and asked the lady if she knew why she was like the devil? "I do not," was her answer. "Do you give it up?" —"I do, certainly."—"Because," said the doctor, "while the men slept, the enemy sowed tares."

It is said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after he went to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a *devil.*"

A clergyman took for his text the following words:—"Vow, and pay unto the Lord thy vows." An Indian heard him very attentively, and stepping up to the parson, thus accosted him, "I vow I'll go home with you, Mr. Minister."—"You must go then," replied the parson. The Indian afterwards vowed to have his supper, and then stay all night. "You may," replied the clergyman, "but I vow you shall go home in the morning."

It was a beautiful criticism made by a minister upon the effect of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes. He says the people would go from one of Cicero's orations exclaiming, "What a beautiful speaker! what a rich, fine voice! what an eloquent man Cicero is!" They talked of Cicero; but when they left Demosthenes, they said, "Let us fight Philip!" Losing sight of the speaker, they were all absorbed in the subject; they thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country. So, my brethren, let us endeavor to send away from our ministrations the Christian, with his mouth full of the praise—not of "our preacher," but of God; and the sinner, not descanting upon the beautiful figures and well-turned periods of the discourse, but inquiring with the brokenness of a penitent, "What shall I do to be saved?" So shall we be blessed in our work; and when called to leave the watch-towers of our spiritual Jerusalem, through the vast serene, like the deep melody of an angel's song, heaven's approving voice shall be heard:

Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
And thou art crowned at last.

The celebrated Whitefield, when preaching on one occasion from the balcony of the court house, in Philadelphia, cried out, lifting his eyes to heaven:—"Father Abraham, who have you got in your bosom? Any Episcopalians?"—"No!"—"Any Presbyterians?"—"No!"—"Any Baptists?"—"No!"—"Have you any Methodists there?"—"No!"—"Have you any Independents or Seceders?"—"No! no!" —"Why, who have you then?"—"We don't have these names here. All here are Christians, believers in Christ."—"Oh, is that the case? Then God help us all to forget party names, and to become Christians in deed and in truth!"

There was once a preacher whose name was Strange. Many will think his conduct was strange also. He was a zealous preacher and a sweet singer. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to go about the country preaching and singing. A benevolent gentleman, well off in worldly gear, desiring to make him and his family comfortable in their declining years, generously presented him a title-deed for three hundred and twenty acres of land. Strange accepted the donation with thankfulness, and went on his way, preaching and singing as he went. But after a few months he returned, and requested his generous friend to take the title-deed. Surprised at the request, the gentleman inquired:

"Is there any flaw in it?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is not the land good?"

"First rate."

"Isn't it healthy?"

"None more so."

"Why, then, do you wish me to take it back? It will be a comfortable home for you when you grow old, and something for your wife and children, if you should be taken away."

"Why, I'll tell you. Ever since I've lost my enjoyment in singing. I can't sing my favorite hymn with a good conscience any longer."

"What is that?"

"This:

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man.

I dwell awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
'Till I my Canaan gain.

Yonder's my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.

"There!" said Strange, "I'd rather sing that hymn than own America. I'll trust to the Lord to take care of my wife and children."

He continued singing and preaching, and preaching and singing; and the Lord, said the lecturer, did take care of him, and his children after him.

MISS DRUMMOND, the late famous preacher among the Quakers, being asked by a gentleman if the spirit had never inspired her with the thoughts of marriage: "No, friend," said she, "but the flesh often has!"

THE famous Emanuel Swedenborg was visited for the first time with those visions of celestial agents, which have been so much talked of, on the day on which he was to set sail from England for his native country. During the voyage the captain of the ship often observed him arranging chairs upon the quarter-deck, and apparently conversing with some invisible beings. Upon inquiring the reason of this conduct, Swedenborg informed him that some of his celestial friends designed to visit and converse with him. The captain took no further notice; but, upon his arrival charged Swedenborg for the passage of his friends. He was now reduced to the dilemma either to deny the visit, and contradict his former assertions, or pay the money. He preferred the latter, and the captain was perfectly satisfied.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, the great theologian, was extremely absent-minded, carrying about with him everywhere the atmosphere of deep study—treading on clouds and breathing rarified air—in the world, but not of it. A country parishioner, at a loss for topics of conversation, once asked him how many cows he possessed. "Really, I do not know," he replied, "but Mrs. Edwards could tell you. She attends to all such matters." Now, Mrs. Edwards was fully as pious as her husband—almost a religious devotee. She was oftener in her closet than in her dairy; yet she knew how many cows paid tribute to the house of Edwards, which fact would seem to prove that a man may be eminently spiritual and eminently practical at the same time.

The lofty abstraction of Mr. Edwards caused frequent domestic disarrangement, and sometimes played strange pranks with his costume, especially with his wig; while his profound ignorance of worldly affairs gave rise to many ludicrous incidents. One of the old family stories runs thus:—Mr. Edwards having preached for a poor country parson, found to his dismay, on Monday morning, that there was no man or boy about the premises to bring up his horse for him. On his confessing that he knew little about such things, his hostess, "on hospitable cares intent," went to the pasture, caught and bridled the staid clerical steed, and led it up to the gate. Then, as she was about to put on the saddle, the great minister came out, and gallantly protested against her performing any further groom-service, saying he thought he could manage the rest for himself. So she went about her household affairs. The good man was a long time wrestling with the mysteries of that saddle; but, just as the lady was going again to his assistance, he came in to get his saddle-bags and take his leave. "Ah, Mr. Edwards, how have you succeeded?" she asked. "Very well, madam, I thank you," he replied; "but it was unusual employment for me, and I was a little awkward. I had some difficulty in properly adjusting the straps and buckles; and there is still a superfluous piece of leather, the office of which I cannot divine; but it hangs over the neck of the animal, and will not incommode me at all." The lady, somewhat curious, stepped to the gate, to find that Mr. Edwards had put on the saddle *à revers*—the pommel pointing tailwards; having, perhaps, a vague idea that, as he was going back to Northampton, that was the way to do it. The "superfluous piece of leather" was the crupper.

THE Rev. Mr. Wise, one of the first ministers in Essex county, Mass., being a renowned wrestler, was accosted one morning by a Mr. Chandler, when the following conversation occurred:—"Sir, my name is Chandler, of the town of Andover. Hearing you were famous for wrestling, and having had myself some success in that line, having thrown all in our region, I have come all the way from Andover to take hold with you."—"No objection to that," was the pleasant reply. They take hold in earnest, and, after a few struggles, Mr. Chandler is laid upon his back. He is not satisfied, and wishes for another trial. The result is, that Mr. Wise not only lays him a second time, but gently puts him over the fence into the street. "And now," says Mr. Chandler, "if you will just throw my horse over after me, I will go along."

A METHODIST preacher, at a camp-meeting in Delaware, made use of the following sublime figure:—"It is as impossible for an unregenerated soul to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and be saved, as it would be for the best horseman among you to ride down the clouds upon a thunderbolt, through the branches of a crab apple tree, without getting scratched."

BILLY HIBBARD, the well-known Methodist, was apt to be pugnacious in the pulpit. It was well nigh impossible for him to say "Amen" until he had given the five points of Calvinism a rap. Once, after he had been thus freeing his mind, a good Presbyterian friend who had been listening said:—"Brother Hibbard, you hurt my feelings by what you said about so and so"—some point of Calvinistic doctrine. "Oh," was the reply, "I am sorry you took that; I aimed that at the devil, and you stepped in and took the blow instead. Don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get hurt."

A LADY once asked John Wesley:—"Mr. Wesley, supposing that you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, again at 5 to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with them as usual, retire to my room at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

"Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

THE following characteristic anecdote of the late Dr. Bethune is told in Lippincott's Magazine:—The reverend gentleman was very fond of angling, and rarely let a season pass without two or three weeks' indulgence in the gentle art. On these occasions he would "sink" the clergyman, and, leaving off his white cravat, travel about incognito. Once, in the Adriondacks, a Yankee landlord, at whose house he stayed all night, exhibited a rather impertinent curiosity in regard to the private affairs of his guest. The doctor managed to evade his questions pretty well, until at last his host inquired point blank:—"Where do you live when you are at home?"—"Did you ever hear of Manayunk?"—"No."—"Well, I live about six miles from there;" which was true enough, as he then resided at Philadelphia.

AN eccentric old minister of Vermont, while supplying a vacant pulpit which wanted a pastor, prayed in this wise:—"Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his goslinghood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

A SEVERE snowstorm in the Highlands, which lasted for several weeks, having stopped all communication betwixt neighboring hamlets, snuff-takers were reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbors within reach was resorted to, but this soon failed, and all were alike reduced to the extremity which unwillingly abstinent snuffers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense that study was out of the question. As a last resort, the beadle was dispatched through the snow to a neighboring glen in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. "What's to be done, John?" was the minister's pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hae!" The minister, too eager to be scrutinising, took a long, deep pinch, and then said, "Whaur did you get it?"—"I soupit (swept) the poupit," was John's expressive reply. The minister's accumulated superfluous Sabbath snuff now came into good use.

A MINISTER travelling where the road was difficult to find, requested a man by the wayside to direct him, naming the place where he wanted to go.

"Well," said the hedger and ditcher, "keep on just as you are going about a mile and a half; there at the cross-roads you will see a minister, who will direct you to the left a couple of miles, and there at the fork of the road is another minister who will direct you to the right about three miles, and so on at every fork and cross of the road is a minister to tell you which road to take."

"Ah," said the parson, "what do you call ministers?"

"Why," said the other, "those things which stand up at the cross and forks of the road with something like a hand on them."

"Finger boards, you mean," said the preacher; "why do you call them ministers?"

"Because they are always pointing the way to other people, but never go themselves."

BISHOP SIMPSON said in a sermon:—"We will take our glorious flag—the flag of our country—and nail it just below the cross! This is high enough! There let it wave as it waved of old! Around it let us gather: 'First Christ, then our country.'"

A SCOTCH paper tells the story of a Drury farmer, who, after the funeral of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger. At last the indignant grave-digger, bringing his hand down on a gravestone, exclaimed:—"Down wi' another shilin', or up she comes."

"I DON'T miss my church so much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin, and she tells me who are going to church, and whether they have got on anything new."

BISHOP BURNET, who stammered, directed his chaplain to examine a young man. The first question was:

"Why did Balaam's ass speak?"

"Because his master had an impediment in his speech," replied the young candidate.

A NIECE, we believe, of Dr. Chalmers was visiting at his house. The doctor was very punctual as to time for prayers and breakfast—the niece incorrigible. Later by a little each day, and all excuses exhausted, she came down one morning, and met the doctor's stern look with a very serious face. "Oh, uncle, I have had an awful dream."—"Have you?"—"I dreamed that you were dead."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, and I saw you laid out in your coffin. It was the day of your burial, and the time appointed was twelve o'clock. I saw the lid screwed on. It was just past the hour, when a slight sound seemed to come from the coffin. We listened, and there was a gentle tapping inside upon the lid. We listened closer, and a voice—it was yours, uncle—said, 'It's chappit twal, and ye're no liftin' yet.'"

A WOMAN in Jamaica was very fond of going to missionary meetings, and singing with great apparent zeal and fervor: —"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!" But whenever the plates went round for contributions, she always sung with her eyes fixed upon the ceiling. On one occasion, however, a negro touched her with the plate, and said:—"Sissy, it is no use for you to sing 'Fly 'broad mighty gospel' with your eyes fixed on the corner of the ceiling; it is no use to sing 'Fly 'broad' at all, unless you give something to make it fly."

HERE is something we consider rather precocious for a little girl of three years. Her Sunday-school teacher had told her we were all made out of dust. Arrived at home, she looked up in her mother's face with an anxious, inquiring glance, and said:

"Ma, has Dod got any more dust left?"

"Why, my daugher? What makes you ask such a question?"

"Because if he has, I want him to make me a little brother!"

"FATHER, I think you told a lie in the pulpit to-day," said a little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do you mean?"—"Sir, you said, 'One word more and I have done.' Then you went on and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd leave off, 'cause you promised them; but you didn't, and kept on preaching a long time after the time was up."

A PLACE-HUNTER in Prussia, having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the king expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true church; after which he hastened to his friend, the king, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate! I have given away the abbacy. But the chief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

THE Rev. Dr. T., a clergyman, was a man of high character, and distinguished for his dignity of manner. But it was remarked that frequently when ascending the pulpit stairs, he would smile, and sometimes almost titter, as if beset by an uncontrollable desire to laugh. This excited remark, and at last scandal; finally it was thought necessary by some of his clerical friends, at a meeting of the association, to bring up the matter for consideration.

The case was stated, the Rev. Dr. T. being present: "Well, gentlemen," said he, 'the fact charged against me is true, and I beg you to permit me to offer an explanation. A few months after I was licensed to preach, I was in a country town, and on a Sabbath morning was about to enter upon the service of the church. Back of the pulpit was a window which looked upon a field of clover, then in full bloom, for it was summer. As I rose to commence the reading of the Scriptures, I cast a glance into the field, and there I saw a man performing the most extraordinary evolutions—jumping, whirling, flapping in all directions, and with a ferocious agony of exertion. At first I thought the man was mad, but suddenly the truth burst upon me—he had buttoned up a humble bee in his pantaloons. I am constitutionally nervous, gentlemen, and the shock of the scene upon my risible sensibilities was so great that I could hardly get through the service. Several times I was on the point of bursting into a laugh. Even to this day the remembrance of that scene—through the temptation of the devil—often comes upon me as I am ascending the pulpit. This, I admit, is a weakness, but I trust it will rather excite your sympathy and prayers than your reproaches."

LORENZO DOW was one of the most eccentric men that ever lived. On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching to denounce a rich man in the community, recently deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander, and an imprisonment in the county jail. After Lorenzo got out of "limbo," he announced that in spite of his (in his opinion) unjust punishment, he should preach at a given time a sermon about "another rich man." The populace was greatly excited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance.

With great solemnity he opened the Bible, and read, "And there was a rich man who died and went to —," then stopping short, and seeming to be suddenly impressed, he continued:—"Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relative in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character." The effect on the assembled multitude was irresistible, and he made the impression permanent by taking another text and never alluding to the subject again.

A GOOD story is told on Henry Ward Beecher, who preached the sermon to the graduates one Sunday. On seeing the cadets at their dress parade on Saturday evening, he remarked that he "wished Providence had destined him for a soldier, for he thought he would have made a good one." Major Boynton, the accomplished adjutant of the post, said to him on Sunday, as he came out of the pulpit, "Mr. Beecher, I heard you say that you wish you had been destined for a soldier, for you thought you would have made a good one: do you think so still?"—"Yes," said Beecher, "I think I should."—"But I think I can prove that you probably would have made a poor one," said the major. "How so, major?" said Beecher. "You told us in your sermon that when Providence wanted to do a great work he chose the best means—selected men who were fitted for the work. Now we have come out of a war, and you were not a soldier in it. On your doctrine, is it not a fair inference that you would not have made a good soldier, as Providence did not call you into the service?" Mr. Beecher acknowledged that the application the major made of his sermon was just.

A CLERGYMAN of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was ended, called out:

"I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman."

WE have heard of a minister named Craig, who purchased a whistle, and when his hearers went to sleep, he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake and stood up to hear him. "You are certainly smart specimens of humanity," he said, as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; "when I preach the gospel, you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are wide awake."

DEAN SWIFT, in travelling, once called at a house. The lady of the mansion, rejoicing to have so great a guest, with much eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple pie, or a gooseberry pie, sir, or a cherry pie, or a plum pie, or a pigeon pie, sir?"—"Any pie, madam, but a magpie," replied the dean, in his usual, dry, sarcastic manner.

DR. THOMAS, when Bishop of Salisbury, used to tell the following story:—While I was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to the factory died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the parish pastor for leave to have him buried in his churchyard; but, on being told that he was a Calvinist, he refused. "No," said he, "there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other."—"This being told me," says Dr. Thomas, "I resolved to go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was a curate in Thomas street. I was burying a corpse, when a woman came up and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service, saying, 'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.'—'Prythee,' says I, 'woman wait till I have done.'—'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.'—'Why, then, what is the matter?'—'Sir,' says she 'you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next to my poor husband, who never had it.' The story had the desired effect, and the pastor permitted the bones of the Calvinist to be interred in his churchyard."

A METHODIST brother had occasion to preach a discourse against the doctrine of immersion, but could not find a text until, with great shrewdness and good sense, he hit upon this:

"Beware of divers—and strange doctrines."

OLD Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so—as when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time.

And then Dr. Strong added:

I'm very sorry to see,
That you're just like me.

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school:—"I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself!"

IT was at a prayer-meeting, when, the chorister being absent, the presiding elder, whose name was Jeeter, called upon one of the deacons and said, after reading a hymn:

Brother Moon,
Will you raise a tune?

The deacon lifted up his voice, but instead of singing at once, he inquired,

Brother Jeeter,
What's the metre?

This being satisfactorily answered, Deacon Moon pitched the tune.

NEAR Newark lived a pious family, who had adopted an orphan, who, by the way, was rather underwitted. He had imbibed strict views on religious matters, however, and once asked his adopted mother if she didn't think it wrong for the old farmers to come to church and fall asleep, paying no regard to the service. She replied she did. Accordingly, before going to church the next Sunday, he filled his pockets with apples. One bald-headed old man, who invariably went to sleep during the sermon, particularly attracted his attention. Seeing him at last nodding, and giving usual evidence of being in the "land of dreams," he took the astounded sleeper a blow with an apple on the top of his bald pate. The minister and aroused congregation at once turned round and indignantly gazed at the boy, who merely said to the preacher, as he took another apple in his hand, with a sober, honest expression of countenance, "You preach; I'll keep 'em awake."

A POPULAR preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

IN one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, N. J., there was a young naval officer who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first, she bore it with perfect equanimity: then as it continued and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecations, she began to grow fidgety, and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would soon be shot, and that it would strike him. It came directly. "Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"—"Yes," was the answer, in a half-unconscious, but slightly sneering tone. "Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you would greatly oblige me, and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you would do it in Hebrew." I watched him. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

A NOBLE Lord once asked a clergyman at the bottom of his table, "Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson?"—"Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd that I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your lordship."

AN itinerant preacher of Virginia, being invited to hold forth in one of the back settlements, took for his text the words:—"Though after my death worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God," and divided his text into three parts, thus: "first, the worms; secondly, what they did; and thirdly, what the man seen after he was eat up."

JUDGE BURNET, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor: "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the bishop; "what are you ruminating on?"

"A greater work than your lordship's 'History of the Reformation,'" answered the son.

"Ay! what is that?" asked the father.

"The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

THE people of one of the out-parishes of Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed winding up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the young people were nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that, and they wanted to bring that up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on, describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was, they gave their last minister $350; but if the doctor would send them such a man as they had described, they would raise another $50, making it $400. The doctor sat right down and wrote them in reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight, in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered this description; and as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly he might live on $400.

A CONSCIENTIOUS Scotch deacon, who had just mounted a wig, was much troubled in his mind because a clock-dial had been put on the new meeting-house, just built in his parish. Going to the clergyman as he mounted the pulpit, he thus accosted him:

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," says the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait till after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses."

"The matter is this, doctor. You see the clock on the face of the new church as ye came in? Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is, in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair."

"Oh, Duncan, Duncan, have ye come into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

The deacon was "struck all of a heap," as the saying is, and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

A CONGREGATION raised the salary of their minister from $300 to $400. The good man objected, for three reasons:—"First," said he, "you cannot afford to give more than three hundred; secondly, because my preaching is not worth more than three hundred; thirdly, because I have to collect the salary myself, which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labors among you, and had I to collect an additional hundred, it would kill me."

MR. MURRAY'S "Hand-book for South Italy" contains some curious stories respecting Fra Rocco, the celebrated Dominican preacher, and the spiritual Joe Miller of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on a mole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus showing every sign of contrition, he cried out:—"Now, all of you who repent hold up your hands!" Every man in the vast multitude immediately stretched out both his hands. "Holy Archangel Michael," exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamantine sword standeth at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew off every hand that has been raised hypocritically!" In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco of course poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit.

AN Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse and thus addressed the congregation:—"My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am just half through my sermon; but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than quarter as long as that you have heard."

AN anecdote is related of a young preacher who had for his text a verse from the parable of the ten virgins; and in the course of his sermon explained:

"That in old time it was customary for ten virgins to go out and meet them, and escort them home—five of the virgins being male, and five female."

WE heard once a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman, who is said never to come off second best in a jocular encounter.

One day as he was passing down the streets of a village where he was settled, he was observed by some waggish hangers on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing the reverend gentleman was a "hard case" at a joke, said that he would bet the drinks for all hands that he would head Mr. A.

As Mr. A. came opposite the merry group, the proposer of the bet called to him. Mr. A. halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap addressed him:

"Mr. A., we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to give a correct decision."

"Ah! what is it?"

"It is in relation to the age of the devil; will you tell us how old he is?"

"Gentlemen," said the imperturbable minister, "how can you presume me to be acquainted with matters of that sort? You must keep your own family records."

THE minister of a village not one hundred miles from Edinburgh once concluded the service of the day with the following pious prayer:—"O Lord, shower thy blessings on the illustrious family at present resident in this neighborhood, and for fear there should be any mistake, it is the Earl of Hopetoun I mean."

THE following pithy correspondence recently passed between a Bapist and a Methodist clergyman, it is said, where a great revival had been in progress:

Baptist to Methodist clergyman.—Dear Brother: I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them, as candidates for your church.

Methodist to Baptist clergyman.—Dear Brother: Yours received. I prefer to wash my own sheep.

A MINISTER who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice from a faithful old African servant, who replied:

"Master, go where is the most devil."

A GOOD minister prayed fervently for those of his congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand.

"I AM now about to do for you what the devil never did by you," said a quaint parson, in his valedictory address to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

A CELEBRATED divine in the west country tells the following story: While one day taking his usual walk he happened to come across a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. The doctor, always fond of conversation with children, at once began his interrogatories as follows: "Well, my little man, what's this you're doing?"—"Makin' a hoose, sir."—"What kind o' a hoose?"—"A kirk, sir."—"Where's the door?"—"There it is," replied the boy, pointing with his finger. "Where's the pulpit?"—"There it is," said the boy. The doctor, now thinking he would fix the sharp-eyed boy, again asked:—"Ay, but where is the minister?" The youngster, with a knowing look to his querist, and with a scratch of his head, again replied:—"Oh, I hav'na eneuch o' dirt to mak him."

A CLERGYMAN having been accused of stealing an excellent sermon which he had just delivered to an admiring congregation, denied the theft, and called on his accuser to retract what he had said. "I am not," said the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in this case I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for, on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."

A NOBLEMAN, one of the former lords Say and Sele, who lived in the neighborhood of the Rev. Mr. Dodd, one day asked him to dine with him. Before dinner they walked into the garden, and after viewing the various productions and rarities with which it abounded, his lordship exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Dodd, you see I want for nothing; I have all that my heart can wish for." As Mr. Dodd made no reply, but appeared thoughtful, his lordship asked him the reason. "Why, my lord," said the old man, "I have been thinking that a man may have all these things, and go to hell after all!" The words powerfully struck the nobleman, and, through the blessing of God, terminated in his lordship's conversion.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury said one day to Garrick, "Pray inform me how it is that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your auditory with things imaginary as if they were real, while we of the church speak of things real, which many of our congregation receive as things imaginary."—"Why," replied Garrick, "the reason is plain. We actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real; while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." His grace bowed to the reproof of the actor.

A MINISTER took for his text, "The flesh, the world, and the devil." He informed his astonished audience that he would dwell briefly in the flesh, pass rapidly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the devil.

MR. STUBBS, was once in one of our cities, and heard some of the most celebrated preachers there. Stubbs has a great horror of political or secular preaching, thinks ministers ought to confine themselves to the gospel, and the like of that. He was asked what he thought of the

Rev. M. Blower, whose house is so crowded that he has to come into the pulpit by a trap door, or climb up some other way. He said he "thought his church a very pleasant place of amusement; but he was afraid it would not be patronized by the better class of people, if they persisted in keeping it open on Sundays."

A CERTAIN deacon being accustomed to snore while asleep in church, he received the following polite note:

"Deacon —— is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the text."

"PETER, my boy, does you understand de seventh commandment?"

"Yaw."

"Vat is him den?"

"You shall not play ter teyfel mit your neighbors ducks."

SOME ministers are so intolerably dull, that one can hardly keep himself awake under their preaching. We once heard a man preach, who made such long pauses between his words, that a gentleman remarked, there was sufficient time to strike up a tune on the organ. It is seldom that a man falls asleep, while listening to an animated discourse; but sometimes it will happen, as in the case of a Methodist divine. Observing several of his congregation nodding, he exclaimed, at the top of his lungs — "Fire! fire! fire!"—"Where?—where?"—exclaimed several of his audience, rising in their seats. "In hell!" replied the preacher, as he continued his discourse.

A CLERGYMAN in a country parish in England had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?"—"I watna, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like the sermons that hae jumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

AN Episcopal Bishop in the north-west enjoyed a good joke occasionally, and he related the following:

One Sabbath he was preaching in a log-cabin to one of our western congregations, up in the hyperborean regions of lat. 42 deg. N., and gave out a hymn, of which the fourth verse was to be omitted. The bishop was his own choir, and sung the hymn, passing from the third to the fifth stanza. No sooner had he commenced the fifth than a stentorian voice sung out from the other end of the room:

"Sa-ay, Mister, you've skipped a verse there!"

THE Earl of Kelley was relating in a company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy, in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fish, which, in order to listen to him, held their heads out of water. "I can believe the miracle," said Erskine, "if your lordship was at church."—"I was certainly there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of water."

IT is said that an Indiana clergyman, in a sermon, once denounced the eating of oysters as "a sin of which nobody but loafers, gamblers and similar characters are guilty." Of course he never saw an oyster, and wouldn't know one if he were to meet it in the road.

A CLERGYMAN, in a recent sermon in New York, quoted an anecdote of an old merchant who instructed his clerks:—"When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell to him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

ONE day Joe was arrested by two bailiffs for a debt of twenty pounds, just as the Bishop of Ely was riding by in his carriage. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs:—"Gentlemen, here is my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me but speak a word to him, and he will pay the debt and costs." The bishop ordered the carriage to stop, whilst Joe, close to his ear, whispered:—"My lord, here are a couple of poor waverers, who have such terrible scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves."—"Very well," replied the bishop; so, calling to the bailiffs, he said:—"You two men come to me to-morrow, and I will satisfy you." The bailiffs bowed, and went their way. Joe (hugging himself with this device) went his way, too. In the morning the bailiffs repaired to the bishop's house. "Well, my good men," said he, "what are your scruples of conscience?"—"Scruples!" replied the bailiffs, "we have no scruples; we are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for twenty pounds. Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope you will be as good as your word." The bishop, to prevent any further scandal to his name, immediately paid the debt.

At Worcester assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim:

"Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully," bowing respectfully to the counsellor, "luckily for me, has none."

Francis the First, being desirous to raise one of the most learned men of the time to the highest dignities of the church, asked him if he was of noble descent. "Your majesty," answered the abbot, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark; but I cannot tell positively from which of them I am descended."

A clergyman, on taking possession of a new living in Yorkshire, determined to visit his parishioners and ascertain from personal inspection the true amount and nature of their spiritual wants. The first call he made was on an old lady of very respectable family and fortune. When he spoke to her of her blessed Redeemer, she asked him whom he meant.

"Don't you know," said he, "that Christ came into this world to seek and to save mankind? that he was persecuted and put to death by the Jews?"

"Never heard of him before," said the old lady. "Pray, how long ago did this happen?"

"Nearly two thousand years ago."

"Bless my heart! And where did it happen?"

"In Jerusalem; more than two thousand miles from here."

"Dear me, parson," said she, "since it is said to have happened so long ago, and at such a distance, let us hope that it is not true. Let me help you to a cup of tea."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he could never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added:

"I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety."

"And have you been born again?" said the old gentleman, musingly.

"Yes, I trust I have."

"Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you to be born once more."

At a convention of clergymen, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy, and related a dream. In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money-saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and inquired, jocosely:

"Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?"

"Yes, I did."

"Indeed!—what was I doing?"

"You were on your knees."

"Praying, was I?"

"No—scraping up the gold!"

THE Rev. Dr. Breckinridge happily illustrated the evasiveness and timidity of his opponents in the Presbyterian General Assembly. He said :—Every speech giving utterances from a disloyal bosom seems to signify that it would be no harm by silence to disgrace the church; and yet deem any plain and unequivocal allusion to the difficulty as exceedingly harmful. One very hot day a West India lady directed her servant to take some ice, and some liquor, and some water, and some lemon, and mix them for her drink. "And, if you please, mistress," said the servant, "shall I put in a little nutmeg ?" —"Begone, you beast," screamed the mistress, "do you think I would drink punch?" [A laugh.] So, now, when I put in "the nutmeg," and make the question unequivocal, the brethren manifest abhorrence of the whole matter.

A CLERGYMAN, being deposed from his ministry for holding certain heretical opinions, said, "It should cost an hundred men their lives." This alarming speech being reported, he was taken before a magistrate and examined, when he explained himself by saying his meaning was, that "He intended to practise physic."

A CHURCHWARDEN'S wife went to church for the first time in her life when her husband was churchwarden, and being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said, with a sweet, condescending smile :—"Pray, keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, I think no more of myself than I did before."

ABOUT the time that temperance and anti-slavery began to flourish, a committee waited on old Parson Milton, of Newburyport, Mass., requesting him to advocate those causes. "Shan't do't!" said the parson of the old school; "when you hired me, it was to preach the gospel—now it's rum and niggers !"

IT is difficult, in such a world as this, so to live as that "our good" shall not be "evil spoken of." Mr. Whitefield has been charged with mercenary motives, his whole life showed the fallacy and weakness of such a charge. During his stay in Scotland, in 1759, a young lady, Miss Hunter, who possessed a considerable fortune, made a full offer to him of her estate, both money and lands, amounting to several thousand pounds, which he generously refused; and, upon his declining it for himself, she offered it to him for the benefit of his orphan house. This also he absolutely refused. This incident is given on the authority of his original biographer, Dr. Gillies, who received it from unquestionable testimony.

DURING the days of the Commonwealth, the Rev. John Howe, one of Cromwell's chaplains, was frequently applied to by men of all parties for protection, nor did he refuse his influence to any on account of difference in religious opinions. One day the protector said to him, "Mr. Howe, you have asked favors for everybody besides yourself; pray when does your turn come?" He replied. "My turn, my lord protector, is always come when I can serve another."

"I HAVE heard Mr. Fletcher say," says Mrs. Fletcher, "that when he lived alone in his house, the tears have come into his eyes when five or six insignificant letters have been brought him. at three or fourpence a piece; and perhaps he had only a single shilling in the house to distribute among the poor, to whom he was going. He frequently said to me, 'O Polly, can we not do without beer? Let us drink water, and eat less meat. Let our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.'"

DAVID HUME observed that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. On this Bishop Horne remarked, this might probably be; for, in the first place, it is most likely that he saw very few, his friends and acquaintance being of another sort; and, secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

IN a company where Cardinal Pole was. the conversation turned on a young man who was very learned, but very noisy and turbulent. The cardinal remarked, "That learning in such young men is like new wine in the vat, there it works and ferments; but after it is put into a vessel, having gathered its strength together, it settles, and is quiet and still."

A CLERGYMAN in the west of England preached during the whole of Lent in a town where he never was invited to dinner. He said in his farewell sermon:—"I have preached against every vice except that of good living, which I believe is not to be found among you, and therefore needed not my reproach."

A CLERGYMAN in the cupola of the State House in Boston, observing Captain W. at work upon the outside of the dome, said to him:—"Sir, you are now in a dangerous situation. I trust you have made your peace with your heavenly Father."—"I never was at war with Him," responded the gallant captain.

A MINISTER, who was generally able to keep his congregation wide awake, but who, on one occasion—it was a sultry summer day—observed numbers of them asleep, resolved to nip the evil practice in the bud. So taking a good survey of the scene before and around him, he exclaimed, "I saw an advertisement last week for five hundred sleepers for a railroad. I think I could supply at least fifty, and recommend them as good and sound." It is perhaps needless to add that the supply instantly vanished.

SOME years ago a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission he said to his daughter:

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul himself comes, don't disturb me."

"Mr. Bentley, who preached in the East Church, and who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing that he was in town, hurried off after dinner to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, even if St. Paul should call."

"I must see him," was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bentley.

Resistance to such a "must" was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was invaded, and with no gentle shake and a corresponding voice, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bentley, reiterating with fervency his gratification.

"I think, brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, Brother Bentley?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed even if St. Paul called, yet you seem very glad to see me?"

"No, no, brother; not inconsistent at all. I was —I am—glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! Why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him—but you, Brother Bentley, I never expect to see you again."

DEAN SWIFT having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner:

Thanks for this miracle, it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef;
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined, where we shall dine no more.

JOHN WESLEY was at first a reader of sermons, and thought he could preach in no other way. An extemporaneous preacher will always have the advantage over the reader of sermons. Could Whitefield or John Wesley have preached with such power or pathos as mere readers? Mr. Wesley related the following anecdote to Mr. Thomas Letts, of Allhallows church, London. While he was putting on his gown in the vestry he said to him: "It is fifty years, sir, since I first preached in this church. I remember it from a peculiar circumstance that occurred at that time. I came without a sermon, and going up the pulpit stairs I hesitated, and returned into the vestry under much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who was there noticed that I was deeply agitated, and she inquired, 'Pray, sir, what is the matter with you?' I replied, 'I have not brought a sermon with me.' Putting her hand upon my shoulder, she said, 'Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?' That question had such an effect upon me that I ascended the pulpit and preached extempore, with great freedom to myself and acceptance to the people, and I have never since taken a written sermon into the pulpit."

On one occasion, the Rev. Dr. L., of A., having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and irritated on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and the quiet retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and, addressing the congregation, said— "We will not begin the public worship of God, till the chaff blows off." We need not say these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this severe rebuke.

Lord Peterborough, when on a visit to Fenelon, at Cambray, was so charmed with the virtue and talent of the archbishop, that he exclaimed at parting— "If I stay here much longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

Some people are entirely wrapped up in their favorite. Of course, when a people have selected a pastor from all others, they should prefer him to all others; this is both natural and allowable. But this is a different thing from feeling that nobody else is worth hearing. The latter is very sinful, and is alike injurious to ministers and people. How many there are that go to church when their idol preaches, and who stay at home when he does not. How many there are who watch the pulpit to see who enters it, and who go away unless their favorite is there. These go not to worship, nor to learn, but to hear the man of a pleasant voice, of a lively imagination—whose sermons are so pleasant, or so stirring, or so funny, or so full of incident. We went on a certain occasion to hear one of the popular sensation preachers. The house was crowded. Benches were in the aisles. Soon a stranger entered the pulpit, the crowd about the door disappeared at once, and the benches and some of the pews were soon emptied.

And the strange preacher delivered a sermon in truthfulness and power such as we have but rarely heard, and such as the preacher who drew crowds could no more have written than he could the "*Novum Organum*," or "Paradise Lost." In fact the true worship of God is very much forgotten by multitudes who go to fashionable churches, and to hear popular preachers on the Sabbath. They go to see or to be seen, or to be pleased, not to worship or to be instructed. And, as said a worn-out, godly but old-fashioned minister to a young pastor who invited him to preach for him, "O," said he, "your people will not receive the gospel unless it is served up to them in silver dishes with golden spoons."

A very good anecdote is related of a certain eccentric preacher—a shrewd, intelligent man withal, and of unbounded influence among his people. One long, warm afternoon, his congregation, as all other congregations will on summer afternoons, got drowsy, and not a few went off into a regular doze. The orator went on, apparently undisturbed by the apathy, and finished his discourse. He paused—the silence, as is often the case after the humdrum of a very animated speaker, roused up the congregation—some rubbed their eyes and stared, for there stood the priest, sermon in hand. He waited till he saw them all fairly awake, and then very calmly said:—"My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, rather more than usual—you do not seem to have paid as much attention as it deserves —I think I will go over it again!" and he was as good as his word, from text to exhortation.

A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"—"Yes," said the preacher. "Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"— "A female, sir," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know that?"—"Because (looking the interrogator steadily in the face) I see the male is still alive now."

BISHOP MARLEY had a good deal of the humor of Swift. Once he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. For this the coachman objected, that his business was to drive, not to run on errands. "Well, then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well;" a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.

REV. MR. DYE, of Fairfield county, Conn., was travelling through Western Ohio, mounted on a tall, lank, raw-boned animal, (a good frame to build a horse on,) when he came to the junction of two roads, and not knowing which might lead him to his destination, asked a ragged, dirty-looking urchin which of the two roads would lead to W. The boy, in a rough and uncouth manner, said: "Who are you, old fellow?" Mr. Dye, being greatly astonished at the child's incivility, replied: "My son, I am a follower of the Lord."—"A follower of the Lord, eh? Wall, it makes mighty little difference which road you take, you'll never catch him with that horse."

A YOUNG clergyman having, in the hearing of Dr. Parr, stated that he would believe nothing he could not understand, the doctor said—"Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

ROBERT HALL was sometimes visited by a brother minister, a worthy little man of an amiable disposition, but very self-conceited, who would intrude himself on Mr. Hall's company, greatly to his annoyance, and then boast to others of his intimacy with that able divine. One Saturday morning he begged permission to see Mr. Hall for a moment or two on important business. Having gained access to his study, the little man began to make an apology for the intrusion, and to say, that being in town he thought he must call and see his friend Hall, etc. Mr. Hall stopped him in the midst of his harangue and said:—"My dear friend, do not apologize. I am glad to see you; indeed, I was never more delighted to see a man in my life. Why, sir, I had Sir James Mackintosh here till three o'clock this morning; and his conversation, sir, has absolutely carried me away to the third heavens. Why, sir, it is more than I can sustain. I am glad you have come, for you will soon compel me to feel that I am yet among the creeping things of earth."

ON a certain occasion Rev. Mr. Robbins attended a ministerial association, wearing a pair of nankeen pantaloons. Dr. P., of Boston, who had a great regard for ministerial propriety and dignity, said to Mr. Robbins:—"I am astonished at seeing you here in such costume."—"What objection have you to my costume, doctor?" said Mr. Robbins. "Is it not clean?"—"It is clean enough," said Dr. P., "but just think of a minister appearing in a ministerial association in nankeen pantaloons."—"I don't carry my religion in my pantaloons," was Mr. Robbins' reply. This excited Dr. P. to say:—"This is just like you. People tell me that you preach religious nonsense."—"Well, doctor," said Mr. Robbins, "I have the advantage of you, for they tell me that you preach nonsense without religion."

A DULL preacher put all his congregation to sleep except an idiot, who sat erect, with open mouth. Thumping the pulpit, the preacher exclaimed:—"What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Ay, sir," said the only wakeful hearer, "if I had not been an idiot, I should have been asleep too."

ROBERT HALL being unsuccessful in securing the hand of a Miss Steel, while smarting under his disappointment, took tea with a company of ladies, one of whom, the lady of the house, said, in bad taste: "You are dull, Mr. Hall, and we have no polished steel here to brighten you."—"O, madam," replied Mr. Hall, "that is of no consequence; you have plenty of polished brass."

A Baptist and Congregationalist minister were riding together one day, when there were strong manifestations of a coming shower. The former suggested to the latter, who was driving, that he had better quicken the speed of the horse. The Congregationalist replied:—"Why, brother, are you afraid of water?"—"O, no," said the Baptist, "I am not afraid of water; it's the sprinkling I wish to avoid."

Bishop Kennet says of South, that "he labored very much to compose his sermons; and, in the pulpit, worked up his body when he came to a piece of wit, or any notable saying."

His wit was certainly the least of his recommendations; he indulged in it to an excess which often violated the sanctity of the pulpit. When Sherlock accused him of employing wit in a controversy on the Trinity, South made but a sorry reply:—"Had it pleased God to have made you a wit, what would you have done?"

Dean Swift always performed the duties of religion with punctuality and devotion; but he could not forbear indulging the peculiarity of his humor when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of the time and place. Upon his being appointed to the living of Laracor, in the diocese of Meath, he gave public notice that he would read prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, which had not been the custom; and, accordingly, the bell was rung, and he went to church. On the first day he remained some time with no other auditor than his clerk, Roger, when he at length began:—"Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and so proceeded to the end of the service.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, while once travelling alone was accosted by a footpad, who, by the agitation of his voice and manner, appeared to be new to his profession. After delivering to the assailant his watch and purse, curiosity prompted Mr. Hill to examine him as to the motives that had urged him to so desperate a course. The man candidly confessed, that being out of employment, with a wife and children who were perishing of want, despair had forced him to turn robber; but that this was the first act of the kind in which he had been engaged. Mr. Hill, struck with the apparent sincerity of the man, and feeling for his distress, gave his name and address, and asked him to call on him the next day, The man did so, and was immediately taken into the service of the humane divine, where he continued till his death. Nor did Mr. Hill ever divulge the circumstance, until he related it in the funeral sermon which he preached on the death of his domestic.

The same clergyman being called to visit a sick man, found a poor emaciated creature in a wretched bed, without anything to alleviate his misery. Looking more narrowly, he observed that the man was actually without a shirt, on which Mr. Hill instantly stripped himself, and forced his own upon the reluctant but grateful object; then, buttoning himself up closely, he hastened homeward, sent all that was needed to relieve the destitute being he had left, provided medical aid, and had the satisfaction of restoring a fellow creature to his family.

John Wesley, having learned that a wealthy tradesman of his neighborhood indulged to excess in the pleasures of the table, paid him a visit, and, discussing the subject with him, urged every argument, and every passage of Scripture he could against the sin of gluttony. Observing the tradesman silent and thoughtful, Wesley flattered himself that he had gained his point and produced the desired reformation. The dinner cloth was by this time spread, and sumptuous elegance decorated the board. Mr. Wesley was asked to dine; and having consented, was thus addressed by his host: "Sir, your conversation has made such an impression on me, that henceforward I shall live only on bread and water; and to show you that I am in good earnest, I will begin immediately." The dinner was then ordered to be removed, and bread and water introduced, to the disappointment of the preacher, who, although an abstemious man, wished for something better than an anchorite's fare.

Howell Davies, who was Whitefield's Welsh coadjutor, walking one Sunday morning to preach, was accosted by a clergyman on horseback, who was bound on the same errand, and who complained of the unprofitable drudgery of his profession, saying that he could never get more than half a guinea for preaching. The Welshman replied that for his part he was content to preach for a crown. This so offended the mounted priest, that he upbraided the pedestrian for disgracing his cloth. "Perhaps," said Davies, "you will hold me still cheaper when I inform you that I am going nine miles to preach, and have only sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in. But the crown for which I preach is a crown of glory."

Charles the Second once demanded of Dr. Stillingfleet, who was a preacher to the court, "Why he read his sermons before him, when on every other occasion his sermons were delivered extempore?" The bishop answered that, overawed by so many great and noble personages, and in the presence of his sovereign, he dared not to trust his powers. "And now," said the divine, "will your majesty permit me to ask a question?"—"Certainly," said the condescending monarch. "Why, then, does your majesty read your speeches, when it may be presumed that you can have no such reason?"—"Why, truly," said the king, "I have asked my subjects so often for money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

A preacher who differed in opinion with Adolphus Gunn, called upon him, and being known, was denied admittance, "Mr. Gunn being busy in his study."—"Tell him," said the importunate visitor, "that a servant of the Lord wishes to speak to him." Gunn sent back this answer: "Tell the servant of the Lord that I am engaged with his Master."

An Illinois parson is gradually but surely extinguishing the church debt by having the sexton lock the congregation in till they come down with a specified amount, he preaching at them all the time.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

The ancients were wholly ignorant of the art of constructing mechanical clocks. It was not, indeed, until late in the fifth century of the Roman era that the first sundial was introduced into Rome; and although that was calculated for another meridian, and was consequently incorrect in its new situation, it nevertheless continued for ninety-nine years to be the only instrument by which time was regulated in that celebrated city. At a later period a machine was invented at Alexandria, termed a Clepsydra, or water clock. This was, in fact, nothing more than a basin filled with water, which was emptied in a certain number of hours, through a hole in the bottom into another vessel, in which it rose around a graduated scale of the hours; or, more simply still, a conical glass with the scale marked on the sides, and which being perforated at the base, denoted the hour as the liquor subsided. But these, unartificial as they were, served the purpose of ascertaining the time with tolerable accuracy; and to them may be traced the origin of that still common instrument, the hour glass.

Various improvements were occasionally made in them, of the ingenuity of which we may form some idea from the description that has been given of one sent as a present to Charlemagne in 807, by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, which is said to have contained the figures of twelve knights, who, guarding as many doors, opened and shut them according as the hours revolved, and struck the time upon a metal bell. This, indeed, has been considered as the origin of our modern clocks; but the manner in which it is mentioned in the "*Annales Francorum*," clearly shows that it was a water clock of uncommon construction.

Both the period of the discovery and the name of the inventor of the clocks moved by machinery are uncertain. It has been ascribed to various persons in Europe, even so early as the ninth century, but after a minute investigation of their several claims, there seems little doubt that the instruments of which they were the contrivers were nothing more than some improvements, such as those already mentioned in the water-clock, and that the origin of the present invention is not older than the eleventh century. About that time clocks moved by weights and wheels certainly began to be used in the monasteries of Europe. But it still seems probable that we are indebted for them to the Saracens, from whom, indeed, in the early ages all mathematical science appears to have emanated. The oldest clock of which there is any account in England was erected in the year 1288, on a building called the Clock-house at Westminster. It was intended for the use of the courts of law, and it is a singular fact that the expense was defrayed out of a fine imposed upon the chief-justice of the King's Bench for altering a record of the court.

It was considered of such value that, in the reign of Henry VI., the care of it was entrusted to the Dean of St. Stephen's, with a salary of sixpence per day ; and it was still existing in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Mention is also made of a great clock for the Cathedral of Canterbury, which was erected in the year 1292, at an expense of thirty pounds. The most ancient clock now in England, is that of Hampton Court Palace, the date of which is 1540.

Clocks were, however, for a long time confined to monasteries ; and it is remarkable that the records of their general use on the continent are by no means of so early a date as that of those we have already described as publicly known in England.

The invention of pendulum clocks is due to the ingenuity of the seventh century, and the honor of the discovery is disputed between Galileo and Huygens. Becher contends in his work, published in 1680, for Galileo, and relates, though at second hand, the whole history of the invention, and denies that one Trefler, clockmaker to the father of the then Grand Duke of Tuscany, made the first pendulum clock at Florence, under the direction of Galileo Galilei, and that a model of it was sent to Holland. But, whoever may have been the inventor, it is certain that the discovery never flourished till it came into the hands of Huygens, who insists, that if Galileo had entertained such an idea he never brought it to perfection.

The first pendulum clock made in England was constructed in the year 1662, by one Tromantil, a Dutchman.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, clocks began to be used in private houses ; and about the same time mention is first made of watches. It appears they were originally formed in the shape of an egg, or at least of an oval, and the catgut supplied the place of a metal chain whilst they were commonly of a smaller size than those of later years.

Archbishop Parker in his will, dated April, 1575, bequeathed to the Bishop of Ely his staff of Indian cane, with a watch in the top. That some of them were repeaters is also proved by the fact that Charles XI. of France, having lost his watch in a crowd, the thief was detected by its striking. Yet the art of making these must have been afterwards lost, for we find it mentioned as an improvement in the reign of Charles II., and a patent was obtained for it in that of James II.

The oldest watch known in England is that which was lately in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum ; the date was 1541 ; but another is said to have belonged to King Henry VIII., and was probably earlier. Instances might be multiplied to show that watches were known at the early period we have mentioned, but they do not appear to have been in general use until about the time of Queen Elizabeth. However early the invention of clocks might be, I am greatly mistaken if any authentic document can be produced of the art of making pocket watches being discovered so early as the fourteenth century. Lord Kaimes asserts that the first watch was made in Germany near the close of the fifteenth century.

MR. COLLINGS, silversmith, of Gloucester, England, had a most ingenious piece of mechanism, an eight-day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power, which chimed the quarters, played sixteen tunes, played three tunes in twelve hours or could play at any time required.

The hands went round as follows:—One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year. It showed the moon's age, the time of rising and setting of the sun, times of high and low water, half-ebb and half-flood; and by a beautiful contrivance, there was a part which represented the water, which rose and fell, lifting the ships at high water tide as if it was in motion, and, as it receded, leaving these little automaton ships dry on the sands. It showed the twelve signs of the zodiac; it struck or not, as you might wish it; it had the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock was of beautiful workmanship.

Some time ago, two clocks of great ingenuity, and elegant workmanship, were made in London, and presented by the East India Company to the Emperor of China. Each clock was in the form of a chariot, in which was placed, in a fine attitude, a lady leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot; and under it was the clock, of curious workmanship, little larger than a shilling, that struck and repeated the hours, and that would go eight days. Upon the finger of the lady, sits a bird finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded in a flying posture; and it actually flutters for a considerable time, on touching a diamond button below it. The body of the bird, though it contains part of the wheels that give motion to it, is not more than one sixteenth of an inch in size. The lady holds in her left hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which, is a small round box, to which a circular ornament, set with diamonds, not larger than a sixpence, is fixed, which goes round for nearly three hours, in a regular and constant motion. Over the lady's head, is a double umbrella, supported by a small fluted pillar, no larger than a quill. Under the largest umbrella, a bell is fixed, at a considerable distance from the clock, with which it seems to have no connection; but, in reality, a communication is secretly conveyed to a hammer, that regularly strikes the hour, and repeats the same at pleasure, by touching a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady, is a gold dog; before it, from the point of the chariot, are two birds, fixed on spiral springs, the wings and feathers of which are set with stones of various colors, and appear as if flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, is contrived to run in a straight, circular, or indeed any other direction; a boy that lays hold of the chariot behind, seems also to push it forward. Above the umbrella, are flowers and ornaments of precious stones; and it terminates with a flying dragon, ornamented in a similar manner. The whole is of gold, most delicately executed, and embellished with rubies and pearls.

Venice is of the past. There is nothing modern worth seeing. The Clock Tower, which is situated close to St. Mark's, contains a clock of very ancient date, and of an ingenious piece of mechanism. It was commenced in 1494. It has no dial, but Roman numerals show the time every five minutes—the same as that in the Boston Theatre.

On what very much resembles a dial face are the signs of the zodiac, and twenty-four divisions, numbered from one to twelve. In the centre of this face is a globe, representing the earth, and outside of this, on the same face, is a ball, one-half of which is gilded, to represent the moon—the gilded part representing the full moon, and the other part the new moon; outside of this was the sun. The face was made up of three concentric circles, so that all the planets maintain the relative positions they have in space. The earth revolves on its axis, the moon around the earth, and the sun around them both. The different phases of the moon are shown on the ball; as much of the gilded part is represented as you can see of the moon. Of course this part of the clock is more modern, as many of the movements of these planets were not known before 1500. But few persons then believed in the rotundity of the earth.

Over this is a large gilded statue of the

Virgin Mary, and on each side is a door. For fifteen days during the year, at certain times of the day, these doors open and five figures walk out, pass before the Virgin bowing—taking off their hats as they do so—and pass in again at the opposite door. On the top of the tower is a large bell, and on each side is a large bronze figure, holding a large sledge hammer, with which it strikes the hour on the bell. Some years ago one of these men committed a homicide. A party of visitors were upon the tower examining the figures, when, as one of them went to strike the hour, in carrying his hammer back he struck one of the persons, knocking him off the tower and killing him immediately. All these different things are done by the works of the clock, made four hundred and fifty years ago, and now in perfectly good condition.

THERE is a curious old clock in Prague that ticked four centuries ago, when the Swedes were thundering at the gates of Prague, and when Bohemia was a great and powerful kingdom, just as it is ticking now. Twenty-four hours—the day and night—are marked upon the dial, instead of twelve, for the clock follows the sun. When night comes, the face of the dial becomes black, just as the night is, and, when the day approaches, it turns its great white face out to meet light. You can tell from it what time the sun rises, and at what hour he will set. Hancach, the clever fellow who made it, was something of an astronomer; but men knew little about the stars in those days.

But the hour has arrived—it is ten o'clock. Watch closely, for the delicate mechanism is now at work. Out of a small door above the dial comes a skeleton, ghastly and grim. Around its bony neck old Father Time has hung his remorseless scythe. The gaunt figure produces an hour-glass, and turns it to indicate that another hour has gone, and that the new has commenced. It then pulls violently a bell-rope, precisely as the old sexton in a New England village church would do on a Sabbath morning. At each pull the bell strikes, and the skeleton bows its head in approval. Then out of the mysterious tower comes a miser with a bag of gold. He clenches it tight, for it is evident his time has come, and he hates to leave his worldly goods behind. He walks about and beats the ground with his stick. There is avarice in his heart and eye—a sort of cold, relentless grasping after dollars, that no one can mistake. This figure is the master-piece of the clock. When the skeleton has rang the hour, both it and the miser retire into the tower. Then a great bronze door opens, and the twelve apostles pass before the Saviour and bow down to him. Far up on the tower their faces look life-like, and the scene is impressive.

THE celebrated clock at Strasbourg is put into the shade by that exhibited in Paris, for the Cathedral of Beauvais. To hide a defect in the building, the inhabitants decided upon having a monster clock; they subscribed 40,000 francs, and for four years ten clock makers and twenty assistants were at work on it. It has cost 100,000 francs more than the original estimate; has fourteen different movements, and 90,000 pieces of distinct machinery. The case is eleven yards high, in carved oak, over five yards broad and nearly three in depth. At each hour a figure of Providence, surmounting the clock, makes a gesture, and quite an army of saints appear at windows, listening to the crowing of a cock. The principal of the fifty dials has a figure of Jesus Christ, in enamel upon copper, and above and surrounding are the figures of the twelve apostles also in enamel. The pendulum weighs nearly two hundred pounds. The machinery must be wound up every eight days. Not only does the clock show the hours, and chime each lapsed quarter of an hour, but there are dials showing the days of the week, the motions of the planets, the rising and setting of the sun, the hours in the different chief cities of the world, the season, zodiacal signs, the length of each day and night, the equation of time, dates, Saints' days, the changes of the moon, tides, solstices, moveable feasts, the age of the world, leap years, longitudes and latitudes, eclipses, and every century that expires. The maker of this mass of intelligence is not inappropriately called *Verite* (Truth). Crowds rush to see this marvel of mechanism.

There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years, without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels of the watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example: The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, 1460 in a year; the second or centre, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 7760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand), 1440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth or scape-wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800 or 141,812,900 in a year.

A foreign journal gives the following history of an extraordinary clock:—In 1700 the widow of a poor Protestant clergyman, named Herald, lived in the small town of Libau, in Courland. She was exceedingly charitable. One night an officer passed through Libau on his way to the army. He asked at the inn for some warm beverage, but could obtain none; he applied in vain at several private houses; it was not until he knocked at the clergyman's widow's door that he obtained a dish of hot tea. It greatly comforted the weary soldier. Just before he set out on his journey, he offered her money for her pains. She declined accepting money. He remembered he had a lottery ticket in his pocket, the prize was a clock recognised to be worth $64,000. He made the widow accept this ticket as a souvenir of him. The ticket remained forgotten in the drawer; her children had often played with it as a picture, so that it was well-nigh in pieces. The number that drew the capital prize was announced again and again in the newspapers, but no one came to claim the venerable clock. One day a gentleman happened to enter the lady's house, and seeing the mutilated lottery ticket between the glass and frame of a looking glass, glanced curiously at it, and was amazed to discover the often advertised number of the ticket which had drawn the capital prize in the clock lottery. The valuable clock was given to the poor clergyman's wife. The Emperor of Russia offered her $16,000 and a life annuity of $800 for it. She accepted the imperial offer, and the clock is this day one of the chief ornaments of the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg. The exterior contains two orchestras, which play together one of the most celebrated pieces of Mozart's "Don Juan." The widow strove to discover the name of her benefactor, and although the Czar ordered the police to assist her, all her efforts were in vain. He probably perished in battle.

In the Winter Palace there is another extraordinary clock, made by Cox, the eminent English clockmaker. Potemski purchased it in 1780 as a present to Catharine II. Whenever the hour struck, a peacock would turn toward the spectators and majestically spread its tail, which glittered like a thousand colors, formed by precious stones, a cock would crow, an owl would move its eyes, an elephant would wreathe its proboscis and wag its tail; at every beat of the pendulum an insect would fly on a mushroom.

There is, in the cathedral at Strasbourg, a wonderful clock, which has been substituted for an older one which has been removed. It appears to be about fifty feet high, and more than half that width; it was mute for fifty years, but is now a living chronometer. Among its performances are the following:—It tells the hours, half hours, and quarter hours, and the bells which record the flight of time are struck by automaton figures. A youth strikes the quarter, a mature man the half hour, and an old man, representing the figure of Time, the full hour. This clock tells also the times and seasons of ecclesiastical events as far as they are associated with astronomical phenomena, and it gives the phases of the moon, and equation of time. At noon a cock, mounted on a pillar, crows thrice, when a procession of the apostles comes out and passes in view of the Saviour; among them Peter, who, shrinking from the eye of his Lord, shows by his embarrassed demeanor that he has heard the crowing of the cock, and has fully understood its meaning. Among the movements of the automatons is that of a beautiful youth, who turns an hour glass every fifteen minutes. There is also a celestial circle or orrery that shows the motions of the heavenly bodies.

In the cathedral of Lunden there is a curious clock, which, for the number of its figures and movements, may vie with those of Strasbourg and Lyons. Every hour two horsemen issue out to encounter, and a door flies open, which discovers the Virgin Mary on a throne, with Christ in her arms, the Magi with their retinue marching in order, and presenting their gifts, while two trumpeters are sounding to the procession. This clock also shows the month, day of the month, and every festival throughout the year.

COMPLIMENTS AND EULOGIES.

As a lady of the Fortescue family, who possessed great personal beauty, was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthenware, driving an ass with two panniers, laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken. The lady in her turn became alarmed lest the man should load her with abuse, if not insult her; but he merely exclaimed, "Never mind, madam; Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel!"

The ready wit of a true Irishman, however humble his station, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hands of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeralder dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the loser with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith, ma'am," said he, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."—"Which shall I thank you for, the service or the compliment?" said the lady, smiling. "Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked for both."

When Mrs. Siddons visited Dr. Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments. Frank, his servant, could not bring her a chair. "You see, madam," said the doctor, "wherever you go, how difficult it is to find seats." When she retired, he said to Dr. Glover: "Sir, she is a prodigious fine woman."—"Yes," replied Dr. Glover, "but don't you think she is much finer on the stage when she is adorned by art?"—"Sir," said Johnson, "on the stage art does not adorn her, nature adorns her there, and art glorifies her."

It was a beautiful compliment that Haydn, the musician, paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia, listening to celestial music. Looking at it, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake."—"What is that?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered: "What would you think, my dear, if I had my new silk gown on?"

"How fortunate I am in meeting a rain-beau in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day to her beau of promise, who happened along with an umbrella.

"And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he has caught a reindeer."

Sydney Smith was once examining some flowers in a garden, when a beautiful girl who was one of the party, exclaimed:

"O Mr. Smith, this pea will never come to perfection!"

"Permit me, then," said Sydney, gently taking her hand, and walking toward the plant, "to lead perfection to the pea."

"**Who** is that pretty girl?" asked a well-known Boston divine at a wedding. "That is Miss Glass," answered a friend. "Let the young men of Boston beware of such an intoxicating Glass," was the quick reply.

Steele paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps was ever offered. Of one woman whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, he says that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "has your tenderness removed pain from my head—how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form, than my wife."

A country contemporary puffs Ross, the soap man, and his soap, concluding as follows:—"The manufacture of the best soap ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have tried it, therefore we know."

One of the prettiest and wittiest compliments ever passed, is contained in the lines by Sheridan addressed to Miss Payne:

'Tis true I am ill, but I cannot complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne.

A gentleman being asked by a lady if the Parisian ladies were handsome, replied:—"I thought so, madam, before I had the pleasure of seeing you."

A negro driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for, replied:—"I am watering my flowers." A more delicate compliment could not have been paid.

A person who dined in company with Dr. Johnson endeavored to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at everything he said. The doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent ha, ha, ha, becoming intolerable, "Pray, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that you can comprehend."

"**For** what do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party. "I beg pardon, madam," happily replied the witty fellow; "I winked as men do looking at the sun; your splendor dazzled my eyes."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Two ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question:

"Which of us do you think is the elder?"

"Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

General Wolf, overhearing a young officer say, in a very familiar manner, "Wolf and I drank a bottle of wine together," said:—"I think you might say General Wolf."—"No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of Gen. Achilles, or Gen. Cæsar?"

A DENTIST who, having labored in vain to extract a tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task, with this felicitous apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth."

"DID I hurt you?" said a lady the other day, when she trod on a man's foot. "No, madam, I thank you, seeing that's you. If it was anybody else, I'd holler murder."

A LADY being desirous of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman, who was something of a wag in his line. The lady called and asked:—"Are you the dyeing man?"—"No, ma'am; I'm a living man, but I'll dye for you," promptly replied the man of many colors, putting the emphasis where it was needed.

A FASHIONABLE countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flowers, roses or tulips, he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's two lips before all the roses in the world."

A FRENCHMAN wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

IF you wish to please people, just sugar and oil their weaknesses. If there is one thing more than another that folks like clear through the marrow, it is a clear saccharine plaster over their shortcomings.

DR. JOHNSON, though ill qualified, either by the habits of his life or in the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, one day clasped the hand of a lady, remarkable for its symmetry and whiteness. Smiling as she withdrew it, he said:

"You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare that this is the finest work that ever came out of my hands?"

FONTENELLE, when he was at the age of ninety, passed Madame Helvetius, whom he did not see, without saluting her. "How little I ought to believe your compliments," said the lady to him after dinner, "you actually passed me without looking at me."—"Madame," replied the antiquated beau, "if I had looked at you I never should have passed."

A YOUNG lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed that her only objection to a union was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he ingeniously replied:—"Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

A GENTLEMAN told a lady she was wondrous handsome, who replied, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish I could say as much of you."—"You might, madam," said he, "if you lie as readily as myself."

VOLTAIRE said of Mademoiselle de Livey, "She was so beautiful that I raised my long, thin body, and stood before her like a point of admiration."

"How can you, my dear, prefer punch to wine."—"Because, my dear, 'tis so like matrimony—a charming compound of opposite qualities."—"Ay, my lord, I am the weak part, I suppose."—"No, my love, you are the sweet, with a dash of the acid, and no small portion of the spirit."

CONUNDRUMS AND PUZZLES.

WHAT ship is it that no woman objects to embark in? Court-ship.

WHAT is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

WHAT lock must be looked for out of doors and on the ground? Hemlock.

WHY is the letter S likely to prove dangerous in argument? Because it turns words into s-words.

What kind of sickle is most seen in winter? Ice sickle.

What lock requires the attention of a physician? Lock-jaw.

What is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self-conceit.

Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.

What robe is that which you do not weave, you cannot buy, no one can sell, needs no washing, and lasts forever? Robe of Righteousness.

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show? Because it is a bee-holder.

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation? Because you first kill him and then cure him.

Why are ships called she? Because they always keep a man on the look out.

What is the finest ship in the world? Friend-ship.

Why is a proud woman like a music book? Because she is full of airs.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is unlawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a railroad conductor? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

What is the difference between an auction and sea sickness? One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

Why are the ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies, and hook their dresses.

Why is a woman mending her stocking deformed? Because her hands are where her feet belong.

Why should the sea make a better housekeeper than the earth? Because the earth is exceedingly dirty, and the sea is very tidey.

Why is a chicken-pie like a gunsmith's shop? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

Where is happiness and contentment always to be found? In the dictionary.

What things increase the more you contract them? Debts.

What dust is the most blinding to the eyes? Gold dust.

What is that which makes everybody sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.

Which is the strongest day of the seven? Sunday, because the others are week days.

What is that the more we cut it the longer it becomes? A ditch.

What is the pain we make light of? A window pane.

Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn-field? Because it has so many ears.

What is the difference between a young lady and a mouse? The one charms the he's, and the other harms the cheese.

How to make gloves last twice as long. Only wear one at a time.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

If you were to ride upon a donkey, what fruit would you resemble? A pear (pair).

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

What kind of plant does a "duck of a man" resemble? Mandrake.

What is the severest blow to intelligence offices? Pierre Blot.

What sickle ought the old year to carry? Icicle.

What is the most popular cure among politicians? Sinecure.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe? Because it once had a Solon.

For what reasons does a duck go under the water? For divers reasons. For what reasons does she come out? For sun-dry reasons.

For what reasons does a fisherman blow his horn? For selfish reasons.

What great city is like a habitual drunkard? Berlin, because it is always on a spree. (Berlin is on the River Spree.)

WHY is an author a queer animal? Because his tale comes out of his head.

WHEN may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

WHY is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected? Because it was built for one sovereign and finished for another.

WHAT is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth? One is too thin, and the other is tooth out.

WHAT is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet? One is hollowed out, and the other is hollowed in.

WHY is furling a ship's canvass like a mock auction? Because it is a taking in sale (sail).

WHY are the arrows of Cupid like a man in an ague fit? Because they are all in a quiver.

WHAT is the difference between the desert of Sahara and an ancient shoe? One is all sand and the other sand-al.

WHAT kind of leather would a naked Moor remind you of? Undressed morocco.

WHY is a Hebrew in perfect health like a diamond? Because he is a Jew-well.

WHAT celebrated convention would you be reminded of, on hearing a young lady giving advice to her uncle? Council of Nice.

WHAT is it that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

WHEN is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a pretty woman.

WHY is a French franc of no value compared with the American dollar? Because it is worth-less.

WHAT are the features of a cannon? Cannon's mouth, cannon-ize, and cannoneers.

WHAT workman never turns to the left? A wheel-wright.

WHAT sort of a throat is the best for a singer to reach high notes with? A soar throat.

WHERE are the uttermost parts of the earth? Where there are the most women.

WHY are balloons in the air like vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

WHAT is the difference between Noah's ark and a down-east coaster? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was made to go for wood.

WHICH is the way to make a coat last? Make the vest and trousers first.

WHY had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because, losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

WHY is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

WHY is John Bigger's four-year old boy larger than his father? Because he is a little Bigger.

WHY is a postage stamp like a bad scholar? Because it gets licked and put in a corner.

WHY is a short black man like a white man? Because he is not a tall (at all) black.

WHAT class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

VERY good but rather pointed, as the codfish said when it swallowed the bait.

WHEN does a rogue think he gets a drop too much? When he gets the hangman's.

WHY are people of short memories necessarily covetous? Because they're always for-getting something.

WHAT is the beginning of every end, and the end of every place? The letter E.

WHY is life the riddle of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

WHY is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

THE reason why "Nature will have her way" is because she is feminine.

WHY is the tolling of a bell like the prayers of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

A LAD crawled into a sugar hogshead, and the first exclamation was:—"Oh, for a thousand tongues."

WHAT did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His foot.

"WHY did Adam bite the apple?" said a pedagogue to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," replied the urchin.

WHY is twice ten like twice eleven? Because twice ten are twenty, and twice eleven are twenty-two (too).

WHAT is the difference between a postage stamp and a lady? One is a mail fee, and the other is a fe-male.

WHY is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

WHY is coffee like an axe with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before using.

WHY are fowls the most economical things on a farm? Because for every grain of corn they take they give a peck.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar? One wears false locks and the other false keys.

WHAT is that animal which has the head of a cat, and the tail of a cat, and the ways of a cat, and yet which isn't a cat? A kitten.

WHY is a watch like a river? Because it won't run long without winding.

WHEN could the British Empire be purchased for the lowest sum? When Richard the Third offered his kingdom for a horse.

WHAT is the first vegetable ever known? Time.

WHAT kind of pets are the most useful and yet the most abused? Car-pets. They spit on them, and then hire men to take them out to shake and beat them.

WHAT is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other killing with intent to salt.

IF you were invited out to dine, and found nothing upon the table but a beet, what would you say? That beets all.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it? Your photograph.

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

WHY are pipes all humbug? Because the best of them are meer-shams.

WHY is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be "settled" when she arrives at maturity.

WHAT is the best word of command to give a lady who is crossing a muddy road? Dress up in front, close (clothes) up behind.

WHO was the fastest runner in the world? Adam. How so? Because he was first in the human race.

WHY are credulous people like musical instruments? Because they are often played on.

WHAT is the difference between man and butter? The older the man is the weaker he gets, but the older the butter is the stronger it is.

MY first denotes company, my second shuns company, my third calls a company, my whole amuses a company. A co-nun-drum.

WHY is a kiss like a sermon? Because it requires two heads and an application.

WHAT part of a fish is like the end of a book? Fin-is.

WHAT part of a fish weighs the most? The scales.

WHAT tables may be easily swallowed? Vege-tables.

WHY do hens always lay in the daytime? Because at night they become roosters.

"THE Lay of the Last Hen," a new poem by the egotistic author of the foul dead.

WHY is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

WHAT is the difference between a young baby and a night-cap? One is born to wed, and the other's worn to bed.

WHAT is that which has neither flesh nor bone, and has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

WHY is a dog longer in the morning than at night? Because you take him in at night, and let him out in the morning.

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

WHAT is the difference between the trunk of a tree and an elephant's trunk? One leaves in the spring and the other leaves whenever the menagerie does.

WHAT fort is that which is most stormed now-a-days? Piano-forte.

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel.

WHY was Job always cold in bed? Because he had such miserable comforters.

WHAT is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its root upwards? An icicle.

WHAT is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailor? The one sells waches and the other watches cells.

WHEN is a plant like a hog? When it begins to root. When is it like a soldier? When it begins to shoot. When is it like an editor? When it begins to blow.

WHAT is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

TAKE two letters from money and there will be but one left. We knew a fellow who took money from two letters, and there wasn't anything left.

WHAT is the difference between truth and eggs? "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," but eggs won't.

WHICH is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge over the nose.

IF a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it then be for a lady who stammers or stutters?

WHY is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't go a step-father.

WHY is a loafer like a weather-cock? Because he is continually going round doing nothing.

WHY is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man? Because he stops at the sound of wo.

WHY is a domestic and pretty young girl like corn in a time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

WHY is a mad bull like a man of convivial disposition? Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

WHY are the complaints of married people like the noise of the waves on the shore? Because they are the murmurs of the tide (tied).

WHY are cats like unskilful surgeons? Because they mew till late (mutilate) and destroy patience (patients).

WHY is the fate of Joan of Arc preferable to that of Mary Queen of Scots? Because a hot steak is better than a cold chop

WHY is an omnibus strap like the conscience? Because it's an inward check to the outward man.

WHY is the map of Turkey, in Europe, like a dripping-pan? Because there is Greece at the bottom.

WHAT is the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc? One was made of Gopher wood, and the other was Maid of Orleans.

FACTS in natural history—Pig-headed men are always bores.

How was Jonah punished? He was whaled. How did he feel when the whale swallowed him? Considerably down in the mouth.

IF a tree fell against a window and broke it what would the panes exclaim? Tremendous (tree mend us).

THE following is the pun that took the silver cup at a fair "down east:"—When does a man rob his wife? When he "hooks" her dress.

WHAT belongs to yourself and is used by everybody more than yourself? Your name.

WHAT is that which is always invisible and never out of sight? The letter I.

WHY might our first parents be considered intemperate in their diet? Because they ate themselves out of house and home.

WHY do you go to bed? Because the bed won't come to you.

WHY is a false friend like the letter P? Because it's the first in pity and the last in help.

WHY are corn and potatoes like the idols of old? Because the corn have ears and they hear not, and the potatoes have eyes and they see not.

WHY is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

WHY is a dairy maid naturally the happiest of women? Because she always has her own whey.

WHY are washerwomen the silliest of people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

WHEN is a door not a door? When it's a-jar.

THE more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass the quicker will the sands of life run out.

WHY is matrimony like a besieged city? Because they who are in want to get out, and those who are out want to get in.

WHY is an egg undone compared to one too much done? Because it is hardly done.

WHAT word by taking the first letter from it makes you sick? M-usick.

WHAT kind of sweetmeats were most prevalent in Noah's ark? Preserved pears.

WHAT is the difference between an oyster and a chicken? One is best right out of the shell, and the other isn't.

WHEN was Desdemona like a ship in port? When she was Moored.

WHAT female recluse is that whose name read backward and forward is the same? Nun.

WHAT lady-like designation is that which is spelled backward and forward the same? Madam.

WHAT time is that which spelled backward and forward is the same? Noon.

WHAT portion of a young lady's dress is that which spelled backward and forward is the same? Bib.

WHY is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

WHEN is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bare (bear).

WHEN is a ship like the most profitable hen? When she lays to (two).

WHAT debt is that for which you cannot be sued? The debt of nature.

WHAT article is it that is never used more than twice in America? The letter A.

WHAT time should an inn-keeper visit an iron foundry? When he wants a barmaid.

WHAT do you often drop and never stop to pick up? A hint.

WHEN should a musician be punished as a counterfeiter? When he produces false notes.

WHY is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers the belle.

WHY should Powers, the sculptor, be thought a low thief? Because he chiselled a poor Greek out of a piece of marble.

WHAT is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? The letter M.

CORK-SCREWS have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save.

A LADY asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in everything, XL."

THE difference between Pope Pius and Louis Napoleon. The former believes in Saint Peter, and the latter in salt-petre.

WHY is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure? Because it holds a gal-on.

WHEN does a man impose upon himself? When he taxes his memory.

WHY is a candlemaker the worst and most hopeless of men? Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

WHO is the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias—when she got the head of John the Baptist on a charger.

WHAT length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

How many peas are there in a pint? One (p).

IF you were to take away the letter S from a certain word, why would it cause grief? Because it would make a sweep weep.

WHAT would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

AT what season did Eve eat the apple? Early in the fall.

WHY is it dangerous to sleep in the cars? Because the train invariably runs over sleepers.

WHAT is the difference between a swallow and a cat? It is an admitted fact that one swallow does not make a summer, but any cat can make a spring.

WHAT light could not possibly be seen in a dark room? An Israe-lite.

WHAT creatures may be said to live on their relations? The aunt-eaters.

WHAT is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

WHAT country in Europe should have the largest capital? Ireland, because its capital is always doubling (Dublin).

THE man who waxes strong every day. The shoemaker.

WHEN is a blacksmith in danger of raising a row in the alphabet? When he makes A polk R and shove L.

WHAT is the greatest bet ever made? The alpha-bet.

WHY is a horse the most miserable of animals? Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

WHAT relation is that child to its father who is not its own father's son? His daughter.

NO matter how many kinds of lovely flowers a young woman may have in the garden of her soul if she hasn't any money (anemone).

WHAT is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters were taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Plague. Ague.

WHAT is everybody doing at the same time? Growing old.

WHY should infants be weighed by Troy instead of Avoirdupois weight, as is the usual custom? Because they are jewels.

WHEN does a man look like a cannon ball? When he looks round.

"COME, rest in this bosom," as the turkey said to the stuffing.

WHAT is the difference between a honey-comb and a honey-moon? A honey-comb consists of a number of small cells, and a honey-moon is one great sell.

WHY is the sea more powerful than the earth? Because it has heaps of mussels.

WHAT did Queen Elizabeth take her pills in? In cider (inside her).

WHEN was Napolean most shabbily dressed? When he was out at Elba (elbow).

WHY are hogs more intelligent than humans? Because they nose (knows) everything.

MRS. DAWDLE says one of her boys don't know nothing, and another does. The question is, which knows the most?

WHAT is better than presence of mind in a railroad accident? Absence of body.

WHY is the bridegroom generally more expensive than the bride? Because the bride is always given away, while the bridegroom is usually sold.

THE following is, perhaps, the meanest thing ever written. Why was St. Paul like a horse? Because he loved Timothy.

WHY does a blacksmith seem the most dissatisfied of all mechanics? Because he is always striking for wages.

WHY is a patch of sweet corn like a dunce? Because it's always liable to get its ears pulled.

WHAT is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins; the second, a multitude of sinners.

ADVICE to parties who are in doubt whether to buy or hire a house: of two evils, choose the "leased."

THE first 'bus in America, after much discussion, has been decided to have been Columbus.

A MAN carrying a basket of mortar on his head must be a sub-lime character.

WHEN may a man be said to be neat selling his old boots? When he gets them half-soled.

AT what age are the ladies most happy? Marri-age.

WHY is the letter B like hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

WHAT is that which increases the effect by diminishing the cause? A pair of snuffers.

SHEET music.—The cry of children in bed.

MATRIMONY has been defind to be "an insane desire to pay some woman's board."

THE best capital to begin life is a capital wife.

WHAT is that which no one wishes to have, yet when he has it would be very sorry to lose it? A bald head.

WHY is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and profits.

WHY is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to adore (a door).

How would you express in one word having met a doctor of medicine? Met-a-physician.

WOMAN'S heart, like the moon, should have but one man in it.

WHY is a man who hesitates to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he does not know whether to give up the jug or not (Jugernaut).

WHAT is the difference between a pill and a hill? One's hard to get up, and the other's hard to get down.

WHY is the grass on which the cow feeds older than yourself? Because it is past-ur-age.

WHAT is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, and the other sows what she gathers.

WHY is a young lady dancing like a horse in a canter? Because she's gal-hopping.

WHAT has a cat that nothing else has? Kittens.

WHY is a chicken running, like a man whipping his wife? Because it's a fowl proceeding.

THE following words, if spelled backward or forward, are the same:—"Name no one man."

WHY is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician? Because it is easier to preach than to practise.

WHAT is the difference between a butcher and a young lady? The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

CAN a woman who tells fortunes from a tea-cup be called a sau-cer-ess?

WHY are two young ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

WHY is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

WHEN does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

WHAT is the greatest stand ever made for civilization? The ink-stand.

WHEN does a public speaker steal lumber? When he takes the floor.

WHY is the letter A like a honeysuckle? Because a B follows it.

WHEN does a member of Congress display the most physical strength? When he moves the House.

WHY is the letter U of more value than cream to a dairy-maid? Because it makes "better butter."

WHEN does a man have to keep his word? When there is no one to take it.

BARBERS and carpenters are of the same trade—they are both shavers.

WHY is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C (sea).

WHEN is a goat not a goat? When he is a butten (button).

WHY isn't a reporter like a policeman? Because one takes down what the other takes up.

WAS Eve high or low church? Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

IF a bear were to go into a linendraper's shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin'.

WHY is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

WHEN are weeds not weeds? When they become widows.

WHY are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Because they are too long in them.

In what part of the Times can we find broken English? The bankrupt list.

Which of the English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress? John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

Of all things possessed of a long tongue and an empty head, why is a bell the most discreet? Because it never speaks till it is tolled.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it's rung for dinner.

Which is the richest child in the world? Rothschild.

At what time of day was Adam created? A little before Eve.

When is a butterfly like a kiss? When it alights on tulips.

"Jef, why am you like the cedar?"—"I guv's it up, Sam; I can't tell you."—"Case you stays green both summer and winter."

Why ought a fisherman to be wealthy? Because his are all "net" profits.

How is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks? It is because they leave out their summer clothing.

Why is a hen sitting on a fence like a cent? Because she has a head on one side and a tail on the other.

Why are ladies like watches? Because they have beautiful faces, delicate hands, are more admired when they are full-jewelled, and need regulating very often.

When is a ship at sea not only on water? When it is on fire.

If five and a half yards make a pole, how many will make a Turk?

When does a man sneeze three times? When he can't help it.

Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards? Because you play at chess with two bishops, but cards with four knaves.

Why is fashionable society like a warming pan? Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

Who is the greatest grave-digger in the world? The doctor.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Sambo.—"Why am intoxication like a wash-bowl?"—Cæsar. "I gubs it up."—Sambo. "Because it am de basin."

To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor or bed-room.

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel and asked her husband to read them if he could: O-I-C-U-R-M-T.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

Why does a person who is poorly lose his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Because he is an ass.

Why is the world like a piano? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal? The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-ring.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

Why are darned stockings like dead men? Because they are men-ded.

Why should B come before C? Because any one must be before he can see.

What is the difference between an old dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

What key will finally open the doors of civilization to all mankind? Yan-key (Yankee).

What are the most unsocial things in the world? Milestones—you never see two of them together.

Why is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because whichever way he moves, down must come the dust.

WHY are teeth like verbs? They are regular, irregular, and defective.

MARRIAGE, like fiddling, depends a great deal upon the beau-ing.

WHAT did Kossuth mean when he said "bayonets think?" The meaning is obvious. Every polished boyonet is capable of reflection.

WHY is a widower like a dilapidated house? Because he wants to be re-paired.

WHY is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

A BACKWARD spring is produced by presenting a red hot poker to a man's nose.

WHY is the Grecian bend like a cigar? Because it is manufactured to-back-her.

WHY is a mushroom like a dandy? Because it is rapid in its growth, slim in its trunk, and thick in its head.

WHY should an alderman wear a tartan waistcoat? To keep a check on his stomach.

WHEN a man beats his wife, what medicine does he take? He takes an elixir (and he licks her).

WHAT is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? The one kisses his missus, and the other misses his kisses.

A BLIND man went out to tea, when there, how did he contrive to see? He took a cup and saucer (saw, sir).

WHY are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Because they get good for nothing.

WHY must a manufacturer of steel pens be a very immoral character? He makes his customers steel (steal) pens, and then persuades them they do write (right).

WHAT is the first thing a person does on getting into bed? Makes an impression.

"WHY is a colt getting broke like a young lady getting married?"—"Kase he is going through a bridle ceremony."

CAN you spell brandy with three letters in English or French? B R and Y. O. D. V.

WHY is a whisper like a forged note? It is uttered but not allowed (aloud).

WHY is a roguish lawyer like a man who cannot sleep? He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake the whole time.

OF what color is grass when it is covered with snow? Invisible green.

WHY is a lover like a knocker? Because he is bound to adore (a door).

IF your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you? She is my mother.

WHAT is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works? A fountain.

WHAT is that which is perfect with a head, perfect without a head, perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail, perfect with both head and tail, perfect without either head or tail? A wig.

A FACETIOUS boy asked one of his playmates, "Why a hardware dealer was like a boot-maker?" The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

"HOW long did Adam live in Paradise before he had sinned?" asked an admirable cara sposa of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

WHAT is it that goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and yet the wagon cannot go without it? The noise of the wheels.

"SAMBO, why am dat nigger down dar in the hole of de boat like a chicken in de egg?"—"I gives um up."—"Because he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch."

"I WILL consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for? A husband.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

"**Heroine**" is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two first letters of it are male, the three first are female, the four first are a brave man, and the whole word makes a brave woman.

Who are the most obedient and obliging class of men in the world? Auctioneers. Why? Because they attend to everyone's bidding.

What word is composed of three letters alone, reads backward and forward the same; without speech it can make all its sentiments known, and to beauty lays principal claim? Eye.

"**Sir**," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a ball."—"Of a ball, madam; why so, pray?"—"Because they never have any point."

Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Because it is always in fun. Yes, but why is it the most unfortunate in the alphabet? Because it is always in trouble and difficulty.

Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland, or Scotland? Because the rose will fade, the lily will droop, the shamrock will wither, and the thistle will die, but the stars are eternal.

A man being asked what he had for dinner, replied: "A lean wife and the ruin of man for sauce." On being asked for an explanation, it appeared that his dinner consisted of a spare rib of pork and apple-sauce.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, a bald-headed man, an orphan, or a gorilla? The prince is an heir apparent, the bald man has no hair apparent, the orphan has nary parent, and the gorilla has a hairy parent.

In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

"**I say**, Sambo, can you answer this conunderfrum? Supposein' I gib you a bottle ob whiskey corked shut with a cork; how would you get the whiskey out widout pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"—"I gibs dat up."—"Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah."

A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making conundrums, was one evening asked by her husband in an excited tone:

"Why are all these doors left open?"

"I give it up," instantly replied the lady.

A young man being asked by a young lady what phonography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her it was phonography:—"U. R. A. B. U. T. L. N.!" ("You are a beauty, Ellen!") This is not so bad as a lazy fellow up North who spells Tennessee 10 a c.

"**Cuff**, can you tell the difference between an accident and misfortune?"—"I gives it up, Pomp, can you?"—"Yes, if an infernal revenue ossifer should fall into the river, that would be an accident; if somebody should pull him out, that would be a misfortune."

There are a great many questions now being agitated, asked and answered, but here is the question of the day, with the answer:

"Why should crinoline be abolished?"

"Because it admits all females, without distinction, into the most fashionable 'circles.'"

"Billy, spell cat, rat, hat, bat, with only one letter for each word."

"It can't be did."

"What, you just ready to report verbatim poetically, and can't do that? Just look here! c 80, cat, r 80, rat, h 80, hat, b 80, bat."

"Nigger, I wants to ax you one of dem thunderums."

"Well, Sam, perceed."

"Why am a nigger, after eating salt fish, like a celebrated poet?"

"D'no, less be-kase, be-kase—"

"Well, kase what?"

"Why, kase he's Dry-den."

It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do?

Timothy Johnson courted Susannah Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn, when it was half done, and wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson.

Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him constantly with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a bread store by a countryman.

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes with your conundrums," cried he. "I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

One was driving M'lle Lind with a few friends, down the river to Suspension Bridge, and seeing the little maiden steamer firing up in the distance, he said, can any one of this party tell me what that little steamboat is made of? "Of wood, I suppose," says Jenny. "Guess again."—"Of iron?"—"No."—"Of copper?"— "No." (All round) "Zinc? Tin? Gutta Percha? Whalebone? Leather? Birch-Bark?"— "No."—"Well, what is she made of, then?"—"Give it up—all?"—"Of course."—"Well, then, isn't she Maid of the Mist?"—and such merry peals of laughter, and clapping of hands as Jenny, and all, sent forth, really made the dim old woods ring.

At a private party one night, a number of ladies being present, a young man proposed a conundrum, which he said he had read in the papers. It was thus: "When is a lady not a lady?" There was a pause. "Give it up," said all round, when, to the infinite horror of the whole party, the querist exclaimed, "When she's a little buggy." Nobody laughed; some were demure; some, no doubt, inclined to scratch—the querist's face a little. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a paper, which, consulting for a moment, he ejaculated, "O, I beg your pardon, ladies, I made a mistake. The answer is when she is a little sulky. I knew it was some sort of a carriage."

The following remarkable production was found among the papers of an aged and very pious gentleman, now deceased. It is well worthy the attention of the curious. There is no doubt that it involves an important secret, as the deceased was known to have been a man of unusual excellence and worth of character:

OT
TNE VERP
ERU TUFH CUM
WORROS
YAP YA DOT
DNA
TSURT
WORRO—M OT

Perhaps some one may be able to unravel the important mystery connected with it.

"Talking of conundrums," said old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name—"can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size" (sighs), modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

"When she's tender to a man of war,"

said the colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Every thing but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When she's struck by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

"Not as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along."

"When she makes much of a fast sailor," cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored Old Hurricane "propelled" again.

"You might have said 'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down after a smack,' or 'when she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is, when she's attached to a buoy."

Legs have I got, but seldom walk,
I backbite all, yet never talk.
A flea.

I came to a field and couldn't get through it,
So I went to a school and learnt how to do it.
Fence.

To learn to read the following so as to make good sense of it is the mystery:

I thee read see that me
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding S you plural make;
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphose is:
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Here is a puzzle or riddle, which some of our young readers may like to bother their heads about:

A marble wall, as white as milk,
Lined with skin as soft as silk;
Within a crystal fountain clear
A golden apple doth appear;
No bolt or bars to this strong hold,
Yet thieves break through and steal the gold.
Egg.

Come here, little ones, and guess the riddle:

Behold in me when all complete,
A fish that many love to eat;
But if you take away my head,
A clamorous crowd appears instead;
Behold once more, I make no doubt,
But you will quickly find me out.

In little infants I am found,
And angels help to make them;
Their tiny graves I enter in,
Nor after death forsake them.
Foremost in Adam I appear,
Then in his race am found,
In earth deep buried, dwell in air,
And in the sea am drowned.
The letter A.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than you or I
On how many toes
A pussy cat goes?
A man of deceit
Can best count-er-feit,
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes!

Riddles written by Dr. Swift and friends, about the year 1724.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out,
Though hundreds have employed their leisure
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach nor mail.
Can move an inch except I will.
Circle.

We are little airy creatures
All of diff'rent voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet;
T' other you may see in tin—
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth, you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.
Vowels.

No feet, nor wings, nor fins have I.
I neither swim, nor walk, nor fly;
I'm neither bread, nor fruit, nor meat,
When rightly cooked, I'm good to eat;
I have no wings, so in the air
You need not look to find me there;
I have no feet, please understand,
And am not found upon dry land;

From fins and scales I'm also free,
And am not found within the sea;
In one respect I am like gold,
In cities I am often sold;
I live a close, secluded life,
No hermit is more free from strife;
I'm good to roast, to boil, to fry,
Some think I make an extra pie.

A Clam.

CURIOUS FACTS AND USEFUL INFORMATION.

AMBERGRIS is largely used by the Mohammedans for incense, and it is also used in some of the costliest perfumes. It is only found in sick or lean whales, generally in the intestines, or floating upon the seas of warm climates, intermixed with the food of the whales. It is thought to be a morbid secretion of the whale's diseased liver, and it is of a bright grey color, streaked with yellow and black. It has a very fine, waxy character—is as soft as the common putty of the glazier, and on being rubbed or heated, exhales a rare perfume. It is only in the lower part of the intestinal canal, mixed with the fæces, that the substance is found, and almost always in spermaceti whales, and in warm latitudes. The sailors think it a product of dyspeptic whales.

A WONDERFUL story is told of a man named J. D. Chevaley, a native of Switzerland, who had in 1845, at the age of sixty-six years, arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement.

He was, in fact, a human time-piece or living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of the sound produced.

Being on board a steamboat on Lake Geneva, on July 14th, 1832, he engaged to indicate to the crowd around the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or as many minutes and seconds as any one chose to name, and this during a most diversified conversation with those standing by; and further, to indicate by his voice the moment when the hand passed over the quarter, minutes, or any other subdivision previously stipulated, during the whole course of the experiment. This he did without mistake, notwithstanding the exertions of those about him to distract his attention, and clapped his hands at the conclusion of the fixed time.

His own account of his gift was as follows:

"I have acquired, by imitation, labor and patience, a movement which neither thought, nor labor, nor anything can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each moment of going and returning gives me the space of three seconds; so that twenty of them make a minute; and these I add to others continually."

A DAY'S journey, in Bible language, was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.09.

A talent of silver was $538.32.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a denny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A gerah was one cent.

A mite was one cent.

An epha, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was thee pints.

THE ancient wealth and opulence of Tyre came principally from its purple dye. About 1500 years before Christ, it is said. the king of Phœnicia was so captivated with the color that he made it his greatest ornament, and Tyrian purple thus became an emblem of royalty. In the time of Augustus, a pound of wool dyed at Phœnicia was worth about a hundred and fifty dollars. The purple was obtained from a small vessel or sac in the throat of the shell-fish, to the amount of about one drop from each animal. At first it is a colorless liquid; but, by exposure to the air and the bright sunlight of the Tyrian coast, it assumes successively a citron, yellow, green, azure, red, and, in the course of forty-eight hours, a brilliant purple hue. The color, besides its great brilliancy, is also remarkable for its durability. Plutarch says, in his "Life of Alexander," that, at the taking of Susa, the Greeks found, in the royal treasury of Darius, a quantity of purple cloth of the value of five thousand talents, which still retained its beauty, although it had lain there nearly two hundred years. The color resists the action of all alkalies and most acids.

RUSSIA LEATHER derives its well-known odor, its power of withstanding the attacks of insects and the progress of decay, from its being manufactured with oil obtained from the destructive distillation of the bark of the birch.

LEUWENHOEK has computed that 100 of the single threads of a full-grown spider are not equal to the diameter of the hair of the beard, and consequently if the threads and hair be both round, 10,000 such threads are not larger than such a hair. He calculates farther that when young spiders first begin to spin, 400 of them are not larger than one of a full growth, allowing which, 4,000,000 of a young spider's threads are not so large as the single hair of a man's beard.

A GERMAN chemist, acting under a commission from a fire insurace company, has discovered that impregnation with a concentrated solution of rock salt renders all timber fire-proof. The salt, too, renders wood proof against dry rot and the ravages of insects. Wood prepared in this way has already been manufactured into furniture, and it is proposed to also turn this discovery to account in extinguishing flames, for a solution of it pumped out of a fire-engine upon burning matter would be vastly more efficient than plain water.

BY the accompanying table of letters the name of a person or any word may be found out in the following manner:

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is contained. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column, it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns, and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time in this way, the whole name can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet: their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D and H: these are the second, fourth, and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, give the fourteenth, or N; and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	V	Z	Y
U	V	V	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

A LEGAL stone is fourteen pounds; in England it is an eighth of a hundred; in Holland it is sixteen pounds. A hand, horse measure, is four inches. An Irish mile is 2240 yards; a Scotch mile 1984 yards; a German mile is 1806 yards; and a Turkish mile 1826 yards.

THE coal area of the United States is, beyond all question, more than 200,000 square miles, or 128,000,000 acres. Calling thirty cubic feet a ton, and the average thickness of its coal six feet, the number of tons in the United States' coal fields would be 2,230,272,000,000. About three-fourths of the coal deposits of the whole world, so far as yet discovered, are in the United States—eleven times as much as in all Europe, and seventeen times as much as in Great Britain.

A MODERN philosopher, having in mind the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you lift your hat to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

THE names of the months were given by the Romans.

January, the first month, was so called from Janus, an ancient king of Italy, who was deified after his death, and derived from the Latin word Januarius.

February, the second month, is derived from the Latin word Februo, to purify, hence Februarius; for this month the ancient Romans offered up expiatory sacrifices for the purifying of the people.

March, the third month, anciently the first month, is derived from the word Mars, the god of war.

April, the fourth month, is so called from the Latin Aprilus, *i. e.* opening; because in this month the vegetable world opens and buds forth.

May, the fifth month, is derived from the Latin word Majores, so called by Romulus, in respect toward the Senators, hence Maius or May.

June, the sixth month, from the Latin word Junius, or the youngest of people.

July, the seventh month, is derived from the Latin word Julius, and so named in honor of Julius Cæsar.

August, the eighth month, was so called in honor of Augustus, by a decree of the Roman Senate, A. D. 8.

September, the ninth month, from the Latin word Septem, or seven, being the seventh from March.

October, the tenth month, from the Latin word Octo, the eighth, hence October.

November, the eleventh month, from the Latin word Novem, nine; being the ninth month from March.

December, the twelfth month, from the Latin word Decem, ten; so called because it was the tenth month from March, which was anciently the manner of beginning the year.

THE Washington Metropolitan announces the following curious facts:—"The Russian Minister to the United States is called Somonosoff (saw my nose off). An attaché of the same legation at Washington, Blowmanosoff (blow my nose off), besides which we have Colonel Kutmanosoff (cut my nose off), of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Polmanosoff (pull my nose off), General Nozebegon (nose be gone), and many others."

IT is a sigular but well-authenticated fact, that one can secure a great degree of bodily comfort, and oftentimes freedom from disease, by exercising judgment in selecting the color of their clothing. Fabrics of a dark color are notoriously more dangerous than light ones. Black attracts more heat than any other hue, and it has been found by actual experiment to absorb noxious vapors and odors with more avidity than any other color. Thus physicians, who usually dress in black, have frequently been the means of spreading disease from the rapidity with which their clothing absorbs the dangerous exhalations of them. In times of sickness, and during the prevalence of epidemics, it is most prudent to wear clothing of a light hue—either white, or as near it as possible.

A BAR of iron valued at $5, worked into horse-shoes, is worth $10.50; needles, $355; pen-knife blades, $3,285; shirt-buttons, $29,480; balance springs of watches, $250,000. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of 111 miles in length, and so fine was the fabric that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse-hair, into a barrister's wig. Yet there are three things to which "improving" is of no use:—Dirty water will quench a fire as well as clean; a plain wife is as good for a blind man as a pretty one; and a wooden sword, for a coward, is as well as a better tempered one.

FIFTY years ago two men in France and one in England, all unknown to one another, were very quietly and patiently working away at photography, where nobody could see or hear them, each one with transient glimpses before him of some wonderful discovery. The French couple, as luck would have it, went to the same chemist for their chemicals, and he, suspecting that they were both working for the same purpose, introduced them, with a hint to that effect to each other. We believe they quarrelled a little at first, but soon became good friends, and one, indeed, became son-in-law before long of the other. The two Frenchmen were Niepce and Daguerre; the Englishman, Fox Talbot.

THE quantity of gold and silver coin, of all denominations, in all quarters of the globe, is set down, by the best authorities, at from three to four hundred millions sterling; and the quantity in plate and ornaments at about 400,000,000*l.*

BEFORE the discovery of America money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by act of the English Parliament, in 1351, at one penny per day; and in 1314 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison) was three half-pence per day. At this time twenty-four eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for four pence, a fat goose for two and a half pence, a hen for a penny, wheat three pence per bushel, and a fat ox for six shillings and eight pence. So that, in those days, a day's work would buy a hen or two dozen of eggs; two days' work would buy a pair of shoes, and a fat ox cost eighty days' work. On the whole, human labor bought in the average about half as much food, and perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does. Altogether, we guess "the good old times" were not worth recalling.

A CURIOUS story comes from San José, California. A druggist there, who keeps a large collection of gold fishes in an aquarium, temporarily removed the fishes to a large globular glass jar, filled with water. By accident his clerk discovered that in placing his forehead in contact with the upper portion of the glass globe the fishes all acted precisely as if they had received a shock from an electric conductor. He tried to startle the fishes by touching the jar at the same point with his hand, with books, with his chin, face, and elbows—all without effect. Even thumping smartly upon the jar with his knuckles failed to get up a piscatory excitement; but whenever he touched the glass with the top of his forehead the fishes were instantly thrown into violent agitation. This would seem to indicate that there is a sort of galvanic battery in the top of the human cranium.

THE noise of a cannon has been heard at a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles by applying the ear to the solid earth.

A VERY valuable pocket-knife was once dropped into a twenty-foot well, half full of water. "How shall we get it out?—Shall we have to draw the water from the well?" The writer proposed to use a strong horse-shoe magnet near by, suspended by a cord. "But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife."—"Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking-glass," was the second answer. It was done; the knife rendered visible from the top of the well, the magnet came into contact, and the knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

NOTHING strikes a stranger more forcibly if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest than the absence of night. Dr. Baird related some interesting facts. He arrived in Stockholm from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant, in the morning; in the afternoon went to see some friends. He returned about midnight, when it was as light as it is in England half an hour before sun down. You could see distinctly, but all was quiet in the street. It seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead.

The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light.

The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room. He looked at his watch and found it was only three o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there were no persons in the street. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter time the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks; then it comes and remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens.

Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in those latitudes with regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day. He replied that they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

THE highest price ever known to have been given for a book was at an auction sale in London, June 1811, when a copy (considered the only one extant) of Valdarfar's first edition (issued 1471) of Boccaccio's "Decameron" was sold to the Marquis Blandford for 2260*l.*

IT is a curious fact that out of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta only three could write their own names, the signatures of the remainder (if the term may be used) being only their own marks.

THE first coal sent from Pennsylvania mines, about 1797, to Philadelphia could not be burned in the fire-places, and was broken up to repair the streets. A tavern-keeper at Wilkesbarre discovered how it could be ignited by a strong draft, and hundreds of incredulous people rushed to the tavern to see the rocks blaze.

COALS were first used in London in the reign of Edward the First, and the smoke was supposed to corrupt the air so much that he forbade the use of them by proclamation.

WHEN the world was created we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons. Jonah was three days in the whale's belly. Our Saviour was three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times.—"Simon lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The ten commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, "*In hoc Signo.*" There are the conditions for man, the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were the three graces—Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi, cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature we have male, female, and offspring; morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes. There is three-leafed clover. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase that "three is a lucky number."

THOSE of our readers who wish to engage in the business of fortune-telling will find the following hints useful:

January—He that is born in January will be laborious and a lover of good wine; will be very subject to infidelity, and withal a fine singer. The woman born in that month will be a good housewife, rather melancholy, but good-natured.

February—The man born in this month will love money much, but ladies more. He will be stingy at home, prodigal abroad. The lady will be humane and affectionate to her mother.

March—The man born in March will be rather handsome. He will be honest and prudent, but will die poor. The lady will be passionate, jealous, and a chatter-box.

April—The man who has the misfortune to be born in April will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his disadvantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, who will prove a virago. The lady who suffers the same misfortune will suffer the same fate.

May—The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June—The man born in this month will be small in stature, and passionately fond of children. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, and will marry young.

July—The man born in July will be fat, and will suffer death for the woman he loves. The female will be very handsome, with a sharp nose and a fine bust. She will be of a rather sulky temper.

August—The man born in the month of August will be ambitious and courageous. He will have two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September—He who is born in September will be strong and prudent, but will be too easy with his wife, who will cause him great uneasiness. The lady will be round-faced, fair-haired, witty, discreet, and loved by her friends.

October—The man born in this month will have a handsome face and florid complexion. He will be wicked and inconsistent. He will promise one thing and do another, and remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little fond of talking, will have two or three husbands, who will die with grief—she will know.

November—The man born in this month will have a fine face, and be a gay deceiver. The lady of this month will be large, liberal, and original.

December—The man born in this month will be a good sort of personage, though passionate. He will devote himself to politics, and be loved by his wife. The lady of this month will be amiable and handsome, with a good mind, a fine figure, and very honest.

ANY number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cypher to the answer where there is no remainder—and where there is a remainder, whatever it may be, to annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232—and as there is no remainder you add a cypher. Now take 399—multiply by 5, and the answer is 1995; on dividing this same by 2, there is 199 and a remainder; you, therefore, place 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1995.

THE oldest stove in the United States, if not in the world, is that which warms the hall of the capitol of Virginia in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Virginia in 1777, and warmed the House of Burgesses and the General Assembly for sixty years before it was removed to its present location, where it has been for upwards of thirty years. It has survived three British kings, and has been contemporaneous with four monarchies, two republics, and two Imperial governments of France. The great republic of America has been torn by civil war, the breaches partly healed; and still this old stove has remained unmoved in the midst of all.

ACCORDING to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors were once without the use of fire; and Heraclitus, Pomponius Mela, Plutarch, and other ancients, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert of Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of an animal that was fixed to and was fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, nations in this deplorable state.

THE weeping willow is the most beautiful and picturesque tree in the world; and it is not less beautiful in its associations than in its appearance. The poet Pope introduced it into England. An article was sent as a present to Lady Sylvius from abroad, around which were wrapped some delicate twigs. Pope examined these, and saying they belonged to some kind of tree unknown in England, he planted them. From one of them sprang "Pope's Willow," of world-wide renown. Its beautiful, magnificent appearance at once attracted general admiration, and slips from the tree were universally sought after: they were even transmitted to distant climes; and, in 1789, the Empress of Russia had some of them planted in her garden at St. Petersburgh. Lord Mendip, into whose possession the tree came, was particularly anxious to retain every trace of Pope. He enclosed the lawn upon which it stood, and propped with uncommon care this far-famed weeping-willow; but old age came over it, and in 1801 it perished and fell.

Before the fall of this original tree, a slip was taken by an officer of the British army, and brought to this country hermetically sealed, and presented to George Washington Parke Custis, who planted it at Arlington, where it still exists. Whether other cuttings were also brought over or not we do not know. If not, the weeping-willow, wherever it exists in this country, is the scion of the Custis tree. There was once a fine old willow near the south-east gate of the President's enclosure. This was an offspring of the Custis tree.

AMONG the great men of the world blue eyes appear to have been predominant. Socrates, Shakspeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Napoleon, Franklin and Humboldt had blue eyes.

THE number of scholars in the public schools in the United States in 1879, according to the report of the United States Bureau of Education, is nearly fifteen million. The number of male teachers is one hundred and five thousand, female teachers one hundred and forty-three thousand. The amount expended for public schools is nearly eighty million dollars.

THE number of languages spoken is 2064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One quarter die before the age of 7. To every 1000 persons one nearly reaches the age of 100 years, and not more than one in 500 will reach the age of 80. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these about 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7789 every hour, and 60 every minute. These losses are balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years, but fewer after, than men. The number of marriages are in proportion of 70 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

THIS is a thousand times a million, which no one is able to count, however easy it may be to write:—Supposing a person can count 200 in a minute, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, 105,120,000. If, therefore, Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, and continued to do so, and were counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted nearly enough. For, to count a billion, it would require 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule.

THE oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty years ago in the British Museum, and justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it—the monarch, whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved, and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shrivelled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the Crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

A FAVORITE method adopted by the wild bushmen for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its string is twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.

"GIVE me," says Stebbins, "the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in the attire that kings and queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every valley over the habitable earth. I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every State and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another around the earth's circumference; and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend, and the smoke of a universal holocaust shall ascend to heaven."

THE following were the Chief Justices of the United States:

1. John Jay was the first to hold the office of Chief Justice of the United States, and received his appointment in 1789. He was born in New York December 12, 1745.

2. John Rutlege was nominated by the President, and was the second Chief Justice of the United States. He was born in South Carolina in 1739.

3. William Cushing was nominated by the President. His nomination was confirmed, but Mr. Cushing, after holding the commission a few days, resigned on ac-

count of ill health. He was born in Massachusetts.

4. Oliver Ellsworth was nominated and confirmed as Chief Justice. He was born in Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745, and was appointed in 1796.

5. John Marshall was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, September 24, 1775. He was appointed Chief Justice of the United States January 31, 1801, a position he held for thirty-five years until his death in July, 1835, at the age of eighty years.

6. Roger Brooke Taney was born in Calvert county, Maryland, March 17, 1777. In 1831 President Jackson appointed him Attorney General of the United States. After the death of Chief Justice Marshall the President at once nominated him to that position, which he retained until his death, October 12, 1864, a period of twenty-seven years.

7. Salmon Portland Chase was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808, and was appointed by President Lincoln soon after his re-election.

STATISTICAL tables published give the subjoined list of the principal national debts in 1878:

Nation	Debt.
China	$3,250,000
San Salvador	5,000,000
Germany	90,000,000
Natal	1,600,000
Sweden and Norway	62,000,000
Cape of Good Hope	25,000,000
Nicaragua	10,000,000
Switzerland	6,500,000
Ecuador	16,350,000
Colombia	52,000,000
Japan	365,000,000
Greece	75,000,000
Ceylon	4,000,000
Honduras and Guinea	36,000,000
British India	1,170,000,000
Chili	65,000,000
Paraguay	250,000,000
Canada	150,000,000
Costa Rica	17,000,000
Belgium	210,000,000
Brazil	275,000,000
Peru	250,000,000
Russia	2,500,000,000
United States	2,035,786,831
Turkey	1,000,000,000
Austria	$1,300,000,000
Venezuela	100,000,000
Roumania	105,000,000
Denmark	50,000,000
Argentine Republic	42,000,000
South Australia	27,000,000
Mexico	400,000,000
Spain	2,050,000,000
Netherlands	400,000,000
Italy	1,950,000,000
Tasmania	70,500,000
Portugal	400,000,000
England	3,888,907,980
France	4,677,743,400
Egypt	400,000,000
New South Wales	75,000,000
Uruguay	45,000,000
Victoria	100,000,000
New Zealand	105,000,000
Queensland	32,500,000
Western Australia	1,000,000
Total	$25,531,138,211

THE present annual cost in money of the armies of Europe, as acknowledged in the ordinary budgets, is $536,000,000 in gold. The annual interest on their monarchs' war debts, paid by the people, is $584,000,000 more. Two million eight hundred thousand men, the flower of the people of Europe, are kept under arms year after year.

THE Emperor of Russia gets $25,000 a day; the Sultan, $18,000; Napoleon III. got $14,219; the Emperor of Austria gets $10,050; the King of Prussia, $8210; Victor Emmanuel, $6340; Victoria, $6270; Leopold, of Belgium, $1643; and President Grant, $137.

IN the early days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upward shall appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, bar-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders (*i. e.* low-necked dresses), being able to purchase necessary clothing, she shall pay a fine of not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars."

IT is said that a cup of coffee is an unfailing barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy; and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected.

A RICH old lady, ninety years of age, lately died at Clifton, England, who for a long time believed that she never could sleep except in her carriage. She used, therefore, to ride out in her carriage every afternoon with the blinds drawn to take her daily rest. The carriage was seen daily travelling at a snail's pace over Clifton Downs.

THE debt of the United States amounts to $65 per head of population; that of France to $68; that of Holland to $107, and that of England to $134.

Elihu Burritt estimates the waste of pens, ink, paper, type-setting and printing in the world by the use of the letter "u" in words from the Latin—such as labor, favor—where it is not needed, at 10,000*l.* a year.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage, coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, would seem hardly able to exist. At the time Columbus discovered America it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the Superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in sixteen hundred and fourteen, became the parent stock of all coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landing, from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabian or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark color. The Java and East Indian, the next in quality, a larger and paler yellow. The West Indian and Rio have a bluish green or grape tint

A curious occurrence happened on the Claremont, the first steamboat that ascended the Hudson river. The use of steam as a motive power was then in its infancy, and the machinery for propelling boats was, of course, exceedingly rude. The pipe through which water was pumped into the boiler was then opened, and on one of the trips of this boat to Albany she suddenly stopped, greatly to the wonderment of the engineers, who had failed to detect anything out of gear in the machinery. Finally, however, the mystery was explained. A little fish had been sucked up into the supply pipe, and completely filling up the passage, prevented any water reaching the boiler. What made the circumstance the more remarkable, and gained it additional prominence at the time, was the fact that the Sunday previous to the accident an eminent divine in New York observed in the course of his sermon that the force of Christianity could no more be checked by infidelity than the steamboat on the Hudson could be stopped by one of the little fishes that swim in its waters. The illustration, however, though striking, from the fact that the invention was then uppermost in every one's mind, was certainly an unfortunate one for the preacher and the subject.

Our light-weight bakers, who are also addicted to the habit of using bad flour, alum, etc., should be informed by our law-makers, that there is a limit to human endurance. The ancient Roman law required that bread should be printed or stamped with what may be called a trade-mark, indicating its composition. Examples of this practice have been found in excavating the buried city of Herculaneum, and in one case, the loaves thus wonderfully preserved during eighteen hundred years, were marked "*Siligo e granis et cicere*," meaning that the finest wheat flour was mixed with the meal of peas or lentils.

The upsetting of a gig was the occasion of Washington's being born in the United States; an error of a miner in sinking a well, led to the discovery of Herculaneum; and a blunder in nautical adventures resulted in the discovery of the island of Madeira.

There are few people who have not been occasionally puzzled to write *ei* or *ie* in the words that so represent the sound of long *e*. A very simple rule, says a schoolmaster, removes all difficulty. When the diphthong follows c it is always *ei*—c*ei*ling, conc*ei*ve, etc.; when it follows any other letter it is always *ie*—gr*ie*f, fr*ie*nd, n*ie*ce, etc.

The peach was originally a poisoned almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good may be felt through all time; though done in the flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.

Among many other important literary services rendered by the excellent John Eliot to the church, not the least was his translation of the entire Bible into the Indian language, the whole of which it is said was written out with one pen.

The general prevalence of the superstition as to Friday, has lately received curious confirmation. M. Minard, a French authority, states that Friday in France is considered an unlucky day, the number of travellers being smaller on that day, even in omnibus traffic; and the English Registrar General, in a recent report, says—

"Sailors will not sail, women will not wed on a Friday, so willingly as on other days of the week." Out of 4057 marriages in the midland districts of England, not 2 per cent. were celebrated on Friday; while 32 per cent. were entered into on Sunday. The next day in favor was Monday, with 21 per cent., then Saturday, with 17 per cent. Per contra, Mr. Watson, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, in a late statistical report, says—

"It is a well established fact that nine-tenths of the marriages in Glasgow are celebrated on Friday; only a few on Tuesday and Wednesday; Saturday and Monday are still more rarely adopted, and I never heard of a marriage on Sunday in Glasgow."

So that in Scotland, Friday is the lucky day of the week, at least for marriage. In this country few people pay attention to the superstition which marks Friday as an unlucky day.

Raphael and Luther were both born in the year 1483. The former died in 1520, the same year with Da Vinci.—Spenser was born in 1553, the year in which Latimer died.—Sir Walter Raleigh and Hooker were also born within a few months of Spenser.—Shakspeare and Galileo were both born in 1564, the year in which Luther and Calvin and Roger Ascham died.—Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Newton was born.—Newton made one of his first experiments at the age of sixteen, on September 2d, 1658, the day of the great storm when Cromwell died.—Cromwell was born in 1599, the year in which Spenser died.—Izaak Walton, Newton, and Tasso, all died in 1593.—Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the artists, were both born in 1600, the year in which Hooker died.—Claude and Murillo died in the year 1682.—Milton, Clarendon, and Fuller, were all born in 1608; the two former died in the same year, 1674, and the year in which Watts was born.—Shakspeare and Pocahontas died in the same year, 1616.—Raleigh died in 1618, the year in which the famous Synod of Dort was formed.—Bunyan was born in 1628, the year in which Decker died, and died in 1688, the year Pope was born.—Dryden was born in 1631, the year in which Donne died, and died in 1700, the year in which Thomson and Blair were born.—Galileo, Guido, Boyle, all died in 1642.—Burnet, the historian, was born in 1643, the year in which Hampden died.—Rollin and Fuller died the year Defoe was born, 1661.—Swift was born in 1667, the year Jeremy Taylor died.—Locke and Sir Christopher Wren were both born in 1632.

The use of tobacco was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. A good story is told of the alarm of one of his servants once when he first discovered his master smoking. At first he smoked it privately, not wishing it to become too common; but sitting one day absorbed in meditation, with his pipe in his mouth, he called to his servant to bring him a mug of beer. The fellow, as he entered the room, threw the contents of the mug into Sir Walter's face, and running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire! fire! fire! help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and smoke is bursting out of his mouth and nose!"

A CONTEMPORARY turns his vision to the future, and through the misty distance of two hundred years sees and describes the following:

Scene—House of a citizen of New York.

Time—A. D. 2056. A telegraphic message has been sent to a servant, who presents himself at the window in a balloon.

Master—John, go to South America and tell Mr. Johnson that I shall be happy to have him sup with me this evening. Never mind your coat, go right away.

In five minutes John returns.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he is obliged to go to the North Pole for a moment, and will call here as he comes back.

Master—Very well, John; now you may wind up the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife that Mr. Johnson will be here presently. After that, John, you may dust out my balloon—I will have an appointment in London at 12 o'clock.

John disappears to execute these orders, while his master steps down to the West Indies to get a fresh orange.

AN old lady in New York, who held in her possession some of the oldest coins in existence, sent them to the exhibition at Vienna, which came off recently.—There are two shekels, one of which dates from the reign of King Solomon; the other a thousand years farther back, from the time of Moses. The smaller of the two has on the reverse the words, in Hebrew characters, "Jerousha-lem Kedoshah" (Jerusalem, the holy), enclosing what is probably intended to represent Moses' or Aaron's rod, flowering. On the obverse are the words, in clear characters, "Shekel Israel," surrounding a pot of burning incense. The larger one bears exactly the same inscription and devices, but is much better finished and of a somewhat superior quality of silver. A third coin is composed of copper, and bears on the reverse the Second Commandment, which, freely translated from the Hebrew, means, "Thou shalt have no more than one God." The obverse has a boldly executed head of Solomon, wearing a helmet and heavy beard, but no moustache. There is also in the collection a silver amulet, somewhat larger than a Mexican dollar, with the date 136 Anno Domini, and the Latin inscription, "Confirmo, O Deus Potentissimus." On the other side there are sixteen squares, in each of which there is a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. The verge bears the names of three angels in Hebrew characters. There are two small coins, one of the reign of Titus and the other of Constantine. That of Titus is splendidly executed. The head and face of the Roman Emperor are remarkably well cast in relief. The one of Constantine is not so fine or distinct. The collection is exceedingly interesting to lovers of numismatic curiosities.

A SINGULAR financial transaction occurred in one of the dock offices a day or two since. By some means or other it happened that the office boy owed one of the clerks three cents, the clerk owed the cashier two cents, and the cashier owed the office boy two cents. One day last week the office boy having a cent in his pocket concluded to diminish his debt, and therefore handed it over to the clerk, who, in turn, paid half of his debt by giving it to the cashier. The latter handed it back to the boy, saying that he now only owed him one cent. The office boy again passed the cent to the clerk, who passed it to the cashier, who passed it back to the boy, and the boy discharged his entire debt by handing it to the clerk, thereby squaring all accounts. Thus it may be seen how great is the benefit to be derived from a single cent if only expended judiciously.

SUGAR is of modern use only. The ancients were unacquainted with it as an article of commerce or of common use. What a revolution in our household affairs would it occasion, to strike sugar from the list of dietary articles. It is a necessity, not a luxury. Within the last four hundred years, it has grown from being an article of curiosity or luxury to be one of the great staples of commerce. It enters every department of domestic economy. Humboldt says that in China it was known and used in ancient times; but if known at all in western Asia or Europe, till within the last few centuries, it was only as travellers brought it as remembrances of foreign climes and distant travel.

There is some foundation for the idea that it was not entirely unknown to the ancient Greeks. We find in the classics mention made of honey that bees did not make, and honey from reeds—the sugar-cane being a reed. From these expressions, it is thought that sugar is meant, as all sweet articles were included in the term honey in early days. Pliny says, there is a kind of honey from reeds which is like gum, and it is used as a medicine. Some allusions in the Bible seem to refer to sugar and honey.

In later times, it is said that the Crusaders found sweet honeyed canes growing in the meadows of Tripoli; that they sucked these canes, and were delighted with the operation; that these canes were cultivated with great care, and when ripe were pounded in mortars, and the juice was strained and dried to a solid, like salt; that mixed with bread it was more pleasant than honey. In 1420, the Portuguese brought the cane to Spain, Madeira and Canaries, and thence it was carried to the West Indies and Brazil. In these countries it found the conditions for its rapid development, and the world was soon furnished with the products of these countries; so that sugar assumed a place among the chief articles of commerce.

THE following is a curious and interesting experiment:—Take a piece of pasteboard, about five inches square, roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand—do not grasp it with the whole hand—put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seen as through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they cannot be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube instead of a book, and the hole will seem to be through the hand.

RECENT French investigations tend to cast some doubt upon the fact of Joan of Arc having been burnt at Rouen for a sorceress. It is said she is proven to have been alive many years later, and to have happily married at Orleans.

WE extract the following from the British Press respecting defaced silver coin:—If you have a silver coin, the inscription of which, by much wear, is become wholly obliterated, put the poker into the fire, when red hot place the coin upon it, when the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the mint to discover the genuine coin when the silver was last called in.

To take a bird out of a cage, and to make it appear as if it were dead, or to roll it about as you please:—Lay the bird upon a table and wave a small feather before its eyes, it will immediately seem as if dead; remove the feather, and it will revive as soon. Let it lay hold of the stem part with its feet, and it will twist and turn about just like a parrot; you may then turn it about on the table as you please.

THAT faculty which we call "hearing" can be as well conveyed to the mind by means of the teeth as the ear. Curious as this assertion may appear, it is easy to prove it by the following simple experiment:—Lay a watch upon a table, glass side downwards; then stand so far from it that you cannot in the ordinary way hear the ticking. Now place one end of a small deal stick (say six feet long) upon the back of the watch, and grip the teeth to the other; with the fingers close each ear to exclude all external noise, the beat of the watch will then be audible as if placed against the ear. All other sounds can be conveyed in the same manner, no matter how long the stick is; for instance, if one end is put upon a piano-forte in a sitting-room facing a garden, and the stick is thirty or forty feet long, extending to the far end of the lawn or walk, if the instrument is ever so lightly played, the "tune" will be instantly distinguished by any person applying the teeth to the opposite end of the stick.

CUSTOMS, SINGULAR AND INTERESTING, OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Rennie, in "Peking and the Pekingese," states the following:

I heard of a curious case that lately came to the knowledge of Mr. Milne, as having occurred in Peking. A man caught his wife and a paramour togther unawares, and killed them both. He then took their heads to the district magistrate, and denounced himself as their murderer, stating the circumstances under which he had been led to perpetrate the deed. A singular hydrostatic test was then adopted with the view of enabling the magistrate to decide as to whether the man spoke the truth, and was, therefore, justified in what he had done. The heads were placed in a tub of water, and both made to spin round at the same moment, the decision depending on the manner in which they were placed when they became still. They stopped face to face, and this was considered satisfactory proof that the man was right. Had the heads ceased spinning round with the faces averted, the case would have been given against him, and his own life forfeited. Lynch law, consequently, in such cases, is rather a hazardous experiment for injured husbands to try.

Among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, leap year is eternal. When a young woman feels a tender passion for a young man, she seeks him at the residence of his parents, and addresses him as follows:

"The goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come, and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse."

She then addresses the father and mother, and solicits their consent to the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, she declines to leave the house, and such conduct is usually crowned with success. The parents of the young men never put the young maidens away, if they still persist in their stay, believing that by doing so they would bring down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads.

It is said that Chinese girls are not considered of sufficient account to be named, so they are simply numbered—first daughter, second daughter, etc. Such is the degradation of woman in that country. A recent letter from a lady missionary near Peking, speaks of a Sunday school in her charge, in which very encouraging progress is made in promoting the individuality and self-respect of the girls. The teachers insist on giving them names. Retaining and adhering to these names is a decided step in the right direction, and evidence of interest in the school.

Mr. Humbert, the Swiss minister at Jeddo, Japan, who published some interesting details of the domestic life of the Japanese, says that every man and woman throughout the empire is able to read, write and cypher. This is far more than can be said of even more favored people.

To enjoy the scent of roses, at meals, an abundance of roses were shaken by the ancients on the table, so that dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses during meals descended on the guests from above. Heliogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered down upon his guests in such quantities, that a number of them, being unable to extricate themselves, were suffocated in flowers. During meal time, they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves, or made a couch of the leaves themselves. The floor, too, was strewn with roses, and in this custom great luxury was displayed. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers, in order to render the footing elastic. Heliogabalus caused not only the banquet rooms, but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses, interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissal, and walked about upon the flowery platform.

WE take the following from the Journal of Chemistry :— The Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman ladies, more than twenty-five centuries ago, made use of the most extravagant quantities of borrowed hair, and they wound it into large protuberances upon the back of their heads, and to keep it in place used "hair-pins" of precisely the form in use at the present time. The Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their rivals in piling upon their heads the highest tower of borrowed locks. They also arranged rows of curls formally around the sides of the head, and often the very fashionable damsels would have pendent curls in addition. An extensive commerce was carried on in hair; and after the conquest of Gaul, blonde hair, such as was grown upon the heads of German girls, became fashionable at Rome, and many a poor child of the forest upon the banks of the Rhine parted with her locks to adorn the wives and daughters of the proud conquerors. The great Cæsar, indeed, in a most cruel manner, cut off the hair of the vanquished Gauls and sent it to the Roman market for sale, and the cropped head was regarded in the conquered provinces as a badge of slavery. To such a pitch of absurd extravagance did the Roman ladies at one time carry the business of adorning the hair, that upon the introduction of Christianity, in the first and second centuries, the apostles and fathers of the church launched severe invectives against the vanity and frivolity of the practice. It must be confessed the ancient ladies did outdo their modern sisters. The artistic professional hairdressers of old Rome were employed at exorbitant prices to form the hair into fanciful devices, such as harps, diadems, wreaths, emblems of public temples, and conquered cities; or to plait it into an incredible number of tresses, which were often lengthened by ribbons so as to reach to the feet, and loaded with pearls and clasps of gold.

THE physicians of China, by feeling the arms of a sick man in three places—to observe the slowness, the increase, or quickness of the pulse—can judge of the cause, the nature, the danger, and the duration of his disorder. Without their patient speaking, they reveal infallibly what part is affected. They are at once physicians and apothecaries, composing the remedies they prescribe. They are paid when they have completed a cure; but they receive nothing when their remedies do not take effect. European physicians, it must be confessed, are by no means so skilful as the Chinese; but in one thing they have the advantage over them, which is in taking their fees before they have performed the cure. Thus, unlearned physicians ride in their chariots in London; while learned ones walk on foot in Pekin.

THE custom of burying the dead in grounds set apart for that purpose was not established till the year 200. Before that time, people were interred in the highways. Ancient tombs are still to be seen in the roads leading to Rome. It is from this custom that we derive the words "sta, viator," which are so often repeated on epitaphs.

A JAPANESE death is thus described by a traveller :—The round of amusement, as well as that of business, has at length an end, and the Japanese dies. But even death is here a form peculiar to the country. Sometimes it is enacted in a temple, the individual ripping himself up publicly, as the closing scene of a grand entertainment; sometimes he goes through the ceremony in his own family circle; and occasionally he huddles through it in private, as an escape from criminal conviction and dishonor. But although a tragical enough matter for the principal actor, it is often beneficial as regards others, for the death is concealed until his creditors are satisfied with the salary of the defunct, or the reversion of his place has been secured for his son. When, at length, it is quite convenient to announce that the man is dead—whether he has died by suicide or in the common course of nature—the furniture of the house is turned upside down, and the clothes of its inhabitants inside out; a priest takes his place by the corpse, and his friends come to see that all is properly ordered—the family being supposed to be incapacitated by grief from attending to anything whatever. One of them remains outside the door in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence, since no one but an intimate friend will incur the necessity of entering the house of death. In former times the house of the deceased was burnt, after the monument had been constructed from its materials: but at present it is considered sufficient to kindle a fire before it, and throw oils, perfumes, and spices into the flames. In like manner, the custom of burying servants with their masters (in the early epochs, alive) has fallen into disuetude, and effigies are substituted, just as the simple habits of the ancient Japanese are represented by their luxurious descendants by the introduction of a piece of coarse salt fish, even at the most sumptuous meal. The body is placed in a sitting posture, in a coffin resembling a tub, enclosed in an earthen vessel, and the procession is preceded, as in Russia, by torch-bearers; and after the male portion of the family, in white, surrounded by the friends, in dresses of ceremony, come the ladies and female friends, in palanquins. A funeral service is performed at the interment, and the corpse sinks into a well-like grave to the sound of a kind of cymbal.

THE following law regarding the behaviour demanded from a Hindoo wife, is extracted from Halhed's translation (published 1781) of the "Code of Gentoo Laws:"—"If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by plays, nor shall she see any public show, nor shall she laugh, nor shall she dress herself in jewels and fine clothes, nor shall see dancing, hear music, nor shall she sit in the window, nor shall she ride out, nor behold anything choice or vain, but shall fasten well the house door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not blacken her eyes with eye-powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any agreeable employment during the absence of her husband. It is proper for a woman after her husband's death to burn herself with his corpse, etc." So much for the ancient rights of women.

THE Japanese, when they become a little more civilized, according to western ideas, will probably develop a goodly number of dandies. It is said that they can endure anything but getting wet. Nothing takes the starch out of them so quick. Fishermen will allow the markets to remain bare rather than expose their skins to a little fresh rain water.

THE ancient Egyptians, at their general festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table at meals, containing a mummy or a skeleton of painted wood, which Herodotus tells us was presented to each of the guests with this admonition: "Look upon this, and enjoy yourself, for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb." This custom is frequently alluded to by Horace and Catullus, and Petronius tells us that at the celebrated banquet of Trimalcion, a silver skeleton was placed on the table to awaken in the minds of the guests the remembrance of death and of deceased friends.

IN the reign of Charles the Second it was customary when a gentleman drank a lady's health to throw some article of dress into the flames in her honor, and all his companions were obliged to sacrifice a similar article, whatever it might be. One of Sir Charles Sedley's friends, perceiving that he wore a very rich lace cravat, drank to the health of a certain lady, and threw his own cravat into the fire. Sir Charles followed the example very good-naturedly, but said he would have his joke in return. Afterward, when he dined with the same party, he filled a bumper to some reigning beauty, and called on a dentist to extract a decayed tooth which had long pained him. Etiquette demanded that every one of the party should have a tooth extracted and thrown into the fire, to which they all yielded after many murmurs about the cruelty of the thing.

In the middle ages the fires in the houses were made in a cavity in the centre of the floor, over which there generally was an opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke, and when the fire was out, or the family retired to rest, the place in which it was made was closed by a cover. In those days a law was almost universally established on the continent that fires should be extinguished, and families be all at home at a certain hour in the evening, which was notified by the ringing of a bell, that in England was called the curfew.

It is a custom among certain tribes in Siberia that when a woman is married she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relatives and friends, both of her own family and that of the groom, are invited. If the viands are well-cooked her credit as a good housewife is established. But if the dishes are badly prepared, she is disgraced in that capacity forever. The result is, that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper, whatever else she may be, and thus is competent, beyond her sex generally, for the practical duties of life. Girls, bear that in mind!

The females of one of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea and gossip more than ever.

In Carazan, a province to the north-east of Tartary, the inhabitants have a custom, says Dr. Heyden, when a stranger of handsome shape, and fine features comes into their houses of killing him in the night—not out of desire of spoil, or to eat his body, but that the soul of such a comely person might remain among them.

There is a curious tradition, both of St. Patrick, in Ireland, and of St. Columba, in Iona, that when they attempted to found churches they were impeded by an evil spirit, who threw down the walls as fast as they were built, until a human victim was sacrificed and buried under the foundation, which being done, they stood firm.

It is to be feared that there is too much truth in this story. Not, of course, that such a thing was done by either a Christian Patrick or Columba, but by the Druids, from whom the story was fathered upon the former. Under each of the twelve pillars of one of the Druidical circular temples in Iona a human body was found to have been buried.

It is said that in some parts of Turkey whenever a shop-keeper is convicted of telling a falsehood his house is at once painted black to remain so for one month. If there was such a law in force in this country, what a sable and gloomy appearance some people's houses would present.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant he utters the following beautiful sentiment:—"Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around you smile. Contrive so to live, that you may depart in smiles while all around you weep."

There is a village in Michigan where the church bell is rung every day at twelve o'clock for the people to take their quinine, as they have the chills and fever all round.

In China man and wife never walk together, arm-in-arm, in public, nor even side-by-side, but the wife always follows her lord at a respectful distance, as the women do among the American Indians. At social parties the sexes sit at different tables, occupy separate rooms, and visit only among themselves. Strangers of opposite sexes are never introduced, nor do the women ever speak to the men unless they are relatives or very intimate associates of the family. There is no such thing as social life, in our sense of the word, among the Chinese. And all their social and domestic theories and practices are based upon the idea of a woman's inferiority and insignificance. She is regarded only as a servant and an underling, and in no sense fit to be a companion and equal of man. She feels her inferiority, and in the main submits cheerfully to her fate. The idea of "woman's rights" has never entered her mind. So thoroughly is this feeling of inferiority ingrained in her nature, that in the only book ever produced in China by a female author, the proposition is gravely stated and elaborately argued and illustrated, that "woman was made for the very same purpose that tiles are—for men to tread upon." They are astonished to see the freedom and equality allowed between the sexes among Europeans, and argue strenuously against it; and when vanquished in the argument, they reply, with all their usual stubbornness and pertinacity, "May be good for Melican man; for Chinaman no good." Since the coming of European ladies into China, some of their own women have begun to entertain some little idea of their rights, and it has now become a proverb with the men, that "the two most dangerous things that can be imported into China are foreign women and foreign gunpowder." Yet, on the whole, the weaker sex are rather kindly treated, and in general are not much abused.

A THOUSAND years ago China was the most civilized nation on the globe. While our ancestors, ignorant of the art of printing, were making all their books by the tedious and expensive process of manuscript writing, the Chinese were printing books by the thousand. While our ancestors went forth to battle, fighting hand to hand, ignorant of powder and its uses, the Chinese were making powder and fire crackers every day. While our ancestors were yet ignorant of glass and its uses, the Chinese drove a large business among themselves in the manufacture of articles of glass. But their civilization is stationary. Just where she stood then, she stands now. Just as she printed books then, so she prints books now; just such powder and just such glass as she made then, just such she makes now. No improvement, no advance for many a century. How she ever advanced from barbarism to her present station, to suddenly stop in her career, is a problem that philosophers do not attempt to account for. Many think that she is held there by her paganism. No people ever yet advanced beyond their ideal of a God; and when the gods are formed of inanimate wood, stone, etc., their civilization must sometime be brought to a stand-still. Whether this is the correct view or not, the matter is one of great interest.

WHEN carrying the body to the grave, a solemn-looking Chinese scatters little slips of paper with aphorisms from Confucius written on them; at the lintels of the doorways are strips of red paper, on which are marked similar wise sayings. Upon the grave is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of "Chinese wine," after which the mourners depart, never looking behind them. There is, however, another class of gentlemen who are concealed near at hand. No sooner do they see the last pigtail of the retiring mourners disappear from view, than they make a grand rush for the edibles and drinkables left for the benefit of Joss, and they very soon make short work of them, Joss, no doubt, getting the credit. After lying some months in the grave, the bones are dug up and carefully cleaned and polished with brushes, then tied up, and each put in little bundles, which are nicely labelled, and stored away in a small tin coffin in the particular hong or commercial house which is responsible for them. When a sufficient number of these interesting mementoes have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and the coffins dispatched with their contents back to Canton, for, according to Mongol theologians, it will go hard with him in the future world unless they do repose on native soil.

A CASE in one of the Chinese "courts of law" has a strong smack of the ludicrous in it, as we non-pagans look at it. A Chinese nobleman, who had a sick child, made costly offerings to a certain god, with a view to his son's recovery.

All was in vain; the child died. Hereupon the father filed a bill in court charging the god with a breach of contract. The case was duly tried. This idol was brought into court. The father pleaded that he had done everything that the ritual required of him in order to propitiate the deity; but, through some strange perversity or inability, the god had failed to perform his part of the contract. The god had no way of rebutting the evidence. Judgment was accordingly given against him, and he was forthwith expelled from the province.

A TRIAL came off in Idaho in the District Court of Silver City of a Chinaman for the murder of one of his countrymen, which excited considerable interest from the nature of the oath administered to the Chinese witnesses. In this ceremony a rooster's head is hacked off with a knife, a saucer broken, the oath written on yellow paper, burned, and the smoke, in which is supposed to be the spirit of the burned oath, blown up to heaven in each case. The prosecution and defence each swore five witnesses, killed five chickens, broke five saucers, burned five pieces of paper, etc. After killing the chickens they are thrown away by the Chinamen, and considered unfit for use; but on this occasion an unbelieving American, not seeing the difference between a fowl killed in this way and any other, made a good dinner by appropriating the rejected fowls and making a pot-pie of them.

THE Chinese passion for gambling is so strong that the gamesters have been known frequently, when their money is gone, to stake their fingers on a single chance. During the game they keep by them a vase of sesame oil, under which a fire is kept burning, and between the players is placed a small, but sharp, hatchet. When one wins he takes the hand of the loser, places it on a stone, and cuts off one of his fingers with the hatchet. The piece falls, and the loser immediately dips his hand into the hot oil, which cauterizes the wound. This operation, it is said, does not prevent the players from beginning again.

THE Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. An officer in the navy says he observed one, who kept ducks for a living, practise an odd piece of ingenuity. In the day time the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the night time they were carefully collected. The keeper, when the night set in, gave a whistle, when the ducks always flew toward him with violent speed, so that they were invariably gathered in one or two minutes. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the last duck.

AMONG the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was one remarkable for its singular beauty:—When a maiden died they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its power of song, and then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it had flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden to the loved and lost.

AFTER a long period of wet weather, when the Chinese have prayed vainly for relief, they put the gods out in the rain to see how they like it.

A TRAVELLER in Norway says that the honesty of the people he meets every day is something worthy of notice. He says that he has frequently been to hotels that had no lock and key to the rooms assigned him, and has become so accustomed to sleep in such primitive security that he says it will not be pleasant or easy to become disaccustomed to it. In one large town, Billehammer, the only jeweller in the place informed him there was but one policeman in the corporation, and that he had never known a theft to occur there. "If I had left my purse out in the court of the hotel all night," says the traveller, "I should have fully expected to meet with it and all its contents again."

WHEN Turkish parents wish to find a wife for their son, some old woman is employed to make inquiries, and having discovered a lady with a fitting portion and beauty (*i. e.* very fat, with a round, flat, pasty face), the mother of the intended bridegroom pays a morning call. The fair young "Khanum" hands the coffee to the visitor, in doing which, as she has to walk the whole length of the room, it can be judged whether she is lame or has any evident personal defect. If the matter proceeds, she has generally an opportunity given her of seeing the youth through the keyhole or the crack of a door, or even from her carriage on the public promenade; but the unfortunate man has no resource but to submit to the judgment of others, which is decidedly a risk in matters of taste. And we conclude, among ourselves, that the natural objection to "buying blindfold" is, perhaps, one reason why so many men, even of the highest rank, marry their slaves, and place them at the head of their establishments.

AMONG the eastern nations salt is a symbol of fidelity. A man who has partaken of salt with you, is bound to you by the laws of hospitality; and thus bread and salt are eaten at the ratification of a bargain or treaty, to make it binding on all parties. Salt is also an emblem of desolation; conquered cities were sown with salt. In Scotland and Ireland salt appears to have been considered to represent the incorruptible spirit, and was, therefore, laid above the heart of a corpse; and in some cases a platter was so placed containing a small portion of salt and earth unmixed, the one to represent the immortal, and the other the mortal part. In former days, when it was the custom for all the household of a nobleman or gentleman to dine together, the large salt-cellar, which was placed in the middle of the table, was the boundary of distinction between the family and the menials.

IN Holland they have a curious custom called the Klapputie. Whenever a child is born a piece of frame-work of an oval shape, covered with a light pink-colored silk, is placed outside the front door of the house, where the knocker used formerly to be placed. If the child is a girl, a small portion of the upper part is covered with white silk. Over the whole is spread white lace, the richness of which varies with the wealth of the inmates. Many different explanations are given in regard to the custom, and from what it arose; but most probably it was introduced to inform all of the birth of an infant, and give notice to those who might wish to enter the house not to knock too loud.

EVERY man in China must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at a time of a religious festival, about the middle of the year. If unable to settle at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

THE custom of breaking a cake over the bride's head when she enters her husband's house, is borrowed from the Greeks, who, as an emblem of plenty, poured figs and other fruits over the heads of both bride and bridegroom.

IN China it is the custom of parents to give away a girl baby soon after birth, to be the future wife of the son of a friend of her parents, and she is brought up in the family of her future husband.

FUNERALS among the Mohammedans are conducted with little or no ceremony. The body, placed upon a bier, and covered with a common cloth, if that of a poor person, with white cashmere cloth among the rich, and with green cashmere cloth if belonging to the family of a sheriff, is thus borne to the cemetery, the followers repeating all the way in a slow, measured tone the words,—

"Allah! Allah! Allah!"

There are no undertakers here for the arrangement of funeral processions, that duty being performed by the relatives and servants of the deceased. It is customary for any person meeting a funeral procession to diverge from his course and take hold of a corner of the bier, walking with it until another passer-by takes his place—the Mussulman usage exacting that each person must lend his services in this way for at least ten paces. The writer has many a time dismounted on thus meeting a funeral cortege to take his place in it according to this custom.

THE Esquimaux and the Lap form almost the only connecting link between the Old World and the New. Iceland and Greenland were the first parts of America discovered by Europeans, and the Esquimaux were, accordingly, the first of all American tribes known to whites, and they are now as they were then. The few centuries that have sufficed almost to sweep away the red man, leaves the Esquimaux lord of his snowy realm, which defies the conquering hand of the white. Ice and Skrœlings, as the northmen called the Esquimaux, destroyed the flourishing northman colony in Greenland, with its towns, its churches, cathedrals, and monastic piles. Arrayed in his closely-fitting sealskin dress, and with his long snow-shoes and spear, he proceeds over the snowy desert to battle with the seal, walrus, and other animals abounding in oil, which alone could supply him with the carbon necessary to sustain life in that terrible climate. The Esquimaux is filthy, but it is the vice of the uncivilized, and more pardonable in those who have no flowing streams than in the inhabitants of more favored climes. Snow and ice are all. Their game is hidden in the snow, to preserve it. Their very houses are built of snow. We show how this work is done. A spot is selected where the snow is about two feet deep, and compact, and a circle is traced about twelve feet in diameter. The inner circle is then cut into slabs, about a yard long and six inches thick, and the depth of the snow. These are taken out and piled upon each other, like courses of hewn stone, around the circle, the beds being so cut as to give them a slight inclination inward. The dome is closed somewhat suddenly and flatly, by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge form, instead of the more rectangular form below. The roof is about eight feet high, and is closed by a small conical piece. The whole is built from within, and when all the blocks are in place, loose snow is thrown over it, to fill up all the chinks. When just made, the purity of the material, the graceful form and translucency of the walls, present an appearance superior even to marble.

THERE are large public libraries in Japan; and literature is as common, and books are as widely circulated, and much cheaper than even in Germany. Thousands of illustrated novels are printed every year, and to judge from the pictures with which they are profusely illustrated, they contain much the same ingredients as our own—love, murder, suicide, intrigue, heroism, and folly. Their books are printed from wooden blocks on fine silky paper, doubled, so that the exterior sides only are printed upon. The Japanese are much farther advanced in painting and drawing than the Chinese; they understand perspective, and many of their wood illustrations are both true to nature and well designed in their peculiar style.

AMONG the ladies of Palestine certain tastes prevail which are strangely at variance with our European ideas of female beauty. Not only are the teeth discolored and the eye-brows dyed, but the lips and chin are blackened with an indelible composition, as if the ladies were ambitious of the ornament of a beard.

THE Japanese women gild their teeth, the Indians paint them red, whilst in Guzerat the pearl of the teeth to be beautiful must be dyed black, and the lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak round the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. In Greenland the women cover their faces with blue and yellow, whilst the Hottentot women paint in compartments of red and black. Hindoo women, when desirous of appearing particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric and grease. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, and a large flat nose.

THE following is given by an American who lived several years in Canton:—A merchant, upon taking possession of a store formerly occupied by another merchant, it is customary to wall up the door completely and make a window in its place, and where the window previously was, to place the door. This is done in every case, especially where the former occupant was unsuccessful in his business, with this exception: that should the former tenant have been very fortunate in his enterprises, no change is made.

Sometimes, instead of altering both door and window, the door is closed and another one is opened. This accounts for the very peculiar appearance which strikes a foreigner's eye in Canton of seeing many shops and stores with one window and two doors.

During my sojourn at Canton, a very amusing circumstance happened to come under my notice. One of the Chinamen, with whom I was engaged in business, happened to be unfortunate, and not being able to pay his creditors, sent to know if I would lend him some money, offering good security. I immediately proceeded to his place of business. Upon arriving there, I was much surprised to find his store full of men. I expressed my astonishment by asking the Chinaman whether he was entertaining company, seeing them eating; to which he replied: "These are my creditors." I ascertained it was customary for all the creditors to come to an unfortunate debtor's place of business and remain there, during which time they are fed and lodged at the debtor's own expense, until he paid what was owing or made some remuneration. I loaned the Chinaman the desired amount, and he paid what was due his creditors, when his store was immediately cleared.

The Chinamen have a singular custom of wearing two watches, also of placing eyes in the bows of their ships. Their superstitious reason is, "No have eye, how can see?" and again, of placing before their idols a large wheel, something similar to an immense grindstone, on which are written various prayers, and then, by turning this wheel, they believe those prayers are offered to their god; also of having prayers written on gilt paper, and by turning this paper before their "Josh" (god), those prayers are said, which are printed thereon.

Among the rich Chinese Mandarins, those who are the most corpulent and weigh the heaviest are considered to be the more aristocratic, no matter if he is a burden to himself through his corpulency. They all ride in Sedan chairs, and the more men who carry him (sometimes eight) the better off he is in the eyes of the people.

Upon the birthday of a deceased parent, it is not only customary, but also obligatory as a part of their religion, to visit the graves of their departed parent, and bring some rice, sweetmeats, or other delicacy, as a token of deep respect towards their deceased parent. Some visit these graves not only upon the anniversary of the day they died, and upon the new moon; but they are absolutely required by their religion to visit the grave once a year, and bring these tokens of their deep love and respect.

It is necessary for a son to promise and do what his father directed at his deathbed, to obey and carry out to the letter. The following instance came under my own immediate notice:

I was invited by a very rich and aristocratic Chinese Mandarin once to visit him. I, in company with several other merchants with whom this Mandarin had mercantile intercourse, in compliance with the request, paid him a visit, during which time I walked through the house and grounds in the immediate vicinity, and was struck with peculiar interest and astonishment at a small building looking very much like a temple, as it was supported by four columns, having a very gaudy roof, and the sides were enclosed entirely by mica. Upon inquiry, I found it contained two coffins, elevated about four or five feet from the ground, and contained the remains of his father and mother. It was the special request of his father that he and his wife should not be buried until the death of his son, which the son had strictly obeyed. After this merchant's death, he, with his parents, were interred side by side.

A description of these coffins might serve to interest one. In no means do they resemble our coffins. In the first place, they are very bulky and enormously expensive, being constructed of the finest camphor wood, and are painted dark Spanish brown, with the head and foot a deep scarlet. They are rather rough in their outward appearance, the bottom of the coffin being perfectly flat, while the top and sides are convex.

The Chinese New Year is very strictly observed throughout the whole country. All business operations are entirely suspended, they are attired in their best costumes, and even the mention of any mercantile operation is esteemed the height of indecorum.

FORMERLY in France a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long, those of a baron two feet; those of a knight, eighteen inches long, from whence arose the expression: *Il est un grand pied dans le monde.*

CHINA is the type of permanence in the world. To say that it is older than any other existing nation, is saying very little. This nation and its institutions have outlasted everything. The ancient Bactrian and Assyrian kingdoms, the Persian monarchy, Greece and Rome, have all risen, flourished, and fallen—and China continues still the same. The dynasty has been occasionally changed; but the laws, customs, institutions, all that makes national life, have continued.

The first aspect of China produces that impression on the mind which we call the grotesque. This is merely because the customs of this singular nation are so opposite to our own. They seem morally, no less than physically, our antipodes. Their habits are as opposite to ours as the direction of their bodies. We stand feet to feet in everything. In boxing the compass they say "west-north," instead of "north-west," "east-south," instead of "south-east," and their compass needle points south instead of north. Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots, and bead necklaces, carrying umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns in their hands, being more afraid of the dark than of exposing themselves to the enemy. The people are very fond of fireworks, but prefer to have them in the daytime. Ladies ride in wheelbarrows, and cows are driven in carriages. While in Europe the feet are put in the stocks, in China the stocks are hung round the neck. In China the family name comes first, the personal name afterward. Instead of saying Walter Scott, they would say Scott Walter. Thus the Chinese name of Confucius, Kung-fu-tsee, the Holy Master Kung; Kung is the family name.

In the past wars with the English, the mandarins or soldiers would sometimes run away, and then commit suicide to avoid punishment. In getting on a horse, the Chinese mount on the right side. Their old men fly kites, while their little boys look on. The left hand is the seat of honor, and to keep on your hat is a sign of respect. Visiting cards are painted red, and are four feet long. In the opinion of the Chinese, the seat of the understanding is the stomach. They have "villages" which contain a million of inhabitants. Their boats are drawn by men, but their carriages are moved by sails. A married woman while young and pretty is a slave; but when she becomes old and withered, is the most powerful, respected, and beloved person in the family. The emperor is regarded with the most profound reverence, but the empress mother is a greater person than he. When a man furnishes his house, instead of laying stress, as we do, on rosewood pianos and carved mahogany, his first ambition is for a handsome camphorwood coffin.

THE emperor of China's system of paying his medical attendants is as follows: He keeps four regularly, to whom the care of his health is committed, and to whom a certain weekly salary is allowed. This salary, however, is at once stopped the moment he falls ill, and does not commence again until he is restored to health. It is said that the illnesses of the emperor are usually very short.

THE ladies in Russia are very anxious to marry because they have no liberty before marriage. They are kept constantly under the paternal eye until given up to their husband, and then they take their own course. Almost as soon as a girl is born, in the better ranks of society, her parents begin to prepare the dowry she must have when she goes to her husband. She must furnish everything for an outfit in life, even to a dozen new shirts for her coming husband. The young man goes to the house of his proposed bride and counts over her dresses, and examines the furniture, and sees the whole with his own eyes before he commits himself to the irrevocable bargain. In high life such things are conducted with more apparent delicacy; but the facts are ascertained with accuracy, the business being in the hands of a broker or notary. The *trousseau* is exposed in public before the wedding-day.

It was the custom in Babylon, five hundred years before the Christian era, to have an annual auction of the unmarried ladies. In every year, on a certain stated day, each district assembled all its virgins of marriageable age. The most beautiful were put up first, and the man who bid the highest gained possession of her. The second in personal charms followed her, and so on, so that the bidders might gratify themselves with handsome wives according to the length of their purses. There may yet remain in Babylon some for whom no money was offered, but the provident Babylonians managed that. When all the comely ones are sold, the crier orders the most deformed to stand up, and after demanding who will marry her for a small sum, she is adjudged to him who is satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money raised from the sale of the handsome serves as a portion to those who are either of disagreeable looks, or that have any other imperfection.

Each country and each province, county, or town has its peculiar customs. In Yorkshire, England, it was once customary for every rustic dame to make a cheese, which was carefully preserved for Christmas, and when brought out, before it could be tasted, she scored upon it with a sharp knife the resemblance of a cross. With this she brought a huge wassail bowl and frumenty, made of barley meal. At Ripon, in the same county, the singing boys on this day used to come into church with basketfuls of red apples, with a sprig of rosemary stuck in each, which they presented to all the congregation, and got a return made to them of two pence, four pence, or six pence, according to the quality of the lady or gentleman.

At Folkestone, in Kent, the fishermen had a singular custom. They chose eight of the largest and best whiting out of every boat when they came home from that fishing, and sold them apart from the rest, and out of the money arising from them they made a feast every Christmas Eve, which they called a Rumbald. The master of each boat provided this feast for his own company, so that there were as many different entertainments as there were boats. These whitings, which are of a very large size, and are sold all round the country as far as Canterbury, are called Rumbald whitings.

In the Isle of Man this singular custom formerly prevailed, though, like the last one, it has been disused:—"On the 24th of December, towards evening, all the servants in general have a holiday; they go not to bed all night, but ramble about till the bells ring in all the churches, which is at twelve o'clock. Prayers being over, they go to hunt the wren, and having found one of these poor birds, they kill her and lay her on a bier with the utmost solemnity, bringing her to the parish church and bury her with a whimsical kind of solemnity, singing dirges over her in the Manks language, which they call her knell; after which Christmas begins."

"In a certain part of Devonshire there was formerly a superstitious belief that the oxen were always found on their knees in an attitude of devotion at night on Christmas Eve; but the obstinate animals refused to accommodate themselves to the alteration of the style, and continued to perform their genuflexions on Christmas Eve old style, as long as they performed them at all."

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND PERSONS.

A HAPPIER illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer by it the greatest questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked in writing:—"Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the question:—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner:—"Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise:—"Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the resignation which sat upon his countenance as he took the chalk and wrote:—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

A MAN went to the post-office, and putting his nose close to the delivery-box, cried out:

"Louder."

The clerk, supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was requesting him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a loud tone the name of the party for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder," cried the man.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the man, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the man's face the same question:

"What name?"

This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far-off hills. The man started back in alarm, shouting at the very top of his big lungs:

"Louder, sir—Louder! I told you Louder—my name is nothing else!"

A CLERGYMAN writes as follows:—We have in our congregation a little deaf and dumb boy. On Sunday he loves to have his mother find for him the words that we are singing, though the music never thrills his quiet ears nor touches his little heart. He looks at the hymn, glides his little finger over every word to the end; and if he finds Jesus there he is satisfied and absorbed to the close of the singing, but if the word Jesus is not there he closes his book, and will have nothing more to do with it. So should we test the religions of the day. If we find Jesus the central thought of any system of theology, it is good, it will do for us; if not, turn away and have nothing to do with it.

THERE was Mrs F.,
So very deaf,
She might have worn a percussion cap,
And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap!

Hood says this. But the pedler sold her an "ear trumpet," says the legend:

And the very next day,
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay.

We believe it was the same old lady, at all events, it was one equally deaf, for says the story:

She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones
Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach,
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech.

A LADY riding in the cars found herself seated by the side of an old matron, who was exceeding deaf.

"Ma'm," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?"

"What did you say, miss?"

"I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"O yes, indeed, I did. Its only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it did me a single mite of good."

"YOUNG man, what's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf lady. "Seven dollars," was the reply. "Seventeen dollars," exclaimed she, "I'll give you thirteen."—"Seven dollars, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman. "Oh, seven dollars," replied the old lady sharply, "very high; I'll give you five."

AN old woman, partially deaf, observed a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner: "Gone to the old boy, for what I know."—"Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would let down the bars."

LORD SEAFORTH, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes, when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man."—"Dumb!" cried Lord Guilford; "bless me, I thought you were dumb." I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Mathews, and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did.

IN a town in New Hampshire lived old farmer P., who was very deaf. On his farm, near the road, stood a very large tree, and thirty feet from the ground on this tree was a large knot. As farmer P. was passing one day he thought he would cut it down to make a mill-post of. He had been at work some time, when he thought some stranger would come along and ask him the following questions, and he would make the following answers:

"What is that tree for?" asks the stranger.

"A mill-post," replies the farmer.

"How long are you going to cut it?"

"Up to that knot."

"How much do you ask for it."

"Five dollars."

"I won't give it."

"Well, if you don't, somebody else will."

As old farmer P. was working away, sure enough a stranger did come along, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger.

"A mill-post," replied the farmer.

"How far is it down to the corner?"

"Up to that knot."

"You don't understand me; how far is it to the corner?"

"Five dollars."

"You old scamp! I have a good mind to give you a whipping."

"Well, if you don't, somebody else will."

A BLIND man having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed in some surprise, "Why, what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning—it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better."—"No," replied the blind man, "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

A YOUNG man engaged in teaching mutes, was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," and requested one of them to write on the "black board" a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. The bright little one immediately wrote on the black board, "Boys love to play, girls to display."

A PUPIL of the Abbé Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:—"What is gratitude?"—"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."—"What is hope?"—"Hope is the blossom of happiness."—"What is the difference between hope and desire?"—"Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."—"What is eternity?"—

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no ends."—"What is time?"—"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."—"What is God?"—"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the mechanist of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."—"Does God reason?"—"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates; he decides; God is omniscient; he knows all things; he never doubts; he therefore never reasons."

AN anecdote comes from Paris of an Englishman, who, when out riding, met another who was very deaf. "Riding, I see, as usual," screamed the good natured Mr. X; "and how is your wife?"—"Just bought her," replied the other; "and to tell the truth, she is a baddish lot. You know me. I never keep them if they don't suit me, and I shall get rid of her next week."

"I ONCE boarded for three months," said Mr. Smith, "in a family, where, during the whole of my stay, the husband did not once speak to the wife, although they met at the table every day."

"Good heavens! what a monster he must have been!"

"Not at all! He was a very amiable man."

"Impossible!"

"And I think he was fully justified in this proceeding."

"Justified, Mr. Smith! How can you say so? A man who would preserve silence for so long a period must have a most implacable and revengeful disposition."

"But, my dear, there is one little circumstance that I forgot to mention, that may mitigate the severity of your judgment. The man was dumb!"

"Oh!"

ELIZABETH CORDREY, of Tyaskin district, was born a mute, and was never known to utter a syllable until she was fifty years old. She had been confined to a bed of sickness for some time, when, to the great surprise of her family and friends, she began talking fluently, and from then to the hour of her death, which occurred on the following day, she prayed almost unceasingly in an audible voice and understandingly. The lady, we learn, had two sisters and a brother also mutes.

A MOST appalling case of deafness was that of an old lady who lived just across the street from the Navy Yard. On Washington's birthday they fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, then adjusting her cap and smoothing her dress, she exclaimed, "Come in!"

DENTISTS.

BEING troubled with a raging toothache, Patrick Murphy rushed into a dentist's office. "Faith, doctor," he cried, drawing up his right leg and drawing down his right shoulder, "I've got a bloody bad grinder that's trying to jump to the top of my head, and I see by yer sign that you extract teeth without pa-in'."—"Without pain, sir, and at the shortest notice," said the doctor; "will you sit down?" The tooth was soon out. "Bless you, doctor, you are very kind; thank you, doctor; good day, dear doctor."—"But," said the doctor, "I want my fee—50 cents."—"Fifty cents," said Patrick in astonishment, "an' don't ye advertise to extract teeth for nothing?"—"What do you mean?"—"Don't yer sign read, 'Teeth extracted without pa-in'" (pain)?

"WHAT'S the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. Davis, as old Jeremiah was passing by grunting most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short, "why here I've been lugging water all the morning for Doctor Brown's wife to wash with, and what do you suppose I got for it?"—"Why, I suppose about seventy-five cents," answered Mr. Davis. "Seventy-five cents, no sir-ee, she told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

A DENTIST presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that is a pretty round bill."—"Yes," replied the dentist, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so, and I have called now to get it squared."

A DENTIST, whose skill in teeth pulling was well known, was called upon by a wag carrying an old garden rake. "Doctor," said he, "I want you to pull a couple of teeth for me."—"Very well," replied the doctor, "take a seat in that chair, and show me the teeth."—"Well, doctor," said the wag, "I want you to pull these two broken teeth out of this rake!" For a moment the doctor was nonplussed by the joke, but, recovering himself, replied, "Well, let me have it; I might as well take the teeth from one rake as another." He did so, and demanded his fee.

A BOY'S idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows:—"The doctor hitched fast on to me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me the tooth came out."

P. HAS met with many losses in his time, and finally lost every tooth in his head. This, however, was more easily remedied than some of his other losses; for he employed a dentist, who filled the vacancy, and set his jaws going again.

Last season P. was attacked with the cholera, and his friends and physician gave him up as a lost case. As he lay there, apparently upon his death-bed, the doctor asked him if the medicines he had taken had in any manner affected his teeth.

"I don't know," faintly whispered P.; "but you can see—they are in the top drawer of the bureau. Mrs. P. will hand them to you."

The doctor looked upon the double row of grinders, as he held them in his hand, and then at the patient, and at last, with a faint smile, said:—"I guess he'll live."

"YOU pull teeth here, I suppose?" inquired a green looking customer, who dropped into a dental office for information. "Yes, sir, take a chair," replied the proprietor, "our charge is only fifty cents, and I can do it instantly."—"Well, I guess I'll wait until I get home, for I can't pay that price, because our doctor charges only a quarter, and it takes him two hours, besides he pulls you all around the room, and you get the worth of your money."

A CERTAIN surgeon dentist, who is not quite a span for Big Dick, was called upon by a person of great maxillary dimensions, for his assistance to dislodge a tooth, which had begun to raise a mutiny among his nerves. The patient being seated on the floor, so as to accommodate his length to that of the doctor, began to open his head, nearly in manner and form of an old-fashioned fall-back chaise; and the astonished operator, who stood before him, fearing there might be a second edition of Jonah, exclaimed, with terror in his countenance:—"You need not extend your jaws any farther, for I intend to stand on the outside while I extract the tooth."

IT is not the false teeth which should be objectionable, but the false tongue behind them.

A COUNTRY dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

DREAMS, REMARKABLE, AND SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

OF dreams, consisting of the revival of old associations respecting things which had entirely passed out of the mind, and which seem to have been forgotten, the following examples, given by Dr. Abercrombie, in his "Intellectual Powers," may be relied upon in their most minute particulars:

The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow as paying teller. On one occasion a person entered the bank demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting, who were in their turn entitled to be attended before him, but he was extremely impatient and rather noisy; and being besides a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so, accordingly, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavoring to discover the error, but without success; when, at last, my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamed of being at his place in the bank—and the whole transaction with the stammerer, as just detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to a discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of; and on examination soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in the manner now mentioned, had been neglected to be inserted in the book, and exactly accounted for the error in the balance.

An officer in one of the principal banks in Edinburgh found, in balancing his first day's transactions, that the money under his charge was deficient by ten pounds, and could not find out the cause of the error. In the night he dreamed that he was at his place in the bank, and that a gentleman who was personally known to him presented a draft of ten pounds. On awakening, he recollected the dream, and also recollected that the gentleman who appeared in it had actually received ten pounds. On going to the bank, he found that he had neglected to enter the payment, and that the gentleman's order had by accident fallen among some pieces of paper which had been thrown on the floor to be swept away.

A further and most interesting illustration of the class of dreams referred to under this head, is found in an anecdote published by the distinguished author of the Waverley novels, and considered authentic:—Mr. R., of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind, (or tithe,) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the titulars (lay impropriations of the tithes). Mr. R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the presented prosecution was groundless. After an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his suit to be inevitable, and was about to make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose:

His father, who had been dead many years, appeared to him, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. Mr. R. thought that he informed his father, and added he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade, "I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. ——, an attorney who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "(as I never employed him but on that occasion,) that Mr —— may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay his account there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." Mr. R. awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride to Inveresk instead of going to Edinburgh. When he came there, he waited on the attorney mentioned in the dream, and, without saying anything of the vision, he inquired of the old man whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstances to his recollection ; but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory. He made immediate search for the papers and found them, so that Mr. R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.

There is every reason to believe that this very interesting above-mentioned dream is referable to the principle that the gentleman had heard the circumstances from his father, but had entirely forgotten them, until the frequent and intense application of his mind to the subject with which they were connected at length gave rise to a train of associations which recalled them in the dream.

To the same principle are referable the two following anecdotes, which I have received as entirely authentic :

A gentleman of the law in Edinburgh had mislaid an important paper relating to some affairs on which a public meeting was soon to be held. He had been making most anxious search for it for many days, but the evening of the day preceding that on which the meeting was to be held had arrived without his being able to discover it. He went to bed under great anxiety and disappointment, and dreamed that the paper was in a box appropriated to the papers of a particular family, with which it was in no way connected. It was accordingly found there in the morning.

Another individual connected with a public office had mislaid a paper of such importance that he was threatened with the loss of his situation if he did not produce it. After a long, but unsuccessful, search, under intense anxiety, he also dreamed of discovering the paper in a particular place, and found it there accordingly.

A class of dreams which presents an interesting subject of observation includes those in which a strong propensity of character, or a strong mental emotion is embodied into a dream, and by some natural coincidence is fulfilled.

A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired. A long time elapsed without being able to recover it, and after many excuses she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamed that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent home, had dropped it in the street and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly, when he confessed it was true.

A gentleman sitting by a fire on a stormy night, and anxious about some of his domestics who were at sea in a boat, drops asleep for a few seconds, dreams very naturally of drowning men, and starts up with an exclamation that his boat is lost. If the boat returns in safety the vision is no more thought of; if it is lost, as is very likely to happen, the story passes for second sight, and it is in fact one of the anecdotes that are given as the most authentic instances of it. Thus are we to account for some of the stories of second sight.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the fulfilment of dreams on the principles which have now been mentioned; but I am induced to add the following, as it is certainly of a very interesting kind, and as I am enabled to give it as entirely authentic in all its particulars :

A most respectable clergyman in a country parish, Scotland, made a collection at his church for an object of public benevolence, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of the collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of his expectation, and during the evening of the day he frequently alluded to this with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamed that three one-pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been so compressed that they had stuck in the corner when the ladles were emptied. He was so impressed with the vision that early in the morning he went to the church, found the ladle which he had seen in his dream, and drew from one corner of it three one-pound notes. This interesting case is, perhaps, capable of explanation upon simple principles. It appears that on the evening preceding the day of the collection the clergyman had been amusing himself calculating what sum his congregation would probably contribute, and that in doing so he had calculated on a certain number of families who would not give him less than a pound each. Let us then suppose that a particular ladle, which he knew to have been presented to three of these families has been emptied in his presence, and found to contain no pound notes. His first feeling would be that of disappointment, but in afterward thinking of the subject, and connecting it with his former calculation, the possibility of the ladle not having been fully emptied might dart across his mind.

This impression, which, perhaps, he did not himself recollect, might then be embodied into a dream, which, by a natural coincidence, was fulfilled.

DR. ABERCROMBIE, of Edinburgh, whose piety, medical skill and philosophical acumen, secured for him a deservedly high reputation, has recorded from his own knowledge some remarkable dreams. "A clergyman," he says, "had come to the Scottish metropolis from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamed that he saw a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town to return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of great danger."

ANOTHER example of an equally striking character is recorded in the life of Mr. Kirchener, who labored as an evangelist in Africa. On one occasion he was visited at his station in Caffraria by a man of bad character, but who affected deep religious concern, and by that means induced Mr. Kirchener to allow him to remain for the night, that they might converse together in the morning. They retired to rest, but, after sleeping some time, the missionary started up with a loud cry. He had been awoke by a frightful dream, and found his visitor standing by his bedside with an uplifted knife in his hand, and on the point of murdering him. The man, startled by the sudden awakening of his intended victim, drew back and slunk away. He afterwards confessed that his design was to murder his unsuspecting host, and then ransack the premises.

IN the immense majority of cases, dreams are vain and fantastic fancies, originating in the previous action of the mind, or in the present condition of the body. They are but

> Children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
> Which is as thin of substance as the air,
> And more inconsistent than the wind, who woos
> Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
> And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
> Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.

We can hardly, therefore, think so ill of the intelligence of our readers, as to suppose that they will allow their dreaming fancies seriously to influence their waking conduct. Yet we have seen, on unquestionable evidence, that dreams have sometimes a premonitory and providential character.

IT would be difficult, perhaps, to state more clearly the rules which prudence and piety alike dictate in this matter, than has been done by Mr. Sheppard, in his "Essay on Dreams."

"One would say, generally, be very slow in permitting any dream to prompt or guide your conduct. And yet we cannot contend that this rule admits of no exception. For a dream may be so striking and monitory, by its peculiar distinctness, and more by its reiteration; and the act or precaution it prompts may be of so lawful and blameless a character, as to make the adoption of it more than justifiable. We cannot censure the lady at Edinburgh, who procured a friendly sentinel for her aged relative; and we commend the clergyman who hastened home in the night to save his children from flames.

"But we should, of course, say most decidedly, wherever the dream counsels or enjoins what is contrary to the supreme rule of Scripture, or what is at variance with sound reason and prudence, or favors the dictates of passion or fancy, discard it utterly as a vain and dangerous illusion. Indeed, there is all reason to conclude that the dreams of some ardent minds were first prompted and created by the ruling passion, and then stirred and impelled that passion itself into strenuous and confident action. Such, perhaps, were the dreams of Hannibal, prompting him to invade Italy, and of Timur, urging him on in his career of devastating war. These men, both when awake and in their slumbers, were under the influence of a restless ambition; it produced their visions, and then seized on them to stimulate and justify its own acts.

"Thus, example gives great weight to the general rule, that it is usually most unsafe and unwarrantable to act on such suggestions. When dreams are so extraordinary, and so linked with ensuing events as to be distinguished from the throng of those which are 'vanities,' they are mainly to be regarded in the light of corroborative enforcements to the great doctrine of God's overruling providence, and the dictates of his word. If there be a sequence of events, whose undeniable accordance with your dream compels you to assign to it a predictive or premonitory character, then take, thoughtfully and thankfully, the privilege of this added confirmatory indication that a hidden but omniscient power governs our faculties and the events around us; suggests ideas and imagery to the mind; forsees and guides in wisdom the intricate and countless diversities of human affairs."

AMONG the victims of the Angola disaster was a Mr. J. P. Hayward, of State Line, who was in the employ of the railroad company as their agent at that place. The Painesville (O.) Advertiser gives an account of a strange dream—for the correctness of which it vouches—which Mr. H. had just six months before he lost his life. It says:—"He dreamed that he was away from home in a desert, when suddenly he heard a terrific crash, and upon looking in the direction from which the sound proceeded, he saw a bright light, which seemed to reach to the very heavens, and he heard screams and yells of the most frightful and heart-rending character. On looking about him, he saw an august personage—a monk, he thought—sitting in high estate, and he inquired where all that noise came from. 'From hell,' answered the monk. The dreamer asked, 'What does it mean?' The monk replied, 'It means that you must instantly die.' Mr. H. then told the monk that he was not yet prepared to die, and begged for further time. The monk finally said, 'Your prayer is granted; you may live upon the earth six months longer. At the expiration of that time you shall die.' At this juncture Mr. Hayward was awakened by his wife, who was alarmed at her husband's actions, he sitting up in bed, and being greatly agitated."

An Erie paper, speaking of it, adds:—"The dream made a great impression upon his mind, and was the subject of much thought and frequent conversations with his friends for a time, but at length he came to look upon it as of no consequence. On precisely the last day of the six months he purchased a life-insurance ticket for $3000, took passage on the ill-fated train for Buffalo, and was numbered among the victims at Angola."

THE following is in the appendix to Dr. Binn's "Anatomy of Sleep." It was communicated to the author by the Hon. Mr. Talbot, father of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and is given in his own words, and over his own signature:

"In the year 1768 my father, Matthew Talbot, of Castle Talbot, county Wexford, was much surprised at the recurrence of a dream three several times during the same night, which caused him to repeat the whole circumstance to his lady the next morning. He dreamed that he had arisen as usual and descended to his library, the morning being hazy. He then seated himself at his escritoire to write, when, happening to look up a long avenue of trees opposite the window, he perceived a man in a blue jacket mounted on a white horse coming toward the house My father arose and opened the window; the man advancing presented him with a roll of papers, and told him they were the invoices of a vessel that had been wrecked and had drifted in during the night on his son-in-law's (Lord Mountnorris) estate hard by, and signed 'Bell and Stephenson.' My father's attention was called to the dream only from its frequent recurrence; but when he found himself seated at the desk on the misty morning, and beheld the identical person whom he had seen in his dream, in the blue coat, riding on a gray horse, he felt surprised, and opening the window, he waited the man's approach. He immediately rode up, and drawing from his pocket a packet of papers, gave them to my father, stating that they were invoices belonging to an American vessel which had been wrecked and drifted upon his lordship's estate; that there was no person on board to lay claim to the wreck, but that the invoices were signed 'Stephenson and Bell.' I assure you, my dear sir, that the above actually occurred, and is most faithfully given; but it is not more extraordinary than other examples of the prophetic powers of the mind or soul during sleep, which I have frequently heard related."

AN Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco.

"I had a dhrame last night, yer honor."

"What was it Pat?"

"Why, I dhramed that your honor made a present of a plug of tobaccy, and her ladyship there—Heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife."

"Ah! Pat, dreams go by contraries, as you well know."

"Faith and they do that," said Pat, without the least hesitation, "so yer ladyship is to give me the tobaccy, and his honor the tay."

WHETHER we regard as "the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain fantasy," or accept dreams as an important internal part of the human constitution, they offer an interesting field of inquiry. Simply as stray shadows, flitting across the half sleeping mind, they present an incongruous variety of peculiar incidents—tragic, pathetic, wonderful, ludicrous. Accepted as revelations of a higher state, lost or to come, regarded as the work of certain delicate machinery planted in the human brain by the Divine hand, they assume peculiar importance in many authenticated cases of dreams fulfilled. In sleep, with the muscles relaxed, the senses at rest, thought and voluntary motion in repose, the work of the organic functions goes on, the blood circulates, is purified by respiration, and, for the time being (as Dr. Symonds puts it in an excellent little work, to which we are indebted for some of our instances of notable dreams in this article), the body lives the life of a vegetable. But there are varied degrees of sleep. Some of our senses may be comparatively wakeful whilst others are in sound repose. In this state one organ may receive impressions that will excite activity of association in others more or less wakeful. It is the incomplete state of sleep, this semi-repose of the faculties, which produces dreams.

Dr. Macnish, "happening to sleep in damp sheets, dreamed he was dragged through a stream." Dr. Symonds witnessed in his sleep what he thought was a prolonged storm of thunder, which he was afterwards able to trace to the light of a candle, brought suddenly into the dark room where he had fallen asleep. He relates that a person having a blister applied to his head fancied he was scalped by a party of Indians. I remember, when a boy, sleeping in a strange house, in an old-fashioned room, with an oaken store-cupboard over the bed. I dreamt that I was being murdered; the assassin struck me on the head, and I awoke with a sense of pain in that region. Putting my hand to my forehead, I found it sticky—with blood! I felt almost too ill to cry for help, but at length I alarmed the household, and, on procuring a light, it was discovered that some fermented jam had leaked through the bottom of the cupboard, and fallen upon my head in a small sluggish stream.

A few months ago, shortly before going to bed, a friend had been discussing with me the peculiar instincts of animals, and, more particularly, their sense of the coming on of storms. After this he dreamed he was a Worcestershire short born, grazing in a pleasant meadow on the Herefordshire side of the Malvern Hills. He had a number of companions. Signs of a storm appeared in the sky, a misty vapor hung on the well-known beacon. He remembered distinctly, although he was a cow, watching, with a sense of great delight, the beauty of the preliminary tokens of the storm. With the other cows, he quietly strolled toward the shelter of an adjacent tree, and waited until the storm should break. He was chewing the cud, and he relished its herbaceous flavor. He distinctly remembered wagging his tail; yet all the time he had full reasoning faculties, and a lively sense of the beauties of the scenery.

Dr. Macnish says, once his dreaming travelled so far into the regions of absurdity that he conceived himself to be riding upon his back; one of the resemblances being mounted on the other, and both animated with a soul appertaining to himself, in such a manner that he knew not whether he was the carrier or the carried. These are odd examples of the incongruity of "the imperfection of the dreaming memory," which is most strongly illustrated when we dream of those who are dead. "We believe them still to be living, simply because we have forgotten that they are dead." A friend of Dr. Symonds dreamed that he was dead, and that he carried his own body in a coach to bury it. When he reached the place of burial, a stranger said:—"I would not advise you, sir, to bury your body in this place, for they are about to build so near it that I have no doubt the body will be disturbed by the builders." —"That," replied the dreamer, "is very true; I thank you for the information, and I will remove it to another spot," upon which he awoke.

Of the prophetic character of dreams there are many strangely startling examples. Pepys relates the story "of which Luellyn did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her death-bed; how she dreamed of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell from some discourse she had with him that she should die four days thence, and no sooner, and did all along say so, and did so." In "Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honorable John, Earl of Rochester, written by his own direction on his death-bed" (1680), his lordship related how Lady Ware's chaplain dreamed he should die the next day, went to bed in apparent perfect health, and died in the morning. In some "Various Examples," given by Mr. Frank Seafield in his excellent work on "The Literature and Curiosity of Dreams," it is related that, "My Lady Seymour dreamed that she saw a nest with nine finches in it. And so many children she had by the Earl of Winchelsey, whose name was Finch." "Anno 1690, one in Ireland dreamed of a brother, or near relation of his, who lived in Amesbury, in Wiltshire, that he saw him riding on the downs, and that two thieves robbed him and murdered him. The dream awakened him; he fell asleep again, and had the like dream. He wrote to his relation an account of it, and described the thieves' complexion, stature, and clothes, and advised him to take care of himself. Not long after he had received the monitory letter, he rode towards Salisbury, and was robbed and murdered; and the murderers were discovered by his letter, and executed."

In 1698, Mr. Wm. Smythies, curate of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, published an account of the robbery and murder of John Stockden, victualler, in Grub street, and the discovery of the murderers, by several dreams of Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Greenwood, a neighbor of the murdered man. Jung Stilling, in "Theorie der Geister-Gunde," relates that a short time before the Princess Nagotsky, of Warsaw, travelled to Paris (October, 1720), she dreamed that she found herself in a strange apartment, where a man presented a cup to her, and desired her to drink. She declined, and the unknown person said, "You should not refuse; this is the last you will ever drink in your life." In Paris she was taken ill, and the king's physician was sent to her. On his arrival, the princess showed great signs of astonishment; asked the reason, she said, "You perfectly resemble a man whom I saw in a dream at Warsaw; but

I shall not die this time, for this is not the same apartment which I saw in my dream." She recovered, and eventually, in good health, forgot her dream, and the fears it had created. Upwards of a year afterwards, however, she was dissatisfied with her lodgings at the hotel, and requested to have apartments prepared for her in a convent at Paris. Immediately on entering the room, she exclaimed, "It is all over with me. I shall not leave this room alive; it is the one I saw in my dream at Warsaw." She died soon afterwards, in the same apartment, of an ulcer in the throat, occasioned by the drawing of a tooth.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December, 1787, there is a wonderful account of the discovery of a murder through a dream. The narrative called forth a note from A. J., who said that some few years before the erection of those well known lighthouses called the Caskets, near an island, an islander dreamed that a ship had been wrecked, and that some part of the crew had saved themselves upon the rocks. He told this story the next morning on the quay; but the sailors, despite their superstitious characteristics, treated it as an idle dream. The next night he dreamed the same thing, and prevailing upon a companion to go out with him the next morning to the spot in a boat, they found three poor wretches there and brought them ashore.

Dr. Abercrombie says he is enabled to give the following anecdote as entirely authentic: A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so strangely impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire, which at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible, and on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. "Another lady," he says, "dreamed that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some companions with whom he had been engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning and prevailed on him to give up his engagement. His companions went and were all drowned."

The alarm with regard to the disappearance of Maria Martin was brought to its height by the mother dreaming, three successive nights, that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn. Upon this search was made, the floor was taken up, and the murdered body discovered. The story is fully related in Chambers' Journal for October, 1832. In a note to Dr. Binns' "Anatomy of Sleep," Lord Stanhope is credited with relating that a Lord of the Admiralty, who was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, dreamed that, walking on the sea shore, he picked up a book which appeared to be the log-book of a ship of war of which his brother was the captain. He opened it and read an entry of the latitude, longitude, as well as the day and hour in which, was added, "our captain died." The company endeavored to comfort him by laying a wager that the dream would be falsified, and a memorandum was made in writing of what he had stated, which was afterwards confirmed in every particular.

J. Noel Paton relates the extraordinary fulfilment of a dream of his mother's, involving the death of a dearly beloved sister. The murder of Mrs. Perceval, which was seen in a vision more than one hundred and fifty miles from the spot where it occurred, is a well known story and authentic. A lady friend of mine vouches for the truth of the following story: "My mother resided in London, and one of her children was sent out to nurse. She dreamed soon after that she went to the nurse's house, and saw her own child looking half starved, and faintly struggling for a crust of bread which the nurse's child was eating. The children were both in one cradle. My mother went the very next day and found the children exactly as she saw them, her own child weak, ill, and hungry." Of a member of my own family, it is related that he added, with some difficulty, two keys to a musical wind instrument. He had prepared the drawings, and the new instrument was about to be manufactured, when he dreamed that a military band passed through the city where he resided, the leader of which used an instrument with the very additional keys that he had invented. The next day a regiment *en route* for London did pass through the town, and the leader was playing on such an instrument, the first manufacture of a firm which had just brought out the new bugle.

Mr. John Hill Benton, in his work, "Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland" (1852), urges that no ghost story, or story of dream coincidences, could stand the sifting examination of a court of justice. Dr. Symonds evidently entertains a similar opinion, though he gives us what would seem some startling evidence leading to a contrary conviction. Before any such cases are received as true occurences, he very properly asks that they shall undergo most rigorously all the tests of evidence. Regarding them as instances of a kind of revelation, he says: "We look for a final cause; but we discern none, unless it be the possibility of some influence on the spiritual condition of the individuals." "Ay, there's the rub." A writer in Blackwood puts the question, but does not answer it: "Are appearances in dreams imaginary visions; or are they, however inexplicable the mode, the actual spirit presence of the persons whose images they bear?" It is not my intention to discuss this point, which may be left to the philosophers, medical and scientific. My purpose is simply to compile for the reader a few notable instances of dreaming, curious as records of "dream-life," and suggestive for thoughtful inquiry.

Whether, by some extraordinary action of the spiritual essence, warnings of disaster or prophetic motion may be communicated to the brain through the mystic medium of a dream; or whether our fancies of the night are the mere mixed associations of time and place and memory, wrought into apparent reasonable shape by accidental circumstances; these are questions that may hardly be fully answered. It cannot be doubted that God permitted this exercise of the faculties when in a semi-state of rest for our benefit in some way; and whatever may be said to the contrary, the evidence in favor of the extraordinary fulfilment of dreams, altogether beyond human explanation, is too strong for disbelief. May it be that an All-wise, All-powerful Being still deigns to influence occurrences by this means, and more especially in the bringing of great criminals to earthly justice; for "murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ." That dreams are to be catalogued and interpreted as the believers in Oneirocriticon set forth is simply nonsense; but they often serve important ends, and seeing how great a portion of our lives is occupied with sleep, to dream is to fill up a great blank with sensations of pleasure, hope, joy, that last often long after the dream is over, tending to an elevation of the aspirations and ambition of the dreamer. There are mathematicians who have solved great problems in dreams. Franklin frequently formed correct opinions of important matters in dreams; the mind has been inspired with beautiful poems in sleep, Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," for example; though this may, perhaps, hardly be spoken of in the sense of what are called ordinary healthy dreams, seeing that it may probably have been greatly influenced by opium.

THE experience of almost every day "proves to us that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The following incident, which happened in Newburgh some time since, may serve to illustrate the above remark. Two gentlemen, brothers-in-law, one residing there, and the other about thirty miles distant, were one night sleeping in the same room, but in different beds, at the residence of the Newburgher. In the course of the night one of them had a very distinct and vivid dream. He thought he saw a deceased Newburgh gentleman, a man of prominence there in his day, who had been dead for about seventeen years, walk up from the street to the gate, heard him open the gate, ascend the steps of the piazza, open the front door and step into the hall. The impression upon the mind of the dreamer was so vivid, and the identity of the ghostly visitor was so unmistakeable, that the sleeper was awaked at the moment of the former's stepping into the hall.

And now comes the strange part of the incident. The other gentleman awoke a few minutes later, and he too was awaked by a remarkably vivid dream. When the two came to compare notes, it was found that the second gentleman had seen the same old deceased Newburgher, but had first heard him the moment he stepped into the hall, had heard him ascend the stairs, open the door of the room in which the two were sleeping, and seen him enter and gaze upon them, at which point the life-like distinctness of the apparition disturbed his repose, and he too awoke. The deceased gentleman whose apparition in a dream startled the brothers-in-law out of their sleep, one after the other, had been in his lifetime well acquainted with both of them, though no relative or connection. He has not since troubled their repose, and his appearance to them in dreamland has had no other result, we believe, than to excite their wonderment at the occurrence.

A HORRIBLE case of burying alive, in New Orleans, was discovered by means of a dream. In July, a teacher in one of the public schools was stricken down suddenly with what was termed sunstroke, and, to all appearance, died almost instantly. Her body was interred the next day, and her mother went home almost broken-hearted. One night afterward the mother, after passing a most distressing day, fell asleep late at night and dreamed that her daughter had been buried alive. She jumped up in a frantic state and rushed to her son-in-law's chamber, crying, "My daugher is buried alive! What shall I do?" To sleep any more that night was out of the question. At length the proposition was made to have the body disinterred, just to satisfy her. So early the next morning the grave was opened and the coffin raised. The body, which had been placed in a metallic coffin, was turned over, the glass covering the face was broken to atoms, the ends of the fingers being beaten and battered all to pieces, the hair torn out in handfuls, and the shroud torn in many places. Such heart-rending scenes are made too frequent, and too much care and too little haste cannot be exercised in depositing bodies in their final resting place.

A GERMAN prince, in a dream, seeing three rats—one fat, the other lean, and the third blind—sent for a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister, the lean rat your people, and the blind rat yourself."

A MAN named Turner, living in Paterson, N. J., once had a sum of money paid to him, which he put away without telling any of his family of its whereabouts, never divulging his affairs to any one. The next day he went to a picnic, and was run over and killed on his return, dying almost instantly, without having time to speak of his affairs. His family knew that he had received the money, but had no idea of where it could be hidden. A vigorous search through all the nooks and corners of the house resulted unsuccessfully, and it was thought the money was forever lost, and the poor family retired to rest that night sadly anxious for their future support, for they had but enough to keep them from want a short time. That same evening, a neighbor who had been well acquainted with Mr. Turner, and who had been cogitating over the matter, and feeling for the family thus left unprovided for, retired as usual, and had a singular dream. He says the dead man, Peter Turner, appeared to him in his dream, and told him distinctly where could be found enough of the missing money to supply immediate demands. The appearance said, by looking under a pile of rubbish in one corner of the cellar the gentleman would find an old blacking box, which, when opened, would be found to contain one hundred and forty dollars. This dream impressed the neighbor so strongly that early in the morning he informed the widow of the circumstance, and, accompanied by her, visited the cellar, when the pile of rubbish was discovered, which, upon being scraped away, revealed to their astonished vision an old blacking box—or rather two blacking box covers, closely fastened together. These were forced apart with some difficulty, and the contents dropped out. With trembling fingers and grateful hearts they counted over the roll of bills, and there was found to be exactly one hundred and forty dollars.

This dream is matched by an extraordinary presentiment of a lady whose son was employed as a clerk in a fancy-goods store that was robbed of a considerable amount of sewing silk and other goods. Some days before the matter culminated in the arrest of the guilty parties, the mother was driven from her bed by a dream, which gave her such a strong presentiment that something was wrong, that in the dead hour of night she went to the bedroom of her son, and told him of her dream and fears. The young man denied everything ; but the mother was so positive that she even searched his pockets, finding more money than he ought to have. He could not give her any satisfactory account of how he came by the money, which only increased her fears. As the lamentable affair finally terminated, her worst apprehensions were realized ; and, when the officer came to the house to make the arrest, she remarked, before a word was said as to the cause of his visit, "You have come for my boy, who has been doing wrong."

These are both very singular cases, and go to show that there is a species of mesmerism, psychology, spiritualism, or some hidden force or law governing the soul in its relation to the body, when the body is dead as far as separate existence is concerned, which is not fully understood by us, or accounted for by our amateur mundane philosophy, but may yet be solved as the laws of thought are farther discovered in all their various relationships.

An old lady who was apt to be troubled in her dreams, and rather superstitious withal, informed the parson of the parish that on the night previous she dreamed she saw her grandmother, who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked what she had been eating. "O, only half a mince pie."—"Well," said he, "if you had devoured the other half, you might have seen your grandfather."

When Lord Bacon, as he himself records, dreamt in Paris, that he saw "his father's house in the country plastered all over with black mortar," his feelings were highly wrought upon. The emotions under which he labored were of a very apprehensive kind, and he made no doubt that the next intelligence from England would apprize him of the demise of his father. His apprehensions, the sequel proved to be well founded ; for his father actually died the same night in which he had his remarkable dream.

In the Frankfort Journal of June 25, 1837, the following singular circumstance is related in connection with an attempt on the life of Archbishop Autun :—The two nights preceding the attack, the prelate dreamt that he saw a man, who was making repeated efforts to take away his life, and he awoke in extreme terror and agitation from the exertions he had made to escape from the danger. The features and appearances of the man were so clearly imprinted on his memory, that he recognized him the moment his eye fell upon him, which happened as he was coming out of church. The archbishop hid his face and called his attendants, but the man had fired before he could make known his apprehensions.

In Aubrey's "Miscellanies," a story is told of a remarkable escape from death of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood :—"When Doctor Harvey, of the College of Physicians, in London, being a young man (in 1597), went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover with several others and showed his pass, as the rest did, to the governor there. The governor told him that he must not go, but he must keep him prisoner. The doctor desired to know for what reason, how he had transgressed? Well, it was his will to have it so. The vessel hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the doctor's companions in it. There ensued a terrible storm, and the boat and all the passengers were drowned. The next day the sad news was brought to Dover. The doctor was unknown to the governor, both by name and face; but the night before the governor had a perfect vision in a dream of Doctor Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais, and that he had a warning to stop him. This the governor told the doctor the next day. The doctor was a pious, good man, and has several times related this story to some of his acquaintances."

HONEST Izaac Walton makes Sir Henry Wotton a dreamer in the family line; for, just before his death, he dreamed that the University treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five. He then wrote to his son Henry at Oxford, inquiring about it, and the letter reached him the morning after the night of the robbery. "Henry," says the account, shows his father's letter about, which causes great wonderment, especially as the number of thieves was exactly correct.

MILES PETER ANDREWS used to relate the following story:—Lord Lyttelton and I had lived long in great familiarity, and had agreed that whichever quitted this world first should visit the other. Neither of us being sick, however, such thoughts were at the time of his death, poor fellow, farthest from my mind. Lord Lyttelton had asked me to make one of his mad party to Woodcote, or Pitt Place, in Surrey, on such a day, but I was engaged to the Pigous you saw this evening, and could not go. They then lived in Hertfordshire; I went down thither on the Sunday, and dined with them and their very few and very sober friends, who went away in the evening. At eleven o'clock I retired to my apartment; it was broad moonlight, and I put out my candle; when, just as I seemed dropping asleep, Lord Lyttelton thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in his own yellow night-gown, that he used to read in, and said in a mournful tone:—"Ah! Andrews, all is over."—"Oh," replied I, quickly, "are you there, you dog?" and recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it, locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I heard putting the things away, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him, "for here," said I, "he is; under fast lock and key." We opened the door, and found no one, but in two or three days heard that he died at that very moment, near Epsom in Surrey.

A BOY was in the habit of staying late when going out to bring up the cows. His uncle said:

"Jim, ain't you afraid to remain so long out in the dark?"

"'Fraid," said Jim, "I don't know what 'fraid is."

"Well," said his uncle, "if you do not bring up those cows sooner, you'll see 'Fraid some of these nights."

A few days passed by, and the boy was as late as ever in coming up. So his uncle one night took a sheet, wrapped it around his body, and put out to meet the lazy Jim.

A pet monkey in the house, watching the movements of his master, took a table-cloth and wrapped it around himself, and followed on at a distance. Finally the uncle came to a tall tree that had been cut down and trimmed up, and was lying parallel with the road. He walked to the extreme end, on which he took his stand, waiting the appearance of Jim. The monkey, unperceived by his master, took his position on the other end of the tree. Presently along came Jim and the cows—Jim was whistling Jim Crow; the cows shied off a little, but passed on—Jim walks up, stops and looks.

"By gosh, I believe that is 'Fraid, and there is little 'Fraid, too."

The uncle not understanding the meaning of that expression, looked around to see, when, to his astonishment, he saw little 'Fraid, and away he put as fast as his heels would carry him, little 'Fraid after him; when Jim exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"Run, run, big 'Fraid, or little 'Fraid will catch you!"

That boy would have made as brave a general as Grant.

A FOOLISH fellow went to the parish priest and told him with a very long face that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre."—"In what shape did it appear?" said the priest. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass."—"Go home and hold your tongue about it," replied the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

GOETHE (whose family by the way were ghost-seers) relates that as he was once in an uneasy state of mind riding along the footpath toward Drusenheim, he saw, not with the eyes of his body, but with those of his spirit, himself on horseback coming toward him in a dress that he did not then possess. It was gray and trimmed with gold. The figure disappeared, but eight years afterward he found himself quite accidentally on that spot, on horseback, and in precisely that attire. This seems to be a case of second sight.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH declared that the best thing ever said of ghosts was said by Coleridge, who, when asked by a lady if he believed in them, replied:

"No, madam, I have seen too many to believe in them."

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to tell with much zest a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight in a lonely spot, which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone, wrapped in a long white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared and sat down beside him, with the ominous ejaculation, "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost; let us come closer and closer together." And closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away.

IN Moore's "Life of Byron" it is stated that Lord Byron used to tell a strange story which the commander of a packet related to him. This officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and, there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the same service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand to touch the figure, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after Captain Kidd received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt.

CAPTAIN YOUNG emigrated from Liverpool to California. About six or seven years afterward, in a midwinter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white-rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in that very same day with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade had passed over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity.

"No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream."

The men were sent to the mountains, 150 miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass; and there they found the company, in exactly the same condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

MRS. MATHEWS relates in the memoirs of her husband, the celebrated comedian, that he was one night in bed, and unable to sleep from the excitement that continued sometime after acting; when, hearing a rustling by the side of the bed, he looked out and saw his wife, who was then dead, standing by the bedside dressed as when alive. She smiled and bent forward as if to take his hand, but, in his alarm, he threw himself out on the floor to avoid the contact, and was found by the landlord in a fit. On the same night, and at the same hour, the present Mrs. Mathews, who was far from her husband, received a similar visit from her predecessor, whom she had known when alive. She was quite awake, and in her terror seized the bell-rope to summon assistance, which gave away, and she fell with it in her hand to the ground.

IN a letter of Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield, it is related that "on a morning in 1652 the earl saw an object in white, like a standing sheet, within a yard of his bedside. He attempted to catch it, but it slid to the foot of the bed, and he saw it no more. His thoughts turned to his wife, who was then at Networth with her father, the Earl of Northumberland. On his arrival at Networth a footman met him on the stairs with a packet directed to himself from his wife, whom he found with Lady Essex, her sister, and Mr. Ramsey. He was asked why he had returned so suddenly. He told his motive; and on perusing the letters in the packet, he found that his lady had written to him requesting his return, for she had seen an object in white, with a black face, by her bedside. These apparitions had been seen by the earl and countess at the same moment, when they were forty miles asunder."

IN 1553, Nicholas Wotton, the English ambassador in France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wotton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe, he wrote to Queen Mary, and begged her to send for his nephew, and cause him to be examined by the lords of the council on some frivolous pretence, and commit him to the Tower. This was done; and, on the ambassador's return, Thomas Wotton confessed to him that, but for his committal to prison, he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt. It is also recorded of the same Thomas Wotton, that he, being then in Kent, dreamed one night that the Oxford University treasury had been robbed by five persons; and as he was writing to his son at the university the next day, he mentioned his dream. Singular to relate, the letter reached Sir Henry Wotton on the morning after the robbery had been actually committed, and led to the discovery of the perpetrators.

M. BOISMONT, in a work on the subject of dreams, relates that a young woman who was living with her uncle, and whose mother was many miles distant, dreamed she saw her looking deadly pale, and apparently dying, and that she heard her ask for her daughter. The persons in the room thinking it was her granddaughter she wanted, who had the same name, went to fetch her; but the dying woman signified that it was not she, but her daughter in Paris, whom she wanted to see. She appeared deeply grieved at her absence, and in a few minutes ceased to exist. It was afterwards found that her mother did actually die on that night, and that the circumstances attending her death were precisely those her daughter had witnessed in her dream.

A MAN employed in a brewery suddenly disappeared, and nothing could be ascertained respecting him. Years passed away without the mystery being cleared up, until one night one of the workmen, who slept in the same room with another, heard the latter muttering something in his sleep about the missing man. The workman questioned him, and elicited replies from him to the effect that he had put the man into the furnace, beneath the vat. He was apprehended on the following day. He then confessed that he had quarrelled with the other, and that in the passion of the moment he had killed him, and disposed of his body by putting it in the furnace.

A VERY remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for, if such be also its property when entered into the eternal, disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thoughts. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreams that he has enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired, he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

DYING WORDS, LAST SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

COMPILED BY ROLLIN OVERTON SMITH.

Julius Cæsar. And thou, too, Brutus!

Nero. Is this your fidelity?

Augustus Cæsar. Farewell, Livia, and ever remember our long union.

Emperor Vespasian. An emperor should die standing.

Emperor Severus. I have seen all things, and all things are of little value.

Emperor Adrian. Oh, how miserable a thing it is to seek death and not to find it.

Julian the Apostate. O Galilean! thou hast conquered.

Cicero. Here, veteran, if you think it right!—strike. (Bowing his head to the assassins.)

Socrates. Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; pay it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not.

Mahomet. O Allah, be it so!—among the glorious associates in paradise.

Alexander the Great. When you are happy. (In reply to the question at what time should they pay him divine honor.)

Horace Mann. When you wish to know what to do, ask yourself what Christ would have done in the same circumstances.

Darius the Great. Friends, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness. But Alexander will not let thee go without a recompense, and the gods will reward him for his humanity to my mother, my wife and my children. Tell him I give thee my hand in his stead, and convey to him the only pledge I am able to give of my gratitude and affection.

Caliph Omar. Testify this for me at the day of judgment.

Frederick V. of Denmark. There is not a drop of blood on my hands.

Cyrus the Great. Adieu, dear children, may your lives be happy; carry my last remembrance to your mother, and for you, my faithful friends, as well absent as present, receive this last farewell, and may you live in peace.

William the Silent. O my God, have mercy on my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!

William III., Prince of Orange. Can this last long? Where is Bentick?

Charles I. Remember.

Charles II. Let not poor Nellie starve.

George II. O God, I am dying! This is death!

Henry II. O shame! shame! I am a conquered king — a conquered king! Cursed be the day on which I was born, and cursed be the children that I leave behind me!

Henry IV. of Navarre. I am wounded.

Louis XVI. I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me. I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never be required of France. And you unhappy people—(He was at this point executed).

Louis XVII. I have something to tell you.

Napoleon. Head of the army.

Queen Elizabeth. All my possessions for a moment of time.

Mary Queen of Scots. O Lord, in thee have I hoped, and into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Louis Philippe Joseph. No, no; you will get them off more easily afterwards. Make haste! make haste! (Spoken upon the scaffold to his executioner, who attempted to pull off his long and handsome riding boots which fitted tight to his legs.)

Pope Gregory VII. I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore do I die in exile.

Pope Eugenius IV. O Gabriel, how much better had it been for thee, and how much more would it have promoted thy soul's welfare, if thou hadst never been raised to the pontificate, but been content to lead a quiet and retired life in the monastery.

Cleopatra. Here thou art, then? (Addressed to the asp as she took it from the basket of fruit, concealed in which it had been conveyed to her apartments, and placing it upon her arm watches the poisonous fangs pierce the flesh.)

Anne Boleyn. It is small, very small indeed (clasping her neck).

Lady Jane Grey. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Mary Beatrice of Modena. Pray for me and for the king, my son, that he may serve God faithfully all his life.

Maria Theresa. I do not sleep; I wish to meet my death awake.

Maria Antoinette. Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu, forever, my dear children. I go to join your father.

Empress Josephine. I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow.

Madame Roland. O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name.

Isabella of Aragon. Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul.

Cardinal Ximenes. In thee, Lord, have I trusted.

Chancellor Thurlow. I'm shot! if I don't believe I'm dying.

Cæsar Borgia. I had provided in the course of my life for everything except death, and now, alas! I am to die, though entirely unprepared.

Cardinal Beaufort. What! is there no bribing death?

Archbishop Cranmer. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

Ulrich Zwingle. What evil is this? They can, indeed, kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul.

John Wesley. The best of all is, God is with us.

Adam Clarke. Are you going?

Rev. John Newton. More light, more love, more liberty. Hereafter, I hope when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world. What a thing it is to live under the shadow of the Almighty! I am going the way of all flesh. I am satisfied with the Lord's will.

Rev. George Whitefield. I am dying.

Adoniram. It is done. I am dying. Brother Ramney, will you bury me? bury me? quick! quick!

Gordon Hall. Glory to thee, O God!

Sydney Smith. Then he must not thank me, I am too weak to bear it.

Christopher Columbus. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

Sir Walter Raleigh. It matters little how the head lieth.

Sir Thomas More. I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself. (Ascending the scaffold.)

Wm. Pitt the younger. My country, Oh, how I leave my country!

Lord Palmerston. The treaty with Belgium! yes, read me that sixth clause again!

Henry Havelock. Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die.

Gen. Braddock. We shall better know how to deal with them another time.

Sir Philip Sidney. I would not change my joy for the empire of the world.

Marco Bozzaris. To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.

Marshal Murat. Save my face; aim at my heart.

Lord Nelson. Thank God, I have done my duty.

Alfieri. Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die.

Haydn. God preserve the emperor.

Goethe. Let the light enter.

Mozart. You speak of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight.

Haller. The artery ceases to beat.

Grotius. Be serious.

Tasso. Into thy hands, O Lord.

Mirabeau. Let me die to the sound of delicious music.

Michael Angelo. My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my relations.

Correggio. Farewell, farewell, Madelina; I shall meet thee again in the land of spirits.

Dr. Donne. I repent of all my life except that part of it which I spent in communion with God and in doing good.

Bede. If my Maker please, who formed me out of nothing, I am willing to leave the world and go to him. My soul desires to see Christ, my King, in his beauty.

Jean Paul Richter. My beautiful flowers, my lovely flowers!

Schiller. Many things are becoming clearer to me.

Gibbon. Why do you leave me?

Addison. See in what peace a Christian can die.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Ah, very well.

Dr. Johnson. I am about to die.

Sir Walter Scott. Lockhardt, I may have but a minute to speak with you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give any comfort when you come to lie here. Don't disturb Sophia and Annie. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all.

Douglas Jerrold. Why torture a dying creature, doctor?

Dr. Kitto. Pray to God to take me soon.

Dr. Andrew Combe. Happy! happy!

Headley Vicars. Cover my face! Cover my face!

Byron. I must sleep now.

Robert Burns. Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.

Campbell. Thank you—much obliged.

Cowper. What can it signify?

Oliver Goldsmith. No, it is not.

Crabbe. God bless you! God bless you!

Wm. H. Prescott. How came you to remember?

Washington Irving. Well, I must arrange my pillows for another weary night; if this could only end.

Franklin. A dying man can do nothing easy.

Washington. It is well.

John Adams. Independence power.

Thomas Jefferson. I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.

John Quincy Adams. It is the last of earth; I am content.

Andrew Jackson. What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children and we will all meet in heaven.

Harrison. I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.

Taylor. I have endeavored to do my duty.

James Buchanan. O Lord Almighty, as thou wilt.

Daniel Webster. I still live.

John Randolph. Remorse! remorse! Write it! write it larger! larger!

Aaron Burr. On that subject I am coy. (Meaning religion.)

Captain Lawrence. Don't give up the ship.

Baron De Kalb. My brave division.

Lord Chesterfield. Give Dayrobbe a chair.

Madame de Stael. I have loved God, my father and liberty.

Francis Marion. Thank God! I can lay my hand on my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any.

Thomas Payne. Taking a leap in the dark, oh, mystery!

Stonewall Jackson. Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.

Stephen A. Douglas. Tell them to obey the laws and the Constitution.

Daniel S. Dickinson. The conflict is strong, but the other side is ours.

Lord Tenterden. Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict.

Rachel, the French Actress. And must I part with these so soon! (Contemplating her jewels.)

Oliver Cromwell. Neither; I wish to pass away to the Father. (In answer to a question if he wanted water or sleep.)

Alexander Humboldt. How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven.

Dr. Payson. The battle's fought, and the victory's won; the victory is won forever.

Keats. I feel the daisies growing over me.

Herder. Refresh me with a great thought.

John Newland Moffit. Doctor, I think I am getting weaker—feel my pulse.

Edmund Burke. God bless you. (To a friend who lifted him to his couch.)

Stephen Burrows. I am satisfied; I die content.

Henry Clay. I am going; I am dying.

Hervey. How thankful am I for death. It is the passage to the Lord and Giver of eternal life! O welcome, welcome, death! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian: to live is Christ, to die is gain! Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!

John Bunyan. Do not weep for me, but for yourselves. I go to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who no doubt will receive me, though a sinner, through the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ, where I hope we shall ere long meet to sing the new song and remain happy forever, world without end. Amen.

Wilberforce. "Come and sit near me, let me lean over you," said Wilberforce to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "God bless you, my dear!" He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my friend; we shall walk no further through this world together, but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me. I am very happy. Think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible. Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study, and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my experiences and realities of religion have been drawn from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

Sutcliffe. When Joseph Sutcliffe was near his last hour, he said, "I have been thinking of the difference betwixt the death of Paul and of Byron. Paul said, 'The time of my departure is at hand; but there is laid up for me a crown.' Byron said,—

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower, the fruit of life is gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

Wolfe. When the immortal Wolfe received his death wound on the heights of Quebec, his principal care was that he should not be seen to fall. "Support me," said he to such as were near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop; the day is ours; oh! keep it," and with these words he expired.

Melanchthon. It is related that Melanchthon, just before he died, expressed a wish to hear read some choice passages of scripture; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law, Sabinus, whether he would have anything else, to which he replied in these emphatic words: — "*Aliunde, nihil nisi cœlum,*" "nothing else but heaven;" and shortly after this he gradually breathed his last. Well did one, who sought to embalm his memory in verse, say:

His sun went down in cloudless skies,
Assured upon the morn to rise,
In lovelier array.
But not like earth's declining light,
To vanish back again to night;
No bound, no setting beam can know,
Without a cloud or shade of woe
In that eternal day.

General Wool. The veteran General Wool, when first seized with his last illness, remarked that this would be his last sickness. "Oh, no, general," exclaimed one of his attendants, "you will recover and be with us many years yet."—"No," said the general, "this is the last flickering of a lamp that has long been burning."

Hood. Thomas Hood died composing —and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished "to urn a lively Hood!"

Calhoun. I am perfectly comfortable.

William Wirt. No! no!—in response to a prayer that he might recover.

Richard III. Not one foot will I flee so long as breath bides within my breast, for Him who shaped both sea and land this day shall end my battles, or my life. I will die king of England.

Patrick Henry. Here is a book (the Bible) worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. I trust in the mercy of God. It is not now too late.

Alexander Hamilton. Grace, rich grace.

Stephen Girard. How violent is this disorder! How very extraordinary it is!

Lord Hermand. Guilty, but recommended to the mercy of the court.

Cardinal Wolsey. On Monday, tormented by gloomy forebodings, he asked what was the time of day? "Past eight o'clock," replied Cavendish. "That cannot be," said he, "eight o'clock!—No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master." At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, he said to him, "I shall not live long."—"Be of good cheer," rejoined the Governor of the Tower. "Alas! Master Kingston," exclaimed he, "if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs." When he had but a few minutes more to live he summed up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. "Master Kingston," he said, "attend to my last request; tell the king that I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy the new pernicious sect of Lutherans; Master Kingston," said he, "the king should know that if he tolerate heresy, God will take away his power. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall peradventure understand my words." It was with difficulty he uttered these words, his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight, and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. (It was on the 20th November, 1530.)

Martin Luther. Into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

Latimer and Ridley. "Be of good heart, brother," cried Ridley, "for our God will either assuage the fury of this flame, or enable us to abide it." Latimer replied: "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

John Locke. O, the depth of the riches of the goodness and knowledge of God. I have lived long enough, and am thankful that I have enjoyed a happy life, but after all, look upon this life as nothing better than vanity

Lord Bacon. A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depths in philosophy bring men's minds about to religion. Thy creatures, O Lord, have been my books, but thy holy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found thee, O God, in thy sanctuary—thy temples.

Matthew Henry. You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine, "that a life spent in the service of God and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world."

Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. "O God of angels, and powers, and all creatures, and of all the just that live in thy sight, blessed be thou that hast made me worthy to see this day and hour—that hast made me a partaker among thy holy martyrs!—O grant that this day I may be presented before thee among the saints, a rich and acceptable sacrifice according to thy will, O Lord. I adore thee for all thy mercies, I bless thee, I glorify thee through thy only begotten son, the eternal High Priest Christ Jesus, through whom, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, to thee be glory now and for evermore." And as he cried aloud, "Amen," the fire was kindled, and he died in peace, with constancy and courage.

John Knox. "I have meditated upon the troubled state of the church, the spouse of Christ, I have fought against spiritual wickedness in high places, and I have prevailed; I have tasted of the heavenly joy, where presently I shall be! Now, for the last time, I commit soul, body, and spirit into his hands." Uttering a deep sigh, he said: "Now it is come." His faithful attendant desired him to give his friends a sign that he died in peace. On this he waved his hand, and uttering two deep sighs, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Cranmer. When brought to the stake after making a bold confession of his faith, and deploring the error into which he had fallen in the hour of temptation, he thrust his right hand into the flames (that being the hand with which he had signed his denial of his Lord), exclaiming:

"This hand has offended—this unworthy hand," and he moved it not, except once to wipe off the sweat of agony from his face, until it dropped off. He then cried aloud, "O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" What a triumphant death before the very eyes of Christ's enemies.

Bradford. His last words as he submitted to the flames were: "'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. And now, O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

John Lambert. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr in 1583. They burned him with slow fire by inches. But God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the anguish of nature. Just before he expired he lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with the fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice these glorious words: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" He was at last bent down into the fire and expired.

Rev. Thomas Scott. To one who came in the evening he said: "It was beneficial to me. I received Christ last night. I bless God for it." He then repeated, in the most emphatic manner, the whole twelfth chapter of Isaiah. The next morning he said: "This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever, for ever. Satan is vanquished. Nothing now remains but salvation, with eternal glory—eternal glory."

Homer. Whether true or fabulous, he is said to have died of grief at not being able to expound a riddle propounded by some simple fisherman: "Leaving what's took, what we took not we bring."

Sir Isaac Newton. He died in the act of winding up his watch.

Robespierre. His last utterance was a fearful howl of pain, when the executioner tore the bandage off his broken jaw; a shriek which resounded all over the square in which he was beheaded.

Talleyrand. Sire, I am suffering the torments of the damned.

Major Andre. Must I die in this manner!

Tindale. The last prayer offered by him who translated the Bible and suffered martyrdom in 1536 was, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

President Edwards. When he was dying some in the chamber were lamenting his departure as a blow on the college and a heavy stroke on the church, not supposing that he attended to them, or even heard them. Turning his dying eyes on them, he said: "Trust in God and you need not fear." These were his last words.

Hooker. "I have lived to see that this world is made up of perturbations, and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offence towards him and towards all men, yet if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of unrighteousness through his merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. I could live to do the church more service, but cannot hope for it, for my days are past, as a shadow that runs out." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed, and after a sharp conflict between nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep.

Marc Antony. He died exhorting Cleopatra not to lament, but to congratulate him upon his former felicity, since he considered himself as one who had lived the most powerful of men and at last as perishing by the hand of a Roman.

Petrarch. Died of apoplexy seated in his library, with one arm resting on a book.

Earl of Roscommon.

My God, my father and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

Rousseau. He called his wife to the bedside and told her to throw up the window—that he might see once more the magnificent scene of nature.

Alexander Pope. When sitting in a chair dying, a friend called to see him (just after his physician, who spoke encouragingly of his illness, had gone out), and asked him how he did: "I am dying sir of a hundred good symptoms."

Countess of Nottingham. Her death-bed was one of remorse from her faithless conduct towards the unfortunate Earl of Essex. 'Tis said Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch with, "God may forgive you, but I never will!"

John Huss. When the Bohemian martyr was brought out to be burnt they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said: "My Lord Jesus Christ for my sake wore a crown of thorns, why should not I then for his sake wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious. Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishop said: "Now we commend thy soul to the devil."—"But I," said he, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit which thou hast redeemed." When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said he, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency, and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

"If this be dying," said the niece of Newton, of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die."

"The very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her deathbed a few years ago."

The words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker.

"If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable."

"I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV.

"I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarrez, the Spanish theologian.

An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment of them all. They expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,—

> "Taught by reason, half by mere decay,
> To welcome death and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Capt. Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship.

"No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to the end."

In 1716 the Duke of Marlborough was attacked by palsy, partly in consequence of the death of his favorite daughter, Anne, Countess of Sunderland, "the little whig." His mind never recovered its tone, and his nerves were far more shattered by the duchess' temper than by his battles or the turmoil of politics. One day when Dr. Garth, who was attending him, was going away, the duchess followed him down stairs and swore at him for some offence. Vainly did the duke try the Bath waters. He recovered partially, and his memory was spared. It was, therefore, wrong to couple him, as has been in the following lines, with Swift, who became a violent lunatic, and died in moody despondency:

> From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
> And Swift expires, a driveller and a show.

Marlborough was active to the last. While at Bath he would walk home from the rooms to his lodging to save a sixpence; and left a million and a half for his descendants to squander. When gazing at a portrait of himself, the great general is said to have exclaimed:—"That was a man!" He lingered six years after his first attack, still, to the last, attending the debates in the Lords, and settling his money matters himself. He had one difficulty, too much money, and once wrote to a friend to help him.

"I have now," he said, "one hundred thousand pounds dead, and shall have fifty more next week; if you can employ it in any way, it will be a very great favor to me."

As he was expiring, the duchess asked him whether he had heard the prayers which had been read to him.

"Yes, and I join in them," were the last words which the great Marlborough uttered. He sank to rest with her whom, with all her faults, he had loved more than all by his side.

WHEN asked, in his thirty-sixth year, to write a requiem, Mozart sadly said:—"It will be my own, then;" and he died as soon as he had finished it. "Did I not tell you truly," he said, musing over the score as he lay dying, "that it was for myself that I composed this death-chant?"

Fletcheir, the great French divine, dreamt that he was to die, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work at once," was his final instruction to the sculptor, "for there is no time to lose;" and no sooner was the house of death finished than its intending tenant entered upon possession.

"What is to be the subject of your next design?" asked a merry party of friends of Hogarth. "The end of all things," was the reply. "In that case," said one, jokingly, "there will be an end of the artist."—"There will," rejoined Hogarth, with a depth of solemnity that was strange in him. He set about the plate in hot haste, broke up his tools when he had finished it, entitled the print "Finis," and a short time after its publication lay stretched in death.

"Poor Weston!" exclaimed Foote, as he stood dejectedly contemplating the portrait of a brother actor recently dead; "Poor Weston! Soon others shall say, Poor Foote!" In a few days he was borne out to his burial.

IN spite of all the numerous infidel philosophers who flocked around Voltaire in the first days of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to that God whom he had so often blasphemed. He called for a priest. He afterwards made a written declaration, in which he renounced infidelity, signed by himself and two witnesses. He refused to see his infidel friends, and called upon the Lord Jesus. At one time he was discovered trying to pray. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair on the floor, exclaiming, "Will not this God, whom I have denied, save me too? Cannot infinite mercy be extended to me?" His physician, called to administer relief, retired, declaring the death of the impious man to be terrible indeed. The Marshal de Richelieu flew from his bedside, declaring that the sight of such a death-bed was appalling. He offered the doctor half he possessed, if he would prolong his life six months. When the doctor told him that he would not live six weeks, "Then," said he, "I will go to hell, and you will go with me." Soon after he expired. Such was the horror of mind in which the arch-infidel quitted the world. A terror to all who beheld him, a warning to all who are inclined to follow his steps.

EATERS, IMMODERATE.

A MAN boasted of having eaten forty-nine boiled eggs.

"Why did you not eat one more and make it fifty?" asked Sounds.

"Humph, do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

AN alderman having feasted Theodore Hook to repletion, and still insisting upon his partaking of another course, he facetiously replied:—"I thank you, but if it is all the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

A STRANGER, dining with a party at a hotel, had helped himself to the first dish of meat that stood near him, and being hungry, and making no calculation as to the choicer dishes which were to follow, began to eat his slices of the plain dish with great gusto and voracity.

"Och, an' sure," said an Irishman opposite, "ye don't intend to throw away such a beautiful appetite upon one dish?"

A MAN with a modest appetite dined at a hotel; after eating the whole of a young pig, he was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he didn't care much about pudding, but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trencher, to a friend. "I hope," said the friend, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

LIFE, we are told, is a journey—and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.

A LITTLE travelling Frenchman chanced to breakfast at a tavern in company with a tall, bony Jonathan, whose appetite was in proportion to the magnitude of his form, and who ate more in a meal than little Monsieur would in a week. The Frenchman was astonished at his gastronomic performances, and, after restraining his curiosity for some time, asked, with a flourishing bow:—"Sare, vill you be so polite as to tell me is dat your breakfass or your dinnair vat you make?" The Yankee at first made no reply; but Monsieur, not satisfied, again asked:—"Do, sare, ave de politess to tell me is dat your breakfass or your dinnair vat you make?"—"Go to the devil," says Jonathan, feeling himself insulted. A challenge ensued, and the Kentucky rifle proved too much for the little Frenchman's vitality. While he was writhing in his last agonies, Jonathan's compassion was awakened, and he entreated the little Frenchman if there was anything that he could do for him, though it cost him years to perform it, to let him know, and it should be done. "Oh, Monsieur," replied the little dying man, "tell me is dat your dinnair or your breakfass vat you did make, and I vill die happie."

"WAITAH?"—"What, sir?"—"Got any green peas?"—"Yes, sir; have some?"—"Yaas, bring me three."—"Anything else, sir?"—"Yaas, a slice or two of strawberry, cut thin."—"Certainly, sir; anything more?"—"More! Ah, what do you take me for, a perfect hog, ah?"

ECCENTRIC PERSONS.

THE greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we knew something, felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schubel lectured, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

A GENTLEMAN, who knows the parties well, states that away down in Alabama live a curious couple—a Mr. and Mrs. Barnes. She is the man of the two; and such a bundle of contradictions is she, that, being a coarse, hard, masculine female, she adds to those attractions the idea that she is also a poet. He, simple soul of a husband, thinks she is inspired to write verses, and that Watts and Byron are nothing to Mrs. Barnes. They had one of the nicest waiting-maids that ever was; a treasure of a colored girl, who had but one fault—she would run away Saturday night and stay till Monday. Gentle correction and sharp rebukes would not cure her, nor would she give any reason for her strange conduct. Her master at last threatened her with a sound whipping if she didn't tell him why she ran away, and promised to forgive her if she would own up and do so no more.

"Well, now, massa, I'll jest tell de troot all about it. Ole missus she make me sit all day Sunday and hear her read her psalms and hymns what she been done writing all de week, and I tink the angels would run out ob hebben if they had to hear sich psalms and hymns as ole missus makes. I can't stan' it no how, and must run away if she kills me for it."

The girl ran away the next Saturday, and was never heard of afterward.

A CAT mania is a singular thing; yet it existed in Mrs. Griggs, of Southampton Row, who died on the 16th of January, 1792. Her executors found in her house eighty-six living, and twenty-eight dead, cats! Their owner, who died worth 30,000*l.*, left her black servant 150*l.* per annum for the maintenance of the surviving cats and himself. Pope records an instance of a famous duchess of R., who bequeathed considerable legacies and annuities to her cats. But if, of the gentler sex, there are those "who cradle the blind offspring of their Selimas, and adorn the pensive mother's neck with coral beads," some also of the remarkable among our sterner race have shown an extraordinary fondness for these luxurious quadrupeds. Mohammed, for instance, had a cat to which he was so much attached that he preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing her repose when she had fallen asleep upon it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat that he had it embalmed after death and placed in a niche in his apartment. Dr. Johnson had a feline favorite, and when it was ill declined its usual food, but greedily seizing at an oyster when it was offered; he was accustomed to bring home to her daily some of those tempting mollusks. Mr. Peter King, who died at Islington in 1806, had two tom cats that used to be set up at table with him at his meals; and as he was a great admirer of fine clothes, richly laced, he thought his cats might like them too. The grimalkins were accordingly measured, and wore rich liveries until death.

THE eccentric, but brilliant, John Randolph once rose up suddenly in his seat in the House of Representatives and screamed out at the top of his voice: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—pay as you go!"

A RICH old maid died recently at Newton, New Hampshire, who left property to the value of nearly $40,000. She was all her lifetime getting ready to be married; and had stored up 182 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 27 beds, with 1120 pounds of feathers, 54 pillows, 43 handkerchiefs; while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed $10 in value.

SOME men fail so frequently that it may be said of them they do "nothing else." Let them follow the example of Mr. Jones. There once lived, in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so: and among his many other peculiarities was that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent.—no more nor no less than fifty per cent. A very dignified and pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again, made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when the assignee said to him:—"Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent."—"Sir," said Mr. Jones in a dignified manner, "you must make it fifty, sir; I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir."—"It can't be done, sir," said the assignee. "It shall be done," said Mr. Jones, elevating his right hand. "We have not enough property in our hands to do it," said the assgnee. "Sir," said Mr. Jones, "declare fifty per cent. I always pay fifty per cent.; and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in your hands to pay fifty per cent.; I, sir, will pay the balance out of my own pocket."

IN the eastern part of Ohio there resided a man named Brown, a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest individual in the west, being long, gaunt, sallow, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer, gaunter, by all odds, than himself. He could give the squire fifty and beat him. Without saying a word, Brown raised his gun, and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake, don't shoot," shouted the man, in alarm. "Stranger," replied Brown, "I swore ten years ago that if ever I met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, replied:—"Well, captain, if I look any worse than you do, shoot. I don't want to live any longer."

A FARMER whose son had been ostensibly learning Latin in a popular academy, not being perfectly satisfied with the conduct of young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart, thus addressed him as follows:

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and a cart, what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said Joseph.

"Well, now," said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickabus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithabus.

A GENTLEMAN used to say of women, you must study their nature. When he lived at Sheffield, and his establishment was small, he never rang the bell for the maid, but when he wanted her, always went out into the street to call her, for, he said, women were sure to be found looking out of the window. In like manner he always hired the prettiest girls he could find; they waited for the men to run after them, but the ugly ones always wasted their time running after the men; one stayed at home, and the other didn't.

AN eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following:—"I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?"—"Yes, sir; very."—"Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

A QUAINT old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens, and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration, remarked:

"So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

NED SHUTER thus explained his reason for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

"COLONEL, will you lend me a hundred to-day?"

"Can't possibly do it, sir. I never loan a man money the second time, when he disappoints me the first."

"Some mistake, I reckon, colonel. I paid you the fifty I had last week."

"That's just it. I never expected it back. So you disappointed me. Can't do it, sir; sorry to say I can't do it on principle."

A YOUTH was leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when finding it began to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming: "No, no, that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet, and I am sure it shan't be wet now!"

It has been told of Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Scraggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then, from the mere force of habit, got up behind.

The French historian, Mezeray, was a man subject to strange humors, extremely negligent of his person, and so careless of his dress that he might have passed for a beggar rather than what he was. He used to study and write by candle-light, even at noonday in the summer, and, as if there was no sun in the world, always waited upon his company to the door with a candle in his hand. He was secretary of the French Academy.

A few years ago a young lady was living near Exeter whose eccentricities, sympathies, and antipathies were the talk of the whole neighborhood. She had a mortal aversion to all colors except green, yellow, or white, in one of which she always dressed. She has been known to swoon away at the sight of a soldier, and a funeral never failed to throw her into violent perspiration. She would not eat or drink out of anything but queensware or pewter, and was as peculiar in what she eat or drank, preferring the muddy water of the Thames to the clearest spring, and meat which had been kept too long to that which was fresh. She preferred the sound of the Jew's harp to the most delicious music, and had in everything a taste peculiarly her own.

La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular abstractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him: at first he was shocked at the information of his death; but, recovering from surprise, he observed:—"It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial."

An old tradesman in the town of Sterling used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one he put all the money he received, and in the other all the receipts and vouchers for money he paid; at the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance perhaps with as much regularity and as little trouble as any book-keeper in the country.

A Russian merchant, who was so immensely rich that on one occasion he lent the Empress, Catherine the Second, a million of rubles, used to live in a small, obscure room at St. Petersburgh, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendants, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessaries of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole night. At length the dog died; when the master, either prevented by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one which he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every evening, barking as well and as loud as he could in imitation of his faithful sentinel.

A wealthy, but eccentric, English nobleman advertised for a servant in the Times newspaper. A candidate called, and making known his business, was shown up to his lordship. Among the duties which "Flunky" said he could include as his, was blacking his lordship's boots.

"Oh, never mind that," said the "dry" old nobleman, "I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you expect?"

"Sixty guineas a year, my lord," replied Flunky.

"Sixty guineas!" exclaimed his lordship, with consternation; "sixty guineas! Make it seventy, and I'll come and live with you!"

In the town of ——, in Connecticut, lived an eccentric character, Squire S., noted for his oddity and singular speeches. The town hearse having, by long use, got into a dilapidated condition, it was determined to get up a public subscription to repair it. In due time the committee called on Squire S. and asked him to subscribe for the object.

"No," says the squire, "I won't give a cent. Twenty years ago I subscribed five dollars to build the old thing, and neither my family nor myself ever had any use for it from that day to this, and I won't give a cent to repair it."

A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose the whole of her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

"Please, sir, give me a few pennies, I'm almost dead with hunger," said a poor little ragged boy (whose very appearance was the personification of starvation and misery) to a gentleman as he passed him. "Can't stop a moment," replied the man; "am in a great hurry. I've to make a speech for the relief of the destitute of the city."

EDITORS AND PRINTERS.

An editor relates how a barber made a dead head of him.

While on board a steamer the fuz grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber-shop to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first rate style, and we pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity:

"I understand," said he, "dat you is an editor?"

"Well, what of it?" said we.

"We neber charge editors nuffin!"

"But, my woolly friend," we continued, "there are a good many editors travelling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh! neber mind," remarked the barber, "we make it up off de gemmen!"

Editors, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes and ears open. A good story is told of one who started a paper in a western town. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promished "smasher;" and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in.

"No, sir," was the reply; "he has stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers—he will return in a minute."

Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vamoosed down stairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response; "you will find him seated up stairs, reading a newspaper."

The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their hearts' content.

When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, the good old lady said, "she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer, there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she was not certain the country would support them." It was plain young Franklin would depend for the support of his family on the profits of the third, and this she thought was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer get a wife now when the number has increased to thousands?

MISPRINTS are very ludicrous in their significance. We remember a poem in which a lover cast a hurried glance which was printed horrid. A cow by a railway train was cut into calves, instead of halves. And in Moore's celebrated monody on Sheridan, the word dry was absolutely substituted for day, in the following absurd manner:

And bailiffs shall seize his last blanket to dry (to-day),
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.

A NEWSPAPER in Cleveland, having advertised that they would send a copy of their paper gratis for one year to the person sending them "a club of ten," received the ten spot of clubs from a young lady in the country.

A WESTERN publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note:—"Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

"I HAVE been referred," says a writer in Once a Week, "to a volume of popular sermons, in which, owing to the negligence of the proof readers, a deplorable number of typographical errors appeared. One of these, as if in reference to the others, was singularly appropriate to the unhappy circumstances of the poor author; the verse 'Princes have persecuted me without a cause,' reading, 'Printers have persecuted me without a cause.' Campbell's celebrated 'Essay on Miracles' appeared in one of the advertisements as Campbell's 'Essay on Mangles.' In newspaper articles of my own I have had the misfortune to see 'the internal relations of the church,' converted into 'the infernal relations of the church,' and 'people who spoke the Gaelic language,' were made to 'smoke' it. I remember a great public demonstration that took place in a town in which I was residing at the time. After one or two unimportant speeches a certain demagogue arose, whose appearance was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheering from the multitude. A party newspaper describing this, in the course of its gratulatory and fervid report, said, 'that the vast concourse had rent the air with their snouts.'"

"JOB printing!" exclaimed an old lady the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I larnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long no how!"

"How much to publish this death?" asked a customer to a newspaper office in New York.

"Four shillings."

"Why, I paid but two shillings the last time I published one."

"That was a common death; but this is sincerely regretted."

"I'll tell you what," said the applicant, "your executors will not be put to that expense."

A CORRESPONDENT of a Baltimore paper asks why marriages and death notices should be paid for? For the best of reasons, one is an advertisement of co-partnership, and the other is a notice of dissolution. Business is business!

A PRINTER out West, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country preferred."

ONE of the editors of the Ohio State Journal, having received a threatening letter, thus drily disposes of the missile:—

"The junior editor of the Ohio State Journal presents his compliments to his friends and fellow citizens, and invites them all to his funeral the day after he is killed."

A LADY, who edits a newspaper in one of the Western states, says "that the popularity of her journal is due to the fact that people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to."

A JOURNALIST, whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who, for this reason, was compelled to neglect his paper for one day, wrote, the day after, the following excuse:

"We were unable to issue our paper yesterday, in consequence of the arrival of two extra males."

A DUBLIN journal observes that a handbill announcing a public meeting in that city states, "the ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

A NEWSPAPER contains an account of the delivery of a lecture, and says the audience "sat spell-bound." There were only four persons present—one was deaf and the other three were asleep.

AN editor became martial, and was created captain. On parade, instead of "two paces in front — advance!" he unconsciously bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year—advance!"

THE editor of the Rochester Democrat gives this recipe to kill fleas on dogs:

"Soak the dog for five minutes in camphene, and then set him on fire. The effect is instantaneous."

AN editor out West refers thus pointedly to a contemporary. We guess it will be "long ere" that chap of the Elkhart Times is again heard from. We give the article as we find it, *verbatim et punctuatim:*

"The *mule* who edits the *Elkhart County Times* tries to claim *blood* relationship with us by calling us an Ass. Now, while we award to him more than the ordinary sense in thus defering to his *Senior*, we shall still disown him; and for fear that he will attempt to substantiate an heirship to our ears at our death, we shall after this date have our *last will and testament* duly published and him disowned. Pray Mr. Mule, give *ear* to this will you! But if you will persist in that parental address, then, that thy days may be long; 'Honor thy father.'"

AN editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

AN individual in San Francisco, descanting on what he would do were he an editor, said: "If I had a newspaper office I would arm it." A friend standing by quietly remarked: "Yes, and at the first symptom of difficulty you would 'leg' it."

AN Irish editor, speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for years overflowing, and is not yet full."

AN editor out West offers his entire printing establishment, subscribers, accounts, etc., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals.

A WESTERN editor once apologized to his readers somewhat after this fashion:

"We intended to have a death and marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

A WESTERN editor, in dunning his subscribers, says that he has responsibilities thrown upon him which he is obliged to meat. His wife had presented him with twins!

AN editor of a down East paper getting tired of paying his printers, resolved to diminish his help and put his own shoulders to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his first effort at setting type:

"Wə tqinʞ ⋞ə sh*A˥l* dO most oF OUr own seʇtıNg tYPə heɹe*a*fteɹ——ᑯrintərS mɐy tALk ɐqouʇ iTs ɓɛıng difficUlt to s ☵ tipe, but don,*t* eXperıenɔe ƨuch *d*IfFIcuʇy."

A CERTAIN Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark that "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

AN editor down East thinks children's games are becoming popular with older persons now-a-days, as he has seen several gentlemen chasing hoops in our streets.

AN Eastern editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and very touchingly adds:

"In her decease the sick have lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bed-side, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of rhubarb in the other."

WHEN quite a youth Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space set up the following from the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John:

"Nathanael saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof, so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

WE once saw a young man gazing at the *ry heavens with a † in 1 hand and a ⏞ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by referring to a ¶ in a paper held in one ☞ relating 2 a man in that § of country who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞☜ with the ! "It is I of whom U read. I left home b4 my friends knew of my design. I had s0 the ☞ of a girl who refused to lis10 2 me, but smiled b9ly on another. I ——ed madly from the house, uttering a wild ' to the god of love, and without replying to the ??? of my friends came here with this † & ⏞ of pistols to put a . to my existence. My case has no ‖ in this §."

A NEW YORK editor thinks, from the manner in which shirts are made in that city, there ought to be an inspector of sewers. The editor went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself, when he awoke in the morning, crawling out between two of the shortest stitches.

A LITTLE editor in the interior of our state talks about "whitewashing Louisville with a brush made of pigs' bristles." If he wished to use such a brush upon the city, he had better come and rub his back against it.

A BOSTON editor, alluding to the long nose of Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, John Tyler, and other dignitaries, says that he recently saw a nose that beats them all. It was thin and straight, snubbed at the end, and all of a foot long. In concluding, however, it occurred to him that "it may be as well to state that it belonged to a pair of bellows."

A JOURNALIST says:—"In our opinion, the result of long experience and observation, an editor of a newspaper deserves more credit for what he keeps out of the paper than for what he puts in."

A YOUNG lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said:

"You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it."

PUNCH says that the reason why editors are apt to have their manners spoiled is because they receive from one correspondent and another such a vast amount of evil communications.

A NEWSPAPER announces that a Mr. White, living in Venice, Pennsylvania, was recently murdered in his own bed by some one who wished to get his money. The editor adds, that "luckily Mr. White had deposited his money in bank the day before." Mr. White lost nothing but his life.

It is rather a curious incident that when Franklin, a printer, was sent as minister to France, the Court of Versailles sent M. Gerard, a book-binder as minister to the United States. When Franklin heard of it, he remarked:

"Well, I'll print the independence of America, and M. Gerard will bind it."

A YOUNG widow who edits a paper in a neighboring state, says:

"We do not look so well to-day as usual, on account of the non-arrival of the males!"

A WESTERN editor was requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay "in trade." At the expiration of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.

THE editor of a Minnesota paper says he can generally manage, by hook or by crook, to get up a pretty good paper. He does it principally by hook.

IT is not an uncommon complaint against a newspaper that it "hasn't life enough." But a brother editor reports this odd objection made to his paper by a gossip-loving old lady: "I like your paper very much; I have only one objection to it—it hasn't deaths enough."

A WELL-KNOWN London printer being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech, but I can print one as long as you like."

A STRANGER in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then I put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon; and when I want a chew of tobacco, I make a paragraph."

THE editor of an Eastern paper says that many of his patrons would make good wheel horses, they hold back so well.

ANOTHER editor says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. "'Twas horrible to look upon."

SOME stupid editor says that "If a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

A YANKEE editor out West, says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward like the slow but intrepid steps of a jackass to a peck of oats."

EDITORS get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get bored for nothing.

A PRINTER at a dinner-table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied: "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to make room for it." His "inside" was already full.

A BACHELOR editor who has a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate, "Please exchange."

A WESTERN paper says that, "in the absence of both editors, the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a 'gentleman' to edit the paper that week."

AN editor says: "Our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with the most of the world.

A WITTY editor of a penny paper took for his motto: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; that of the Star is only one cent."

"PA," said a little fellow, "wasn't Job an editor?"

"Why, my son?"

"Because he had so much trouble, and was a man of sorrows all the days of his life."

A WAG proposes to publish a new paper, to be called the Comet, with an original tale every week.

The pranks of types are both amusing and aggravating. We once knew an absent-minded compositor who converted the sentence, "There is no balm for blasted hopes," into "There is no barn for blarsted hops."

The Richmond Dispatch says that the editor of the New York Times is like Charles II. of England, in that "he never says a foolish thing, and never does a wise one."

An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, says:—"No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

There is a good story told of the night editor of an Irish newspaper, who, being left without assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence that flowed in upon him, so that toward four o'clock in the morning he wound up his night's work by penning the following extraordinary notice:—"Owing to a most unusual pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank."

"**Tommy**, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"—"Send it to the editor, of course."—"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"—"'Cause he says if anybody sends him a club he will send him a copy of his paper."—"But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"—"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper."

"**I am** a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on a spree for a week. "Yes," said the foreman, "you are a great gun, and half cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged."—"Well," said the typo, "then I had better go off."

An Illinois editor sent to another, who had refused to exchange with him, a paper bearing the inscription:—"Exchange, or go to ——."

The editor thus addressed replied:

"I will do neither; for I don't want your paper in this world, nor your company in the next."

A German in Toledo, Ohio, keeper of a saloon for the accommodation of printers, has been obliged to suspend. On his books were found the following named members of the craft:—"Der Laim Brinter, der Pen Putler Brinter, der Leetle Brinter, der Tivel, der Brinter mit ter red hair, der Brinter mit ter hair not shoost so red."

When a printer's apprentice, about fifteen years of age, made his *debut* before a Providence audience in the character of Richard, Fox, who enacted Richmond, instead of the text:

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings;

exclaimed:

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods and printers' devils kings.

An editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked, "that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay."—"I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

When Thomas was preparing one of his first almanacs, a man who was engaged upon the work with him, asked what he should say about the weather opposite to a certain week in July. Thomas, humorously, or peevishly, replied:—"Thunder, hail and snow." It was so put down and printed, and it so happened that it did thunder, hail and snow at the very time. This fortunate prediction raised the almanac maker in the estimation of many, and made his almanac the most popular in America.

ELOQUENCE, POWER OF, AND FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

THE following anecdote is told of an individual who listened to the splendid argument of Sheridan against Warren Hastings. At the expiration of the first hour, he said to a friend:—"All this is mere declamation;" when the second was finished, "This is a wonderful oration;" at the close of the third, "Mr. Hastings has acted very unjustifiably;" at the fourth, "Mr. Hastings is an atrocious criminal;" and at the last, "Of all monsters of iniquity, the most enormous is Warren Hastings."

AN Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but who was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said:—"Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do."

MANY facts are related of the power of Dr. Mason's pulpit eloquence. His mind of the highest order, his theology Calvinistic, and his style of eloquence irresistible as a torrent. When the distinguished Robert Hall heard him deliver his celebrated discourse on Messiah's Throne, at a missionary meeting in London, 1803, it is said he exclaimed, "I can never preach again."

"I WAS one Sunday travelling through the country of Orange, on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge," says Wirt in his British Spy, "when my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, induced me to join the congregation. On my entrance I was struck with his supernatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. It was the day of the sacrament. His subject was the passion of our Saviour; and he gave it a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. When he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his voice and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene seemed acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes streaming with tears, his voice breathing to God the gentle prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his voice being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks. I could not imagine how the speaker could let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity of his subject, or shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The tumult of feeling subsided, and a death-like stillness reigned throughout the house, when the aged man removed his handkerchief from his eyes, still wet with the torrent of his tears, and slowly stretching forth his palsied hand, he exclaimed, 'Socrates died like a philosopher;' then, pausing, clasping his hands with fervor to his heart, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice, he continued, 'but Jesus Christ died like a God.' Had he been an angel of light, the effect could have scarcely been more divine."

A DUTCH farmer, who measured a yard through, was one day working in the harvest-field with his little son, and was bitten by a snake. He was horror-struck. When he recovered himself a little he snatched up his outer clothing and made tracks for home, at the same time busying himself on putting on his vest; but it wouldn't go on. He looked at his arm, and it seemed to be double its natural size; but tugging at it with greater desperation, he finally got both arms in. But his blood fairly froze in his veins when he discovered it wouldn't meet by about a foot. By this time he had reached his house, and throwing himself on the bed, exclaimed in an agony of terror:

"O mine frou! I'm snake bite! I'm killed! O mine Cot!"

But his little bit of a wife, standing akimbo in the middle of the floor, burst out into a fit of laughter so uncontrollable that she was likely to suffocate, and thus beat her husband in dying. The poor man, in his alarm, had endeavored to put on his little boy's vest, and was not swollen at all, except in the mind.

AN old man was shaving himself one day before the fire, but suddenly exclaimed in a great rage to the maid-servant:

"I can't shave without a glass! why is it not here?"

"Oh," said the girl, "I have not placed it there for many weeks, as you seemed to get along quite as well without it."

The crusty old bachelor (of course he was an old bachelor, or he would not have been so crotchety and crusty) had for the first time observed that there was no glass there, and his inability to shave without one was "in the mind" only, it was just imaginary.

LATE one evening a couple of Irishmen stopped at a country inn and asked for lodgings. The porter escorted them to the door of their room; but just as the travellers entered it the candle was extinguished by the wind from the door as it closed behind them. The porter had already returned to the bar-room, and after vainly groping on the mantel-piece in search of matches, the travellers resolved to go to bed in the dark. In the middle of the night one of them awoke, and after shaking his companion to arouse him, said:

"Terrence, I'm as wake as a viccinated kitten for the want of air. Get up and open the window. The room is as close as a patent coffin, and I'll die if you don't give me air!"

Terrence arose, groped around the room for a few moments, and then said:

"I've found the window, but bad luck to me if I can budge it. I can't move it aither up or down."

"Then knock a couple of panes out wid yer shoe, and we'll pay for them in the morning," said the sick man.

Terrence did as directed. Ater two crashes were heard by the man in bed he seemed to recover, for he remarked:

"Oh, that air is invigorating. I feel better already. Out wid a couple more panes. Glass is chape, and the landlord won't be angry when we're willing to pay for them."

Terrence's stout brogans soon shattered the few remaining panes, and the weak man recovered his exhausted strength so soon afterwards that in ten minutes more he was enjoying his slumbers, undisturbed by the snores of his companion, who had also expressed himself refreshed by the current of fresh air admitted through the broken glass.

Considerable time elapsed, and at length the travellers awoke. For thirty minutes they lay conversing, wondering why they could not sleep.

"Surely it must be near morning, for I don't feel a bit sleepy," said Terrence.

"Morning!" echoed the other. "By the morthal, but it appears to me that it's perpetual night in this part of the world."

In a few moments more they heard a knock at the door, and the travellers asked what was wanted.

"It's twelve o'clock!" answered the porter, opening the door and entering the room with a candle in his hand. "Aren't ye going to get up at all?"

"Only twelve o'clock!" exclaimed Terrence. "Why, I thought it must be at least five. What d'ye mean by rousing us in the middle of the night? Do the people in these parts get up at midnight?"

"No, but they get up at breakfast time."

"Why didn't you wait till breakfast time before ye disturbed us?"

"Because it's hours after breakfast time now—in fact it is just dinner time!"

"Get out, or I'll throw my brogan at ye. What a barefaced liar ye must be to say it's dinner time before it's daylight. The candle in yer hand makes a liar out of ye!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the porter chuckled with the exuberance of delight. "No wonder ye thinks it isn't daylight, for there's no window in this room to let in the light."

"Thin what did I brake last night?" Terrence asked, looking around the room in astonishment. His eyes at last alighted on the bookcase, the glass doors of which presented a dilapidated appearance. "Be the powers, Jerry," he added, addressing his comrade, "whin I thought I was smashin' the windy I was only breakin' the glass in the boookcase. But it did ye a power of good, Jerry, for ye said that ye felt the fresh air revivin' ye!"

A wealthy lady had a tickling in her throat, and thought that a bristle of her tooth-brush had gone down and lodged in her gullet. Her throat daily grew worse. It was badly inflamed, and she sent for the family doctor. He examined it carefully, and finally assured her that nothing was the matter; it was a mere nervous delusion, he said. Still her throat troubled her, and she became so much alarmed that she was sure she should die. A friend suggested that she should call in Dr. Jones, a young man just commencing practice. She did not at first like the idea, but finally consented, and Dr. Jones was called. He was a person of good address and polite manners. He looked carefully at her throat, asked her several questions as to the sensation at the seat of the alarming malady, and finally announced that he thought he could relieve her in a short time. On his second visit he brought with him a delicate pair of forceps, in which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head, the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a pick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over; and the young physician, with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures. She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about, everywhere sounding the praises of "her savior," as she persisted in calling the dexterous operator.

When Talma was once performing Hamlet at Arras, in the fifth scene, where he is about to stab his mother, a military stranger was so overcome by the tragic powers of the actor, that he was carried out of the theatre. His first words on recovery were, "Has he killed his mother?"

A friend of ours in Benton county, not more than a hundred miles from Pond Grove, says the Lafayette (Indiana) Courier, is exceedingly fond of getting a joke upon his neighbors, and enjoy a laugh even at his own expense. The tables were lately turned so nicely upon him, however, that we doubt whether he will try his hand at a joke again for some time. He was lately crossing a field on his premises when he felt a peculiar sensation in his trousers' leg, and in an instant the terrible suspicion fastened upon him that there was a snake there. Putting out his hand to ascertain, it came in contact with what he supposed to be the head of the reptile. It flashed across his mind at once that the only hope of his life lay in his ability to grasp and firmly hold the head until he could obtain assistance and extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament. Seizing it, therefore, with one hand, he started at full tilt for the house, about half a mile distant. As he ran he could feel the reptile wriggling around his leg. He was fairly bathed in a cold sweat at the thought that it might free itself from his grasp and give him the fatal blow, while far away from help, and fear lent wings to his feet.

As he approached the barn where his wife was at work, he became fearful of the terrible effect it might have upon her to reveal his dangerous situation, and he therefore slipped slyly in at the back door. Going into one corner, he divested himself of his clothing (he had kicked off his boots on the way,) drew forth the cause of his terror, and, with a sense of relief, hurled it violently from him. It struck the rafters, and then fell to the floor and revealed to his astonished gaze an old piece of rope, which he had put, as he supposed, into his pocket, but which slipped down his trowsers' leg. The movement of walking had produced the wriggling which had first attracted his attention. As he ran, of course the motions became more violent. A knot on one end he had mistaken for the head, and had been holding it as with the grasp of death.

His wife, good soul, was at first nearly frightened to death, then almost laughed herself to death. The story was too good to keep, and soon his neighbors were anxiously inquiring regarding his recovery from the "snake bite." We have heard of persons having "snakes in their boots," but never in that way before.

An honest New England farmer started one very cold day, with his sled and oxen, into the forest, for the purpose of chopping a load of wood. Having felled a tree he drove the team alongside, and commenced chopping it up. By an unlucky hit he brought the whole of the axe across his foot, with a side-long stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to nearly deprive him of all strength—he felt the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As soon as he reached the door, he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter with much difficulty lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from his leg. He was laid carefully on the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a very desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken! Before going out in the morning he had wrapped his feet in red flannel, to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to his view, and he thought it was flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed. Man often suffers more from imaginary evils, than real ones.

In illustration of the power of imagination the case of the old lady who watched the vane, to see when her rheumatism was going to begin, is not equal to that of the storekeeper, who painted the lower part of his stove red, and saved seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of wood thereby during the winter.

Dr. Noble, in a very able and analytical lecture at Manchester, "On the Dynamic Influences of Ideas," told a good anecdote of Mr. Boutibouse, a French savant, in illustration of the power of imagination. As Dr. Noble says—"Mr. Boutibouse served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements during the early part of last century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket, he was shot down by a cannon-ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, separating them from the thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backwards on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless amongst the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. 'What's the matter with you, my good fellow?' said the surgeon. 'Ah! touch me tenderly,' replied Mr. Boutibouse, 'I beseech you; a cannon-ball has carried off my legs.' The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said with a joyous laugh, 'Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you.' Mr. Boutibouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. 'I felt more thankful,' said Mr. Boutibouse, 'than I had ever done in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon-ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.'" The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr. Noble.

DR. PARSONS, a distinguished dentist of Boston, in an essay on the subject of extracting teeth, alludes to the effect of the imagination in stopping the toothache. He says, that a lady in Boston, who is subject to this distressing complaint, has for several months been in the habit of borrowing his instruments when she felt a return of the pain, and the sight of them never fails to effect an immediate cure.

MARCUS DONATUS, in his "Hist. Med. Rar.," records the case of a person of the name of Vincentinus, who believed he was of such enormous size that he could not go through the door of his apartment. His physician gave orders that he should be forcibly led through it; which was done accordingly, but not without fatal effect, for Vincentinus cried out, as he was forced along, that his flesh was torn from his bones, and that his limbs were broken off, of which terrible impression he died in a few days, accusing those who conducted him of being his murderers.

IT is asserted by Pomphilius Quintius in his history of "Grecian Geniuses," that Maximilian Polonius, the Athenian painter, portrayed events so vividly that it was impossible for a landsman to look at the famous group, "The Sea Sick Family," without vomiting instanter.

BUCKLAND, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day. "Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat." The doctor shook his head. "I think it has somewhat of a musky taste," says another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."—"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow I dissected this morning, and which you have just been eating—" There was a general rout of guests; every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table; two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination is," said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt-water amphibia, or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion would have been none the worse. Such is prejudice."—"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," replied Buckland.

A CRIMINAL condemned to death by the civil authorities was given to surgeons to be experimented upon. They stretched him, bound, on a table, blindfolded him, and told him that he was to die by bleeding. His arm was pricked, so that he supposed a vein had been opened; but blood was not even drawn. They then let warm water drop upon the arm and trickle into a vessel beneath. He felt the drops, heard them fall, thought himself bleeding to death, and died without loss of blood, purely from the effects of his imagination.

The following incident is of the same sort, given by Dr. Fayer, an English physician in India. He says:

"Some time ago, on visiting the hospital one morning, I was told that a man had been admitted during the night suffering from a snake bite, and that he was very low. I found him in great prostration, hardly able to speak, and in a state of great depression. He and his friends said that during the night, on going into his hut, a snake bit him in the foot; he was much alarmed, and rapidly passed into a state of insensibility, when they brought him to the hospital. They and he considered that he was dying, and evidently regarded his condition as hopeless. On being asked for a description of the snake, they replied they had caught it and brought it with them in a bottle. The bottle was produced, and the snake turned out to be a small, innocent lycodon. It was alive, though somewhat injured by the treatment it had received. On explaining to the man and his friends that it was harmless, and with some difficulty making them believe it, the symptoms of poison rapidly disappeared, and he left the hospital as well as he ever was in his life in a few hours."

EPIGRAMS.

An epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra;* if only two, so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter, Arabella, importuned him for money:

Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in the tail.

To Dr. Hill upon his petition of the letter I to Mr. Garrick:

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better,
May the right use of letters, as well as of men
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they both had their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U.

On six sorts of people who keep fasts:

The miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;
The glutton fasts to eat the greater share.
The hypocrite he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

On seeing a young lady write verses, with a hole in her stocking:

To see a lady of such grace,
With so much ease and such a face,
So slatternly is shocking.
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

The following is an Oxford effusion on Dr. Evans, who cut down a row of trees at one of the colleges:

Indulgent nature on each kind bestows,
A secret instinct to discern its foes;
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
Evans, the gallows in his fate foresees,
And bears a like antipathy to trees.

"If nature never acts a part in vain,
Who," said an atheist, "shall this fact explain?
Why in the glow-worm does her power produce
Such lavish lustre for so little use?"
A plain, blunt fellow, who by chance stood by,
Heard what he said, and made him this reply:
"Nature," quoth he, "explains her own design;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine;
When o'er an insect's tail such light she spread,
And placed such darkness in a coxcomb's head."

One day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
"An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances, should
Be like a jelly bag."
"Your simile, I own, is new;
But how wilt make it out?" says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee, friend;
Make it at top both wide and fit
To hold a budget-full of wit,
And point it at the end."

On crowned heads—by Swift:

Why, pray, now do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately, solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit:
But though each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

A PUNNING epigram on Dr. Isaac Lettsom:

If anybody comes to I,
I physics, bleeds and sweats 'em;
If after that they like to die,
Why, what care I?—I. LETTSOM.

EFFECTUAL malice—by Swift:

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancor and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

A GENTLEMAN having played an April fool trick on the first of this month on a witty belle up town, she sent him the following lines:

I pardon, sir, the trick you play'd me,
When an April fool you made me;
Since one day only I appear
What you, alas! do all the year.

THE following is a succinct but spirited account of the history of the Kilkenny cats:

There was onst two cats in Kilkenny,
And aich thought there was one cat too many;
So they quarrelled and fit,
And they gouged and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tip of their tails,
Instead of two cats there wasn't any.

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

Thus it is with vulgar natures,
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

ON a pretended friend and real enemy—by Camden:

Thy hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend,
'Tis base to soothe when malice is the end.
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

ON a living author:

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

PETER PINDAR was without a peer in the art of epigrams; here are two of the best. The first, "On a stone thrown at a very great man, but which missed him:"

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands, indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

The second was on the death of Lad M. E.'s favorite pig, and is exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence:

Oh, dry that tear, so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind,
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are left behind.

A YOUNG lady wishing to entangle a young man in the meshes of Cupid, sent him the following invitation:

O, will you come to tea with I,
And help me eat a custard pie?

To which the young man, with corresponding sentiment and grammar, replied ·

Another asked me to tea,
And I must go and sup with she.

NOTHING new under the sun:

There's nothing new beneath the sun,
So ancient wits' decision run;
But wit no match for facts is;
For I know things, and so do you,
Though everlasting ever new!
What think you, sirs, of taxes?

ON a bad singer—by Dodd:

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

BY Aaron Hill:

How is the world deceived by noise and show!
Alas! how different to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud;
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak and proud;
While, like some nobler stream, [illegible]e knowledge glides
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

ON matrimony:

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so,
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone I'm weary."

By Dr. Doddridge, on his motto, *Dum vivimus vivamus*:

"Live while you live," the epicure will say,
"And take the pleasure of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view, let each united be!
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

On a gentleman who expended his fortune on horse-racing:

John ran so long and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He distanced all, and ran away.

Written by Garrick soon after Dr. Hill's farce called the "Rout" was acted:

For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

On a prudent choice:

When Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her," says he, "like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight."

On a Jew *versus* Free-thinker:

"Where did you steal those razors from?"
Says canting Dick to Moses;
"For that they're stole you can't deny,
And what the world supposes.
Come, Jew, be honest, tell the truth,
Don't lie, lest I abhor thee."
"Why, then," says Moses, "if I must,
Your father stole them for me."

On whiskers *versus* razor:

With whiskers thick upon my face,
I went my fair to see:
She told me she could never love
A bear-faced chap like me.
I shaved them clean, and called again,
And thought my trouble o'er;
She laughed outright, and said I was
More [illegible]e-faced than before.

On watches:

He who a watch would keep,
This he must do:
Pocket his watch,
And watch his pocket, too.

Hints to gamesters:

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play,
The best throw of dice is to throw them away.

The following witty epigram was written on a wall of the City Hall in New York, the dome of which is graced by a figure of Justice:

The lawyers all, both great and small,
Come here to cheat the people;
For be it known that justice 's flown,
And perches on the steeple.

On the way of the world:

Determined beforehand we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and advice of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense,
But if he falls into and agrees with our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

"I cannot conceive," said a lady one day,
"Why my hair all at once should be growing so gray;
Perhaps," she continued, "the change may be due
To my daily cosmetic, the essence of Rue."
"That may be," said a wag, "but I really protest
The essence of Time (thyme) will account for it best."

A good many years ago a satirist wrote the following epigram to a pale-faced lady with a red-nosed husband:

Whence comes it that in Clara's face
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

On Butler's monument—by S. Wesley:

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

To a blockhead—by Pope:

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

To Dr. Robert Friend, who wrote long epitaphs—by Pope:

Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

The fool and the poet—by Pope:

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

To our bed—by Benserade :

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die:
The near approach the bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.

On a handsome youth struck blind by lightning—by Goldsmith :

Sure 'twas by Providence designed,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

On some snow that melted on a lady's breast :

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair;
But, grieved to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolved into a tear.

Dryden's amplification :

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the former two.

The following madrigal was addressed to a Lancasterian lady, and accompanied with a white rose, during the opposition of the "White Rose" and "Red Rose" adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster :

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancast'rian there.

As my wife and I, at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"
Who was driving a stout little donkey.
To my wife I then spoke, by way of joke,
"There's a relation of yours in that carriage;"
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

A country girl one morning went
To market with a pig;
The little curl-tail, not content,
Began to squeal a jig.
A dandy who was riding by,
Who wished to pass a joke,
"My dear, how comes your child to cry,
When wrapped up in your cloak?"
The country girl thus quick replies,
"So bad a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries
Whene'er he sees his daddy."

Here lies a man who into highest station,
By dint of bribes and acts, continued to stride,
And ne'er one service rendered to the nation,
Except the lucky day on which he died.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

God works a wonder now and then,
Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.

Answered :

This is a mere law quibble, not a wonder,
Here lies a lawyer and his client under.

On Chloe :

Here Chloe lies,
Whose once bright eyes
Set all the world on fire;
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the world admire.

On wealth :

Abundance is a blessing to the wise.
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth: a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

On elegant wit :

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Be magnanimous :

How great thy might, let none by mischief know,
But what thou canst by acts of kindness show;
A power to hurt is no such noble thing,
The toad can poison, and the serpent sting

What is honor ?

Not to be captious, nor unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong and do what's right.

On wit :

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polished right,
With the same gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

On a lady's necklace :

A vile coquette without a heart,
Of feeling not a speck,
Gets on a string all hearts she can,
And hangs them round her neck.

From the Italian of Paranti:

"Repent, my son," a friar said
To the sick patient on his bed.
"I saw the demon on the watch
At the stairs' foot, thy soul to catch."
"What was he like?" the sick man cried.
"Why, like an ass," the monk replied.
"An ass!" the sick man muttered; "Pshaw!
'Twas your own shadow that you saw."

What is an epigram?

What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole;
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

To a bottle:

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

Ignoramus:

Whether first the egg or the hen?
Tell me, I pray you, ye learned men.

First Scribe:

The hen was first, or whence the egg?
Give us no more your doubts, I beg.

Second Scribe:

The egg was first, or whence the hen?
Tell me how it could come, and when.

The following epigram was penned on an unrecognized poetess who had unmistakeably red hair:

Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot!
Your ringlets are red, and your poems are not.

O, Life is a river, and man is a boat,
That along with the current is destined to float;
And joy is a cargo so easily stored,
That he's a sad fool who takes sorrow aboard.

Shenstone, the poet, once said, and it may have been with a good deal of truth:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
May sigh, where'er he has been,
To think that he has always found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Says the Earth to the Moon:—"You're a pilfering jade;
What you steal from the sun is beyond belief!"
Fair Cynthia replies:—"Madam Earth, hold your prate;
The receiver is always as bad as the thief!"

Life: A farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; a tragedy to the poor.

Let those who sometimes fret themselves because other people have no such troubles as theirs, remember that

Great fleas have lesser fleas,
And these have less to bite 'em;
These fleas have lesser fleas,
And so *ad infinitum*.

A gentleman wrote as follows to a female relative:

How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

To which she replied:

My worthy cos, it can not B,
U can not come till after T.

We have no desire to be acquainted with the bachelor who perpetrated the following:

Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made men the strongest,
In justice, then, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

There is too much point to be popular in this epigram by La Monnoye:

The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.

The following will have many to testify to its truth, poor fellows:

'Tis an excellent world that we live in,
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known.'

One day, Moore, who had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head, on being ordered by her to make restitution, caught up a pen and dashed off the following lines:

On one sole condition, love; I might be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part,
I would gladly relinquish the lock of your head
Could I gain but the key of your heart.

I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
Sitting on the style,
But the bull-dog in the front yard
Keeps barking all the while;
Why don't you tell your pa, Mary,
Or John, if he's about,
To ask young Sammy Slocumb in,
And make the dogs get out?

The Princess Royal's Thimble. It is well known that the late Duke of Wellington was very fond of the royal family. To the children he was a sort of grandfather; and he never seemed so happy as when among them, sharing their gambols or giving them the benefit of his disciplinarianism. It is said that the strict regularity, early rising, method, and punctuality of the royal household is due to the counsels, strongly urged, of the Iron Duke. One day he was seated beside the Princess Royal, when she was busily engaged in making her doll a new dress. Her thimble was gold, of course. By dint of much industry and constant use, the top had several holes in it, and of course the needle found its way through, and drew blood from the royal fingers. Holding it up, bleeding, to the duke, the little princess said: "Don't you think I want a new thimble?" This was repeated three or four times during the duke's visit. Whether a hint was intended or not, the duke took it as such, and a day or two afterward the royal lady received a neat package containing an elegant gold thimble, enveloped in a piece of paper, upon which was written these lines:

I send a thimble,
For fingers nimble;
I hope it will fit when you try it.
It will last very long,
If but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it.

If the queen had thought a hint had been given by her daughter, she would have sent her to bed without her supper, as has frequently happened for offences of disobedience.

An old maid, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than that imported from Havana, writes in the following style of the patrons of the weed:

May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
And keeps its chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear the fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves,
Have kisses for a smoker.

Mrs. Browning sings:

Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes,
And think life's green well worth its rose.

Advice to ladies:

If you your lips would save from slips,
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

A gentleman, who lost his wife whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:

I've lost my Little one I had,
My heart is sad and sore,
So now I should be very glad
To have a little Moore.

To which the lady sent the following answer:

I pity much the loss you've had;
The grief you must endure—
heart by Little made so sad,
A little Moore won't cure.

There is philosophy in the following:

If kissing were not lawful
The lawyers would not use it;
And if it were not pious,
The clergy would not choose it;
And if 'twere not a dainty thing,
The ladies would not crave it;
And if it were not plentiful,
The poor girls could not have it.

The other day says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"Whene'er I hear the sounds of woe,
My hand is always open."

"I own," says Joe, "that to the poor
You prove it every minute;
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it."

A farmer's boy advertises in a Kentucky paper for a wife. He says:

He wants to know if she can milk,
And make his bread and butter,
And go to meeting without silk,
To make a show and splutter;
He'd like to know if it would hurt
Her hands to take up stitches,
Or sew the buttons on his shirt,
Or make a pair of breeches.

AMONG the gifts of a new married pair, at a town in New Jersey, was a broom, sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end.

A FOOL does never change his mind,
And who can think it strange?
The reason's clear—for fools, my friends,
Have not a mind to change.

IN certain districts, as we note,
Our women claim the right to vote!
Grant them the boon, O legislators,
And "save the Union" from its traitors;
For women, whatsoe'er their traits,
Will never vote for separate states.

MEN scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so badly
They kiss and kiss each other.

A lady replies:

Men do not kiss among themselves,
It's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so
They ne'er would kiss again.

ODE to a Shanghai fowl:

Feathered giraffe! Who lent you wings?
Who furnished you those legs?
How could such everlasting things
As those come out of eggs?

IF you want to be rich, Give!
If you want to be poor, Grasp!
If you want abundance, Scatter!
If you want to be needy, Hoard!

TOM MOORE is the author of the following gushing little epigram, which has been credited to a dozen others:

They say thine eyes, like sunny skies,
The chief attraction form;
I see no sunshine in those eyes,
They take me all by storm.

OUR idea is, says a fellow that got a shrew for a wife, that

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
We get one pinch, and that's enough.

An old darkey says:

Woman's lub, like India rubber,
It stretch de more de more you lub her.

AT best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
To love his neighbor as himself,
Upon the golden plan.
And if his neighbor chance to be
A pretty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see,
That's only acting human.

BECAUSE you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of the mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

"SARATOGA and Newport—you've seen them,"
Said Charley one morning to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,
For bother my wig if I know!"
Quoth Joe:—"'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At the one you go into the water,
At the other it goes into you!"

A LADY of fashion inscribed on a pane of glass at an inn in Staines, England:—"Dear Lord Dorrington has the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." Foote, coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath:

Then, as like as two chips,
Are his head and his lips.

LET no repugnance to the single state
Lead to a union with a worthless mate.
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Who'd make old maids the butt of ridicule,
A single lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.

A POOR weather-bound individual, caught in the rain, was overheard humming to himself in a doorway:

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour
That chilling fate has on me fell;
There always comes a soaking shower
When I haint got no umberell.

VANITY FAIR gives the following amusing paradox:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful," they say,
But the dog who is faithful can never be-Tray.

WHY should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surpassing farmers be?
Because they're always studying
The art of husbandry.

AN epigrammatist in the Independent, condenses the art of sermonizing into these few lines:

Prayer and brains,
Time and pains,
Will make a telling sermon.
Attack like Phil.,
Hold on like Grant,
And thunder through like Sherman.

"WHENEVER I marry," says masculine Ann,
"I must really insist upon wedding a man!"
But what if the man (for men are but human)
Should be equally nice about wedding a woman?

AMID the crowd there walked a youth
Whose heart seemed charged with woe,
His eyes were bent upon the deck,
His steps were sad and slow;
It was not unrequited love,
Nor disappointment's fruits,
That marked with care the cheek of youth—
He "couldn't find his boots."

A WESTERN "poet" gets off the following explanation of a steamboat explosion:

The engine groaned,
The wheels did creak,
The steam did whistle,
And the boiler did leak.
The boiler was examined,
They found it was ousted,
And all on a sudden
The old thing busted.

BUT so it is upon this earth,
The loveliest and the best
Are oft the first by death consigned
Unto the grave's cold rest;
'Tis thus with all we dearly love
Who dwell with us below;
The loveliest, purest, sweetest forms
Are always first to go.

ON a log
Sat a frog,
Sneezing at his daughter;
Tears he shed
Till his eyes were red
And then jumped into the water.

ON the different kinds of money:

Acri-mony, defiles the human breast.
Har-mony, soothes the soul to rest.
Cere-mony, words to men addressed.
Testi-mony, evidence to attest.
Sancti-mony, of holiness possessed.
Patri-mony, inheritance, bequest.
Matri-mony, a state to make you blest.
Ready-money, what many love the best.

"GIVE me a kiss, my charming Sal!"
A lover said to a blue-eyed gal;
"I won't," said she, "you lazy elf;
Screw up your mouth and help yourself.

I'D rather sit in my old chair
And see the coals glow in the grate,
And chat with one I think is fair,
Than sit upon a throne of state.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth visited Falkenstone the inhabitants employed their parish clerk to versify their addresses. The mayor being introduced, he, with great gravity, mounted a three-legged stool and commenced his poetical declamation thus:

O, mighty Queene,
Welcome to Falkenstene.

Elizabeth, bursting out into a loud roar of laughter, and without giving his worship time to recover himself, she replied:

You great fool,
Get off that stool.

AN ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

THERE are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But the summer's genial showers
Never made their blossoms glad.

ON hearing a lady praise a reverend gentleman's eyes:

I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

A LADY wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

An Englishman visited the tomb of Napoleon I., and wrote in the register a verse on the ex-Emperor to this effect:

Bony was a great man,
A soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him at
The field of Waterloo.

An American, to punish the braggart, wrote immediately under it the following:

But greater still, and braver far,
And tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington, the man that could
Have licked 'em both together.

The following is decidedly ill-natured:

How like is this picture, you'd think that it breathes;
What life, what expression, what spirit;
It wants but a tongue—alas! said the spouse,
That want is its principal merit.

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher,
He always will hold
A little more gold,
And never so rich he wouldn't be richer.

An Album, prythee, what is it?
A book I always shun;
Kept to be filled by others' wit,
By people who have none.

A **little** stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen.

"**What**'s fashionable I'll maintain
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane.
"Ah, would to heaven!" says graver Sue,
"What's right, were fashionable too."

Campbell, the poet, was asked by a lady to write something original in her album. He wrote:

An original something, dear maid, you would win me
To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin.

Cries a buck of a parson, impatient and hot,
"Into this ragged surplice the devil has got!"
The clerk, who endeavored to adjust, coax, and pin it,
Cried—"Why, sur, as you say, sure the devil is in it!"

You tell us, doctor, 'tis a sin to steal!
We to your practice from your text appeal—
You steal a sermon, steal a nap, and pray,
From dull companions don't you steal away?

The art of visiting, says the Boston Post, is well worth a special treatise. Whom to visit—when to visit—how long to visit—these would form the staple of a useful essay, if anybody would take the trouble to write it, and would write it cleverly. Some people visit nearly all the time, and so waste their own lives and their friends' substance; some rarely visit at all, and so deny themselves and their neighbors one of the greatest pleasures of social existence. Some people make their visits so short that they are not worth the trouble they cost; others stay so long that the visit becomes a "visitation"—like a fever or a famine. As use is always essential to excellence in any art, only those who have a certain amount of practice, know how to visit well; while those who visit too much sin in another way, and become bad visitors from impudence and carelessness. But we are writing the essay which we began by simply suggesting, and will only add, in conclusion, that all rules must vary more or less with the character of the visitor. As the old epigram says:

What smiles and welcomes would I give
Some friends to see each day I live;
And yet what treasures would I pay
If some would always stay away.

As Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage;
"Don't cock your chin at me!" Dick smartly cries;
"Fear not! his head's not charged!" a friend replies.

On a brainless toper:

"Brother bucks, your glasses drain—
Tom, 'tis strong, and sparkling red."
"Never fear, 'twon't reach my brain;"
"No—that's true—but 'twill your head."

On the second Samson:

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say:
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay."
"I vow!" quoth Roger, "so you do;
And with the self-same weapon too."

Many a man, for love and pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates, and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything—except his soul!

To an atheist:

Indeed, Mr. ——, it seems very odd
Whilst your eyes view his works, to deny there's a God;
And assert that your actions he'll neither regard,
Nor punish our vices, nor our virtues reward.
What! no vengeance to come? Well, if this be but true,
How happy 'twill be for the devil and you!

On a miser:

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door;
His hand it was iron,
His heart was no more.

On connubial affection:

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

Says Murphy to Paddy, "You're surely an ass,
To shut both your eyes and then look in the glass!"
Says Paddy, "You blockhead, I wanted a peep
To see what a beauty I looked—when asleep!"

The following is no less startling than new. It is, we presume, from the pen of an unwedded "Western editor:"

I sat me down in thought profound,
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier for to like a girl,
Than make a girl like you!

Young men affected with calico proclivities will please copy.

Lord Eldon always pronounced the word lien as though it were lyon; and Sir Arthur Pigot pronounced the same word lean. On this Jekyll wrote the following epigram:

Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, what do you mean,
By saying the chancellor's lion is lean?
D'ye think his kitchen is so bad as all that,
That nothing within it will ever get fat?

We are indebted to Mrs. Caudle for the following:

Men brandy drink and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

Much as we prize the highest good in life,
We would not wish an angel for a wife;
But be content with what is far more common,
A genial hearted, true and loving woman.

A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

O, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I need not fret about it,
I couldn't if I would.

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick,
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And raise tombstones above us.

What a malicious dog was Tom Moore when he wrote:

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast,
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Never look sad; there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow,
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
He'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Jack brags he never dines at home,
With reason, too, no doubt—
In truth, he never dines at all,
Unless invited out.

In a log school-house in Wisconsin, placed conspicuously upon the wall, may be seen the following poetic version of the Eighth Commandment:

It is a sin to steal a pin;
It is a greater to steal a tater.

The great Dr. Jennings, of London, sent the following lines, with a couple of ducks, to a patient:

Dear madam, I send you this scrap of a letter,
To tell you Miss Mary is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
Therefore I send her a couple of quacks.

From the Greek:

This life a theatre well we may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

The Boston Post is responsible for the following:—on the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, to Miss S. J. Dove.

It isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love,
Oh, what a savage he must be
To Tommy Hawk a dove!

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jones with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
"Quite out, sir, indeed," was the servant's reply,
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

The robber robbed:

A certain priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold,
And where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his thought
To lock it in a chest
Within the chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, "Hic Deus est."

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, "Resurrexit, non est hic,"
Your god is rose, and gone.

What is the reason—can you guess?—
Why men are poor, and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
There's nothing left to dress for dinner.

Irish wit:

A Pat, an old joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows passed by;
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,
Give the gallows its due, and pray where would you be?"
"Why, honey," says Pat, "faith, that's easily known—
I'd be riding to town by myself all alone."

Guilty greatness:

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

A **woman** with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.

Louise had oft, in youth, been told
She was a matchless maid;
Louise, good lack! has now grown old,
But matchless still, 'tis said.

The lady's wish:

If it be true, celestial powers,
That you have formed me fair,
And yet in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care!

Then in return I beg this grace,
As you were ever kind—
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

"**Friend** Ass," said the Fox, as he met him one day,
"What can people mean? Do you know what they say?"
"No, I don't," said the Ass; "nor I don't care, not I."
"Why, they say you're a genius," was Reynard's reply.
"My stars!" muttered Jack, quite appalled by the word,
"What can I have done that's so very absurd?"

The following highly poetical inscriptions instead of the vulgar insignia of "boots and shoes," are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the English metropolis:

Here's the man that won't refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My leather's good, my charge's just;
Excuse me—I cannot trust.

The next is more sublime; but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobbler:

Blow, O blow, ye gentle breezes,
All among the leaves and treeses;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoozes.

A **Western** editor perpetrates or steals the following on "Father Adam:"

He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed he called the woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

Judge not thy neighbor:

What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

BY Samuel Johnson:

Wear the gown and wear the hat,
Seize life's pleasures while they last;
For hadst thou nine lives, like a cat,
Soon those nine lives would be past.

EVERY rose must have its thorn,
And every heart must have its care;
The sweetest draught hath bitter dregs,
Which all alike on earth must share.

MONEY gone. Something gone;
Bend to the oar, and get some more.
Friends gone, much gone;
Go and get glory—'twill alter the story.
Courage gone, all gone;
Better never hadst been born.

LIFE has its hours of bitterness,
Its joys, its hopes, and fears;
Our way is sometimes wreathed with smiles,
And then baptized with tears.

THREE hungry travellers found a bag of gold;
One ran into the town where bread was sold.
He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.
But they, too, thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him and the gold divide.
They killed him, and partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.
O world! behold what thy goods have done!
Thy gold has poisoned two and murdered one.

TRUE wit was never made to cut
The heartstrings; but
To sweeten human sorrow, just
As dessert sweets a poor man's crust.

To a young lady with a copy of Moore's "Fables:"

Books, my dear girl, when well designed,
Are moral maps of human kind;
Where, sketched before judicious eyes,
The road to worth and wisdom lies.
Serene philosophy portrays
The steep, the rough, the thorny ways;
Cross woods and wilds the learned
A dark and doubtful path describe;
But Poesy her votaries leads
O'er level lawns and verdant meads;
And if perchance, in sportful vein,
Through Fable's scenes she guides her train,
All is at once enchanted ground,
All Fancy's garden glitters round.

ON Time:

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying;
Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.

COUNSELLOR GARROW, during the cross-examination of a prevaricating elderly female witness, by whom it was essential to prove that a tender of money had been made, had a scrap of paper thrown him by the opposite councel, on which was written:

Garrow, submit; that tough old jade
Can never prove a tender made.

HOPE, heaven-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower,
Her smile the threatening tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

A LONG way off Lucinda strikes the men;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off—one wishes her again.

ON a person not celebrated for his veracity:

"On Tuesday next," says Tom to Ned,
"I'll dine with you, and take a bed."
"You may believe him," Will replies;
"Where'er Tom dines he always lies."

ON a wife who beat her husband:

"Come hither, Sir George, my picture is here;
What think you, my love? don't it strike you?"
"I can't say it does just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

ON the Grecian bend:

Let us have the old bend, and not the new;
Let us have the bend that our grandmothers knew;
Over the wash tub and over the churn;
That is the bend that our daughters should learn.

You say, without reward or fee,
Your uncle cured me of a dang'rous ill;
I say he never did prescribe for me,
The proof is plain—I'm living still.

ON British economy:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

THE golden hair that Galla wears
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

ON a cure for poetry:

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

On Hog *versus* Bacon:

Judge Bacon once trying a man, Hog by name,
Who made with his lordship of kindred a claim;
"Hold!" said the Judge, "you're a little mistaken;
Hog must be hung first, before 'tis good Bacon."

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effects may give;
Poor Simon fears that he may die,
His wife—that he may live."

On a lady who squinted:

If ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

On Mr. Churchill's death:

Says Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead!"
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie;
Old Rancor the report has spread,
But genius cannot die."

Says Delia to a reverend dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy theme,
That there are none in Heaven?"

"There are no women there," he cried.
She quick returned the jest,
"Women are there, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

A haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
"Base man to take the wall I ne'er permit."
The scholar said, "I do," and gave him it.

Queen Elizabeth being asked her opinion concerning the real presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid answer:

Christ was the word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what the Word did make it.
That I believe and take it.

As I walked by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me:
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

On the effect of pulpit eloquence:

A veteran gambler in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought,
Where many a hint pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudged old Codgie, reasoning as he went.
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declared;
I feel conviction, and will be prepared;
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet—beyond a day."

On suicide—by Dr. Sewell:

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

EPITAPHS.

Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left. For the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, it would be an improvement to substitute *nil nisi verum*, since the fear of posthumous disrepute would be an additional incentive to living good conduct. No man could pass through a truth-telling churchyard without feeling the full value of character.

What can more impressively stamp the evanescency of man, and all his works, than an epitaph on a whole nation, which shall afford nearly the sole evidence of its ever having existed. Such are the cinerary urns of the Etruscans, of whose history we have little other record than their tombs, and of whose literature few other remains than their alphabet. A whole empire *stat nominis umbra!* The signs have survived the ideas of which they were the symbols: the chisel has outlasted the statue. Volerra, and other great Etruscan cemeteries, may be termed the skeletons of their cities.

Few more appropriate epitaphs than the common Latin one of *Sum quod eris, fui quod sis*—"I am what thou shalt be, I was what thou art."

Sir Christopher Wren's inscription in St. Paul's church—*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*—would be equally applicable to a physician, buried in a churchyard; both being interred in the middle of their own works.

Beloe, in his anecdotes, gives a good punning epitaph on William Lawes, the musical composer, who was killed by the Roundheads:

Concord is conquered! In this urn there lies
The master of great music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Laws was slain by men whose Wills were
Laws.

In the epitaph of Cardinal Onuphrio, at Rome, there breathes a solemn, almost bitter, conviction of the vanity of earthly grandeur:—*Hic jacet umbra, cinis nihil*—"Here lies a shadow; ashes, nothing."

There is great tenderness and beauty in two lines found upon an ancient Roman tomb, supposed to be addressed by a young wife to her surviving husband:

Immatura peri, sed tu, felicior, annos
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos.

But a still more simple and affecting epitaph is the following, translated *verbatim* from a tomb at Mont-Martre, near Paris:—"To the memory of M. Jobart; a most excellent husband and father. His inconsolable widow still continues to carry on the grocery business in the Rue St. Dennis, No. 242, near the Café Chinois."

A CURIOUS gatherer of quaint epitaphs has contributed quite a number to the London Scotsman, some of which are quite new, and some, particularly the one on a baby, quite old. Here are a few of them:

On a person named Chest:

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The one of them is very good,
Who says so of the other?

On a very old man:

He lived to 105 because he was strong,
100 to 5 you don't live as long.

On Martha Shiell:

Poor Martha Shiell has gone away,
Her would if she could, but her couldn't stay.
Her had 2 bad legs and a baddish cough,
It was her 2 bad legs that carried her off.

Mr. Proctor's antipathy to medical men did not save him from the common fate of humanity:

Here lies John Proctor,
Who lived and died without a doctor.

On Prof. Walker, who wrote a treatise on English Particles:

Here lies Walker's Particles.

On a dustman:

Cease to lament his fall, ye just,
He's only gone from dust to dust.

Dr. Chard's medical practice seems to have been large, if not particularly successful:

Here lies Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard.

The following is a quaint mixture of specific information and sentiment:

Here lie two babes as dead as nits,
Who died of agonizing fits;
They were too good to live with we,
So God took them to live with He.

On another baby:

Since I was so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

The subject of the following seems to have appreciated the good things of life overmuch:

Here lie the bones of Joseph Jones,
Who ate while he was able;
But once o'erfed, he dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.

There is no evidence that Jonathan Pound was an Irishman, but his epitaph contains an unmistakeable bull:

Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound,
Who was lost at sea and never was found.

HERE is an epitaph found on a tombstone not long since:

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Isabella Young,
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

ON an infant:

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die.
Beneath this stone an infant's ashes lie;
Say, is he saved or lost?
If death's by sin, he sinned because he's here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven he can't appear;
Reason, oh how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page; in it the knot's
untied;
He died, because Adam sinned; he lives, for Jesus
died.

WILLIAM WILLOTSON had a remarkable facility for not telling the truth. Indeed, he became so much addicted to saying the thing that was just the other way from true, that he lived and died with the reputation of being the most notorious liar in his town. But his mourning family caused a decent tombstone to be set up to his memory, with this epitaph thereon:

Weep not for me, my friends so dear;
I am not dead, but sleeping here.

This remarkable assertion seemed so like to those that William was apt to make while he was living, that one of his neighbors inscribed with his pencil the following lines beneath the above:

Released from sorrow and from sighing,
Here rests the body of poor Will,
Who, while he lived, was always lying,
And in his grave is lying still.

ON the tombstone of a child blind from birth:

There shall be no more night there.

ON a bachelor:

At three-score winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

SOME years ago, the following epitaph was to be seen on a gravestone in a church-yard near Sheffield, England:

Beneath these stones
Lies William Jones,
The bailiff and the Bum;
When he died,
The devil cried,
Come, Billy, come.

THE last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more;
Last debt? Tom never paid a debt before.

HERE lies a miser, who, beside
Ten thousand other niggard shifts,
On New-Year's eve expressly died,
For fear of making New-Year gifts.

ON a profligate mathematician at Manchester:

Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He ne'er did good,
Nor never would,
Had he lived—as long again.

ON Colbert, minister of Louis XIV.

Here lies the father of taxation;
May Heaven, his faults forgiving,
Grant him repose; which he, while living,
Would never grant the nation.

HERE rots the son of meanness and of pride;
Who lived unloved, and unlamented died.

UPON the tomb of one Isaac Greentree, in Harrow church-yard, is inscribed the following:

There is a time when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

THE following is a copy of an epitaph in the church-yard at North Shields, which has been the subject of much laughter to many persons on account of its absurdity:

In memory of James Bell, of North Shields, who died 16th January, 1763, aged 42 years. Margaret, widow of the above said James Bell, died December 30, aged 49 years. She was wife after to Wm. Fenwick, of North Shields.

The following lines were written underneath with a pencil:

As in Scriptures it is said
No marriages in heaven are made,
It seems that Margaret's ghost did go
In Pluto's dreary realms below,
Where she, poor soul, not long had tarried,
Till her friend Will and she got married.

THE following epitaph is found in the Halifax Colonist:

Here lies an editor!
Snooks if you will;
In mercy, kind Providence,
Let him lie still.
He lied for his living; so
He lived, while he lied,
When he could not lie longer
He lied down and died.

ON Sir Francis Vere:

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and
shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

ON Charles II.—by Rochester:

Here lies our sovereign lord and king;
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

The following epitaph is to be found in a grave-yard at Baton Rouge, Louisiana:

Here lies, buried in his tomb,
A constant sufferer of salt rheum,
Which, finally, in truth did pass
To spotted erysipelas;
A husband brave, a father true,
Here he lies, and so must you.

The following quaint and significant epitaph was inscribed upon the tomb of a famous beer drinker in one of the rural districts of England:

Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosius Grim;
He took his beer from year to year,
And then the bier took him.

On a last maker:

Stop! stranger, stop! and wipe a tear;
For the last man, at last lies here;
Though ever-lasting he has been,
He has at last passed life's last scene;
Famed for good works, much time he passed
In doing good—he has done his last.

The following is on a tombstone in New Jersey:

Reader, pass on! don't waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I am, this crumbling clay insures,
And what I was, is no affair of yours.

On a tombstone in a graveyard now long deserted, just over Market street bridge, Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill river, appeared the following curious epitaph:

She was . . . . .
Words are wanting to say what:
Think what a mother should be,—
She was that.

Here lies John Mellows,
The Prince of Good Fellows,
Clerk of All-hallows,
And maker of bellows.
He bellows did mend till the day of his death;
But he who made bellows could never make breath.

The epitaph on the dyer is very old:

Beneath this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die.

The famous epitaph on Sir John Strange compliments him at the expense of the whole legal profession:

Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is Strange.

In a churchyard at Clophill, Bedfordshire, England, a block of stone, formerly in a gothic window, bears the following inscription:

Death do not kick at me,
For Christ has taken thy sting away.

Another memorial of very singular form is thus inscribed:

Hear
Lies the
Body of
Thomas
Dearman T
Hat gave 6 P
Ound a year
To Th e Labe
Rers o f Cloph
Ill 1631.

In the churchyard at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, we have what follows:

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I,
We all died within the space of one short year.
They all be buried in Wimble, except I,
And I be buried here.

Here is one which apparently included the living as well as the dead:

John Palfreman lies buried here,
Aged 4 and 20 year;
Near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father when he dies.

Once there lived in a country village an old gentleman named John Lowe, who was very rich, and indulged himself in nothing but common cigars. He died, and some one wrote the following epitaph:

Here lies the smoker and miser, John Lowe,
Who smoked till he injured his once healthy liver;
But he made by his dying, his mourning friends say,
For he's gone where he'll smoke without charge forever.

The annexed epitaph is on a young woman who gained her livelihood by selling eggs, and, from the tenor of it, we judge that her brother must have erected the stone to her memory:

Here lies the body of Mary M'Groyn,
Who was so very pure within,
She broke the outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.
N. B.—Her brother, made of sterner stuff,
Adds to her business that of snuff.

THE following curious inscription appears in the churchyard of Pewsey, Wiltshire:

Here lies the body
of
Lady O'Looney
Great niece of Burke
Commonly called the Sublime
She was
Bland, passionate and deeply religious,
Also she painted
In water colors,
And sent several pictures
To the Exhibition.
She was the first cousin
To Lady Jones;
And of such
Is the Kingdom of Heaven.

FOUND dead—dead and alone:
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear.
Found dead—dead and alone—
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone!

A PERSON visiting Luton copied the following singular inscription from a gravestone there:

Reader, I have left a world in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to be rich,
Just such a fool as you.

THE following is on a tombstone in San Diego, California:

"This year is saked to the memory of William Henry Shraken, who cam to his deth being shot with Colt's revolvers—one of the old kind, brass mounted—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A CURIOUS play upon words is this epitaph on Barraud, the watchmaker, late of Cornhill, London:

My main-spring broke—no further use the key
That served to set me going; my hour is come,
And I who made—to measure Time—full oft with glee,
Have fall'n beneath th' unerring hand—'tis done.
Encas'd within this marble tomb—I wait
The action of th' Almighty regulator—my works, if good,
Will meet reward—and tho' 'tis now too late
To mend, I hope redemption through my Saviour's blood.

ANOTHER is, perhaps, more widely known, but so singularly unflattering that we cannot refrain quoting it. It is an epitaph on Mr. William Wright:

Here lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

THE following epitaphs are many of them quaint and comical in the extreme:

Here I lie at the chancel door,
Here I lie because I'm poor.
The further in, the more the pay;
But here I lie as warm as they.

On a Miss Partridge, who died in the month of May:

What! shoot a partridge in the month of May!
Was that done like a sportsman—eh, Death, eh?

Our interest is now awakened by an extraordinary assertion:

Here lies
Elizabeth Wise.
She died of thunder sent from Heaven,
In 1777.

We withhold all comment on the next:

O, do not weep, my husband dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Then mend your ways, prepare to die,
For you are sure to come to I.

Written under in pencil was this:

I do not weep, my dearest life,
For I have got another wife;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to cherish she.

In the following, also, the widower seems to rejoice in his loss:

This dear little spot is the joy of my life,
It raises my flowers, and covers my wife.

TOM MOORE, writing to Miss Godfrey, says:—"I will send you an epitaph that will make you laugh, if you never heard it before:

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law,
And when he died,
The devil cried,
"Give us your paw
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law."

HERE lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinkin' too much coffee,
Anno Dominy eighteen-forty.

A miser's epitaph:

Here lies old Thirty-three per Cent.!
The more he got the more he lent;
The more he lent, the more he craved!
Good God, can such a soul be saved?

An epitaph which graces the churchyard of Moreton-in-the-Marsh runs thus:

Here lies the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death, alas, was strangely brought on;
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off.
His toe—or rather what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
Which took, alas, to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

On a lord mayor of London:

Here lies William Curtis, our famous Lord Mayor;
He has left this here world, and has gone to that there.

The following was composed on the aspiring Mr. Caleb Cushing:

Lie aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Lies buried the body of Cushing;
Since he, when alive,
Would incessantly strive,
And now he is dead, may be pushing.

This falling under the eye of Mr. Cushing, he retorted in these lines:

Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding hit;
And green grow the grass that's above her!
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She's gone down herself for a lover.

A gentleman in Maryland writes as follows:

"I wonder if Willis, in his fancy for queer epitaphs, ever came across my favorite:

"Here I lie,
With my three daughters,
All of drinking
Cheltenham waters;
If we had stuck
To Epsom salts,
We'd not have been lying
In these here vaults!"

On Ann Jennings, the mother of an immense family:

Some have children—some have none—
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

The following lines are to be seen on a tombstone in Virginia:

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What whether high or low my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell behind them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a tomb;
Thou know'st its use; it hides—no matter whom

Here crumbling lies beneath the mould
A man whose sole delight was gold,
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand filled his chest,
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

It is refreshing to find upon a tombstone of departed worth such delicate sentiments of profound respect as are embodied in the following lines, cut upon a very ancient tombstone:

Here lies Mayor Parker,
Whom the Lord saw fit to slaughter—
He died without any fears,
Was buried without any tears,
And where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares.

East Tennessee has a tombstone whereon is inscribed the following epitaph:

"She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the full hope of a glorious immortality, at the early age of twenty-four. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

On a very honest man:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more rare, his neighbors tell us,
He sent back borrowed umbrellas.

The following announcement is from the Grass Valley Telegraph:—A valuable dog, belonging to the express office of Adams & Co., was maliciously poisoned. He was a general favorite, and a wag proposes for him the following epitaph:

Here lies poor Billy, beloved by all who knew him,
He was a better dog by far than him who slew him.

Here lies the remains of Sarah Wills,
Who died from taking too many pills,
And just below,
Lies Jim Crow,
Who died of love
Of the one above.

On Foote, the comedian:

Foote, from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled,
Death took him off who took off the world.

In Moulton churchyard, Devonshire, England:

A man and wife were buried here,
Who lived together forty year;
They both one year were born, as you may see,
And lived to the age of sixty-three.
They in one year were buried, this is true,
A caution, reader, is to each of you:
Amend your lives, live godly still,
Then welcome death, come when it will.

In St. Michael's churchyard may be found the following epitaph on David Davies, blacksmith:

My sledge and hammer lay reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove—my work is done.

At Cookham we find:

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Here lies an honest woman.

There is a peculiar class of epitaphs which, while commemorating the dead, serve also as an advertisement for the living. One of these two-sided inscriptions may still be seen in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on his business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

Remember, man, that passeth by,
As thou art now, so once was I;
And as I, so thou must be,
Prepare thyself to follow me.

Beneath these lines some one had written:

To follow you's not my intent,
Unless I knew which way you went.

Byron's misanthropy vented itself in an epitaph on his Newfoundland dog, which he concluded with the following lines:

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

A gentleman on his death-bed promised a friend of his he would remember him in his will if he could write an epitaph for him, consisting of four lines only, and the word *so* must be introduced six times. His friend produced the following lines, which were approved of, and he handsomely remembered him for his ingenuity:

So did he live,
So did he die,
So! so! did he so?
Then so let him lie.

In the churchyard at Langtown, in Cumberland, is the following:

Life's like an inn where travellers stay;
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed—
The oldest only sup and go to bed;
Long is his bill who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

An old man, who was noted for his spiritual propensities, was seen, one day, in a state of supreme felicity, to go down the rocky bluff which overhung Long Island Sound, lose his balance and tumble overboard. His body was not found for a long time, when, one foggy morning, it was seen by a fishing boat. When his friends had buried him, they placed the following epitaph on his tombstone:

He was drowned on the sound
And his body was not found
For forty-seven days.
When he rose, and his toes,
And his jolly red nose
Was seen through the haze.

A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid some attention to her, so much so that he was joked about her. He replied, "he should look higher for a wife." It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:

Here lies a man who looked so high
He passed all common damsels by,
And they who looked as high as he,
Declared his bride they would not be,
So 'twixt them both he died a bach,
And now has gone to the old scratch.

SOME of the epitaphs that have been handed down to us have, perhaps, been written for the mere purpose of amusement, and are consequently of a fictitious character, for example:

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or let it alone;
For it is all one to Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.

THE following epitaph was written by Benjamin Franklin himself, many years previous to his death:

The body of Benjamin Franklin—printer.

THIS inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard:
"Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

THE following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person;
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat
And came out at the back of his coat.

IT is said that Lord Brougham, in a playful mood, wrote the following epitaph on himself:

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speeches.

AT Ockham, Surrey:

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down I fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me.

ON Miss Bread:

While belles their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any but her.

ON a portrait painter ·
"Taken from life."

ON a lamb just killed:
"Peas to its remains."

HERE lies John Dove, who varied his life,
As a beater of gold, by beating his wife.

ON Dr. Johnson:

Here lies poor Johnson: Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-conceited, rude and vain.
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and spit.

IN East-Tisted churchyard, Hants, England:

He had his faults—he had his virtues too!
But where's the man, O reader? point out where;
Where lives the man who has not to his share
Too many faults, and even too much sin?
Inspect thyself, and mark how 'tis within!
Then note not others' faults—thine own amend;
This do, thou wilt thyself and them befriend.

ON William Hogarth, in Chiswick churchyard—by Garrick:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away;
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here.

ON a miser—by Swift.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.

THE following epitaph upon a tombstone in the church-yard of Glastonbury, Connecticut, has occasioned many an involuntary smile from those who have perused it:

Here lies one whose life's thread's cut asunder;
She was struck dead by a clap of thunder.

IN a Pennsylvania graveyard is the following:

Here lie two dead children dear,
One buried at Baltimore, the other here.

On Frederick, Prince of Wales, and oldest son of George the First, of England:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis on Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

Beneath this stone the body lies
Of faithful Abraham White;
From sun to sun he toiled hard,
And thus he earned his mite.

His earthly trade was dyeing clothes
To any given hue—
Black, brown and red, and green and drab,
Bright scarlet, pink and blue.

He dyed all shades that others dye,
And in it took delight;
He e'en surpassed all rivals here—
At last he died A White.

He'll dye no more A White nor black,
He's gone where colors stand;
A White he dyed, A White he lives
Among the living band.

On a Mr. Penny:

Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,
Dig four feet deep and thou wilt find—a Penny.

At Church Stretton, Salop:

On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died.

Captain Jones was a great traveller, and, like other travellers, fond of telling large stories, some of which being doubted, he proved by making his affidavit of their truth. When he died, the following epitaph was inscribed on his tombstone:

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

In Cheltenham churchyard:

Here lies the body of Molly Dickie, the wife of Hall Dickie, tailor.

Two great physicians first
My loving husband tried
To cure my pain—
In vain;
At last he got a third,
And then I died.

Here is another on a man who was killed by hitting his head against a pump:

Here lies John Adams, who received a thump,
Right on the forehead from the parish pump;
Which gave him the *quietus* in the end,
For many doctors did his case attend.

The following may be seen on a tombstone in the churchyard of Bridgford-on-the-Hill, Nottinghamshire:

Sacred to the memory of John Walker, the only son of Benjamin and Ann Walker, engineer and palisade maker, died September 23, 1832, aged 36 years.

Farewell, my wife and father dear,
No engine powers now do I fear;
My glass is run, my work is done,
And now my head lies quiet here.
Tho' many an engine I've set up,
And got great praise from men;
I made them work on British ground,
And on the roaring main.
My engine's stopped, my valves are bad,
And lies so deep within;
No engineer could here be found
To put me new ones in.
But Jesus Christ converted me,
And took me up above;
I hope once more to meet once more,
And sing redeeming love.

Some "Home Rambler," in the State of Maine, had been visiting, among other places, the town of Augusta, and an ancient cemetery thereof, from which he extracted sundry epitaphs that are as amusing as any that have heretofore appeared in print. We present a selection from them. The first is a lesson as well as an epitaph:

Here, beneath this stone, there lies,
Waiting a summons to the skies,
The body of Samuel Jinking;
He was an honest Christian man,
His fault was, that he took and ran
Suddenly to drinking.
Whoever reads this tablet o'er,
Take warning now, and drink no more.

On Mr. Monday:

Blessed be the Sabbath day,
But woe to worldly wealth—
The week begins on Tuesday,
For Monday's hanged himself.

Goldsmith on David Garrick:

Here lies Garrick, describe him who can?
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art,
Like an ill judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
back.

The following lines, by Oliver Goldsmith, possess a melancholy interest, from the fact of their being the last the author wrote:

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a better or wiser behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.

In the churchyard of old St. Pancras, Miss Basnett, 1756, age 23:

Go, spotless honor, and unsullied truth,
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;
Go, female sweetness joined with manly sense;
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, saint-eyed patience, from affliction's door;
Go, modesty that never wore a frown,
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse,
The friend inscribed thy tomb, whose tear bedewed
thy hearse.

In Fercham churchyard, Hampshire, England:

How vain is flattery on the grave
Where earth and ashes lie!
Here rests the learned, the great, the brave,
The pompous poets cry.

Here rests a sinful mortal's dust,
I rather choose to say;
Who put in Christ alone his trust,
And waits the judgment day.

At Burton Pynsent, England, is a beautiful urn, in memory of the illustrious Earl of Chatham, and father of the Hon. Wm. Pitt. It was executed by the celebrated Mr. Bacon, who prepared the statue of his lordship for Westminster Abbey. The following lines were written by the earl's lady, and engraven on the urn, in 1781:

Sacred to pure affection,
This simple Urn
Stands a witness of unceasing grief: for him
who,
Excelling in whatever is most admirable,
And adding to the exercise of the sublimest
virtues the sweet charms of refined
sentiments and polished wit,
By social commerce
Rendered beyond comparison happy
The course of domestic life,
And bestowed a felicity inexpressible
on her
Whose faithful love was blessed in a pure return
that raised her above every other joy
but the paternal one,
and that still shared with him.
His generous country with public monuments
Has eternized his fame.
This humble tribute
is to soothe the sorrowing breast
of private woe.
To the dear memory of
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,
This marble is inscribed by Hester,
His beloved wife."

In Litchfield Cathedral, England, there is a monument with an inscription as follows:

"Erected to the memory of the
Right Hon. Lady Mary Wortley Montague,
Who introduced
from Turkey into this country the salutary art of
Inoculating for the Small Pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
she first tried it, with success, on her own children;
and then recommended it to her
fellow citizens.
Thus, by her example and advice,
we have softened the virulence, and escaped the
danger, of this malignant disease.
To perpetuate
the memory of such benevolence,
and to express the gratitude for the benefit she
herself received from this alleviating art,
this monument is erected by
Henrietta Inge,
Relict of Theodore William Inge, Esq.,
in the year of our Lord, 1789."

In the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England, is a monument with this inscription :

"To the memory of the inimitable Shakspeare."

His bust is in the wall, on the north side of the church, and a flat gravestone covers the body in the aisle just under the above, with these lines :

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To move the dust that resteth here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves his bones.

In the churchyard at Stonehouse, near Plymouth, Devon, England, is the following :

"To the memory of a girl, who unfortunately and improperly entered into the conjugal state at 12 years of age.

Twelve years I was a maid,
Twelve months I was a wife,
One hour I was a mother,
And so I end my life."

In the Minster churchyard, Ripon, Yorkshire, England :

"Here lies poor
but honest Bryan Tunstal;
He was a most expert angler
Until
Death, envious of his merit,
Threw out his line,
Hooked him,
And landed him here,
The 21st day of April, 1790."

On a soldier, in a country churchyard :

Death's billeted me here,
A while to remain ;
But, when the trumpet sounds,
I'll rise and march again.

In Chatham churchyard, Kent, England :

Distrust of darkness in a future state
Makes us poor mortals fearful of our fate!
Death is nothing—but 'tis what we fear
To be, we know not what—nor know not where.

In Deptford churchyard, Kent, England :

Tho' young she was, her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect from death's impartial hand :
Life's but a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,
And death's the broom that sweeps us all away.

In the Second Presbyterian burial-ground, Baltimore :

When marble monuments shall all decay,
Rocks turn to dust, and mountains melt away,
His sainted form shall o'er their ruins rise,
To meet his Saviour through the opening skies.

In Aberconway churchyard, Wales, the following curious epitaph is inscribed :

"Here lies in an horizontal position the 'outside case' of 'Peter Griffiths, Watchmaker,' Whose abilities, in that line, were an honour to his profession; Integrity was the 'main spring,' and prudence the 'regulator' of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his 'hand' never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his 'motions,' that he seldom went wrong, except when 'set a-going' by people who did not know 'his key;' even then, he was easily 'set right' again. He had the art of disposing his time so well, that his 'hours' glided away 'in one continued round' of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky 'minute' put a period to his existence. He departed this life, 'wound up' in hopes of being 'taken in hand' 'by his Maker,' and of being thoroughly 'cleaned, repaired, and set a-going' in the world to come."

Man's life, like a weaver's shuttle, flies,
Or, like a tender flower, fades and dies;
Or, like a race, it ends without delay;
Or, like a vapor, vanishes away;
Or, like a candle, it each moment wastes;
Or, like a vessel, under sail it hastes;
Or, like the post, it gallops very fast;
Or, like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past.
Our castles are but weak, and strong the foe;
Our time's but short, our death is certain too.
But, as his coming is a secret still,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

At the east end of the churchyard in Barnes, Surrey, near London, a monument was erected to the memory of Anne Baynard, obiit June 12, 1697, of which no traces are now to be found. The inscription is copied from Aubrey :

Here lies that happy maiden, who often said
That no man is happy until he is dead;
That the business of life is but playing the fool,
Which hath no relation to saving the soul:
For all the transaction that's under the sun
Is doing of nothing—if that be not done,
All wisdom and knowledge do lie in this one.

To the memory of Lord Chatham, prime minister of England, who was succeeded by his son, the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt:

With honesty and active genius born,
Thy nation, age, and species to adorn;
Formed with resistless eloquence to charm,
And Britain's sons with patriot ardor warm;
With counsels wise endued the helm to guide,
In senates triumph, and o'er camps preside;
Bid royal navies spread their awful wings,
And commerce, smiling, open all her springs,
With toils of state no longer now opprest,
Receive the manumission of the blest!
Bright in thy rising, bright in thy decline,
Around thy name unsullied glories shine;
Thy fame established, nothing can betray,
No war can shake, no peace can steal away.

In Grantham churchyard, Lincolnshire, England—on a sexton:

I, that have carried a hundred bodies brave,
Am by a fever carried to my grave;
I carried, and am carried, so that's even;
May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

In St. Paul's churchyard, Bedford, England:

Our life contains a thousand springs,
  And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
  Will keep in tune so long.

In Bicester churchyard, Oxfordshire, England:

In steadfast hope of that glad day,
Here lies entombed my weary clay:
Reader—awake, believe, repent,
Thy hours, as mine, are only lent.

In Holywell churchyard, Oxford, England:

Man sprung from dust, to dust returns again,
Fraught with disease and overwhelmed with pain;
Short are his days, his joys much shorter still,
Blended with care, and checkered o'er with ill;
He's happy, then, who soon resigns his breath,
And feels betime the friendly hand of death.

At Monticello, Virginia:

"Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, And Father of the University of Virginia."

On an Infidel:

Beneath this stone the mouldering relics lie
  Of one to whom Religion spoke in vain;
He lived as though he never were to die,
  And died as though he ne'er should live again.

On Dr. Samuel Johnson—by William Cowper:

Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud,
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine and strong—
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest,
O man immortal, by a double prize,
By fame on earth—by glory in the skies.

On a Gipsy who died in 1830—from the Oxford Journal:

Being dead yet speaketh.
Beneath lies one they say could tell,
By the magic of her spell,
By the most unerring signs,
By the hand's mysterious lines,
What our earthly lot should be,
What our future destiny.
But the dust that lies below
Speaks more truly, for e'en now
It bids the proud, ere life is past,
Contemplate their lot at last.
When this world's gaudy vision's gone;
When high and low shall be as one;
When rich and poor, and vile and just,
Shall mingle in one common dust.

On John Stewart, at Inverness, Scotland:

Ask thou, who lies within this place so narrow?
I'm here to-day, thou mayst be here to-morrow:
Dust must return to dust, our mother;
The soul returns to God, our Father.

On a hen-pecked country squire—by Burns:

As father Adam first was fooled,
  A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled,
  The devil ruled the woman.

On Queen Elizabeth, at Tavistock:

If ever royal virtue ever crowned a crown,
If ever mildness shined in majesty,
If ever honor honored true renown,
If ever princess put all princes down,
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity,
This, this was she, that in despite of death
Lives still, admired, adored Elizabeth.

On Mr. Stone:

Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me,
For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

On Judge Boat, England, 1723:

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge; yes; where's the blunder;
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No boat was better decked than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

On a scolding wife:

Here is my much loved Cælia laid
At rest from all her earthly labors;
Glory to God! peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbors.

On Stephen Remnant:

Here's a Remnant of life, and a Remnant of death,
Taken off both at once in a Remnant of breath.
To mortality this gives a happy release,
For what was the Remnant proves now the whole piece.

On Gervaise Aire:

Under this marble fair
Lies the body entombed of Gervaise Aire.
He died not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited by too much wit;
Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.

In a MS. in the British Museum on John Potter, archbishop of Canterbury, 1736:

Alack and well-a-day,
Potter himself has turned to clay.

On Rev. John Donne, D.D., St. Paul's, 1633:

Reader! I am to let thee know
Donne's body only lies below;
For could the grave his soul comprise
Earth would be richer than the skies.

On a fisherman in the churchyard of Hythe:

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
Till death came bawling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes,
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish or fisherman escapes
Death's all-enclosing net.

On Thomas Huddlestone:

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone—reader, don't smile,
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That death, who killed him, in a very short while,
Will huddle a stone upon you.

On Merideth, an organist at St. Mary Winton College, Oxford:

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

On the Rev. George Briggs, at Wallesey, 1814:

Led to religion's bright and cheering ray
He taught the way to heaven, and went that way;
And while he held the Christian life in view,
He was himself the Christian that he drew.

GREAT PATIENCE AND EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

"Have you any limb-horn bonnets?" inquired a modest miss of a shop-keeper.

"Any what?"

"Any limb-horn bonnets?"

"Any—don't you mean leg-horn?"

The young lady was brought to by the proper restorative.

The politest gentleman we ever heard of was a person who, on passing a sitting hen, said, apologetically, "Don't rise, madam."

There is a gentleman in Glasgow (Scotland) so polite that he begs his own pardon every time he tumbles down. Being good-natured, he always grants it.

The young lady who swooned on hearing it anounced that a naked fact would be disclosed, came to on receiving positive assurance that it would be clothed in becoming language.

A young lady fainted at the dinner-table the other day, on hearing a gallant sea captain remark to a lady beside him, that he had often been rocked on the bosom of the ocean.

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sank. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record, in modern times, is that of an Illinois judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate, or wait for suthin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of the medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

HINTS, BROAD.

A gentleman dining at a hotel where servants were few and far between, despatched a lad among them for a cut of beef. After a long time the lad returned, and, placing it before the hungry gentleman, was asked, "Are you the lad who took my plate for this beef?"—"Yes, sir."—"Bless me," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hallo, Mike! what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any time piece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

A Dutchman carried two mugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and being asked the meaning of it, replied:

"Dis vor te millch, an' dis vor te vater, an' I vill mix tem zo as to zoote myzelf."

While passing a house in Virginia, two strangers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracted their attention; they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all fools that pass this road."

A gentleman was lodged in a bed, one night, that resembled Pekin in being more populous than comfortable, and he remarked in the morning that he never knew before what was meant by "live geese feathers."

"Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

A German shoemaker in Utica, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the article: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out."

"If you touch my dog, you touch me," said a pert young man to a lady. "Sir, I know very well that if I touch you, I touch a dog."

An Albany damsel asked one of her fellow-boarders, a stylish dry-goods clerk, at the breakfast table, "Why is your moustache like my back hair?" He blushingly gave it up. Then the answer caused him to blush still more: "Because it's all down!"

John G. Saxe, at a hotel out West, undertook to carve a piece of beef which was so tough that the carving-knife made little impression upon it. The poet laid down the knife and fork, glanced around and spoke:—"Gentlemen," said he, "that's an infringement on Goodyear's patent."

HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

If anything more were wanted to give us an idea of Roman magnificence, we would turn our eyes from public monuments, demoralizing games, and grand processions; we would forget the statues in brass and marble, which out-numbered the living inhabitants, so numerous that one hundred thousand have been recovered and still embellish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life—to those things which attest luxury and taste—to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living and rich furniture. The art of using metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day.

In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in cookery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet-rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banqueting tables, lamps, chariots, colored glass, gildings, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga root and Delian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in the great exhibition at London. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered a genuine sardonix; brass could be hardened so as to cut stone.

The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. Perfumes and flowers were showered from ivory ceilings. The halls of Heliogabalus were hung with cloth of gold, enriched with jewels. His beds were silver and his tables of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture of his bedroom. A banquet dish of Disillus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels, when she paid visits, valued at $800,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple.

The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from golden plate, drank from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and the seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups, cups from Bithynia, marbles from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious or curious in the most distant countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceed belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes.

We will endeavor to explain the usual interior arrangement of the houses of Pompeii, and it is believed that the houses in Rome were built on essentially the same plan.

The street door opens upon the vestibule, which consists of one or more not very commodious apartments. Opposite the street door a door opens into the atrium, or court, which is the chief living room, and generally contains more, and more sumptuous articles of ornament than any other apartment, having, in the better houses, a mosaic pavement and painted walls. The atrium is roofed, with an opening in the centre, toward which the roof is inclined on all sides. Under the opening is a tank for the reception of water from the sky, and here there is often a fountain fed by water pipes from the public aqueduct. Behind the atrium is the tablinum, designed as a repository for the family archives, statues, portraits, and ancestral relics. Opening on either side of the atrium are smaller apartments. Behind the tablinum is the peristyle, surrounded by porticos that rest on rows of equidistant columns, and generally ornamented by statues, vases, and other works of art. The peristyle, like the atrium, has an opening in the roof, with a tank, or, it may be, a fountain beneath it; and this is the garden of the house, planted with trees, shrubbery, and flowers.

From the peristyle open the lodging rooms, and the eating-room or triclinium, so-called from the three couches which were placed on three sides of the low table, the fourth side being left open for the removal of the dishes. The lodging-rooms are mere kennels, just large enough for a couch, with no space for any other furniture, and with no light except from the peristyle—an arrangement which indicates that the toilette must have been made elsewhere—by the men, probably at the public baths. The triclinium is spacious, and, in the richer houses, very highly ornamented. In addition to these apartments there are various store-rooms, bath-rooms, sometimes a library, sometimes a chapel for the Lares and the Penates, sometimes saloons designed for festive or other purposes. In the less sumptuous houses the atrium serves as the kitchen, the cooking being performed over braziers or stoves. In houses of a better sort the kitchen is a separate apartment in the rear of all the others. In very large houses there is a second peristyle, with guest chambers opening from it.

Such is the general construction of the Pompeiian houses, of course with many deviations from the plan, and, in the richer dwellings, with additional apartments for various purposes of convenience and luxury.

Most of the houses give evidence of but one story, though in some of them there are traces of staircases, both within and without the walls of the house. Moreover, we have reason to believe that in Rome the second story was always of wood, and if this was the case in Pompeii, there may have been an indefinite number of second stories that have left no vestige of their existence. As most of the light for the house was received from above, it is probable that the second story, where it existed, did not wholly cover the first. There were often gardens occupying a part of the roof. On the lower story there were seldom, if ever, windows opening upon the street; but there is ground for supposing that there were outside windows in the walls of the second story apartments. Panes of glass, even framed windows, have been found in Pompeii, but it is hardly probable that they were in general use. Chimneys are seen in connection with bath rooms and bake houses, but none in private dwellings.

There are traces, in a few instances, of the conducting of heat by pipes from the bath-room to the triclinium and other private apartments; but probably braziers were used for the most part on the few days in the year when artificial heat was needed for comfort. The smoke from the culinary apparatus, if in the atrium, had its easy escape into the open air; or, if in a separate apartment, it was suffered to find its own way through doors and windows. The chimney furnishes by no means the only instance in which an invention of extended capacity of usefulness has been, for a long time, limited to the specific purpose to which it chanced to be first applied.

The Pompeiian house enables us to obtain, in many respects, a clear comprehension of its inmates. The ideas embodied in that most complex and blessed of words, home, can have had no place in such dwellings. There was nothing that could have served the purpose of a family apartment. The atrium made the nearest approach to it, but that was public, a common passage way, and the place for a great deal of the household work. Moreover, the rain water cistern in the centre must have been a disassociating institution, and the smoke, when the cooking took place there, still more so. Life must have been passed chiefly out of doors, and the places of public amusement that have been already discovered would have seated the whole population twice over. Retirement must have been as alien from the habits of the people as domesticity; and we can hardly conceive of the more delicate tracery of character and the amenities of life, as existing without the opportunity for both.

While we find in Pompeii numerous tokens of the refinements of self-indulgent luxury, the moral character of the inhabitants must have been coarse and sensual. There were discovered not a few works of high art, especially in carving and statuary—the subjects being generally the commonplaces of the Greek and Roman mythology; but the paintings on the walls are, for the most part, voluptuous scenes, and some, which must have been perpetually before the eyes of whole families, are such as would be now tolerated only in the acknowledged haunts of profligacy.

NINEVEH was 15 miles long, 8 miles wide and 40 miles in circumference, and was enclosed by a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, and had 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 108. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens, and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphi was so rich in donations that it was plundered of 500,000 dollars, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

DAMASCUS is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"a predestined capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Strait, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did three thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass and the water-wheel: the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy these with the multitudes of their waters."

The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height and was afraid to enter, because it was given to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world, is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, or damascene, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called the damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous, the world over, for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the arts into Persia; and the beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic, engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, swords, guns and bureaus are ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers, and bright waters; the "rivers of Damascus," the "streams from Lebanon," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian Gardone."

The early history of Damascus is shrouded in the hoary mists of antiquity. Leave the matters written of it in the first eleven chapters of the Old Testament out, and no recorded event had occurred in the whole to show that Damascus was in existence to receive it. Go back as far as you will into the vague past, there was always a Damascus. In the writings of every country for more than four thousand years, its name has been mentioned and its praises sung. To Damascus years are only moments: decades, only flitting trifles of time. She measures time not by days and months, but by the empires she has seen rise and prosper, crumble to ruin. She is a type of immortality. She saw the foundation of Baalbec, and Thebes and Ephesus laid; she saw them grow into mighty cities, and amaze the world with their grandeur, and she has lived to see them desolate, deserted, and given to the owls and the bats. She saw the Israelitish empire exalted, and she saw it annihilated. She saw Greece rise and flourish for two thousand years, and die. In her old age she saw Rome built; she saw it overshadow the world with its power; she saw it perish. The few hundred years of Genoese and Venetian might and splendor were, to grave old Damascus, only a scintillation hardly worth remembering. Damascus has seen all that has occurred on earth and still lives. She has looked upon the dry bones of a thousand empires, and she will live to see the tomb of a thousand more before she dies. Though another claims the name, old Damascus is, by right, the Eternal City.

THE oldest republic on earth is surrounded by monarchies and anarchies, and has preserved its existence for upwards of fourteen centuries. It is known as San Marino, and is located in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of the State is only forty miles in circumference; its population less than two thousand. It was founded in the fifth century, on moral principles, industry and equity, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Napoleon Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain regent, chosen every six months, by the representatives of the people (forty-six in number), who are also chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light; the farmhouses are neat; the fields well cultivated; and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty—the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.

THERE is something in the vety mention of the names of Tyre and Sidon which seems to surround these cities with a peculiar and melancholy interest.

Tyre and Sidon are very frequently referred to in the sacred writings. They were among the oldest colonies or cities of antiquity. They were in Phœnicia, which formerly made part of Syria, and were situated on the eastern margin of the Mediterranean. Syria, at one period, included part of Palestine; and the country or district of Phœnicia also extended so far south as to comprehend a portion of territory, afterwards called Palestine. Or, to be more particular, Syria is on the north, Phœnicia south of it, and Palestine still more south. Soon after the dispersion of mankind, in the second or third century from the deluge, or soon after Nineveh and Babylon were built, the descendants of Ham went south into Phœnicia and Palestine, into Arabia, Egypt and Abyssinia. Sidon was distinguished, among other inventions and manufactures, for that of glass. Sadia is the present name of that place.

Tyre was built after Sidon, and a colony from it. But it soon became the most populous and enterprising. Sidon is said by Moses to be the oldest son of Canaan, who was the son of Ham. When the Jews settled in Palestine, after their deliverance from Egypt under Moses, Sidon was a great city, and probably the most ancient in all Syria. This was about 1500 years before our era, and consequently upward of 850 years after the deluge in the time of Noah. The citizens of Tyre and Sidon early engaged in navigation and commerce. They sent out a colony to Carthage, on the northern coast of Africa; and in the interior of Asia Minor, and even on the shores of Europe. About the year 1000, or 800 before the Christian era, Tyre became the largest and most enterprising of the two cities; and therefore, probably, is mentioned first by the inspired prophets.

It is evident they were places of great wealth in the times of some of the prophets; and that wealth engendered luxury, dissipation and licentiousness, for all which they were declared to be liable to the righteous judgment of God; and it was predicted that they should become diminished and desolate. The prophecy has been most wonderfully accomplished; especially in Tyre. The city was originally built on the continent; but when besieged by the Assyrians, the inhabitants went to an island in the vicinity; and several centuries after Alexander converted it into a peninsula.

VENICE is built upon seventy-two islands. The main part of the city is built upon forty-two islands in a cluster; and there are thirty others upon which various public and private institutions are built. The houses are very high, and most of the canals narrow, so that, viewing the city from any lofty position, it looks as if the principal part was built upon a single island. The Grand Canal is, as its name implies, very broad, and has a winding course through the city. Numerous smaller canals run into it. These canals are bridged over, so that foot passengers can travel from one part of Venice to the other. There is no such thing as a carriage in the city, and even travelling about on horseback is not to be thought of. The travel from one part of the city to the other on foot, is through narrow passages between lofty houses. All travel, otherwise than on shanks' mare, is done by gondolas, which are light boats, sharp at both ends, and with a place amidship for passengers. They are painted black, according to the ancient law. They have in the centre either an awning or a cabin covered with black; and when one sees one of these sombre-looking things moving slowly and quietly, it reminds him of a funeral. In ancient times the nobles vied with each other in the magnificence of their gondolas, till it reached such an extent that the government was obliged to put a stop to it. These gondolas are propelled by one or two oarsmen, who always work standing up, facing forward, and never use more than one oar each. It is wonderful with what skill a man will manage these boats with a single oar. They are a very cheap mode of conveyance, and can be hired for a whole day for one dollar, each boat carrying three or four persons. There are what they call omnibus-gondolas, propelled by four or five men, and these run to the different parts of the city. Going about in gondolas is the most comfortable mode of sight-seeing that we have yet enjoyed. Before the different palaces, and other buildings, are numerous upright posts in the canal, which are for the purpose of securing the gondolas. In ancient noble families each individual possessed his own gondola. At all the principal landings is always an old man, who makes a show of holding the gondola while you get out, and for which he receives a fee of one cent.

All the cities of China are surrounded by high, strong walls, whose massive proportions a stranger has no idea of until he sees them. The walls surrounding the city of Pekin are from 22 to 25 miles in length, and on an average 50 feet high. This wall is 60 feet thick at the bottom, and 54 at the top, and once in every few yards there are immense buttresses to give it still greater strength. At every fifth buttress the wall for the space of 126 feet in length, is 256 feet in thickness. In several places the foundation of this wall is of marble, and when the ground is uneven, immense quantities of cement, as durable nearly as granite, and about as hard, have been used to level up the ground. The main body of this wall is made of bricks, each 20 inches long, 10 inches wide and 5 inches thick. These bricks are burned very hard, and have precisely the appearance of stone.

On the inside of this wall, as well as on others in other cities, there are esplanades or stairways, with gates to them for ascending them. And over all the gateways there are immense towers, as large as great churches, and much higher, constructed of these great burnt bricks. On the top of this immense wall there is a railing both on the outside and inside, coming up to a man's waist, which railing itself is a wall, thus giving a sense of security to a person walking on the top. The outside railing is made into turrets, for the use of cannon, in case of attack. The entire top of the wall is covered with strong burned brick, 20 inches square, resembling the flagging of our sidewalks in large cities, only, as I have said, these walks are 54 feet wide.

There is no way of getting into the city, only to go through this immense wall. And wherever there is a gate for the purpose of getting through, there is another wall built inclosing a square space, compelling all persons who go into the city to go through two walls, by passages at right angles to each other. The walls are so immensely thick, that these passages through them, arched over with cut stone, remind one exactly of our railroad tunnels in the United States. At each of these great archways there is an enormous gate made of strong timbers, everywhere as much as 10 inches thick, and covered on both sides with plates of iron, like the sides of our war ships. These gates are shut early in the evening, generally before sundown, and are not allowed to be opened during the night for any purpose. They are fastened on the inside by means of strong beams of timber.

"HEBRON," or the friend, is a city of Judah, situated among the mountains, twenty Roman miles south of Jerusalem, and the same distance north of Beersheba. Hebron is one of the most ancient cities in the world still existing, and in this respect it was the rival of Damascus. It was built, says a sacred writer, seven years before Zoan in Egypt. But when was Zoan built? It is well we can prove the high antiquity of Hebron independently of Egypt's mystic annals. It was a well known town when Abraham entered Canaan, 3780 years ago. Its original name was Kirjath-Arba.

THE seven ancient wonders were:

1. The Brass Colossus at Rhodes, 121 feet in height, built by Ceres, A. D. 268, occupying 20 years in making. It stood across the harbor at Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass.

2. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen, was 50 years in building, and has now stood at least 3000 years.

3. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the Censor.

4. The Labyrinth of Psalmetichus on the banks of the Nile, containing within one enclosure 1000 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods.

5. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 172 before Christ. It was erected as a lighthouse, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen nearly 100 miles off. Mirrors of an enormous size were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in the same place.

6. The walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness.

7. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was 450 feet long, 200 broad, and was supported by 123 marble pillars.

PROFESSIONS exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators, or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 are soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors.

Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others die the soonest.

There are 336,000,000 Christians; 5,000,000 Israelites; 60,000,000 Asiatic religionists; 160,000,000 Mohammedans; 300,000,000 Pagans. In Christian churches, 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic, 75,000,000 profess the Greek faith, and 80,000,000 profess the Protestant.

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3000: 587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 277 in Africa, and 1266 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to that of women. Life's average is 28 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years; one-half before reaching 17; and those who pass the latter age enjoy a facility refused to one half the human species. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of age; to every 100, only six reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year; 91,334 every day; 3780 every hour; 60 every minute, or one every second. The losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single; and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 1000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes ; that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

THE following account of a piece of mechanism is taken from a Persian manuscript called "The History of Jerusalem." It purports to be a description of the throne of King Solomon, and if the details are correctly given, it undoubtedly surpasses any piece of mechanism produced in modern times. The sides of it were pure gold, the feet of emerald and rubies, intermixed with pearls, each of which was as large as an ostrich's egg. The throne had seven steps, on each side were delineated orchards full of trees, the branches of which were of precious stones, representing fruit, ripe and unripe. On the tops of trees were to be seen figures of plumage birds, particularly the peacock, the staub, and the kurges. All these birds were hollowed within artificially, so as to occasionally utter a thousand melodious sounds, such as the ears of mortals never heard. On the first was delineated vine branches having bunches of grapes, composed of various sorts of precious stones, fashioned in such a manner as to represent the various colors of purple, violet, green, and red, so as to render the appearance of real fruit. On the second step, on each side of the throne, were two lions of terrible aspect, large as life, and formed of cast gold. The nature of this remarkable throne was such that when Solomon placed his foot on the first step the birds spread forth their wings and made a fluttering noise in the air. On his touching the second step the lions expanded their claws. On his reaching the third step the whole assemblage of demons and fairies and men repeated the praise of the Deity. When he arrived at the fourth step voices were heard addressing him in the following manner: "Son of David, be thankful for the blessings which the Almighty has bestowed upon you." The same was repeated on reaching the fifth step. On his touching the sixth all the children of Israel joined them ; and on his arrival at the seventh all the birds and animals became in motion, and ceased not until he had placed himself in the royal seat, when the birds, lions, and other animals, by secret springs, discharged a shower of the most precious perfumes on Solomon, after which two of the kurges descended and placed a golden crown upon his head. Before the throne was a column of burnished gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a volume bound in silver. In this book were written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented the book to the king, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related that on the approach of a wicked person to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring, and to lash their tails with violence. The birds also began to bristle up their feathers, and the assembly, also, of demons and genii, to utter horrid cries ; for fear of them no one dared be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David.

ACCORDING to the computation of Villapandus, the talents of gold, silver, and brass used in the construction of the temple amounted to 6,879.822,500*l*. The jewels are reckoned to have exceeded this sum ; but, for the sake of an estimate, let their value be set down at the same amount. The vessels of gold (vasa aurea) consecrated to the use of the temple are reckoned by Josephus at 140,000 talents, which, according to Capel's reduction, are equal to 545,296,203*l*. The vessels of silver (vasa argentea) are computed at 1,340,000 talents, or 489,344,000*l*. The silk vestments of the priests cost 10,000*l*. ; the purple vestments of the singers 2,000,000*l*. The trumpets amounted to 200,000*l*. ; other musical instruments to 40,000*l*. To these expenses must be added those of the other materials, the timber and stone, and of the labor employed upon them; the labor being divided thus: There were 10,000 men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber (silvicidæ); there were 70,000 bearers of burdens (rectores); 20,000 hewers of stone (lapicidinæ); and 36,300 overseers (episcopoi), all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages and diet, Solomon bestowed 6,733,977*l.* (donum Solomonis). If the daily food and wages of each man may be estimated at 4*s.* 6*d.*, the sum total will be 93,877,088*l.* The costly stone and timber, in the rough, may be set down as at least equal to one-third of the gold, or about 2,545,296,000*l.* The several estimates will then amount to 17,442,442,268*l.*, or $77,521,965,636.

ONE of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century pestilence, slavery and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and, before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.

THERE have been more rebellions in Scotland than in any other country; and the rebellions have been very sanguinary as well as very numerous. The Scotch have made war upon most of their kings, and put to death many. To mention their treatment of a single dynasty; they murdered James I. and James III. They rebelled against James II. and James VII. They laid hold of James V., and placed him in confinement. Mary they immured in a castle and afterwards deposed. Her successor, James VI., they imprisoned; they led him captive about the country, and on one occasion, attempted his life. Towards Charles I. they showed the greatest animosity, and they were the first to restrain his mad career. Three years before the English ventured to rise against that despotic prince, the Scotch boldly took up arms and made war on him. The service which they rendered to the cause of liberty it would be hard to overrate; but the singular part of the transaction was, that having afterwards got possession of the person of Charles they sold him to the English for a large sum of money, of which they, being very poor, had pressing need. Such a sale is unparalleled in history, and although the Scotch might have plausibly alleged that this was the only gain they had derived, or ever could derive, from the existence of their hereditary prince, still the event is one which stands alone; it was unprecedented; it has never been imitated; and its occurrence is a striking symptom of the state of public opinion, and of the feelings of the country in which it was permitted.

LONDON extends at present over more than 120 square miles; contains 2600 miles of streets, flanked by 360,000 houses, a population of 3,500,000, and an assessed annual rental of 13,000,000*l.*

SCIENTIFIC writers assert that the number of persons who existed since the beginning of time amounts to 36,627,843,275,-075,845. These figures, when divided by 3,095,000 (the number of square leagues of land in the globe), leave 11,320,689,732 square miles of land on the globe, which, being divided as before, give 134,622,976 persons to each square mile. Let us now reduce miles to square rods, and the number will be 1,853,174,600,000, which being divided as before, will give 1283 inhabitants to each square rod; which being reduced to feet, will give about five persons to each square foot of *terra firma*. Thus it will be perceived that our earth is one vast cemetery; 1283 human beings lie buried on each square rod—scarcely sufficient for ten graves. Each grave must contain 128 persons. Thus it is easily seen that the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury its dead.

THE Roman empire, in the zenith of its glory, did not contain more than three million of square miles. The United States now covers more than this area, and is larger than Rome was when she was called the mistress of the world.

HYPOCHONDRIACS AND INSANE PERSONS.

I WAS consulted, says a distinguished physician, early one morning by a highly intelligent looking lady of rank, for "a very severe and peculiar affliction, existing," said she, "between the chest and stomach; a space which," as she gravely informed me, "was caused by the inroads of a large fly, originally."

"A large fly!" said I, abruptly, startled out of my usual caution of manner by the singularity of the assertion.

"Yes," said she, "a large fly! I am tormented day and night by this horrible invader of my peace. Listen to the account I shall lay before you; but before doing so, I must candidly inform you that I have consulted half the talent in your profession, but without avail; there is still the dreadful buzzing movement internally; and within the last three years, the one original fly has multiplied into no less than five others, and will shortly, I doubt not, destroy life."

"Here is a hypochondriac," thought I, and elicited from her the following:

Eight years before, she had come home after a long and hot walk in the heat of summer, and feeling very thirsty, had availed herself of a goblet of water standing on her sideboard, and swallowed the contents, not perceiving in her eagerness a large common fly, which was alive in the tumbler; that ever since that unfortunate morning her agonies had been unceasing; and that she now felt as if there were five instead of one, and must either be cured, or she should certainly take poison!

I prescribed a spider enclosed in a capsule, to devour the flies; the lady felt them all successively swallowed, and then a powerful drug destroyed the spider in turn!

HORACE MANN used to tell a story of a conversation he once had with an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Worcester, Mass., whose peculiar mania resulted from an inordinate development of the bump of self-esteem. "What's the news, sir? Has anything unusual happened of late, sir?" inquired he with a consequential air.

Mr. M. happening to recollect that a furious storm had occurred a few days previous, gave him some account of it, mentioning that on the sea-coast it was very severe, several vessels having been driven ashore, with the loss of many lives.

"Can you remember, sir, what night in the week all that happened?" eagerly inquired the listener.

Mr. Mann said he believed it was the night of Tuesday.

"Ah!" said the lunatic, with an air of solemnity mingled with triumph, and lowering his voice to a whisper, "I can account for it, sir! That was the night when I whistled so!"

OLD Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, used to relate a singular case of monomania in a patient in the Philadelphia hospital. He took it into his head that he was a painter, and resolutely refused for a long time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The doctor one day entered his apartment, and found him sketching on a slip of paper a really beautiful rose; for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the art pictorial, and was very proud of the accomplishment.

One day a thought struck Dr. Rush that he would surprise him into voice by dispraising his labors, and he resolved to try.

"You are painting a very handsome cabbage there, my friend," he observed to the maniac.

"Cabbage!—good gracious, old gentleman! does that look like a cabbage?

Why, sir, you are a fool! That's a rose, and it is a good one, too!"

It was not long before the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken, and he returned home.

WHILE one of the patients of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, who was formerly a doctor, was taking his accustomed stroll for air and exercise, he was attracted to a house not far from the asylum by the cries of a young girl, who, in climbing over a fence, had fallen and broken her arm. On entering the door he ascertained that the poor, decrepid, bedridden mother and the unfortunate girl, whose labor was the only support of the two, were the only occupants. A boy had been sent for a physician or surgeon. The doctor could not witness the young girl's distress, so he instantly went to work and set and splinted the broken limb. The old lady with tears of joy and gratitude, exclaimed, "Doctor, what's to pay?"—"O, nothing," he replied; "I am amply repaid in the satisfaction this opportunity has afforded me to relieve your daughter's distress."—"Thank you, dear doctor, and God bless you! But when the doctor we have sent for arrives, who shall we say set the arm—what name and address, doctor?"—"Tell him," said our doctor, "that a patient from the New York State Lunatic Asylum did it."

AN English gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water—those slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have a curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and grey hounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year; but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes; I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too?"

"A very great deal; and I have birds for hawking."

"I see; birds for hunting birds. And these swell up the expense, I dare say?"

"You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then, I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever."

"And these are very expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money; there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you! Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend (in an earnest whisper), there is a gate behind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but, as sure as you are a living man, he will drown you."

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmates of the asylum.

A LADY was one evening sitting in her drawing-room alone, when the only inmate of the house, a brother who had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving-knife in his hand, and shutting the door, came up to her and said: "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think yours might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing no token of a jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, with a street in front; but a moment satisfied her that safety did not lie that way. So, putting on a smiling countenance, she said, with the greatest apparent cordiality: "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet that I have got? I will just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor, and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave the alarm and returned, when the madman was secured.

IN the lunatic asylum at Utica, says the Opal published there, Miss Dix passed through, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, made one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

Girl. "Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?"

Lady. "That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist."

Girl. "What is a philanthropist, please?"

Lady. "Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men."

Girl. "Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?"

YEARS ago there lived an old fellow, apparently crazy, though still always ready with an answer, a sort of a travelling beggar. He was going his rounds one day, bedecked with many colored gewgaws and finery, when he was accosted by a Mr. Brown with—

"Holloa, Grimes, what artillery do you belong to?"

He replied, "The artillery of heaven, and there isn't a Brown on the roll!"

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor inmates, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and, resting upon a large stick, exclaimed:—"Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, he replied:—"I am a double man; I am a Man by name and a man by nature."—"Are you so?" rejoined the other; "why I am a man beside myself—so we two will fight you two."

SAID a crazy woman of a penurious, stingy man, "Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a humming bird's quill into a mosquito's eye and the mosquito wouldn't wink!"

THERE is a deal of sound sense at times in the remarks of insane persons. At the South Boston Asylum a patient was asked if he was fond of riding on horseback.

"No, sir, I ride a hobby."

"There is not much difference between the two," carelessly remarked a gentleman.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the patient, "and it is this:—If you ride a horse, you can stop him and get off, but when you mount a hobby, you can't stop and you can't get off."

"WELL, I suppose you have been out to Texas—did you see anything of our friend?"—"Yes, gone deranged."—"Gone deranged! how? what does he do? real crazy?"—"Yes indeed, he doesn't know his own hogs from his neighbor's."

A MAN who was apparently more of a wit than a madman, but who, notwithstanding, was confined in a mad house, being asked how he came there, answered: "Merely by a dispute of words. I said that all men were mad, and all men said that I was mad, and the majority carried the point."

OLD John B. was a hypochondriac, and one of his chimeras was that he was a glass vessel. One day, as he was about taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, suddenly jerked his chair away, and he fell very heavily to the floor.

"There!" cried she, triumphantly, "that goes to prove what I always said. You're no more made of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

When the Earl of Bradford was brought before Lord Chancellor Loughborough to be examined upon a charge of lunacy which had been brought against him, he was asked:—"How many legs has a sheep?"—"Does your lordship mean a live or a dead sheep?" inquired the earl. "Is it not the same thing?" asked the chancellor. "No, my lord," returned the earl. "There is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs—a dead one only two. There are but two legs of mutton; the fore-legs are shoulders."

It is said that once, when Robert Hall was confined in an insane hospital, while suffering under an attack of insanity, a visitor, in passing through one of the wards, asked him what brought him there.

"What never will bring you," was Hall's prompt reply; "too much brain."

As a late professor was one day walking near Aberdeen, he met a well-known "natural."

"Pray," said the professor, "how long can a man live without brains?"

"I dinna ken," said Jemmy, scratching his head; "but how old are ye yersel'?"

"**What** are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously picking the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," replied the crazy man.

IMPROMPTUS.

Mrs. Hannah Moore was reproved by a gentleman for taking snuff. He observed "he had never heard one good reason in favor of the practice." She replied "she could give him half a dozen," and immediately repeated the following impromptu:

You say six reasons are enough,
To justify my taking snuff:
First, you'll allow in every nation,
The predjudice of education;
The fashion, too, you must confess,
Weighs with the ladies more or less.
When to dull company confined,
It serves to amuse the vacant mind;
It next affords us some protection
Against the dangers of infection.;
And though it may not suit your case,
It shows a hand, an arm, a grace;
And if you'll have another still,
What think you of a woman's will?

William Wirt, the eloquent and distinguished advocate, in the trial of a case, stated a legal proposition, the soundness of which was doubted by his opponent, who asked him for his authority—to cite a precedent, and name a book and page. Mr. Wirt turned upon the questioner, and instantly replied in his most gorgeous manner: "Sir, I am not bound to grope my way among the ruins of antiquity to stumble over obsolete statutes, and delve in black-letter lore in search of a principle written in living letters upon the heart of every man."

Perhaps the happiest and most elegant impromptu ever uttered was the following by Dr. Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," when walking in his garden with ladies, one of whom he afterwards married. On being called away by his servant to speak to a parishioner on some pressing business, he was very unwilling to leave the ladies, and on being almost driven into the house by their gentle violence, he thus addressed them:

Thus Adam once at God's command was driven
From Paradise by angels sent from heaven,
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Dr. Johnson's definition of a note of admiration (!):

I see, I see, I know not what;
I see a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect point of admiration!

Ben Jonson's wit never failed him. Invited to dine at Falcon Tavern, where he was already deeply in debt, the landlord promised to wipe out the score, if he would tell him what God, and the devil, and the world, and the landlord himself, would be best pleased with. To which the ready poet at once replied:

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;
The world is best pleased when thou dost sell good
wine;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

Here is a fifty-year-old *jeu d'esprit* that is quite as good as new. A rich old gentleman of the name of Gould married a girl not yet out of her teens. After the wedding he wrote the following couplet to inform a friend of the happy event:

You see, my dear Doctor,
Though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen,
Falls in love with old Gould.

To which the Doctor replied:

A girl of nineteen,
May love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir,
It is gold without "u!"

A lady residing in New England, who had a number of female servants in her family, and to each of whom she, on one occasion, gave a pair of cast-off shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantle the next morning:

How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow path to choose,
When all the maids within her house
Are walking in her shoes.

Baron Grimm had a ghostly sallowness of complexion, but painted when he went into company. Horace Walpole met him somewhere in Paris, and observed to an English gentleman that in his rouge—

He looked so Grimm
His very shadow durst not follow him.

The common phrase "give the devil his due" was turned very wittily by a member of the bar in North Carolina on three of his legal brethren. The trial of a case, Hillman, Dews, and Swain (the two first named distinguished lawyers, the last also a celebrated lawyer, and president of the university of that State), handed James Dodge, the clerk of the supreme court, the following epitaph:

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,
And never dodged an evil:
And after dodging all he could,
He could not dodge the devil.

Mr. Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the annexed impromptu reply, which we consider equal to anything ever expressed in the best days of Queens Ann or Bess:

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,
Their lot let no man choose,
They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the devil got his dues (Dews).

Tivon, the celebrated French academician, was walking homewards from Notre Dame, when he was accosted by a blind man, who asked him for charity. He replied, in the language of St. Peter, "Silver and gold have I none; but of what I have I shall willingly give you part," and immediately took out his tablets and wrote upon them the following verse, which he pinned to the old man's coat:

You that enjoy the light of day,
Believe a wretched blind man, pray;
Unseen by me your alms let fall;
He sees them clear who sees us all;
And when his eyes remove all shade,
In sight of all you'll be repaid.

Mr. Fox, the celebrated English orator, was one day told by a lady, whom he visited, "that she did not care three skips of a louse for him." He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following lines:

A lady has told me, and in her own house,
That she cares not for me "three skips of a louse."
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what "runs in their head."

When Sir Walter Scott was a schoolboy, between ten and eleven years of age, his mother one morning saw him standing still in the street and looking at the sky in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm. She called to him repeatedly, but he did not seem to hear. At length he returned into the house and told his mother that if she would give him a pencil he would tell her why he looked at the sky. She acceded to his request, and in a few minutes he laid on her lap the following lines:

Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll;
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole;
It is the voice of God that bids them fly;
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere;
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear.

An Italian in his 110th year being asked the secret of his living so long, replied:

When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.

After Burke had finished that extraordinary speech against Hastings, a friend of the latter wrote the following impromptu:

Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
No venomous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stands revealed in nature's work—
She saved her venom to create a Burke.

The following is from the pen of a celebrated Irish wit. Lord E. declared in a large party that "a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail;" upon which Lady E. was presented with the following lines:

Lord E., at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife a "tin canister tied to one's tail;"
And fair Lady Anne while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? considered aright—
A canister's polished, and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

The children in a school at Springfield being called upon for impromptu compositions on the employment of their respective parents, a doctor's little daughter produced this:

There was a little girl,
And she was very sick;
She sent for my father,
And died very quick.

Some one in the presence of Dr. S. Johnson praising the following lines of Lopez de Vega:

Se acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermosa;
O el de filaco averguence,
O ella de ser mas furiosa,

more than he thought they deserved, the doctor instantly observed "that they were founded on a trivial conceit, and that conceit ill explained, and ill expressed beside. The lady, we all know, does not conquer in the same manner as the lion does. 'Tis a mere play of words," added he, "and you might as well say that

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

At one of the Holland-house Sunday dinner-parties, some time ago, Crockford's Club, then forming, was talked of; and the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was surely less ruinous than the rage for play among men.

"In short, you think," said Mr. Rogers, "that clubs are worse than diamonds."

This joke excited a laugh, and when it had subsided, Sydney Smith wrote the following impromptu sermonet—most appropriately on a card:

Thoughtless that all that's brightest fades,
Unmindful of that Knave of Spades,
The Sexton and his Subs:
How foolishly we play our parts,
Our wives on diamonds set their hearts,
We set our hearts on clubs!

A spindle-legged fop offensively boasting of his courage, a witty gentleman present perpetrated the following impromptu on him:

Sir, that you're brave you need not swear,
The reason why I will disclose;
A coward heart would take more care
Than trust itself to legs like those.

INEBRIATES.

George D. Prentice had been a constant drinker for forty years. For ten years he had been an excessively hard drinker. Here is a temperance lecture by him, and worthy of him:

"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom, and beats low in the veins; when the spirit which, apparently, knows no waking, sleeps in its house of clay, and the windows are shut, the doors hung in the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds be. This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we wish none of it. What shall raise the spirit? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses through all the myriad-thronged halls of life?

What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with his old awakening gladness, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant—the most intoxicating of all, and performs all these miracles, and is a miracle itself, and is not at the drug store whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things, but still they ask for stimulant.

"Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpse rises. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and an unnatural stimulant only leaves the house it filled with the wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted.

"There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man, into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing."

A COLORED inebriate was lying on a bench one evening, in his cell at the Central Station at Providence, when the officer made his rounds of inspection. Unable by the fitful gaslight to clearly discern the prisoner's features, the officer asked:—"Are you colored?"—"No," answered the enfranchised, drowsily, "I was born so."

WE believe we have got hold of an original anecdote that never was printed before. A student of one of our State colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room—contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

AN Irishman used to come home often drunk, and once, when he was watering his horse, his wife said to him:—"Now, Paddy, is not the baste an example to ye? don't you see he laves off when he has had enough, the craytur; he's the most sensible baste of the two."—"Oh, it's very well to discourse like that, Biddy," cried Paddy, "but if there was another horse at the other side of the trough to say:—'Here's your health, my ould boy!' would he stop till he drank the whole trough, think ye?"

DOCTOR FORDYCE sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient, when he was more than half-seas over, and conscious that he was so. Feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered:—"Drunk, certainly!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation of his behavior he should offer to the lady, a letter from her was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the enclosed (a hundred pound bank note)."

THE following horizontal musings of a loafing tippler deserve to be perpetuated. Hear him wail:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason tho's the same—it
Comes of our getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt leaves and me
I falls "more harder" and more frequentlee.

A STORY is told of a Dutch grocer who got badly bothered by an unprofitable customer. The Jeremy Diddler came in and called for half a dozen crackers, which were handed to him. He looked at the crackers, and finally said he believed he would have a glass of whiskey instead. The crackers were taken back, and the whiskey given him, which he drank, and started off. The grocer called him back and demanded payment for the drink. "Why," says the fellow, "I gave you the crackers." — "Well, then, pay for the crackers," said the dealer. "No, you can't demand pay for them, for I gave them back to you."—"I can't tell how it is," said the Dutchman, scratching his head, "but I don't want you to come here any more." He couldn't fathom the shrewd financiering of his customer, but he was very confident that he had lost by the transaction.

WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his bootjack, tries to cut kindling for his morning's fire with an ivory paper knife, takes a cold boiled potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his boots and hat, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

AN old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud-puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by:

"John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss ?"

"Why no, dad, the hoss kicked you."

"Reckon not, John. One or tother of us got badly hoisted. 'Taint me, John, for I'm here !"

A GENTLEMAN in an English town gave his man servant some whiskey to mix with the whiting in cleansing the windows of the house. He was surprised to see that the man never dipped the cloth in the whiskey, and accosted the delinquent sharply as to what had become of the spirits. The following reply was made:

"Ye see, yer honor, I drank it, but (suiting the action to the word) I blow my breath on the glass, and its a' the same."

AN old toper bet that he could, when blindfolded, tell each of several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whiskey, gin, and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him; he tasted it, paused, tasted it again, considered, and shook his head. He at last said:

"Gentlemen, I give it up; I am not used to that sort of liquor."

SOME constables in Maine entering a house on a liquor law search found a woman rocking a cradle. Not finding anything of the "critter" they sought for, one of them, more cunning than the rest, made a snatch at the cradle clothes, exclaiming, "sweet little baby—how much it looks like its father !"—and behold the little offspring turned out to be a keg of rum. What will the woman not do that loves ?

"How late is it, Tom ?"

"Look at boss and see if he's drunk, if he ain't it can't be much after eleven."

"Does he keep good time ?"

"Splendid ! They regulate the town clock by his nose."

"I UNDERSTAND," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker."

"That is downright slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink more easy."

A YOUNG fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared "he never was drunk, and never meant to be; for it always made him feel so bad the next morning."

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond; "but I love her still."—"Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is all you do love."

Jones went home drunk, and found his wife asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration he thought it would be policy to turn over lest his breath might betray him. But Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world said: "You needn't turn over, Jones, for you are drunk clear through!"

Mr. —— coming home late one night from "meeting," was met by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. ——, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"'Taint three—it's only one, I heard it strike; council always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr. ——, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. ——, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came round the corner, two or three times."

A tippler, who had his load on, "fetched up" against the side of a house which had been newly painted. Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, but exclaimed, "Well, that are a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for people to run against."

Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could lift it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first one that riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

"What's whiskey bringing?" inquired a dealer in the article.

"Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.

"Mr. ——, do you keep anything good to take, here?"

"Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no one thing that has done so much for navigation as that. And even as a beverage, it's capital, mixed with a little brandy."

An Irish drummer, who indulged too freely, was accosted by the general at review: "Pat, what makes your nose so red?"—"Plase your honor," said Pat, "I always blushes when I spakes to an officer."

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye, has returned it because it had a "wee drop in it."

There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale-house during divine service on Sunday, or any other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person, "set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."—"So I do," said the toper, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it."

"I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one. "Ah!" replied the veteran, "that is the way I began; but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

A Yankee editor says that he like to have died larfin', to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign for a pocket handkerchief.

A witness in a certain court being asked whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied:

"Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk, exactly, but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, and saying he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran around him."

A **person** named Porter being very drunk, a friend asked what he had been about. "Only turning a little Gin into Porter," replied he.

"I **always** think," said a Rev. guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!"—"O no, sir," replied mine host, "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

Speaking of the tendency of temperance orators to set forward themselves as previous examples of the blighting effects of drink, a correspondent of the Inverness Advertiser says:

"This prediction was smartly satirised the other evening at a temperance meeting. A person in the hall got up and said, 'My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. (Clapping of hands and approving cheers.) In a month afterwards, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a thing I never had before. (Clapping and loud cheers.) In another month, I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. (Cheers and clapping much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin.' The audience was going to cheer here, but stopped and looked serious. 'You wonder,' continued the lecturer, 'why I bought a coffin—well, my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one.'"

"**Will** you give me a glass of ale, if you please?" asked a rather seedyish-looking person, with an old well-brushed coat, and a most too shiny hat.

It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler.

"Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said:

"This is very fine ale—very. Whose is it?"

"It is Dawson's ale."

"Ah! Dawson's, eh? Well, give us another glass of it."

It was done; and holding it up to the light, and looking through it, the connoisseur said:

"'Pon my word, it is superb ale—superb! clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that. Give me a mug of it."

The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips the imbiber said:

"Whose ale did you say this was?"

"Dawson's," repeated the bar-tender.

The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciative gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went toward the door:

"Dawson's ale, is it? I know Dawson very well—I shall see him soon, and will settle with him for the glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew! Good-mawning!"

A **story** is told of an exhilarated gentleman who was found, in one of the small hours, standing stock still under a pouring rain in the middle of a public square, holding out his night-key as he earnestly peered into the enshrouding darkness.

"What do you mean, standing out here in such a storm?" queried the puzzled watchman.

"Why, don't you see," hiccoughed out the bewildered expectant, "that the square is revolving about us? I am waiting for my door to come round."

Old John Morris was a chronic toper. One day, while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and stopped at the corner of a fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes when the minister came along.

"Well, John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"Well, if I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere."

"I **think**," said an old toper, commenting upon the habits of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin', he ort to stop."

"Well, I think," said old Beeswax, drily, "he ought to stop before he reaches a pint."

The most ingenious plan ever adopted to get his toddy, is that adopted by a loafer in London, who manages to get drunk free of expense almost daily in the streets of that city by falling down in an apparent fit, with a small placard on his breast, "Don't bleed me, but give me a glass of hot brandy and water."

People become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of everybody, drinks away his own.

"**Ever** since you have taken to drinking, John, you're not more than half a man," said a temperance man to a loafing brother.

"Fact is, you mean I'm only a demi-John."

The following is a drunkard's will:

I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble and decrepid state, can sustain.

I leave my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring upon them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, low character, and a remembrance that their father was a monster.

A man in Orange county was found one night in a fulling mill, trying to climb the overshot wheel. When asked what he was doing, he said he was trying to get up to bed, but, somehow or other, the stairs wouldn't hold still.

"Do you drink hail in America?" asked an Englishman. "Hail! no," replied the Yankee, "but we drink thunder and lightning."

An Irishman once said to another:—"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?"

"Indade I have, and I am not ashamed of it, aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did, but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing wrong with my stomach."

"**Will** you take something?" said a teetotaller to his friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Well," said Frank, "let's take a walk."

"**What**, are you drunk again?"

"No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are smooth as a pane of glass."

A good joke is told of a clever saloon keeper, which is too full of genuine humor, "under pressing circumstances," to be lost. A short time since, a representative of the Green Isle stepped into the saloon of the person above alluded to, and, with a countenance full of inquiry, said:

"An' have you got any good rye whiskey?"

"Yes, very good, the best in town," said the saloon man.

"An' have you any half-pint bottles, my good man?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"An' will you please to fill one with your best rye whiskey for me?"

"Of course," said the obliging dealer.

After reaching for the required flask, and spending some time in cleansing it, he repaired to the cellar, drew half a pint of his best Bourbon, and presented it to the gentleman in waiting.

Pat took the bottle, raised it to his lips, swallowed about half of its contents, and then, after making an appropriate face over it, said in a very confidential tone:

"Will you please set this to one side till I call for it?"

The saloon keeper, "smelling a large-sized rat-trap full of small mice," carefully stowed away the half-filled bottle.

The fellow, as you no doubt imagine, never called for it; he took this novel way of obtaining a drink.

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet.

"Yes, sir," rejoined the valet with great innocence; "the butler and I carried him up about three o'clock."

"ONE swallow does not make a summer."—"Very true, but several swallows of liquor frequently make a fall."

SOME years ago there lived in the town of —— a son of Judge B., whom we will call Joe, who frequently imbibed more than he could comfortably carry. There also resided in the neighborhood a painter named W., who kept a saloon. Now W. was a great practical joker. On one occasion Joe came into W.'s saloon, and rather early in the morning got very much intoxicated, and finally fell asleep in his chair. Joe was very near sighted, and always wore specs. After he had slept for some time, W. took off his specs, blacked the glasses, put them back again, lighted the lamps, and then awoke Joe, telling him that it was almost 12 o'clock at night, and he wanted to shut up. Joe stared, and remarked that he had slept some time.

W. then said:—"Joe, it is very dark, and if you will bring it back again, I will lend you a lantern."

W. lighted a lantern, gave it to Joe, and helped him up stairs. Joe went off towards home (up the business street), in the middle of the day, with his lantern, everybody looking at him and wondering what was the matter.

IT was a solemnly funny joke of a *bon-vivant*, who said that there were only two occasions when a gentleman could drink brandy without a sacrifice of dignity and self-respect, namely: "when he has had salt fish for dinner, and when he hasn't."

A DRUNKARD, upon hearing that the world was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

"CAN'T change a dollar bill, eh? Well, I'm glad of that. I've had thirty-six drinks on it in three days, and it may stand a good deal of wear and tear yet!"

A MAN coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half-seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so, he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end, and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice:—"Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unravelling."

ONE of our Indiana regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole brigade in one of the battles in Mississippi. The Indianians, unable to withstand such great odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty yards, losing, to the utter mortification of the officers and men, their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private in the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the squad of rebels who had possession of the conquered flag, with his musket felled several to the ground, snatched the flag from them, and returned safely back to his regiment. The bold fellow was of course immediately surrounded by his jubilant comrades, and greatly praised for his gallantry. His captain appointed him to a sergeancy on the spot; but the hero cut everything short by the reply:—"Oh, never mind, captain!—say no more about it. I dropped my whiskey-flask among the rebels and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along."

WHEN you see a man on a moonlight night trying to convince his shadow that it is improper to follow a gentleman, you may be sure it is high time for him to join the temperance society.

"I HAVE gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor.

"So I supposed, as I saw you reeling towards home last night."

Many years ago Grant Thornburn was one day standing behind his counter in his little grocery in Broad street, New York, when a man entered, a little worse for liquor, and called for something to drink, saying at the same time that he had no money, but would pay to-morrow.

"My rule is never trust," remarked Mr. Thornburn.

"I will pay you for certain," exclaimed the stranger.

"There is no use in coaxing. I never break my rule," replied the imperturbable little Scotchman.

"Well, if you hain't willing ter trust me, here's a Bible for security," said the man, taking from his pocket a beautiful gilt-edged Bible.

"I take nothing for security but cash," replied Mr. Thornburn.

The man gazed at the diminutive form of the little trader through his bleared eyes for a moment in perfect astonishment, then, turning on his heel, he left, exclaiming—

"Well, you little dried up thing, if yer won't take my word, nor the word of God, yer may go to the devil."

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company with a few intimates one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife—since other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit; and proposed the following method: that some time when dead drunk she should be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and, after the box lid was properly secured, the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:

"Bless me! where am I?"

The outsider replied, in a sepulchral tone, "Madam, you are dead and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady again inquired:

"Where are you?"

"Oh! I am dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

At a village hotel in ——, there was a club of young fellows who delighted in "selling" one another. It was their custom when one was "sold" to have a trial, with all the forms of law, the accused pleading his own case; and if the party accusing succeeded in proving the sell, the accused had to pay for a supper for the whole party. One evening one of the party was on trial for a misdemeanor, but pleaded "not guilty." The accuser was called upon to state what he knew of the circumstance.

"Well," said he, "as I was going up to my room last night, about a quarter past twelve, I seen Jim about half-way up the stairs with a candlestick in which there was a lighted candle in one hand, while the left arm was lovingly clasped around the baluster. I went up to him, and asked, 'Jim, what is the matter with you?' He replied, holding the candle on a level with, and but a short distance from his eyes, gazing intently at it—'the matter with me? nothing the matter with me; but I am trying to think how the boy managed to get two candles in that candlestick!'"

Billy Larkins, who was what may be denominated a "spreeing character," once shook hands with General Jackson.

"And," says Billy, "I gub him a piece of advice the same time. Says I, 'Now, general, we've elected you, I hope you'll take good care of the constitution.' Says he, 'I'll try; and I hope you'll take good care of yours!'"

A GOOD anecdote is told of a man by the name of Bently, a confirmed drinker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph :—

"Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last ? You don't drink, ha !"

Now one would suppose that Bently would have acknowledged the corn ; not he. With the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly and in the most dignified manner, said :

"Gentlemen, my name is not Bently !"

"Now, mind you," whispered a servant girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks ; but, between you and I, the decanter don't keep full all day."

JONES had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four, "One—one—one—one !" hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order ; it has struck one four times."

AN Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about ?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whiskey, and she belaves I'll never pay her ; and faith, that's my belafe, too."

"OCH, I hope yer honor is a goin' to give me another drap of whiskey, seein' as it's meself that saved yer honor's house from turnin' to ashes intirely ?"

"How so, Pat ?"

"An' sure when it cotched afire, wasn't I the second one that hollered fire first ?"

MR. PULLUP, coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking slippery, and exclaims : "V-v-very singular, when water freezes, it allus f-r-freezes with the slippery side up ; singular !"

A SENIOR member of the western bar, of jocose memory, was met by an old grey-headed republican, who had been refreshing himself pretty well with "rye tea," and was thus accosted :

"Well, we are both getting grey."

"Yes," replied the counsellor, "and one of us has got a little blue."

A WITTY fellow, happening to step in a little ale-house one day, called for a glass of the refreshing beverage. After drinking it he said to the landlady, with the air of one who has some great secret to communicate : "Mrs. D., I can tell you how you can sell a great deal more ale than you do."—"How is that ?" she asked. "Don't sell so much froth," was the reply.

A DRUNKEN man having made too free with the bottle at a dinner-table in his neighborhood had the misfortune in returning home to fall from his horse ; some country fellows who saw the accident replaced him in his saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail ; in this situation old Dobbin conveyed him safely to his own door. His wife, seeing the condition he was in, exclaimed :—"My dear, you are wonderfully cut."—"Cut, indeed," said he, feeling before him with both hands, "'gad, I believe they have cut my poor horse's head off."

AFTER the battle of Perryville, when a squad of soldiers were caring for the dead and wounded, they came upon the body of a man, apparently a rebel, about which there was not the least sign of recognition.

"Do you know him ?" asked half a dozen of voices, as a member of the 10th Ohio arose from searching the body.

"Know him ?" replied the Emeralder, "I tell yez, boys, he's a gintleman at all events, for there's a bottle in his pocket."

A TAVERN keeper of Leigh, Lancashire, has inscribed over his door, instead of the usual pictorial notification, "My sign's in the cellar." A man who lives opposite says that folks who go into that cellar almost always bring out the signs thereof with 'em.

Mr. Harris "was never more s-s-sober in the whole course of his life," but when his friend Jones asked him to take a chair, he said he would "wait till one came round."

An anxious father had been lecturing his dissolute son, and after a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovered no signs of contrition, he exclaimed:

"What, no relenting emotion? not one penitent tear?"

"Ah, father!" replied the hardened hopeful, "you may as well leave off 'boring' me; you will obtain no water, I can assure you."

The Pekin Visitor says:—Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man attempting to walk on both sides of the street. By a skilful manœuvre we passed between him."

An old bachelor, who had unfortunately taken something a little stronger than pure spring water, was passing along one of the unfrequented streets of a large city, suddenly stopped before a restaurant, and cast his eyes at the establishment having a swinging sign upon which was written, "Families Supplied Here at the Shortest Notice with Oysters." The stranger, whose vision was somewhat bedimmed from the effects of his potations, failed to see the last two words, "with oysters," who, after reading the sign, was seized with an irresistible desire to enter the establishment, which he immediately did, when the following conversation took place:—"Good mor-mor-ning, this is a very f-i-n-e day," said the stranger as he entered. "Yes, sir," replied the bar man, "very fine; and what can we do for you?"—"Do f-o-r me; do f-o-r me?" drawled out the customer. "Yes, do for you," returned the attendant. "Oh, yes, I-I-understand you now. Well, you sup-supply families here?"—"Yes, sir," responded the man behind the counter. "That's very clev-clev-er in you, very clever, indeed. And you supply families, too, at the shor-shor-test notice; I suppose at the very shortest notice."—"That's exactly so; and pray, now, what will you take? and how will you have them?" returned the proprietor, rather impatiently. "Well," said the applicant, trying to assume an air of dignified sobriety, "I'll t-a-k-e immediately, if not sooner, one wife, and if you-you please, five chil-chil-dren—mostly boys and g-i-r-l-s."

Judge Ray, the temperance lecturer, made the following statement in one of his efforts in Ohio:

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, will at forty years of age be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whiskey for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose own experience disputes this, let him make it known; I will account for it or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose at this juncture, and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" inquired the judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drunk in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and a flask of whiskey, sat down to eat his humble meal by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking his bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water, and they were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread in the whiskey and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate it, became drunk, and floated helplessly in the water. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whiskey, but with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said:

"'Sambo, I understan's this case. Dat ar fish am what dey call a mullet-head; it aint got no brains.'

"In other words," added the judge, "alcohol affects only the brain; and of course those having none may drink without injury."

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

AN Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whiskey for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the agent did not credit the story, but the earnestness of the Indian and the urgency of the case overcame his scruples. He asked the Indian how much he wanted. "Four quarts," answered the Indian. "Four quarts," repeated the agent with much surprise, "as much as that?"—"Yes," replied the Indian, frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, "four quarts, snake very big."

"SAM," said a colonel to one of his men, "how can so good and brave a soldier as you get drunk so often?"—"Colonel," replied he, "can you expect all the virtues that adorn the human character for sixpence a day?"

AT a temperance meeting in Philadelphia some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink; demonstrating its use quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man rose, and asked leave to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had been long intemperate, was at length prevailed upon, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, struggling with his habit fearfully, till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add, "that young man was my son, and the clergyman was the Rev. Doctor who has just addressed the assembly."

WHILE Dr. Patton was dining in London with a number of the clergy, one of them remarked, after turning off his glass of wine, "I do not think I am called upon to give up my glass of wine, because some men, by using it to excess, make beasts of themselves." The doctor replied, "That he thought great injustice was done to the beasts by the comparison—that the quadrupeds might be taken in once by strong drink, but rarely the second time. It was left to intelligent men to follow up the habit until overtaken by destruction." He instanced the case of a goat whose habit was to follow his master to a beer shop, where he would sleep under the table while his master was drinking. On one occasion, either by fair or foul means, one of the waiters made the poor goat drunk on vile beer—but from that time he would, as usual, follow his master to the drinking house, but would never again be tempted to enter, but would wait the movement of his master outside the door.

A GENTLEMAN gave a friend some first-rate wine, which he tasted and drank, making no remark. The owner, disgusted at his want of appreciation, next offered some strong but inferior wine, which the guest had no sooner tasted than he exclaimed that it was excellent. "But you said nothing of the first," remarked his host. "Oh," replied the guest, "the first spoke for itself, the second needed a trumpeter."

THE finest idea of a thunder storm was when Wiggins came home tight. Now Wiggins was a teacher, and had drunk too much lemonade or something. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and then he tumbled over the cradle and fell whop on the floor, with a tremendous crash. After which he rose up and said: "Wife, are you hurt?"—"No."—"Daughters, are you hurt?"—"No."—"That was a terrible clap of thunder, wasn't it?"

A CLOSE-FISTED fellow, treating a friend to some old liquor, poured out a very small dose. The latter taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked rather skeptically:

"You say this is forty years old?"

"Yes," replied the host.

"Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is, that it is very small for its age."

A DRUNKEN man, while staggering homeward, fell in the street, and being unable to rise, soon fell into a doze. He was aroused by hearing the bells ringing for fire. "Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen," cried he; "well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it before."

MR. KENNY, the popular dramatist, in drinking a glass of wine inadvertently swallowed some small substance that was floating on the surface, which nearly choked him. A friend, seeing his distress, and anxious to proclaim to his companion the sad state of the case, exclaimed: "It is Cork—gone the wrong way."—"I don't know whether it is the wrong way to Cork," said a wag, who was present; "but it seems to be a very likely way to Kill-Kenny."

"I REQUIRE," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscot, "but three things to make me happy."—"What is the first?" inquired a searcher of wisdom. "Tobacco," was the reply. "What is the second?"—"Rum."—"Well, what is the third?"—"Why," said the philosopher, contemplatively, "a little more rum."

A RETIRED English sea captain, who had made the tour of continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed with his visit to Jerusalem. "Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

A GENTLEMAN, finding his servant intoxicated, said: "What, drunk again, Pat. I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again."—"No, your honor, same drunk, your honor, same drunk," replied Pat.

"I DON'T see why I should have the gout," growled one not long since, whom his physician had succeeded in limiting to fifteen drinks a day. "I am not a heavy drinker. I never take anything from the time I go to bed at night till I get up in the morning."

AN individual at the races was staggering about the track with more liquor than he could carry. "Hollo, what's the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated man had run against. "Why—hic—why, the fact is—hic—a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race today, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

A MAN who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the magistrate that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

WHEN intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance; a German to sing; a Spaniard to gamble; an Englishman to eat; an Italian to boast; a Russian to be affectionate; an Irishman to fight; and an American to make a speech.

"BACCHUS has drowned more men than Neptune." The meaning of this proverb appears to be this: That it is much safer to go over sea than to get seas over.

A TIPSY loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody aint stuck an advertisement on the moon."

A LADY once fainted in a railway car. A medical gentleman present, who went to her relief, exclaimed:

"Has any gentleman a flask of brandy?"

Over thirty pocket pistols flashed in the air at once.

SOME years ago, as four or five members of Congress, who were proverbial for their intemperate habits and dissolute lives, were sitting one bright moonlight evening before one of the principal hotels in Washington City, smoking their cigars and discussing the politics of the day, an individual, poorly clad, approached and stood before them, piteously imploring them for a trifle to procure a supper and a night's lodging. They all appeared indisposed to assist the man, who, though shabbily dressed, yet withal there was an unmistakeable air of dignity and easy grace about him which induced the last one of the party to whom he applied to inquire into the cause of his present abject and poverty-stricken appearance.

"My friend," said the Congressman, addressing the stranger, "you evidently appear, from your whole demeanor and manly bearing, to have been one who has seen better days."

So soon as these words were uttered, it was manifest to him that he had touched a chord in the heart of the mendicant which appeared to vibrate through his whole frame, and to awaken in his mind some of the sunny memories and cherished associations of his younger days.

"You are right," replied the beggar, in a tremulous voice; then raising himself up to his loftiest height, he continued, "I have seen better days; my father was independently rich, and was one of the most respectable and popular men in the State. He gave me a classical education, and my prospect for a successful career in life was encouraging and flattering, and my path as bright as the sunshine of prosperity and the love of an indulgent father could make it. But in an evil hour" (and here he gently tapped this dissipated Congressman on the shoulder) "I took to drinking, and from that time I went down, down, until I became an outcast and a vagabond, fit for nothing on this earth but to be a member of Congress."

A MAN, travelling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly he asked Sambo if he was dry. Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and take something at his expense. Negro did so and shortly left. Landlord says to the stranger:

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I supposed so, from your conversing with him, and asking him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was only experimenting. The fact is, I was dry myself, and I thought that if your liquor didn't kill the negro in fifteen minutes, I would venture to take a drink myself."

JOHN tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married men, who, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily, when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanted. "Madam," inquired Mr. Thompson, "isn't this Mr. T—Thompson's house?"—"No," replied the lady; "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."—"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T—T—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home."

AN Indian in Albany, one winter's day, got drunk. On his way home he became completely overcome, laid down, and was frozen to death. His tribe were at that time much disposed to imitate the habits of white men, and accordingly held an inquest on the dead body. After a long pow-wow, they agreed to the verdict that the deceased came to his death by mixing too much water with his whiskey, which had frozen in him and killed him.

SOME years ago a young man by the name of Brooks was murdered in Dubuque, Iowa. He was the son of poor parents, dependent upon him for a livelihood; and it was known that he had savingly earned a considerable sum of money, and this led to his death in this wise. Brooks was invited by a number of new-made acquaintances to go to the saloons in the lower part of the city, along the wharf. Here he drank frequently, treating and being treated in turn. Finally he refused to drink or treat longer, was followed by a number of the company, and next morning was found upon the sidewalk murdered. Arrests were made, these several individuals were convicted, and the extreme sentence of the law pronounced against them. While they were awaiting execution many visitors went to see them. Among these, one day, was Mrs. B., of Ohio. She recognized one young man condemned to die as one who had formerly resided in the same town with her. His mother, a poor old widow, resided there still, and he was her only son. Mrs. B. started in surprise, naming him, and said:

"Does your fond mother know you are here, and for such a crime?"

He answered:

"Yes! I had a letter from her yesterday; she's dying with grief." And with this he burst into a pitiful wailing, his groans piercing the hearts of all who heard him. He trembled like a man in an ague fit, great tears rolled down his cheeks, and drops of sweat stood upon his forehead.

The mention of his mother quite overcame him; his thoughts were carried back to the innocent days of his childhood, when his boyish gambols had so awakened the heart of that mother whom he loved, who doted on him--idolized him—and whose old heart was now breaking. Oh, what a sight he was in his terribly-penitential grief! When he grew calmer he said:

"Oh, Mrs. B., I never killed Brooks, but I was present at his murder. If I had not been drunk I would not have been there. It is not dying that unmans me so; but oh, to die on the gallows, a murderer's death, if not a murderer—a drunkard's death, the penalty of strong drink! And oh, to kill my poor mother, to break her heart, and disgrace all my relatives!" And then he called upon all who heard him to live soberly, to urge men not to touch the accursed thing.

"Oh," said he, "I wish I could write the sign over every grog-shop in the land to caution men. I would write in big letters that all might read: 'This is the broad road to hell!'"

SOME twenty years ago there lived in a Western city a merry set of Scotchmen, whose mirth was not always regulated on the cold water principle. John B. was a prominent member. One particularly jolly night the "malt had got abune the mal," and towards the sma' hours two of his friends found him sitting on a dry-goods box, not far from his bachelor quarters. As they were passing he asked:—"Do you ken whaur Johnny B. lives?"—"You are Johnny B. yourself," was the reply. "I ken that man," said Johnny; "but whaur does Johnny B. live?" That was the point.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, descanting on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water."—"Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

WHISKEY drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character; therefore, whiskey is a non-conductor, and therefore it is better to let it alone.

A TIPSY customer, who was seated on the box with the stage-driver, swayed backward until he tumbled off. The mud was deep, and he fell soft. "There, now," he exclaimed, as he crawled out of the slough, "I knew you would upset if you didn't take care." On being told that they had not upset, he echoed, in amazement: "Not upset! If I had known that I wouldn't have got off!"

AN old Dutchman, who had recently joined the temperance society, was taken sick, and sent for a doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found in the table of Apothecaries Weight, eight drachms make an ounce. "Mein Gott," says the Dutchman, "that is the temperance society for me; I did not take but six drams before, now I gets eight!" The consequence was, that his complaint went off, and took him with it.

A SOLDIER on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president: "Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defence?" — "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

A MAN who had established a tippling-house was about to erect his sign, and requested his neighbor's advice what inscription to put on it. The man replied: "I advise you to write on it 'Beggars made here.'"

A GENTLEMAN tells a story of a miserable drunken sot who staggered into a Sunday-school, and for a few minutes listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars; but being anxious to show his knowledge of "scriptur," he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B.," said he, "ask me some of them hard ques'shuns."—"Uncle Joseph," said the dominie, with a solemn face, in a drawling tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?" —"Yes'ir, and in the gall of, bitterness, too. Ask me another ques'shun."

"DOES the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the Argus of Freedom intoxicated?"

"Not at all, sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

"NAT, what are you leaning over that empty cask for?"

"I'm mourning over departed spirits."

IN the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at? "Four glasses of ale."—"What next?"—"Two glasses of whiskey."—"What next?"—"One glass of brandy."—"What next?"—"A fight."

A CELEBRATED toper, intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friend will not know you."

A BROKEN-DOWN merchant, to console himself, got drunk, and while pouring forth his warmest desire to make all men happy, he wound up thus:

"And if I owe any man anything, I freely forgive him the debt!"

A MAN said to another: "Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?"

"Rum, most assuredly," said the other, "for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

"WHERE was I, ma," said a little urchin one day to his mother, as he stood gazing on his drunken and prostrate pa; "where was I when you married pa? I could have picked out a great deal better man than he is."

"FIGURES won't lie, will they?" muttered a seedy gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post.

"Well, perhaps they won't lie; but I see a figure that won't stand anyhow."

"DOCTOR," said a hard-looking customer to a physician,—"doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression and uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose is the matter?"—"All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest."—"Water! Come, that will do well enough for a joke; but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop in fifteen years?"

A GENTLEMAN in conversation with Dr. Johnson having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this:—"You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, sir, if he sat next you."

"WHAT are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy.

"Don't know, sir."

"What does your father get on a Saturday night?"

"Get!" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

A TRAVELLER went into an inn after a shower and asked the landlord to show him a good fire, "for," said he, "I'm very wet;" and then turning to the waiter, he said, "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm very dry."

AN Englishman boasting to an Irishman that porter was meat and drink, soon after became very drunk, and, returning home, fell into a ditch, where Pat, discovering him, after some time exclaimed: "An' faith and you said it was mate and drink to you; but, by my soul, it is a much better thing, for it is washin' and lodgin' too!"

"SEE, here, my friend, you are drunk."—"Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see, my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures, while I set a frightful example!"

"MY friend," said a philanthropic gentleman to a chap whose wandering, unsteady gait betrayed "ardent" familiarity with the "spirits," "I thought you were a Son of Temperance."

"Mistake," hiccoughed Toodles, steadying himself for the reply. "No relation whatsomever—not a bit—not even 'quainted, sir."

BROWN, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation:—"Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

AN absent wife is called upon to return to "bed and board."—"Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—return—all may be well—happy. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

A RED-NOSED gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits. "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt that."

A STORY was told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me where I can get anything to drink?"

"O yes, follow me," was the reply.

The man followed him two or three streets, when he began to be discouraged.

"How much farther must I go?"

"Only a few steps," said the Washingtonian; "there is the pump!" The man turned about and moved his boots.

AN Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman civilly said to him:—"Paddy, are you not very wet?"—"Arrah! I don't care about being very wet, but, plaze your honor, I'm very dry."

THE editor of the New York Dutchman, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he couldn't tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession going down his throat.

THE following is the reply of a drunkard who was urged to drink the beverage of nature:

"No," said he, "water is dangerous, very dangerous, it drowns people; gets into their chests, into their heads, and then, too, it makes that infernal steam that's always blowing a fellow up."

THE author of "Tristram Shandy," who knew human nature pretty well, says:

"A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober."

SAYS Josh Billings :—"Most enny man will conceed that it loox verry foolish tu see a boy drag a heavy slay up a steep hill for the fleetin' pleshur of ridin down again, but it appeas tu me that that boy is a sage by the side ov the young man hoo works hard all week and drinx his stamps up Saturda nite."

A GENTLEMAN, noticing the present of a silver cup to an editor, says :—"He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

A PHYSICIAN tells the following story, not without some regret on his part for the advice given :—"A hard-working woman had a drunken husband, who, when partly sober, would get the blues and endeavor to destroy himself by taking laudanum. Twice did the wife ascertain that he had swallowed the destructive drug, and twice did the doctor restore him. Upon the second restoration the doctor addressed him as follows :—"You good-for-nothing scoundrel, you don't want to kill yourself, you merely want to annoy your wife and me. If you want to kill yourself, why don't you cut your throat and put an end to the matter?" Well, away went the doctor, and thought no more of his patient until, some two weeks after, he was awakened from a sound nap by the tinkling of his night-bell. He put his head out of the window and inquired, 'What is the matter?"—"Doctor, he has done it," was the reply. —"Done what?"—"John has taken your advice." —"What advice?"—"Why, you told him to cut his throat, and he has done it, and he is uncommon dead this time." Imagine the doctor's feelings. He has since ceased giving such cutting advice.

"WHO is he?" said a passer by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual, who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman, "he can give no account of himself."—"Of course not," replied the other, "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

"COME in, Joe, and let's take a drink." —"No, Thomas, can't afford it."—"But, Joe, I'll pay for it."—"Oh, I am not speaking of loss of money, Thomas, but of loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind, and self-respect."

GOETHE tells the following story, which amusingly illustrates the capacity for drink of the Rhinelanders :

The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness, and after painting, in the strongest colors, the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows : But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use ; for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses, but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his own conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or even ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbor lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully take his modest draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do, without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.

A BOTTLE-NOSED loafer went into a barber's shop one day, and after being shaved, handed the proprietor a red cent, upon which he was informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. The loafer replied very coolly : "I know it, and that only lacks five cents of it! You aint a-going to stand for half a dime?" There was no appeal from this ludicrous view of the case.

AN Irishman says that "The best remedy for baldness is to rub whiskey on your head until the hairs grow out, then take it inwardly to clinch the roots."

"ARE a man and his wife both one ?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, who in a state of stupifaction, was holding his aching head with both his hands. "Yes, I suppose so," was the reply. "Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself." This back-handed rebuke from a long suffering, but affectionate wife, effectually cured him of his drinking propensity.

A RATHER fast youth in relating his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend says :

"I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though, you can get as tight as you please every day and everybody thinks you are only seasick !"

A MAN praising porter, said it was so excellent a drink, although taken in large quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."—"When, I should like to know ?" said the eulogist. "Why, no longer than last night—up against a wall."

AN Irishman was requested by a lady, notorious for her parsimonious and niggard habits, to do for her some handiwork. The job was performed to her complete satisfaction. "Pat," said the old miser, "I must treat you."—"God bless your honor, ma'am," said Pat. "Which would you prefer, a glass of porter or a tumbler of punch ?"—"I don't wish to be troublesome, ma'am," said the Hibernian, turning round and winking at the thin-ribbed butler, "but I'll take the one while you're making the other !"

"I HAVEN'T taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed ! but which of your features are we to believe, your lips or your nose ?"

AN old gentleman and lady in a back town, rode to the village both on one horse. After purchasing a few articles, and drinking pretty freely of whiskey, they concluded they would return. The villagers assisted the old lady in mounting her horse behind her already intoxicated husband, and they started for home, which was north of the village, about two miles through the woods. Their son, a lad sixteen years of age, was watching with much anxiety for the return of his parents. About twelve o'clock at night, the old horse stood at the door, bearing upon his back the old man, who was aroused from his drunken stupor by his son's inquiry, "Where is mother ?"

"O, she's on behind," said the old man.

The lad, seeing the situation of his father, guessed his mother must have dropped off ; so, after assisting his father into the house, he rode back in search of his mother, and found her about a mile from the house, sitting in a mudhole up to her arms, and getting hold of her, said: "Mother, are you hurt ? Come, let us go home."

"No, I thank you," said she, "I've a plenty ; not another drop !"

As Deacon A., on an extremely cold morning in old times was riding by the house of his neighbor B., the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with,—

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica this morning ?"

"Thank you, kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

SOME years ago a noted warrior of the Pottowattamie tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chief of his village, observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indians, that he was a very good man, and a good American, and concluding with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that it was not his practice to give whiskey to good men—that good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it when voluntarily offered. That it was bad Indians only who demanded whiskey. "Then," replied the Indian, quickly, in broken English, "me d—— rascal."

TOM HOBBS having once partaken rather too liberally of the "critter" at a dram shop, on his return home lost his centre of gravity and fell into a deep gutter by the roadside. In this situation he was found by a pious neighbor, who forthwith began to lecture him.

"Ah! Tom, Tom," said he, "I am sorry to find you so much out of the way this morning."

"Well, I don't know what you think," said Tom, trying to raise himself on his elbow, "but I'm devilish sorry to find myself so much in the way and can't get out."

"JOHN," said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you ever take a wee drap yourself, sir?" inquired John.

"Ah! but, John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Varra true," quoth John; "but, sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John, with an air of triumph.

AN Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick said to him:

"And how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead? Ye're afther waking up every time."

"Bring me a glass of grog, and say to me, 'Here's till ye Jemmy,' and if I don't rise and drink, then bury me."

RED noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

"I AM glad," said the Rev. Dr. Y. to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whiskey, but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it."—"Ah, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed a penetrating and expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whiskey, but we do not make it."

A PHYSICIAN was called to a man, and being asked if he hadn't taken something strange into his stomach, replied that he believed he had. "It must have been that glass of water. Haven't been so imprudent, doctor, for ten years."

"WILL you take some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, sare," he replied. "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

"WE must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying," remarked an old toper, as he called for a glass of water.

AN elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered the bar-room of a certain tavern, where sat a grave Friend by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for hot brandy and water, he complained to the Friend that his eyes were getting weaker, and that even spectacles did not seem to do them any good. "I'll tell thee, friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thine eyes would get well again."

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM started a comic paper in New York many years ago (the Lantern), and a funny story is told of him and it. Billy Burton, the actor, was no friend to Brougham in those days, and there is reason to believe that no love was lost on either side. The story runs to the effect that John, on entering a restaurant, found Billy and one of his chums sitting at a table—Burton, as usual, "fatigued." Disliking Brougham, Burton replied roughly to the question, "Have you read the Lantern this week?" by saying, "I never read the —— thing unless I'm drunk"—(repeating in a louder tone)—"unless I'm drunk." Brougham, who was the very pink of politeness when he chose to be courteous, immediately arose from the table at which he was sitting, advanced, hat in hand, to the end of Burton's table, and making a bow in his grandest manner, observed: "Then, Mr. Burton, I am sure of one constant reader." This was a settler. Burton made no reply, but the story got wind as too good a thing to keep.

MRS. GENTLE takes exercise every day. She walks round a flour barrel in the back yard. Mrs. Gentle thinks there is nothing like exercise. Mr. Gentle believes, too, in exercise, as conducive to health. He takes divers daily walks to a barrel in the cellar, and considers himself invigorated thereby.

AN American general, L., was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose and addressed the company in the following words:

"Gentlemen, I must inform you that when I get a little groggish I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch; I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss."

With this he sat down. Up starts M., a Scotch officer, and without seeming the least displeased, said:

"Gentlemen, I, when a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company; I hope no gentleman will take it amiss."

It is superfluous to add that that night he had no occasion to exert his talents.

JOHN REEVE was accosted on the Kensington road by a female with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, gravely said: "No, madam, but that **is**."

A BOSTON lady, who had a somewhat bacchanalian spouse, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She, therefore, engaged a watchman for a stipulated reward to carry "Philander" to the watch-house while yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him a little when he recovered. In consequence of this arrangement, he woke up about eleven o'clock, and found himself on his elbow. He looked around until his eyes rested on a man sitting by a stove and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I?" asked Philander.

"In a medical college," said the cigar-smoker.

"What a-doing there?"

"Going to be cut up!"

"Cut up—how comes that?"

"Why, you died yesterday while drunk, and we have bought your carcass anyhow from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for it's all the good she could ever make out of you. If you are not dead it's no fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up, dead or alive!"

"You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot.

"To be sure we will—now—immediately," was the resolute answer.

"Wall, look o' here, can't you let us have something to drink before you begin?"

A FELLOW in an oblivious state took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He woke the next morning, and straightening himself, looked at the ground on which he had made his couch.

"Well, if I had a pick-axe," said he, "I would make up my bed."

WHOEVER undertakes to put a joke on the razor-strop man is sure to get floored in the long run. While selling his strops at Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum-drinking, a tipsy fellow cried out, "If drinking rum made me lie as fast as you do selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day."—"Very good," replied the strop-seller; "the only difference between your lying and mine is this: my strops enable me to lie in a good, warm bed, while rum makes you lie in the gutter."

A MEMBER of a temperance society excused his frequent drinks by saying that the doctor had told him to take liquor as a medicine, and he never told him when to stop.

"BILLY, my boy," said a short-sighted and rather intemperate father to his son, a bright-eyed little fellow of about five summers, "did you take my glasses?"

"No, father, but mother guesses as how you took 'em 'fore you come home."

A CURIOUS case of spiritual manifestations transpired in Woodford. A man full of spirits and spiritualism was put into a trance (he being a trance-medium), and they asked him to call up the spirit of his departed brother, which was at once done. The spirit said he wanted to drink, and the medium poured a large tumbler of brandy.

"There, there," exclaimed the mother, "that is my son, for that is just the sized drink he used to take when he was alive."

ONE of the best stories of the season is told by Sandy Welsh of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bitters. None to be had, of course he felt bad.

"How far is it to a tavern?" he asked.

"Four miles."

So off the thirsty soul started, walked the four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern, and found it was a temperance house.

MR. THOMAS TWOMBLEY had drunk but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 1 A. M., and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of said Thomas to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of the bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetic tone, "skuse me. How came I to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. And as he was positive that he shut the door on coming in, he was astonished, and dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door to close it; when, to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach from beyond. Twombley stopped; the figure stopped. Twombley raised his right hand; the figure raised its left.

"Who's there?" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened. The object made no reply. Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

"Now," cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be—you sneakin' cuss!" He hurled the boot full at the head of his mysterious object, when—crash went the big looking-glass, which Twombley had mistaken for the door.

DR. TYNG met an emigrant family going West. On one of the wagons there hung a jug with the bottom knocked out. "What is that?" asked the doctor. "Why, that is my Taylor jug," said the man. "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked the doctor again. "I had a son in General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the general always told him to carry his whiskey jug with a hole in the bottom, and that's it. It is the best invention I ever met with for hard drinkers."

A MEMPHIS paper states that a singular and very amusing accident happened to the chickens of a Mrs. Hamilton, near Portersville, Tipton county, Tennessee. Her husband bought a bottle of brandy cherries. After eating the cherries the seeds were thrown out, which the chickens ate greedily. In a short time Mrs. Hamilton found that her chickens were all dead. She told an old negro woman that she might pick the chickens and put the feathers in her bed, which she did readily.

After picking off the feathers she carried the chickens out and threw them away. Night came on. Mrs. Hamilton was sorely grieved at her loss. Sleep soon swept away her troubles. At early dawn she was alarmed at hearing old chanticleer crowing loudly and the hens cackling.

Judge her surprise when, on opening the doors and looking out, she saw every hen and rooster, young and old, grave and gay, marching round eyeing each other with suspicion, many of them entirely naked, while only a few had wing and tail feathers. The cherry seed made them "dead-drunk."

"KATY, have you laid the table-cloth and all the other things for supper?"

"Yis, ma'am, sure I did, ma'am. I laid everything but the eggs, and sure that's the old hen's work, ma'am."

"BRIDGET," said O'Mulligan to his wife, "it's a cowld ye have. A drop of the crather 'ud do you no harrum."

"Och, hone," said Biddy, "I've taken the pledge; but you can mix a drink, Jemmy, and force me to swally it."

AN invalid son of Bacchus was about to undergo an operation for dropsy at the hands of his physicians. "O father, father!" screamed a son of the patient, who was looking on, "do anything else, but don't let them tap you."—"But, Sammy," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live many a year after to make you happy."—"No, father, you won't. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

DR. GUTHRIE says:—Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. In this country (Scotland), blessed with freedom and plenty, with the word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be their source elsewhere—of all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. "I am not mad, most noble Festus; I speak the words of truth and soberness." I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating liquors have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops—engulfing a world of which but eight were saved.

A CERTAIN noble lord being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example by a gentleman whose food was herbs, and his drink water. "What! madam," said he, "would you have me to imitate a man who eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?"

SOME queer fellow, who has tried 'em, says:—"There are two sorts of wine in Stuttgart; to drink one is like swallowing an angry cat; the other like pulling the animal back again by the tail."

"NO, it isn't regular drinking through the course of the day that hurts a man, it's this way that some fellows have got of drinking between the drinks."

JOSEPH was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for some time as to his imbibing propensities. One night Joseph came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and with a look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed to be a cigar on the mantel-piece; he caught it up, and placing one end in his mouth, began very gravely to light it at the candle. He drew and pulled until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were opened, and she addressed him: "If thee takes that tenpenny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed."

"JOE, why were you out so late last night?"

"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock."

"Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coats of your stomach?"

A couple of fellows, who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

We were accosted the other evening, says the editor of a Boston paper, by a gentlemanly looking man, evidently balancing a clever-sized brick in his castor.

"I say, mis—mister, will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway?"

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"Oh! ah! yes, that's a fact. Well, I beg your pardon—your pardon—pardon; show me to fourth street—Mil—Miller's Hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy. Wrong again."

"Ha! ha! well, I'm darned confused, that's a fact. All right. Please to tell me whe—whether it's left or right I take to Holliday street?"

"That's a street that aint got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of the city of Baltimore?"

"Well, where the deuce am I, stranger, anyhow?"

We told him in Boston.

He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a smash, and stepped out, observing:

"Well, I'm darned if I follow this temperance caravan any longer."

"Where is your father?" said an angry master to the son of his habitually tippling domestic.

"He's down stairs, sir."

"Getting drunk, I suppose."

"No, sir, he aint."

"What then?"

"Getting sober, sir."

"Leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night; "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself! Hic, never."

A man very intoxicated was sent to jail. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other; "why, you could not pump him out."

A poor man, a shoemaker, took a shop in one of the boulevards of Paris. As he was industrious, expeditious, and punctual, and withal faithful and honest, his customers rapidly increased, and he began to gain property. About this time a wine-merchant opened a shop next door to the shoemaker, and the latter took occasion to step in for an occasional drink of wine. He perceived that he was forming a bad habit, and for some days discontinued his visits. The wine-merchant inquired the reason.

"I have no money," replied Crispin.

"Oh, no matter," said the other, "come in and take a drink."

The shoemaker accepted the invitation, till at last so great a bill was run up that his best suit of wearing apparel was pawned for payment. A festival drew nigh, and he of the awl asked him of the glass to lend him a suit of clothes but for that day. A refusal was the reply. Much chagrined, Crispin cast about him for revenge. The wine-merchant had a hen with a very fine brood of chickens, and they used often to venture very near the door of the shoemaker. He accordingly procured some crumbs and scattered them upon the floor, enticing the hen and her chickens to enter his shop; then catching them he stripped them of all their feathers, and turned them loose to go to their owner. Enraged at the enormous cruelty, he makes complaint and seeks redress.

"Friend," said Crispin, "as I have done to your fowls so you did to me. You enticed me into your shop, you stripped me of my clothes, and left me destitute. What I have done to your fowls you did to a fellow-creature. On the charge of cruelty we are equal, though the baits we offered were different."

An officer being intoxicated, an old soldier observed that he was afraid there was something wrong at headquarters.

At one of the stations on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage car and said :—" Is there anything for me ?" After some search among boxes and trunks the baggage man rolled out a keg of whiskey. "Anything more ?" asked the wet grocer. " Yes," said the baggage man, " there's a gravestone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the wet grocer assumed a wrathy appearance, and the car door was shut with a slam.

A MAN who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness ; that is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without creating much disturbance ; and, after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness ; and, upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backward in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and went head first over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner :

" Wife, wife ! how many cradles have you got in the house ? I've fallen over five, and here's another afore me !"

Suffice it to say, his wife was by this time completely awake, and a curtain lecture ensued, which rang in his ears for many a succeeding day.

A VAGRANT called at a house on a Sunday and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft-quoted remark, " that she might entertain an angel unawares."

" Yes," said she, " but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays."

IT is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will " take a pull " without waiting to have their ears pulled.

THAT is a very definite prescription which one old woman on Long Island gave to another respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not :

" You see, miss, you must take the lumps, grind 'em up e'en a'most to powder, and then sprinkle the powder on the top of a jug of whiskey—and if the indigo is good, it will either sink or swim, I don't know which !"

THE Albion had once a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated, and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof. " Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you ? You act strangely !'—' There's nothing the matter with me,' said I ; 'nothing at all.'—' I'm sure there is,' said she, 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you ?' And she got up, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand. 'I knew there was something strange about you,' said she ; ' why you are sober!' Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, because I have."

A GOOSE that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.

Tom Jones went home to his wife one night in rather a disguised condition. He had drunk so often for the success of our volunteers, that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whiskey. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said, "Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves."—"Eh?" said Tom, starting; "c-l-o-v-e-s?"—"Yes, cloves; any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy." This made his wits go wool-gathering. "Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife. Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied, "W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there I fell over a spice box!" Then she knew what was the matter.

The Rev. Dr. B., many years ago, was a distinguished minister in Connecticut. He had a negro, Cato by name; yet so little of the philosopher was Cato, that it was doubtful whether to call him a wag or a fool. It came to pass one day that a grocer had been emptying some casks of the settlings of cherry rum, and a number of hogs in the street had eaten of the cherries till some were staggering about, some were drunk in the gutter, and all of them were showing themselves the worse for liquor. Cato saw their dreadful state, and called to his master at the foot of the stairs:

"Master—doctor, do please come here!"

The doctor came at the call, and looked out where Cato pointed at the drunken quadrupeds, and asked:—"Well, what?" Cato lifted up both his hands, and, with much emotion, cried out:

"Master, master, only look: poor human natur!"

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left his bed and board, which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long time, and spent his time around rum shops, where he always managed to count himself on hand, whenever anybody "stands treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. This is the way she did it:—"Now, Patrick, my honey, will ye coom back?"—"No, Margaret; I won't coom back?"—"And won't ye coom back for the love of the children?"—"No, not for the love of the children, Margaret."—"Faix, thin, will ye coom for the love of meself?"—"Niver at all. Way wid ye."—"An', Patrick, won't the love of the church bring ye back?"—"The church to the divil, and then I wouldn't." Margaret thought she would try one more inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her husband, she said:—"Will ye coom for a dhrap of whiskey, dear?"—"Ah, me darlin'," answered Pat, unable to stand such a temptation, "it's yerself that always brings me home again—ye've got such a winnin' way wid ye!"

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from a fair, in a decidedly how-came-you-so state. "You must be dreadfully tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles."

"Arrah, get away wid your nonsense," said Pat, "it wasn't the length of the way that fatigued me—'twas the breadth of it."

The following touching story of "a handsome English coach dog" and his drunken master is vouched for by a leading Boston paper, from which we quote:

"The man pursued his devious course, closely followed by his four-footed companion, until at length he approached the saloon referred to, and was about to enter, when, to the surprise of all who had witnessed the affair, the dog jumped up, and catching the skirts of the man's coat, sought to prevent him from going in. The inebriate biped spoke in angry tones to the beast, but without avail, until a more than ordinarily severe command induced him to relinquish his hold, and the man hastened inside, followed by his faithful companion and would-be protector.

"Actuated simply by curiosity, we also

went in, and as we gained a position near the bar, saw in close proximity thereto the beast and his master, the latter trying to reach the bar, and the former standing on his hind legs, with his forepaws placed against the man's breast, vainly endeavoring, even at the eleventh hour, to prevent him from again indulging in the intoxicating cup.

"To the credit of the bar-tender, be it stated, that he refused to furnish the man with more liquor, and tears were drawn from eyes that had long been unused to the melting mood, as at each refusal the undoubtedly heart-stricken canine would bestow a look intended, doubtless, to be one of gratitude upon the dispenser of 'juleps,' 'slings,' and 'tods,' and then turning, would, as it were, mutely beseech his liquor-loving master to abstain."

AN old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you, when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to induce you to do without?"

"Oh, I don't care much about it," said Jonathan, "you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep too, if I will do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if you will do without rum."

Presently Chandler spoke again.

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep too."

A MAN in Illinois, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

IN Indiana a husband, after a spree, was led home by one of his friends, who after poising him safely on the door steps, rang the bell, and retreated somewhat deviously to the other side of the street, to see if it would be answered. Promptly the door was opened, and the fond spouse, who had waited up for her truant husband, beheld him in all his toddiness.

"Why, Walter, is this you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What in the world has kept you so?"

"Been out on a little turn with 'erboys, my d-d-arling."

"Why, Walter, you're intoxicated!"

"Yes, dear, I estimate that's so."

"What on earth made you get so drunk? And why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up!"

"YOU have but five minutes to live," said the sheriff. "If you have anything to say, speak now." The young man said:—"I have to die. I had one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. One day I got drunk—the first time in my life—and coming home, I found my little brother getting berries in the garden, and I bebecame angry without a cause, and I killed him with one blow of the rake. I did not know anything about it till next day, when I was told that my little brother was found dead. Whiskey had done it. It had ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my Judge. I say to young persons, never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." In another moment the young man was ushered into the presence of his God.

INFIDELS AND INFIDEL WRITERS.

GIBBON, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his work, he purchased a considerable estate. This property descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expended a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of twelve Apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferrey for printing his blasphemies was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures; thus the very engine which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible was employed in disseminating its truths.

It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first meeting of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh was held in the very room in which David Hume, the infidel, died.

Voltaire said "he was living in the twilight of Christianity." So he was; but it was the twilight of the morning.

Tom Paine, on his return from France, sitting in the City Hotel in Broadway, surrounded by many of our leading men, who came to do him homage, predicted that "in five years there would not be a Bible in America."

Samuel Forrester Bancroft, Esq., accompanied Mr. Isaac Weld, jr., in his travels through North America. They were sailing on Lake Erie in a vessel, on board of which was Volney, who was notorious for his atheistical principles. He was very communicative; allowed no opportunity to escape of ridiculing Christianity. In the course of the voyage a very heavy storm came on, insomuch that the vessel, which had struck repeatedly with great force, was expected to go down every instant. There were many on board, but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney, who, in the agony of his mind, threw himself on deck, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Oh, my God! my God! what shall I do?" This so surprised Bancroft, that notwithstanding the moment did not very well accord with flashes of humor, yet he could not refrain from addressing him:—"Well, Mr. Volney—what! — you have a God now?" To which Volney replied, with the most trembling anxiety, "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" The vessel, however, got safely into port, and Mr. Bancroft made every company which he went into echo with this anecdote of Volney's acknowledgment of God. Infidelity, then, will do only ashore in fine weather; but will not stand a gale of wind for a few hours. Infidels and atheists, how will you weather an eternal storm?

THE celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of nature; and the no less celebrated Dr. Robertson on the necessity of revelation and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on the subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with his accustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not we cannot tell; but, at any rate, he did not acknowledge his conviction. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he retired through the door Robertson took the light to show him the way.

"Oh, sir," he continued, "I find the light of nature always sufficient," as he bowed on. The street door was opened, and presently, as he bowed along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and he pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a candle, and, as he held it over him, whispered softly and cunningly:

"You had better have a light from above, friend Hume," and raising him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

AN infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy.

"It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

ONE day when D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire, they proposed to converse of atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn. I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night."

An atheistical fellow, during a storm at sea, concluded a prayer with the following words: "O Lord, I beseech thee to hear my prayer at this time, for thou knowest I trouble thee but seldom."

The few admirers of Tom Paine lately celebrated his birthday by a dinner and dancing. The attendance was smaller than usual, and the festival less enthusiastic, giving indications that the progress of time does not increase the respect in which this wretched old infidel's memory is held. At the dinner three toasts were given and speeches made. One of the speakers blasphemously declared—"I am God; if you want to see God, look at me."

Stephen Grellot, a Quaker, gives the testimony of an eye and ear witness, who heard Paine say in his last sickness, he wished everyone who had begun to read his "Age of Reason" had put it into the fire, and "if the devil ever had any agency in any work, he had in writing that book." And this witness repeatedly heard him in his misery crying, "Lord Jesus! have mercy on me."

Some years ago the late Daniel Fanshaw gave a tract to a young infidel, in whom he took a deep interest. He was indignant, saying: "What right has he to interfere with me or my opinions?" To show his contempt, he drew a match, and setting fire to the tract, lit a cigar with it, and, as he supposed, dismissed the matter from his mind. Not long since, on looking over the list of deaths in his paper, this man saw the name of Mr. Fanshaw. The former transaction came to his mind. The contents of the tract, which he had read before burning, to show his coolness as well as contempt, came back to his mind. He attended the funeral, was a deep mourner, became convicted of his sin, was converted, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

It is said of Gibbon, the historian, that when he made love to mademoiselle Curchod, and went down on his knees, she was obliged to ring the bell for the footman to help him up again. It was certainly a chivalrous step for him to take, and more particularly so, as he was remarkably fat. He could not well do more for her, or get into a worse scrape. It was the "knee plus ultra," his Decline and Fall.

Some years ago, the Rev. Isaac Guseman made a trip to Iowa. On board the steamer in which he took passage, there was a gentleman who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to Christianity, and all forms of religion.

He spent most of the day in arguing with those who would dispute with him, and in pouring forth anathemas against priestcraft and the credulity of mankind. He denounced Christ as an impostor, religion as a delusion, any particular form of worship or creed as the result or trammels of education, and that it was only tolerated by statesmen for the security of government, and the benefit of the weak and erring. He was evidently a man of education and ability. His repartee, drollery, sarcasm, and a faculty for turning things into the ridiculous, bore down so heavily upon those with whom he argued, that they were generally silenced, though not convinced.

One day he was in high glee, and kept a crowd of passengers in a continual roar of laughter at his irreligious jokes and witticisms. On this occasion Mr. Guseman, who had hitherto refrained from entering into any dispute or controversy with him, determined to try and silence him or turn the laugh against him. He accordingly moved slowly towards the crowd the skeptic was amusing; on his approaching, the other observed:

"Well, old gentleman, I am a free thinker, what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of the Christian religion; and have never once had a doubt of the existence of a supreme and intelligent Cause. But in turn, let me ask you a question: Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly not, I have none!"

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then, sir, I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me before!"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray, where?"

"In the Psalms of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

At this unlooked for turn in the argument, there was one general burst of laughter and hurra, at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded and unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly proved a fool, moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects: but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing, "I have heard of you before."

Voltaire once met Pierre, his mortal enemy, in debate at an evening party. He immediately informed the hostess that he should leave instantly, unless Pierre should agree to speak not more than three words during the evening. The latter consented, and remained silent under the abuse of his antagonist. As the company were about separating, Voltaire remarked in his conversation, that upon a certain occasion, being quite famished, he had eaten more oysters than Samson slew of the Philistines. "And with the same instrument," immediately retorted Pierre.

A **young** fop, of an infidel turn, while travelling in a first-class railway carriage, sought to display his smartness by attempting to pick flaws in the narratives of Scripture. After trying to show the inconsistency and improbability of several events described in the Bible, he referred to the life of Nebuchadnezzar, and argued that it was utterly absurd and impossible for a man to so forget his human instincts, and eat grass like a beast. Having stated his views, he asked the opinion of his fellow travellers, and, among the rest, of a grave-looking Quaker, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. "Verily, friend," answered the Quaker, "I see no great improbability in the story, if he was so great an ass as thou."

"**Ah,**" said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?"

The old man replied:

"I do believe the Bible. Do you believe it?"

"No; I can have no proof of its truth."

"Then," inquired the old man, "does thee believe in France?"

"Yes, for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see a man who did see them?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

This last question put an end to the discussion.

Voltaire was sitting at table one day when company were conversing on the antiquity of the world. His opinion being asked, he remarked that "the world was like an old coquette who disguised her age."

Sir Isaac Newton, says a writer in Notes and Queries, wrote a work upon the prophet Daniel, and another upon the book of Revelation, in one of which he said that in order to fulfil certain prophecies before a certain date was terminated, namely, 1260 years, there would be modes of travelling of which the men of his time had no conception; nay, that the knowledge of mankind would be so increased that they would be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Voltaire, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, got hold of this and said: "Now, look at that mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravity, and told us such marvels for us all to admire. When he became an old man and got into his dotage, he began to study that book called the Bible, and it seems that, in order to credit its fabulous nonsense, we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard," exclaimed the philosophic infidel Voltaire in the self-complacency of his pity. But who is the dotard now?

THE Rev. Jedekiah Randall, says the "Arvine Cyclopædia," a most upright and excellent minister of the gospel, formerly of Norwich, Chenango county, New York, paid a visit to Thomas Paine on his deathbed, though Paine was much of the time under the influence of spirituous liquors, and the mere mention of religion would seem to rouse all his vindictive passions against the one who addressed him; yet it must be said to his praise that in this case he seemed to be sober, and listened in a calm and respectful manner to what the minister of Christ had to say. The reply of Mr. Paine was dispassionate, and contained an honest confession, such as a troubled conscience, it seemed, would no longer allow his proud heart to withhold. His words were to this effect:

"Mr. Randall, I never confidently disbelieved in the Christian religion, my unbelief and skepticism were rather assumed than real. And one object of my writing the 'Age of Reason' was to cripple the power of the corrupt priesthood of the Romish church in France. Should I ever recover from this illness it is my intention to publish another book disavowing the infidel doctrines contained in the 'Age of Reason,' and expressing my convictions of the truth of the Christian system."

WHEN Paine was writing his infamous attack on Christian religion, he submitted a part of his manuscript to Dr. Franklin, for his inspection and opinion. The following is the answer of that great philosopher and patriot:

Dear sir:—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and favors particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You, yourself, may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and inexperienced, inconsiderate youths, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and to retain them in the practice till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originality, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies that may arise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it? I intend this letter chiefly as a proof of my friendship, and therefore add no profession to it, but simply subscribe, Yours, B. FRANKLIN.

The astronomer Kepler, when young, believed, as Professor John Fiske of Harvard College did, that there is no evidence of a creating mind in nature. On one occasion his wife had a beautiful new globe placed in his study while he was absent. Upon his expressing curiosity to know who had put it there, and asking her if she had procured it, she told him that she did not; that it came there by chance. This set the astronomer to considering his own position, and at length to a change in his belief.

M. Guizot was a rationalist in religion until he went to work to prepare an edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" for the press. Being obliged to make a thorough investigation in preparing the notes for it, he was compelled to accept the Christian religion as a system which could not be explained without Divine help, by human ingenuity or force. The author of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" makes almost the same acknowledgment in his Preface to that remarkable work.

Bolingbroke left one of his infidel publications to be published by Mallet, a brother unbeliever. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of this legacy, exclaimed:—"A scoundrel! who spent his life in charging a popgun against Christianity; and a coward! who, afraid of the report of his own gun, left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."

Voltaire said he was never but twice on the verge of ruin. The first time was when he lost a lawsuit, the second was when he gained one.

An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel who attacked him with such expressions as these: "That the blood of Christ can wash away sin is foolishness; I don't understand or believe it." The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly." The infidel replied with surprise: "How is this, that Paul and I agree exactly?" Said the student, "Turn to the first chapter of first Corinthians and read the eighteenth verse." The infidel read, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God." The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible, and soon believed it to be God's power of salvation.

The following item is taken from the "Arvine Cyclopædia:"

Voltaire was employed by that eccentric, great man, the famous Earl of Peterborough, to write some considerable work. His lordship supplied the money whenever importuned by Voltaire, then under his roof, for that purpose, and rather impatiently waited for its completion, urging Voltaire to expedite the publication, who replied, that booksellers and printers were dilatory.

The booksellers employed by Voltaire having frequently demanded from him more money, his constant reply was, that Lord Peterborough could not be prevailed upon to advance more until the completion of the work; for which event, Voltaire, it would seem, was in no great haste. The bookseller, at length, began to suspect Monsieur de Voltaire, and determined on making a personal application to the earl. He accordingly set out in a stage coach, and arrived at his lordship's in the afternoon. After dining, the earl and two or three gentlemen who had dined with him walked in the garden, when a servant came to announce that Mr. —— wished an interview with his lordship, who immediately said, "Show him into the garden." On his being introduced, he told Lord Peterborough that the work had long stood still for want of money. His lordship's color, upon this, began to rise, saying that he had never failed to send immediately all that was demanded. The poor bookseller declared that Monsieur de Voltaire had never given him more than ten pounds, at the same time informing him that he could not prevail on Lord Peterborough to advance any more; that he suspected, Monsieur de Voltaire might have slandered his lordship, and he therefore took the liberty of obtaining an interview.

The indignation of his lordship overcame him for a time; he did at length utter, "The villain!" At that moment, Voltaire appearing at the end of a very long gravel walk, the earl exclaimed, "Here he comes, and I will kill him instantly." So saying, he drew his sword, and darted forward to the object of his revenge. A fatal catastrophe was prevented by M. St. André, then present, catching Lord Peterborough in his arms and exclaiming, "My lord, if you murder him, you will be hanged."—"I care not for that. I will kill the villain!" The walk being one of the old-fashioned garden walks of King William, was of great length. Voltaire proceeded some way before he observed the bookseller. At that moment M. St. André screamed out, "Fly for your life, for I cannot hold my lord many moments longer." Voltaire fled, concealed himself that night in the village, and the next day he went to London, where, on the following day, he embarked for the continent, leaving his portmanteau, papers, etc., at Lord Peterborough's.

INSCRIPTIONS, SIGNS, FIRMS, AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is related of a barber in Paris that, to establish the utility of his bag wigs, he caused the history of Absalom to be painted over his door; and that one of the profession in an English town used this inscription: "Absalom, hadst thou worn a periwig thou hadst not been hanged." It is somewhere told of another that he ingeniously versified his brother peruke-maker's inscription under a sign which represented the death of Absalom and David weeping. He wrote:

O Absalom! O Absalom!
O Absalom, my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig,
Thou hadst not been undone!

There was once a barber who had on his sign the words:

What do you think
I will shave you for nothing
And give you a drink.

A man went in on the supposed invitation, and after he was shaved asked for a drink. "No," said the barber, "you do not read my sign right. I say, 'What! do you think I will shave you for nothing, and give you a drink?'"

In an old collection of tavern signs of the last century may be found the following on the sign of the "Arrow," at Knockholt, in Kent, England:

Charles Collins liveth here,
Sells rum, brandy, gin, and beer;
I made this board a little wider
To let you know I sell good cider.

At a small wayside beershop in the parish of Werrington, in the county of Devon, there was the following sign:

The Lengdon Inn, kept by M. Vuller.
Gentlemen, walk in and sit at your aise,
Pay for what you call for, and call for what you plaise;
As tristing of late has been to my sorrow,
Pay me to-day, and I'll trisee to-morrow

At "The Maypole," on the confines of Hainault Forest, immortalized in "Barnaby Rudge," are the following lines over the fireplace:

All you who stand
Before the fire,
I pray sit down;
It's my desire
That other folks
As well as you
May see the fire
And feel it too.
N. B.—My liquor's good,
My measure just;
Excuse me, sirs,
I cannot trust.

The following is a literal copy of a sign conspicuously displayed in front of a small public house in the village of Folkesworth, near Stilton, Hunts. Below the rude figure of a fox is written:

I am a cunning fox, you see,
There is no harm attached to me;
It is my master's wish to place me here
To let you know he sells good beer.

On the sign of a beehive in Birmingham is found the following:

Within this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry step in and try
The flavor of our honey.

On the sign of the "Ship in Distress," in Middle street, Brighton, Sussex:

With sorrows I am compass'd round,
Pray, lend a hand, my ship's aground.

The tone of sentiment adopted in advertising the death of a trader, or man of business, in England, not unfrequently affords matter of peculiar entertainment. There is sometimes a facetious—not to say bare-faced—union of puff and despondency. Here is one of these pseudo-lachrymose specimens of a death:—"Died, on the 11th ultimo, at his shop in Fleet street, Mr. Edward Jones, much respected by all who knew and dealt with him. As a man he was amiable, as a hatter upright and moderate. His virtues were beyond all price, and his beaver hats were only 1*l.* 4*s.* each. He has left a widow to deplore his loss, and a large stock, to be sold cheap, for the benefit of the family. He was snatched to the other world in the prime of life, and just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that the widow can supply hats at a more moderate charge than any other house in London. His disconsolate family will carry on the business with punctuality."

An advertising tallow chandler modestly announces that, without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti is the best light ever invented.

A furrier, wishing to inform his customers that he recast their old furs into fashionable styles, wound up his advertisement as follows:—"N. B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

A paper out West advertises as lost, a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

An Illinois paper is edited by a certain Mr. Steele. A man bearing the name of Doolittle desired to go into partnership with him. The proposition was declined on the ground that the firm would read bad—Steal and Do Little, or Do Little and Steal. What's in a name?

A firm in Scranton advertises as follows:—"Their parlor furniture is elegant; their bed-room furniture is rich; their mattresses are downy; their coffins are comfortable."

A farmer saw an advertised receipt to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money and received in answer:—"Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

A man in Wisconsin, recently advertising his farm for sale, winds up in the following language:

"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial divine; also two wagons to sell and a yoke of steers."

A merchant put an advertisement in a paper headed:—"Boy wanted." Next morning he found a bandbox with an infant on his door step with this inscription:—"How will this one answer?"

Two rival sausage dealers in Paris have their shops adjoining. One of them painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages:—"At ten cents a pound; to pay more is to be robbed;" while the other put his sausages into an obelisk, and painted above it:—"At twelve cents a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, "that it will be profitable to the undertakers." No doubt of it.

A merchant, advertising for a clerk "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

The following sentence appears in the columns of a Liverpool paper: "The corporation are about to build two free schools, one of which is finished."

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office down East:

"Shut this door, and as soon as you have done talking on business serve your mouth the same way."

WE all remember the story of the innkeeper who became proud as he prospered, and taking down his sign of the ass, put up a portrait of George IV. in its place. His neighbor immediately raised the cast-off effigy, and "in this sign he conquered." The first landlord, alarmed at the increasing popularity of his rival, and understanding the cause, wrote underneath the grim visage of his majesty: "This is the real ass."

A MORE ludicrous incident of the kind is told at the expense of the good Bishop of Llandaff. He took up his abode near the head of Lake Windermere, where the principal inn had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbor, substituted the Bishop as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travellers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so, by way of remedy, he put up, in large red letters, under the portrait of the bishop:—"This is the old Cock."

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a wife through the papers, and received answers from eighteen hundred and ninety-seven husbands, saying that he could have theirs. This is a peaceful illustration of the value of advertising.

ON the fence of a graveyard in Gloucester, Massachusetts, is this inscription in large white letters:—"Use ——'s bitters if you would keep out here."

THE following obituary notice recently appeared in a newspaper in Spain:—"This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller Siebald Illmago from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmago. P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessi de Teisnturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

TWO neighboring signs in Philadelphia read:—"James Schott," and "Jonathan Fell."

ONE of the best titles of a mercantile firm we have even seen, is "Call & Settle," which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of our eastern cities. Customers are reminded, every time they pass, of their outstanding accounts. "Neal & Pray" is the title of another firm. But the following beats all. "Two attorneys," says an old newspaper, "in partnership in a town of the United States, had the name of the firm, which was 'Catchum & Cheatum,' inscribed in the usual manner upon the office door; but as the singularity and juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers by, the men of law attempted to destroy in part the effect of the odd association, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to be Isaiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse—the inscription ran:—'I. Catchum & U. Cheatum.'"

A MAN who advertised to give "the best of sound, practical advice for fifty cents, that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life," on application by a victim, per mail, sent the following:

"Never give a boy a dime to watch your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week. It don't pay!"

THE lady principal of a school, in her advertisement, mentioned her female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer left out the "which," so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

An eccentric old fellow used to say that he had taken great pains to find ugly women, but had not succeeded. He had gone so far as to put two advertisements in the paper—one for an accomplished and amiable person for housekeeper, and one for a person for the same station who should be ugly, when the former was answered by multitudes, but the latter by ne'er a one, leaving him to infer that there were no ugly women.

Some time ago two ladies from the country on a shopping excursion to the city dropped into a hardware store where agricultural implements are sold. They had read John's advertisements, and therefore innocently inquired for "cradles." The storekeeper said it was rather late in the season for the article, and he had sold all he had purchased. The ladies looked at each other wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one turning to the blushing John, remarked:

"Out of season! I thought babies were always in season!"

An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, in an Eastern paper, has the following:

"N. B.—Ladies who wish cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

In an advertisement by a railroad company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter l, had dropped from the word lawful, and it read: "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Old Dr. Cook, of Albany, in a flaming advertisement, speaking of the extent of his fame and his powers says:

"There is no part of this country where people do not reside whom he has not cured."

An Irish advertisement reads as follows: "Lost on Saturday last, but the loser does not know where, an empty sack with a cheese in it. On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so completely worn out as not to be legible."

The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that persons sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to "with punctuality and dispatch."

In St. Giles's, the following notice was posted in the window of a lodging house:

"Hay, sack and flour to let, chickens and carrot."

The purport of the notice was, "a second floor to let, kitchen and garret."

A firm in Cincinnati telegraphed to a corespondent in Cleveland as follows:

"Cranberries rising. Send immediately one hundred barrels per Simmons," "Simmons" being then the agent of the Cincinnati house. The telegraph ran the two last words together, and shortly afterward the Cincinnati firm were astonished to find delivered at their store one hundred barrels of persimmons.

A country paper once said:—"E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing hen roosts. If he does not desist we shall publish his name." This is equal to a minister at a camp-meeting, who said: "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes doesn't stop her talking she will be pointed out to the congregation."

A man advertises in a Cleveland paper for "a boy to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

An advertisement appears in an Eastern paper, which reads as follows:

"Run away—a hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of ordinary pants, much worn."

The following note was received by a gentleman from his overseer: "Please send me by the boy a pair of trace chains and two door hinges. Jane had twins last night—also, two padlocks. Yours, etc."

An advertisement lately appeared in the Dublin Evening Post headed "Iron bedsteads and bedding." We suppose, according to the latter term, that the linen is of sheet-iron.

A LADY in Baltimore advertises that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea.

THE following advertisement appears in a paper out West:

"A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it will come to us 'mid the darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest notes, admonishing us, as it were, to buy our clothing at the great bazaar of fashion, yclept Granville Stokes, No. 607 Philpot street."

SIGN on a house in Sydenham: "This cottage for sail to any one who can raise the wind."

THE following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in a corset-maker's shop-window in Glasgow: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

AT a colored ball the following notice was posted on the door-post:

"Tickets fifty cents. No gemmen admitted unless he comes himself."

A PROPRIETOR of a cotton-mill, who is something of a philosopher, posted up on the factory gate the following notice:—"No cigars or good-looking men admitted." When asked for an explanation, he said: "The one will set a flame a-going among my cottons, and the t'other among the gals. I won't admit such inflammable and dangerous things into my establishment at any risk."

AN Irish paper publishes the following item:

"A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

THE following paragraph from an old Kilkenny paper sounds somewhat "bullish:" "Yesterday morning a farmer near this place got up out of his bed, and going through the window, accidentally fell down with his head upon the stones fast asleep, by which his neck was broken, and he died before he awoke."

THE following notice is posted on a fence in a London suburb: "Whoever is found trespassing on these grounds will be shot and prosecuted."

THE following inscription is on a bell in Durham cathedral:

To call the folk to church in time,
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring;
And when the body leaves the soul,
I toll.

IN Clarke's Commentaries we find the following:—Incredible longevity has been attributed to some stags. One was taken by Charles VI., in the forest of Senlis, about whose neck was a collar with this inscription, "Cæsar hoc mihi donavit," which led some to believe that this animal had lived from the days of some one of the twelve Cæsars, which has been long public in the old English ballad strain thus:

When Julius Cæsar reigned king,
About my neck he put this ring;
That whosoever should me take
Would save my life for Cæsar's sake.

ON a bell in Meivod church, Montgomeryshire, may be found the following:

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

ON a pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury, are inscribed the following lines:

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

IN a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription:

"Take notice, when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

THE following conclusion to a life of Robespierre appeared in an Irish paper: "This extraordinary man left no children behind, except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

FOUR gentlemen, of the name of Price, all of different dimensions, are members of a literary society, and are thus distinguished by the other members: The tall one is called High Price, the short one Low Price, the fat one Full Price, and the thin one Half Price.

A SCULPTOR who was engaged to carve a monument and select an epitaph for a deceased manufacturer of fireworks, seeing the inscription on the tombstone of a celebrated musician: "He has gone to the place where only his own harmony can be exceeded," and thinking it was a very neat thing, he adapted it to his purpose by changing one word, and carved on the monument, "He has gone to the place where only his own 'fireworks' can be exceeded."

THE following lines were taken from a young lady's hymn-book, which she carelessly left in church:

I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear, what shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too.
He might have come as well as not;
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar.

ON a tombstone at Florence is this inscription:—"Here lies Salvino Armato d'Armati, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."

ON Independence bell, Philadelphia, from Lev. xxv. 10, is inscribed:—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

ON the fly-leaf of a school-book:

This book is mine—that you may know,
By letters two I will you show:
The first is J, a letter bright;
The next is S, in all men's sight.
But if you still my name should miss,
Look underneath, and here it is:
JOHN SMITH.

A FRENCH barber's sign read thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always to-morrow.

SOMEBODY advertises if "the fellow who stole my new hat from the barber-shop, and left an old one in its place, don't return it, I will send his wife a letter, which was found in the lining of the old one directed to a certain female not related to the family."

A GENTLEMAN walking in the fields with a lady, picked a blue-bell, and taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which, with the flower, he presented to the lady:

This pretty flower of heavenly hue,
Must surely be allied to you:
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too.

To which the lady replied:

If, sir, your compliment be true,
I'm sorry that I look so blue.

WE sometimes find the following curious rhyme on the fly-leaf or inside cover of school-books:

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows be your end;
For if you do, the Lord will say,
Where is that book you stole away?

THE following advertisement appeared in an Irish paper:—"Whereas, John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is, therefore, to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same, his name shall be made public."

ON the fly-leaf of a Bible:

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To tell the love of God alone
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

PERHAPS incongruous images were never forced together more absurdly than in that of Sir Robert Boyle, whose monumental inscription is:—"Sacred to the memory of Robert Boyle, the father of science, and brother to the Earl of Cork."

A PAPER out West has for its motto: "Good will to all men who pay promptly. Devoted to news and making money."

On the title-page of a book called "Gentlemen, Look About You," is the following singular request:

> Read this over if you're wise,
> If you're not, then read it twice;
> If a fool, and in the gall
> Of bitterness, read not at all.

Two shoemakers living opposite each other in a street in London, one of them put on his sign-board, under his name and trade, the Latin motto, "Mens conscia recti." His neighbor not understanding the phrase, supposing it referred to a new style of boot, and wishing to outvie his rival, had painted on his sign, in large ornamental letters, "Men's and women's conscia recti."

INSURANCE, HUMORS OF.

The following reply to a life insurance circular, requesting information as to the health and habits of an applicant, was received at a prominent life insurance office in Hartford:

1. How long have you known —— ?

Since two years after I was born.

2. What are his general habits?

In winter, red flannel shirts and blue beaver; in summer, a straw hat canted to one side, and nankeen trowsers very loose in the legs.

3. What is his profession?

Congregationalist.

4. Has he ever had fever and ague?

Had a fever last summer, when the thermometer was at ninety; but it was no great shakes.

5. Has he ever had the heart disease?

Yes; but was cured of it by Rev. Dr. Hawks years ago.

6. What state was he in when you saw him last?

The State of Michigan.

7. Has his application ever been rejected?

Yes, once, promptly, by a lady.

8. What age do you consider him?

Old enough to know more than he does.

9. Does he smoke or chew?

He smokes when he chooses.

10. Has he children?

Yes; two nephews.

A story is told of a man who insured in London 1000 cigars valued at 40*l.* against fire and water. After the lapse of six months he made his appearance at the insurance office and demanded his money, as the cigars had been burned.

"But not on board the vessel, sir?" said the secretary, "for she is in the dock now."—"Yes, on board the vessel. I smoked them, and therefore burned them all myself, and the insurance says against fire."

The secretary was taken aback, but told the smoker to call again next day. He called at the appointed time, but was met by the solicitor of the company, who told him that if he did not relinquish his claim, he would be prosecuted as one who had knowingly and wilfully set fire to goods insured by the company.

Miss M., a young lady of considerable personal attraction, chanced to be seated at a dinner party next to a gentleman who formed one of the train of her admirers. The conversation turned upon the uncertainty of life; "I mean to insure mine," said the lady, archly, "in the Hope."—"In the hope of what?" said the devoted lover. "A single life is hardly worth insuring; I propose that we should insure our lives together; and if you have no objection, I should prefer the Alliance."

A man in Pawtucket made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked:—"What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing fires?"—"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied.

At the time when the famous Dr. Lieb was figuring so largely in political life, prejudices were strong, and party feeling ran high. Application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate a life insurance company for the term of fifty years. On this a zealous member rose and addressed Mr. Speaker with, "Sir, I don't like this bill, and I shan't vote for it. The petitioners have asked leave to be incorporated to insure lives for fifty years, and what will be the consequence of granting their prayer? Why, the first thing you'll know, that mischievous Dr. Lieb will get his life insured for the whole time, and then we shall have him tormenting us for half a century to come."

A WITTY fellow slipped down on an icy pavement. While in the sprawling attitude he exclaimed: "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish the streets were laid in ashes."

AT Adrian, Michigan, a lady saw an engine-house with a steeple, and innocently asked a gentleman attendant, "What church is that?" The gentleman, after reading the sign, "Deluge, No. 3," replied: "I guess it must be the Third Baptist."

IN Bannister's time a farce was performed under the title of Fire and Water. "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author by his side. "What fate!" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

THE Young Men's Debating Society having dismissed the question "Where does the fire go to when it goes out?" have now under discussion a more exciting subject: "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up or does it burn down?" There will be a warm debate on this question.

AT a social party, where humorous definitions formed one of the games of the evening, the question was put: "What is religion?"—"Religion," replied one of the party, who was less renowned for piety than anything else, "religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

STERNE, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," who had the reputation of treating his wife very badly, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said he, with amazing assurance, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burned over his head."—"If you think so," replied Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

THE collector in an English country church, where a brief was read for a sufferer from fire, flattered himself that he had been unusually successful in the collection, as he fancied he saw an agent of one of the fire insurance offices put a note into the box. On examining the contents, however, he found that the note had not issued from any bank, but merely bore these admonitory words: "Let them insure, as they wish to be saved."

A WAGGISH historiographer, speaking of the great fire of London, said: "Cannon street roared, Bread street was burnt to a crust, Crooked lane was burnt straight, Addle hill staggered, Creed lane would not believe it till it came, Distaff lane had spun a fine thread, Ironmonger lane was red hot, Seacrab lane was burnt to a cinder, Soper lane was in the suds, the Poultry was too much singed, Thames street was dried up, Wood street was burnt to ashes, Shoe lane was burnt to boot, Snow hill was melted down, Pudding lane and Pye corner were overbaked."

SOME time ago a man entered an insurance office in Buffalo, and, tossing a paper on the counter, said to the clerk: "That's run out, and I want to get it renewed." As the clerk unfolded the document a broad grin spread over his face, and he inquired, "Are you sure that this has run out?"—"Yes," said the man, "my wife told me it ran out yesterday morning," whereupon the clerk handed back to him his—marriage certificate!

THE latest Irish bull is the case of a gentleman, who, in order to raise the wind whereby to relieve himself from pecuniary embarrassments, got his life insured for a large amount and then drowned himself.

TWO iron safe agents were presenting their relative claims to an admiring crowd. One was a Yankee, and the other wasn't. He that wasn't told his story. A rooster had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed for three days to an intense degree of heat. When the door was opened, the rooster stalked out as if nothing had happened. It was now the Yankee's turn. A rooster had also been shut up in his safe, and it was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. The legs of the safe had been melted off, and the door itself had been so far welded as to require the use of cold chisels to get it open. When at last it was opened, the rooster was found frozen to death.

A CERTAIN Dutchman, owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of $800, although it had been built for much less. The house burnt down, and the Dutchman then claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay more than its actual value—about $600. He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, interlarding his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths.

"If you wish it," said the cashier of the insurance company, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are positive it can be done for even less than $600."

To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and at last was compelled to take the $600. Some weeks after he had received the money he was called upon by the same agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of life insurance on himself or on his wife.

"If you insure your wife's life for $2000," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart."

"Dat be tam!" exclaimed the Dutchman; "you 'surance fellows ish all tiefs! If I insure my vife, and my vife dies, and if I goes to de office to get my two tousand dollars, do I get all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'She vasn't vorth two tousand dollars; she vas vorth 'bout six hundred. If you don't like de six hundred dollars we vill give you a bigger and better vife!' "

"MY dear," said Mr. B. to his wife, while his smiling face indicated the consciousness of having done a good action, "I have just had my life insured for your benefit."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. B., looking round upon her family and friends with an expression of injured innocence, "just to think of the selfishness of men, and particularly of husbands! There you have been and had your life insured, while your poor wife may go without any insurance on hers. It's just what I expected of you!" she fretfully exclaimed, and was only recalled to a sense of her injustice and absurdity by hearing an uncontrollable burst of laughter all around her.

A NEW-MADE widow went to a life insurance office to receive the amount of a policy on her husband's life, which had, providentially, been made payable to her. The president thought it only proper to condole with her on her bereavement. "I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss."—"That's always the way with you men. You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE AND MECHANICAL ART.

THE following article on Guttenburg and Printing is by J. M. Ratchet:

It was somewhere about fifty years before that All Saints' Day when Luther posted up his ninety-five heretical theses upon the gate of the castle-church at Wittemburg, that (according to the tradition, be it true or false,) there might have been seen in Paris a man of the merchant class, of substantial and intelligent appearance, a German, whose business in that city was the sale of what he represented to be certain manuscript copies of the Latin Bible. His name was Iohannes Faustus, or, as we moderns would write it, John Faust. His manuscripts, he tells the monks who crowd around him, were made in Strasburg, and he has an uncommon quantity of them—more by far than the slow pens of that age had been accustomed to produce, except at cost of many a long month's labor. Men's minds were just at that time slowly awakening to a love of literature and knowledge. The revival of letters was in its first early dawn, and all written copies of books, always precious from their scarcity, were now beginning to grow still more valuable and highly prized from the newly awakened demand. Copies of the Bible, as containing all the mysteries which seemed to make churchmen so powerful, were particularly sought after.

All of Faust's manuscripts were eagerly bought up. They were extremely neat specimens of writing, having curiously illuminated initial letters colored in by a skilful hand—and, what was most remarkable, they bore none of the interlined corrections, so common in most manuscripts, and they were marvellously alike the one to the other. So numerous, too! how rapidly the penman of John Faust must write!

The first batch are marked with the year of grace 1462. Four years later, John is again at Paris with a new lot, identically the same in appearance, and having sold them, he disappears. Some say he died with the plague, which prevailed that year in Paris.

But others thought they knew better. John Faust had sold himself to the devil, and his brimstone master had come and carried him off. No man could write Bibles fast enough to supply so extensive a book merchant as John, unless he had diabolical assistance. It was absurd to think of it. The shaven-headed students knew all about it, and they said it was magic, and nothing else. Besides, what human hand could cause pen and ink to make characters so exactly alike as these? No books had ever been written with such marvellous similarity; collusion with Satan was evident; the purchasers almost fancied they could smell brimstone as they opened the leaves, and could scarcely refrain from casting the devilish things into the fire to escape contamination.

Such was the impression created in the minds of men when the first printed books were thrown upon the market. The true origin of the art is not, and cannot be, well known, as the inventors at first proposed nothing more than to imitate MSS., and to palm off their wares as such at the immense prices all books then brought. They had the best of reasons for keeping their discovery secret, and the importance of it was not sufficiently realized in time to bring out clear disclosures, till it was too late to obtain them.

The honor of being the birth-place of the art of printing is disputed between three cities—Haarlem, Mentz, and Strasburg; and the honor of the perfected invention is divided more or less equally between four different men.

The Haarlemites claim that as early as 1430 Laurence Coster hit upon the happy thought (which everybody that ever used a seal might as easily have hit upon), from cutting out a few letters in the bark of a beech tree, and printing off impressions as copies for his children to learn to write from. He cut tablets and printed some alphabets and small tracts; and even went so far as to divide his tablets up into separate movable types. This was the first real step toward the modern art. For the Chinese had long used engraved tablets for printing, and playing-cards, and soon some rude books had been so printed in Europe. Each work so produced had to be engraved, of course, all the way through, each page separately. The *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Man's Bible, about 1420, is such a "block book," of some forty plates, each containing a picture and a couple of scripture passages in illustration. A few copies of this rare old book are still extant.

Coster soon found that his movable types were a vast improvement upon the solid tablet, and as they wore out, went so far as to replace them in metal. This was about the extent of his work. The story is, that John Faust was a workman of his, who stole his art and his types, carried them to Mentz, and then entered upon the practice of printing with Guttenburg. But this is doubtful, as it seems most probable that the discovery of the latter was independent, and that Faust was a man of means in Mentz, who afforded the capital required.

Guttenburg was originally a resident of Strasburg, and it is proved that he had a press and tablet, at least in operation there as early as 1436. Dissatisfied with the slowness of this method, he made movable types as Coster had done. In 1445, he went to Mentz, and forming a partnership with Faust, to whom he confided his secret, began the work in earnest and with great success. Each separate type was laboriously cut out in hard metal, in imitation of the writing of the period—a heavy German text hand.

The labor and expense of carving these types, so many being required in printing a book of any size, led to the next and final step in the invention. This was the art of type-founding, or casting them in a matrix, the carving of a single letter as a mould being made to produce any number of types. This happy idea came from one Peter Shœffer, one of Guttenburg and Faust's workmen. The idea being still to imitate MSS., the body of the work was printed in type in fac-simile, while the illuminated initials were skilfully put in by hand. Such were the copies of the Latin Bible, which tradition says were sold by Faust in Paris, where he went to find sale for his books, in the hope of avoiding suspicion on account of their mysterious origin.

Guttenburg separated from his partner in 1456 and set up for himself. Faust gave Shœffer his daughter in marriage as a reward for his invention of casting types, and associated him with himself in business. The workmen employed by them were decoyed away, and carried the secret to various cities, so that the thing gradually became known all over Europe. Printing was by their means carried into England, in 1471, by William Caxton, under Henry VII. Caxton was a merchant of London. He went to Holland, and so far eluded the jealousy in which the art was kept as to entice a workman named Fred Corfells to return with him and set up a press.

To Guttenburg undoubtedly belongs the chief honor in practicalizing the art, as also that of the discovery, conjointly with Coster. Shœffer did the most effective service in cheapening and popularizing it. The influence of these men upon the world is something truly wonderful to contemplate.

THE following inscription contains the names of the persons who are acknowledged as the originators of printing:

"To the memory of John Guttenburg, junior, the reported inventor, John Faust, the promoter, and Peter Shœffer, the improver, and also Guttenburg, senior. This is here presented that posterity may know to whom they are indebted for the art of printing with movable types."

But their first works were very rude, and it was only by gradual efforts and skill that the present perfection was reached. We have seen books, however, of a date as early as the year 1500, which present a remarkably clean typographical appearance. The invention of a glutinous ink, called printer's ink, is ascribed to the ingenious Laurence Coster.

WHEN the art of printing was first discovered, the printers only made use of one side of a page; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them printed. When the art of printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be the correctors of the press to the eminent printers; physicians, lawyers, and bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were valued according to the abilities of the corrector, as Shakspeare says:

To let their fame
Live registered in our printed books.

Some suppose the first book printed in the English tongue was "The Recuyell of the History of Troy," and is dated September 19, 1471, at Cologne; but "The Game of Chess," is allowed by all the typographical antiquarians to have been the first specimen of the art.

The early printers used to affix at the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet, concerning the work, with the addition of the name of the printer. In the edition of the "Pragmatic Sanction," printed by Andrew Bocard, at Paris, in 1507, the following handsome couplet is inserted :

Stet liber hic donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat ; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

Which may be translated thus :

May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled ;
Till an ant has drunk up the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawled round the world.

THE first printed book some think was the Bible. Of the eighteen copies of this edition four are on parchment. Two of these copies are in England, one in the Royal Library of Berlin, and one in Paris. Of the remaining fourteen copies, ten are in England, three being in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh and London. One parchment copy was sold for the sum of eighteen hundred dollars.

IT is a remarkable and most interesting fact, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied was the production of the Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years of 1450 and 1455. Guttenburg was the inventor of the art, a goldsmith furnishing the funds. The Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred pages, and being the first Bible ever printed of course involved a long period of time and an immense amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labor ; and yet for a long period after it had been furnished and offered for sale, not a single human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

THE art of engraving is of ancient origin, being practised at a very early age by the Egyptians, who used wooden stamps, marked with hieroglyphics, for the purpose of marking their bricks. It is first mentioned by Moses, in Exodus xxviii. 9, who was commanded to take two onyx stones, and grave on them the names of the children of Israel. Its revival in Europe dates from the fifteenth century. Mezzotint engraving was invented by Col. von Siegen about 1643 ; engraving in colors, by J. C. Le Blond, about 1725 ; in imitation of pencil, by Giles des Marteaux, in 1756 ; and aquatint engraving by Le Prince, about 1762. Engraving on copper, or chalcography, is said to have been practised in Germany, about 1450. Some early plates by Albert Durer, dated 1515 and 1516, are believed to be impressions from steel plates. This metal, however, was very seldom employed by engravers ; only one specimen, executed by Mr. J. I. Smith, in 1805, being known until 1818, when Mr. C. Warren exhibited an impression from a soft steel plate to the Society of Arts. Engraving on wood is said to have been practised by the Chinese as early as B. C. 1120. The precise date of its introduction into Europe is unknown. Some authorities state that a series of wood-cuts, illustrative of the career of Alexander the Great, was engraved by the two Cunio, in 1285. This story is, however, rather doubtful ; and, perhaps, the origin of the art may be traced to the wooden blocks used by notaries for stamping monograms in the thirteenth century, and to the engraved playing-cards which appeared in France about 1340. The earliest woodcut in existence represents St. Christopher with the infant Saviour, and is dated 1423. Many block books exist of about the year 1430 ; but the art was not brought to great perfection till the commencement of the sixteenth century. Albert Durer (1471—1528) ; Lucas, of Leyden (1494—1533) ; Holbein, whose Dance of Death appeared at Lyons in 1538 ; Gerard Audran (1640—1703) ; Woollet (1735—1785) ; Thomas Bewick (1753—1828) ; Nesbit, born in 1775 ; and Harvey, born in 1796, rank foremost among the old school engravers ; but the modern school, stimulated and encouraged by the growing taste of the public for finely-illustrated books and periodicals, may be said to have completely surpassed all their predecessors.

THE first daily journal in the world was that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, established in 1615. It is still issued, and is a favorite all over the continent.

Accident has sometimes proved the stepping-stone to success; and not the least interesting items in the history of industrial as well as abstract science, are those in which some incident, trivial in itself, has constituted the turning point in the evolution of an important principle. As an illustration, a circumstance is mentioned, the direct result of which was the invention of the vulcanizing process, whereby India rubber is fitted for the numberless purposes to which its use is now essential. After long years of effort and disappointment, Charles Goodyear stood apparently as far as ever from the attainment of his object, until one day, while in earnest conversation regarding his proposed invention, he emphasized an assertion by flinging away at random a piece of rubber combined with sulphur that he held in his hand. The fragment falling upon the stove was subjected to a higher heat than that to which he had ever ventured designedly to subject the material, and when it was recovered it was found to possess the qualities for which he had sought so long; heat could not soften the water-proof mass. And thus sprang forth the germ of an invention that has built up a new branch of manufacturing industry, giving employment to thousands of operators, and added in many forms to the conveniences of life.

Another of those accidents to which the world owes nearly all its greatest inventions, resulted in discovering a method of coloring marble, which had been given up heretofore as an impossibility. Recently an inventor in New York, while seeking some means of making barrel staves impervious to petroleum, accidentally used a piece of marble to wedge the barrel he was experimenting upon into its place in the vat containing the solution, with which he was trying to fill the pores of the wood. On taking out the marble, he noticed that it was beautifully stained, but threw it aside without any further thought. About a month later he picked it up, examined it, tried to wash it clean, failed, broke it with a hammer stroke, and lo! the color had penetrated the whole mass. This discovery has been pushed on, and it is now claimed that six hundred different hues can be permanently imparted to marble.

Some additional discoveries made by accident are given in "Waverly," as follows:—The use of the pendulum, suggested by the vibrating of a chandelier in a cathedral; the power of steam, intimated by the oscillating of the lid of a tea kettle; the utility of coal gas for light, experimented upon by an ordinary tobacco pipe of white clay; the magnifying property of the lens, stumbled upon by an optician's apprentice while holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger—are well-known instances in proof of the fact.

Galvanism was discovered by accident. Professor Galvani, of Bologna, in Italy, gave his name to the operation, but his wife is considered as actually entitled to the credit of the discovery. She being in bad health, some frogs were ordered for her. As they lay upon the table, skinned, she noticed that their limbs became strongly convulsed when near an electrical conductor. She called her husband's attention to the fact; he instituted a series of experiments, and in 1789 the galvanic battery was invented.

Eleven years later, with that discovery for his basis, Professor Alessandro Volta, also an Italian, announced his discovery of the "voltaic pile."

The discovery of glass-making was effected by seeing the sand vitrified, upon which a fire had been kindled.

Blancourt says that the making of plate glass was suggested by the fact of a workman happening to break a crucible filled with melted glass. The fluid ran under one of the large flag-stones with which the floor was paved. On raising the stone to recover the glass, it was found in the form of a plate, such as could not be produced by the ordinary process of blowing.

Glass pearls, though among the most beautiful, inexpensive, and common ornaments worn by the ladies, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656 a Venetian, named Jaquin, discovered that the scales of a fish, called the bleak fish, possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to the water. He found, by experimenting, that beads dipped into this water assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off, and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on to this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube, the insides are delicately coated with the pearly liquid, and a waxed coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fish to produce half a pint of the liquid, to which a small quantity of sal-ammonia and isinglass are afterwards added.

Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacconist shop in Limerick. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of the poor neighbors, groping among the embers, for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed, but half-baked snuff, which they tried, and found it so pleasant to their noses that they loaded their waistcoat pockets with it. Lundy Foot, aroused from his stupor, imitated their example, and took a pinch of his own property, when he was struck by the superior pungency and flavor it had acquired from the great heat to which it had been exposed. Acting upon the hint, he took another house in a place called Black-Yard, erected ovens, and set about the manufacture of that high-dried commodity which soon became widely known as Black-Yard snuff. Eventually he took a larger house in Dublin, and, making his customers pay literally through the nose, amassed a great fortune by having been ruined.

We extract the following from the Iron County (Mo.) Register:

On ascending the western slope of Pilot Knob, in company with a small party of ladies and gentlemen, our attention was arrested by the exertions of three stalwart miners in dislodging a huge porphyry boulder which had been nearly entirely undermined by the process of blowing, blasting and digging away iron ore from the mountain side. The weight of this boulder could hardly be conjectured, being nearly round, and measuring nearly thirty feet in diameter. The boulder lay at the top of the cut, and when dislodged would plunge an unbroken depth of forty feet into the bottom of the cut that yawned far beneath it. A huge blast was prepared, and our little party scarcely breathed while it was being fired. The excitement was intense.

It was a grand sight to see this mammoth rock rolled, by the modern appliances of man, from its bed where convulsion had placed it. The train flashed, a tube of pitch-black shot up into the air, which widened into a cloud almost instantly. The mountain shook, and, with a life-like groan, the old rock lurched forward, and took a fearful leap. We were almost afraid to watch it strike the bottom of the cut below. With the sound of thunder it struck—crash! crash! and thunder again, and—*mirabile dictu!*—the enormous weight disappeared, and a bottomless pit was opened through the mountain below us. We hurried down to this new revelation as soon as we recovered from our great excitement. We found that the rock had crushed through the side of the mountain, and opened to our astonished gaze an immense cavern, under the metallic base of Pilot Knob. We procured lights, and were soon cautiously advancing into the avenue of wonders. We had scarcely proceeded one hundred yards in this mysterious sub terra-mundane hill, when we came full into a grand chamber, seemingly studded over with stalagmitic statuary.

A few moments of vivid torchlight revealed to us what we shall never forget. In regular rows along both sides of this grand chamber, and on either side of an isle running through the centre to the farther wall, about thirty yards distant, were upright human forms, in a state of preservation, and disciplined regularity. The shackles of incredulity were rent asunder, and we felt—yes, knew—that we were in the midst of an antediluvian congregation. The state of feelings while thus surrounded in the chamber of the dead can neither be imagined nor described. We were transported back to the primeval ages, and stood among the speechless ancients, whose abode of gloom and silence was well calculated to inspire the deepest awe. The even and polished walls of this chamber were magnificently and strangely frescoed with the antique forms of every species known to animal organization. The forms, customs and general appearance of these mummies, as well as numerous hieroglyphic characters were purely Egyptian.

A VERY interesting discovery has been made at Antelope Station, 450 miles west of Omaha. In digging a well for the railroad company, there was reached, at the depth of sixty-eight feet, a layer of human bones—undoubtedly human from the fact that there was a skull and jaw, as well as other bones from the extremities and the trunk. The excavators assert that in the process of digging they have found layers of bones in which the remains of elephants and tigers were unearthed, it being known to everybody that these animals are extinct species on this continent. It remains for the savants to determine whether these human bones were covered so deeply by a cataclysm, or were deposited there in pre-historic times, to confirm or correct current scientific opinion both as to the origin of the human race and the time of its existence on this planet.

DR. MILIO, the celebrated surgeon of Kieff, while on a visit to St. Petersburgh, explained the means he had invented for illuminating the body by means of the electric light to such an extent that the human machine may be observed almost as if skin and flesh were transparent. The Moscow Gazette asserts that, to demonstrate the feasibility of his process, Dr. Milio placed a bullet inside his mouth and then lighted up his face, upon which the bullet became distinctly visible through his cheek. Dr. Milio did not propose to lay bare all the secrets of the flesh, to explore the recesses of the heart, or to perform any miracles physical or metaphysical. But he claimed to have discovered a new and effective way of dealing with gunshot wounds; first, by means of electric illumination, he discovered the precise situation of the bullet; next, by means of magnetism, he proposed to extract the bullet—provided always that the bullet contained some portion of steel. Against leaden bullets his system is powerless, and he therefore intended to represent to the International Committee, which met at Geneva, the desirability of recommending an admixture of steel in the manufacture of all future bullets. Dr. Milio's experiments with bullets containing only a slight admixture of steel are said to have been thoroughly successful.

IN a letter from Dr. Franklin to Dr. Ingenhauz, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 24, 1788, the doctor remarks: "We have no philosophical news here at present, except that a boat moved by a steam engine rows itself against the tide in our river, and it is apprehended the construction may be so simplified and improved as to become generally useful."

GLASS windows were used for light in 1180.

Telescopes invented by Ports and Janson 1590.

Tea first brought from China to Europe in 1501.

Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey in 1610.

Cotton planted in the United States in 1759.

Stereotyping invented in Scotland in 1785.

On the Sandwich Islands four tons of sugar are made from one acre.

Chimneys first put up to houses in 1236.

Tallow candles for lights in 1290.

Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1249.

Paper made from linen in 1302.

Woollen cloth made in England, 1341.

Art of printing from movable type, 1440.

Watches first made in Germany, 1447.

Newspapers first established in 1629.

Pendulum clocks first invented in 1639.

Barometer invented by Torricelli in 1535.

Steam engine invented in 1649.

Bread made with yeast in 1650.

Fire engines invented in 1685.

Telegraph invented by Morse in 1832.

The first daguerreotype made in France in 1839.

ABOUT 250 years B. C., Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

In A. D. 1454, Athemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leather tube, which rose to a narrow stop, with pipes extending to the rafters; a fire was kindled beneath the caldron, and the house was shaken by the effect of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam of which we have any record.

In 1513, June 17, Blasco D. Garoy tried a steamboat of 208 tons with tolerable good success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of boiling water and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however. was made Garoy.

In 1602 a railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam engine in England was in the Marquis of Winchester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1713 Newcomen made the first engine in England.

In 1718 patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1765 James Watt made the first perfect engine in England.

In 1637 Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed his application of steam in America.

In 1781 Marquis Jouffroy constructed an engine on the Saône.

In 1785 two Americans published a work on it.

In 1789 William Symington made a voyage in a steamboat on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Romsay propelled a boat by steam at New York.

In 1787 John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware.

In 1793 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793 Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in the month of June, 1819, from Charleston to Liverpool.

FELT armor is the invention of an Italian. This felt, prepared by powerful engines, is cast into moulds like melted metal. When it gets cold it resists the effects of balls like the best steel. Used for uniforms, it resists blows by a sabre, or the balls from a revolver. Used as an armor, it resists the balls from a Chassepot gun, if it is fired at one-half range, and it considerably diminishes its effect when fired at a nearer distance.

To the Dutch the ladies of all nations are indebted for the invention of the thimble. The Dutch achieved this great invention about the year 1690.

IN the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth, a blacksmith named Mark Scaliot, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, together with a key to it, weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold, consisting of forty-three links, and, having fastened this to the before-mentioned lock and key, he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew them with all ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed only one grain and a half. Oswaldus Norhingerus, who was more famous even than Scaliot, for his minute contrivances, is said to have made 16,000 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so small, thin, and slender, that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a peppercorn of the common size. Johannes Shad, of Mitelbrach, carried this wonderful work with him to Rome, and showed it to Pope Paul V., who saw and counted them all by the help of a pair of spectacles. They were so little as to be almost invisible to the eye. Johannes Ferrarius, a Jesuit, had in his possession cannons of wood, with their carriages, wheels, and other military furniture, all of which were contained in a peppercorn of the ordinary size. An artist, named Claudius Gallus, made for Hippolytus d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara, representations of sundry birds sitting on the tops of trees, which, by hydraulic art and secret conveyance of water through the trunks and branches of the trees, were made to sing and clap their wings; but at the sudden appearance of an owl out of a bush, by the same artifice they immediately became all mute and silent.

WHILE some workmen were quarrying rock at Jank Rapids, Minnesota, they found buried beneath the solid granite, the remains of a human being of gigantic stature. The remains were about seven feet below the surface of the ground, and about three and a half beneath the upper stratum of rock, and were found imbedded in the sand, which had evidently been placed in the quadrangular grave which had been dug out of the solid rock to receive the remains of this antediluvian giant. The grave was twelve feet in length, four feet wide, and about three feet in depth, and was at least two feet below the present level of the river. The remains are completely petrified, and are of gigantic dimensions. The head is massive, and measures thirty-one and one-half inches in circumference, but low in the *os frontis* and very flat on top. The femur measures twenty-six and a quarter inches, and the fibula twenty-five and a half, while the body is equally long in proportion. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot the length is ten feet, nine and a half inches. The giant must have weighed at least nine hundred pounds when covered with a reasonable amount of flesh. The petrified remains—and there is nothing left but the naked bones—now weigh three hundred and four and a quarter pounds. The thumb and fingers of the left hand, and the left foot from the ankle to the toes, are gone; but all the other parts are perfect. Over the sepulchre of the unknown dead was placed a large flat limestone rock, that remained perfectly separated from the surrounding granite rock.

THE cap is generally the emblem of liberty, and was given to the Roman slaves in the ceremony of emancipating them, whence the proverb, *Vocare servos ad pileum.* It is, however, sometimes used as a mark of infamy. In Italy, the Jews are distinguished by a yellow cap; at Lucca, by an orange colored one. In France, those who had been bankrupts were obliged ever after to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce.

By several decrees, in 1584, 1622, 1628, 1688, it was ordained, that if they were at any time found without their green cap, their protection should be null and their creditors empowered to cast them into prison. A similar law prevailed at one time in Scotland; bankrupts were obliged to wear a coat of "dyvours colours."

HATS are said first to have been used about the year 1400, at which time they became of use for the countrywear, riding, etc. Father Daniel relates that when Charles the Second made his public entry into Rouen, in 1449, he had on a hat lined with velvet, and surmounted with a plume or tuft of feathers; he adds, that it is from this entry, or at least under his reign, that the use of hats and caps is to be dated, which henceforward began to take the place of the chaperons and hoods that had been worn before. In process of time from the laity, the clergy also took this part of the habit; but it was looked on as a great abuse, and several regulations were published, forbidding any priest or religious person to appear abroad in a hat without coronets, and enjoining them to keep the use of the chaperons made of black cloth with decent coronets; if they were poor, they were at least to have coronets fastened to their hats, and this upon penalty of suspension and excommunication. The use of hats is, however, said to have been of longer standing among the ecclesiastics of Brittany, by two hundred years. Lobineau observed that a bishop of Dol, in the twelfth century, zealous for good orders, allowed the canons alone to wear hats. Pope Innocent the Fourth first made the hat the symbol or cognizance of the cardinals, enjoining them to wear a red hat at the ceremonies and processions, in token of their being ready to spill their blood for Jesus Christ.

JULIUS CÆSAR, in his youth, set the fashion of wearing ear-rings, which had before that time been confined to females and to slaves, who were chiefly distinguished in that manner from freemen. The custom once introduced, continued to be general among young men of family until the time of Alexander Severus, who, adhering closely to a manly simplicity of dress, abolished this effeminate foppery. Ear-rings have at various periods been fashionable in France with gentlemen even so late as the revolution, when the wearing of golden rings was prohibited.

BOOTS are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were first made of leather, afterwards of brass or iron, and were proof against both cuts and thrusts. It was from this that Homer calls the Greeks brazen-footed. The boot only covered half the leg; some say the right leg, which was more advanced than the left, it being advanced forward in an attack with the sword; but in reality it appears to have been used on either, and sometimes on both. Those who fought with darts, or other missile weapons, advanced the left leg foremost; so that in such cases this only was booted.

Boots were much used by the ancients, either for riding on horseback or walking. The boot was called by the ancient Romans *ocrea*, by the writers of the middle ages *greva*, *gamberia*, *bainberga*, *bemberga*, or *benbarga*.

The Chinese have a kind of boots made of silk or fine stuff lined with cotton, a full inch thick, which they always wear at home. These people are always booted; and when a visit is made to them, if they happen to be without their boots, their guest must wait till they put them on.

When boots first came into fashion, a pair was presented to a worthy mayor in some part of England. He examined them attentively, and concluded they were a new kind of baskets—accordingly, when he went to church the next Sunday, he slung one round his neck and put his prayer-book into it. His wife used the other to bring her marketing in.

A NEEDLE manufactory in Prussia manufactures needles so small and superfine, that thousands of them together do not weigh an ounce. The king once visited the manufactory, and marvelled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye; upon which the borer asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile, when the workman placed it at once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the curious needle to the astonished king.

But a still more curious needle is in Queen Victoria's possession, which represents the column of Trajan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

NEEDLES are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut out by shears, from coils, into the length of the needles to be made. After a batch of such bits of wire have been cut off, they are placed in a hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward until they are straight. They are now ready to be ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first on one end, and then on the other. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles in an hour. Next comes the punching of the eyes, done by a boy so fast that the eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman with a little anvil before her files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but they are rough and rusty, and easily bend. The hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red-hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed over the cloth ; the cloth is rolled up hard, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash-pot to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough ; but after a rinsing in clean hot water and a tossing in saw-dust, they become bright, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale.

WIGS were invented about the time of the first Roman Emperors. Baldness was then considered a deformity, and we are told that Otho had a kind of scalp of fine leather, with locks of hair upon it, so well arranged as to appear natural ; yet Domitian, who reigned some years after him, did not find means to hide his want of hair, though so mortified by it, that he could not bear to hear the subject mentioned.

The Chevalier Folard asserts, in his notes on Polybius, that wigs were in use before the time of Hannibal, and he cites a passage from that author, not only to prove that Hannibal wore one himself, but to infer from the manner in which the fact is related, that it was not then introduced into Rome, until the period already mentioned. It is, indeed, pretty evident that wigs were unknown in the time of Julius Cæsar ; for it is well understood that he valued his crown of laurels more as a covering for his baldness than for the honor it conferred, and it may fairly be presumed, that if wigs had been generally worn, he would not have neglected so easy a method of covering his baldness.

A PARTY of the surveyors in Arizona, engaged in exploring the country for railroad routes, came upon some very extensive ruins on the banks of the Little Colorado River. They extended along the river for many miles. Some of the walls of buildings are yet in their places, and stand six or eight feet high. The streets may be traced for miles. The old irrigating canals and ditches are yet in a fair state of preservation, and may be traced for miles also. The ground is strewn with broken crockery-ware, some of which is nearly whole, and of a very curious form. The ware seems to be of a different quality, and finer than that found at most of the ruins in Arizona. Many of the walls of the buildings were built of hewn stones, and put up in a workmanlike manner. To all appearance here once stood a city of many thousand inhabitants. Who they were or to what tribes they belonged, there is no record left to show. On the east bank are the ruins of a large structure or castle, covering several acres of land ; some of the walls are yet standing to the height of twenty or thirty feet.

A PERSON in Paris invented an electric cane, which was intended as a defence against highwaymen and burglars, and which could be used with effect by road-robbers and house-breakers. It consisted of a horn inserted in the end of a cane, which horn contained an electric battery and a lamp with two powerful reflectors. The intensity of the light temporarily blinded any person at whom it was pointed. The lamp was kindled at will by pressing a small knob at the other end of the cane, which knob communicated with an electric wire.

AT Naples some pieces of parchment have been found in the binding of a book, containing three fragments, hitherto unpublished, of Cicero's famous treatise "On Fate."

Professor Beckman, in his work on "Science and the Mechanic Arts," makes the following comment on the origin of pavements:

The oldest pavements of which we have any account in modern cities, is that of Cordova, in Spain, which was paved with stones so early as the middle of the ninth century while under the dominion of the Moors, in the thirtieth year of the reign of the Caliph Abdulrahman II.; who also caused water to be conveyed into the city in leaden pipes.

Paris was the next to adopt this improvement, but it did not take place there until the year 1184, on which occasion Rigard the historian of Philip II. says "that the name of the city was changed from Lutetia, by which it had been previously called on account of its filthiness, to that of Paris, the son of Priam." What connection there was between the city and Priam does not appear, but he tells us that the king, standing one day at a window of his palace, and remarking that the dirt thrown up by the carts produced a most noxious stench, resolved to remedy the nuisance by causing the streets to be paved. We may, indeed, conjecture how offensive they must have been from the circumstance that swine were allowed to wallow in them, until a prince of the blood being killed by a fall from his horse, in consequence of a sow running between its legs, an order was issued that they should not in future be suffered in the streets. But against this the monks of the Abbey of St. Anthony remonstrated strongly, insisting that it was a want of respect to their patron to prevent his pigs from going wherever they pleased; and it was, in consequence, found necessary to grant them the exclusive privilege of wallowing in the mire without molestation, only requiring the holy fathers to turn them out with bells about their necks.

The streets of London were not paved in the eleventh century; nor is it certain at what time this improvement was first introduced. In 1090 Cheapside was of such soft earth, that when the roof of Bow Church was blown off by a violent gale of wind, four of the beams, each twenty-six feet long, were so deeply buried in the street, that little more than four feet remained above the surface.

It was not until 1417 that Holborn was paved, though it was impassable from its depths of mud. Even during the reign of Henry VIII. many of the streets are represented as "very foul and full of pits and sloughs very perilous and noxious, as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriage," and Smithfield was without pavement until 1614.

It was only a few years since (1823) the streets of Warsaw ceased to be the common receptacle of every kind of dirt. Even those of now elegant Berlin were never cleared until about the middle of the seventeenth century, and hog-sties were at that time to be found immediately under the windows, and this was not suppressed until 1681. The pavement of the city of Holland is superior to any other, both from being entirely composed of that kind of brick which we call clinkers, and from its being little worn by carriages.

The fossil remains of a gigantic bird, estimated to have stood about twenty-five feet high, have recently been discovered in New Zealand. From the description given of these remains, they do not appear to have belonged to a moa, but to some other gigantic bird, of which we have no record, in New Zealand.

James Perry, an English schoolmaster, who drudged at whittling his urchins' quills, made the first steel pen, and was so good a business man that he succeeded in introducing it as the Perrian pen. In 1825 he had fifty men engaged in the business of making pens; but it was left for Jeremiah Mason to make the pen popular —the same man, by the way, who, a few years since, became a second Peabody, by establishing an orphan asylum, endowed with $1,200,000. Mason was a Kidderminster carpet-weaver, but went to Birmingham and manufactured pins, needles, shoe-strings, and other infinitesimal essentials. Here he saw in a shop window a steel pen, priced at sixpence. He bought three, made better and lighter ones at a cost of one penny and a quarter apiece, and sent specimens to Perry. The inventor was delighted, advanced money to Mason, and the intercourse, so honorably commenced, ended in partnership and mutual wealth.

RESPECTING organs the "Arvine Cyclopædia" states that the first mention of an organ appears to have been in 757, when Constantine Cupronymus, Emperor of the East, sent to Pepin, King of France, among other rich presents, a musical machine, which the French writers describe to have been composed of pipes and large tubes of tin, and to have imitated sometimes the roaring of thunder, and sometimes the warbling of a flute. A lady was so affected on hearing it played, that she fell into a delirium, and could never afterwards be restored to her reason. In the reign of the Emperor Julian these instruments had become so popular that Ammianus Marcellinus complains that they occasioned the study of the sciences to be abandoned.

FROM the "Percy Anecdotes" we take the following:

The invention of the piano-forte has formed an era in the art of music. It has been the means of developing the sublimest ideas of the composer, and the delicacy of its touch has enabled him to give the lightest shades, as well as the boldest strokes of musical expression.

The first piano-forte was made by Father Wood, an English monk, at Rome, about the year 1711, for Mr. Crisp, the author of "Virginia." The tone of this instrument was much superior to that produced by quills, with the additional power of producing all the shades of piano and forte by the fingers; it was on this last account it received its name.

Fulk Greville, Esq., purchased it from Mr. Crisp for 100 guineas, and it remained unique in England for many years, until Plenius, the maker of the lyrichord, made one in imitation of it.

After the arrival of John Chr. Bach in England, and the establishment of his concert in conjunction with Abel, all the harpsichord makers tried their mechanical powers at piano-fortes; but the first attempts were always on the large size, till Zumpé, a German, constructed small piano-fortes of the shape of the virginal, of which the tone was very sweet, and the touch, with a little use, was equal to any degree of rapidity. These, from their low prices, the convenience of their form, as well as power of expression, suddenly grew into such favor that there was scarcely a house in the kingdom where a keyed instrument ever had admission but was supplied with one of Zumpé's piano-fortes, for which there was nearly as great a demand in France as in England. In short, he could not make them fast enough to gratify the public fondness for them. Pohlman, whose instruments were very inferior in tone, fabricated a great number for such as Zumpé was unable to supply. From this period the piano-forte has constantly been improving, until it has attained its present complete state.

THE "American Encyclopædia" says the largest organ is that in St. Peter's church in Rome; it has a hundred stops. The great organ in Gorlitz (built in 1703) has 57 stops and 3270 sounding pipes. The organ in the minster of Strasburg has 2136 pipes; that at Ulm, in Suabia, over 3000 pipes. In Rothenburg, on the Tauber, and in Halberstadt, there are organs on which three players may perform at the same time. The organ in the church of Mary Magdalen, at Breslau, has 3342 pipes. The largest metallic pipe weighs 3½ cwts., is 12½ ells long and 14 inches in diameter. Vogler has attracted much notice by his system of simplifying the construction of organs. An organ of pasteboard at Saintes, built by Father Julian, produces agreeable tones. In Paris, some time ago, an organ was built of playing cards.

THE following, on the origin of the telegraph, is taken from the "English Cyclopædia:"

When Arthur Young made his well-known journey in France, in the year 1787 to 1789, he met, he tells us, with a Monsieur Lomond, "a very ingenious and inventive mechanic," who had made a remarkable discovery in electricity. "You write two or three words on a paper," says Young: "he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small, fine, pith ball, a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful." This discovery, however, lay unnoticed until about the year 1845; though the apparatus was designed to effect the same end as the electric telegraph by means very similar.

The possibility of applying electricity to telegraphic communication was conceived by several other persons long before it was attempted upon a practical scale. The Rev. Mr. Gamble, in his description of his original shutter telegraph, published before the close of the last century, alludes to a project of electrical communications. Mr. Francis Ronalds, in a pamphlet on this subject, published in 1823, states that Cavallo proposed to convey intelligence by passing given numbers of sparks through an insulated wire; and that, in 1816, he himself made experiments upon this principle, which he deemed more promising than the application of galvanic or voltaic electricity, which had been projected by some Germans and Americans. He succeeded perfectly in transmitting signals through a length of eight miles of insulated wire; and he describes minutely the contrivances necessary for adapting the principle to telegraphic communication.

It is, however, to the combined labors of Mr. W. F. Cook and Professor Wheatstone that electric telegraphs owe their practical application; and, in a statement of the facts respecting their relative positions in connection with the invention, drawn up at their request by Sir. M. I. Brunel and Professor Daniell, it is observed that "Mr. Cook is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph as a useful undertaking, promising to be a work of national importance; and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application."

WE take the following disquisition on chimneys from "Beckman on Science:"

Down to the reign of Elizabeth, the greater part of the houses in considerable towns had no chimneys; the fire was kindled against the wall, and the smoke found its way out as well as it could, by the roof, the door, or the windows. The houses were mostly built of wattling, plastered over with clay; the floors were earth, strewed, in families of distinction, with rushes, and the beds were only straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow. In this respect even the king was no better off than his subjects, for, in the time of Henry VIII., we find directions "to examine every night the straw of the king's bed," that no daggers might be concealed therein. In the discourse prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicle, published in 1577, the writer, speaking of the progress of luxury, mentions three things especially that were "marvellously altered for the worse in England: the multitude of chimneys lately erected, the great increase of lodgings, and the exchange of treene platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver and tin; and he complains, that nothing but oak for building houses was then regarded, for when our houses," says he, "were built of willow, then we had oaken men, but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not become willow, but a great man altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration."

That chimneys were not known from the 10th to the 13th century, may be presumed from the continuance of the custom of the curfew, which arose thus: In what are usually termed the middle ages, the fires in houses were made in a cavity in the centre of the floor, over which there generally was an opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke; and when the fire was out, or the family retired to rest, the place in which it was made was closed. In those days a law was almost universally established on the Continent, that fires should be extinguished, and the family be all at home at a certain hour in the evening, which was notified by the ringing of a bell, that in England was called the curfew, and was evidently derived from the French *couvre feu*. This law was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, to prevent nocturnal assemblages of the people; and abolished in the following century by Henry the First.

Chimneys are, indeed, mentioned for the first time of which there is any record in the very year of the edict to which we have just alluded; for in an account of an earthquake that occurred at Venice in 1347, it is expressly said, that several chimneys were thrown down.

We also find that in 1368, a Paduanese nobleman, named Francesco da Carrara, paid a visit to Rome, and being lodged at the Sign of the Moon, an inn of note, he found that the fire was kindled, "according to the universal custom of the city," in a brazier placed in the middle of the room, whereupon he sent for workmen, and caused two chimneys to be constructed "in the manner of those in use at Padua," and over these, which were the first ever erected in modern Rome, he placed his arms as a memorial of the event.

FROM "Commercial and Business Anecdotes" we take the following respecting the earliest newspapers in the English language:

It would seem that newspapers were first issued in England by authority during the alarm occasioned by the armada to her shores—in order, as it was stated, by giving real information, to allay the general anxiety, and to hinder the dissemination of false and exaggerated statements. From this era newspapers, of one sort or other, have, with few intermissions generally appeared in London, sometimes at regular and sometimes at irregular intervals. The English Mercurie has been regarded the first printed newspaper in the English language, and was, by authority, "imprinted at London by her highness's printer, 1588," in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The earliest number preserved is dated July 23 in that year.

The following are the names of some of the earliest publications, which, whether correctly or incorrectly need not now be argued, were regarded as newspapers:—The Kingdom's Memorable Accidents; The Kingdom's Intelligencer; The Diurnal of Certain Passages in Parliment; The Mercurius Aulicus; The Parliment's Scout; Discovery or Certain Information; The Mercurius Civicus; The Country's Complaint; Mercurius Britannicus, etc.

The first regular series of weekly newspapers hitherto discovered was entitled the Weekly News from Italy, Germanie, etc., published in London in 1622. This statement is founded on the assertion made by a British historian that the English Mercurie, of 1588, long regarded as the first English newspaper, was a myth—a forgery. The first daily morning newspaper was the Daily Courant, 1702, London. It consisted of but one page of two columns, and contained five paragraphs, translated from foreign journals. It has been supposed by many that the Gentleman's Magazine was the earliest periodical of that description, while, in fact, it was preceded nearly forty years by the Gentleman's Journal, of Matteux, a work much more resembling our modern magazines.

WE take from "Commercial and Business Anecdotes" the following account of early American newspapers:

The first newspaper established in America was issued at Boston, in 1690, September 25th.

It immediately attracted the attention of the colonial legislature, which declared that its publication was contrary to law, and that it contained "reflections of a very high nature."

The authorities probably prohibited its further publication, for a second number does not appear to have been issued, and only one copy of number one is known to be in existence, which is in the State Paper office at London, and is a small sheet of four quarto pages, one of them blank. Its contents record public occurrences, foreign and domestic. Richard Pierce was the printer, and Benjamine Harris the publisher.

The first regular paper in North America was also issued at Boston. Its title was the News-Letter, and its date September 24th, 1704, copies of it being still preserved in the Boston Historical Society's collection.

The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was fifty dollars a year. Price for advertising, ten dollars the first week, and seven dollars for each subsequent insertion. The paper was issued weekly.

The oldest daily newspaper—the Pennsylvania Packet and General Advertiser—which was commenced in 1771, by John Dunlap, was published in 1784, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, by Daniel C. Claypole. Its last issue as a tri-weekly was Saturday, September 18th, 1784, No. 1754. The next paper, No. 1755, was issued September 21st, by John Dunlap and Daniel C. Claypole, as the Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser, and from that day onward it was published daily. In Isaiah Thomas's "History of Printing," and indeed in every book containing any account of American newspapers, this is alluded to as the first daily newspaper in the United States. The name was afterwards changed to American Daily Advertiser. It is now the North American.

The first daily in New York was commenced March 1st, 1783, and called the New York Daily Advertiser, by Francis Child & Co., No. 17 Dutch street, one door from the corner of Old Slip and Smith street. Price four cents.

Attempts were made to publish a daily newspaper in Boston in 1796, 1798 and 1809, but the Boston Daily Advertiser, commenced about 1813, was the first successful daily in that city.

"NOTES and Queries" says the Russian Newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. Also that one of the oldest newspapers in northern Europe is the Official Gazette of Sweden, the "Postoch Innikes Tidning." It was founded in 1644, during the reign of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the great.

THE same authority states that the very first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper, is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of an English newspaper called the Impartial Intelligencer, published in the year 1648, and consequently now considered more than two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Cavendish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications are very few and far between for several years, until the era of the London Gazette.

FROM the same source we learn that the first regular newspaper in America, the News-Letter, contained a notice by the publisher, inviting advertisements; and in the succeeding number, May 1st, 1704, was one response—the first newspaper advertisement in America, as follows: "Lost on the 10th April last, off Mr. Shippens's wharf, in Boston, two iron anvils, weighing between 120 and 140 pounds each: Whoever has taken them up, and will bring or give true intelligence of them to John Campbell, Postmaster, shall have a sufficient reward."

It seems to have been pretty definitively ascertained, that the first printed book on this continent was by Cromberger, in Mexico, in 1544. The first book in our territory was the Bay Psalm Book, printed in 1640, at Cambridge, by Stephen Daye.

THE first person mentioned as practising the modern art of stereotyping, was a Dutchman, Van der Mey, who resided at Leyden, about the end of the sixteenth century. He printed four books from solid plates; but at his death the art of preparing solid blocks was lost, or wholly neglected. In 1725, however, Mr. Ged, a jeweller of Edinburgh, apparently without knowledge of Van der Mey's performances, devised the plan of printing from plates; and in 1729 he entered into partnership for the purpose of prosecuting the art. A privilege was obtained by the company, from the University of Cambridge, to print Bibles and Prayer-books; but one of Ged's partners was averse to the success of the plan, and he engaged such people for the work as he thought most likely to spoil it. The compositors wilfully made errors in correcting, and the pressmen battered the plates when masters were absent. In consequence, the books were suppressed by authority, and the plates melted. Mr. Ged, with the help of his son, whom he had apprenticed to the printing trade, actually produced, in 1736, an 18mo. edition of "Sallust," and in 1742 another work was printed in Newcastle, entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." But these two specimens were the only evidences of art which Ged was able to leave to posterity. In 1751, Ged's son James, published proposals for prosecuting his father's art, but met with so little encouragement that he abandoned it and went to Jamaica, where he died. After the death of Ged and his son, the art again fell in disuse till in 1780 it was revived by Mr. Tulloch, of Glasgow, who practised it in partnership with Mr. Foulis, the University printer. They took out patents for it in England and Scotland, and several small volumes were actually printed from plates made by them, and the impressions sold to the booksellers, without any intimation of their being printed out of the common way. Circumstances of a private nature induced them to lay aside the business for a time, and others supervened to prevent them ever resuming it.

PROFESSOR BECKMAN, in his "Inventions and Discoveries," gives the following facts respecting artillery:

It is a generally-received opinion that artillery was used by Edward III. at the battle of Crecy, which took place on the 25th August, 1346; but, if so, it is a singular circumstance that Froissart, a contemporary historian, should have omitted to notice a fact of so much novelty and importance. We have, however, the decisive testimony of a passage in the works of Petrarch—who execrates this terrestrial thunder—that they were common before the year 1344: "*Nuper rara, nunc communis.*"

The most extraordinary cannon of which there is any account in history, both for its size and the period when it was employed, was used by the Sultan Mahomet II., at the siege of Constantinople in 1453. It was cast at the foundry of Adrianople, by a Dane or Hungarian of the name of Palæologus, and is thus described by Gibbon:

"At the end of three months a piece of brass ordnance was produced of stupendous and almost incredible magnitude; a measure of twelve palms is assigned to the bore, and the stone bullet weighed above six hundred pounds. A vacant place before the palace was chosen for the first experiment; but, to prevent the sudden and mischievous effects of astonishment and fear, a proclamation was issued, that the cannon would be discharged the ensuing day.

The explosion was felt or heard in a circuit of a hundred furlongs; the ball, by force of gunpowder, was driven above a mile, and on the spot where it fell, it buried itself a fathom deep in the ground.

For the conveyance of this destructive engine a frame or carriage of thirty waggons was linked together, and drawn along by a team of sixty oxen, two hundred men on both sides were stationed to poise and support the rolling weight; two hundred and fifty workmen marched before to smooth the way and repair the bridges.

Voltaire has ridiculed the credulity of the Greeks, in recording the account of this tremendous gun. But the positive and unanimous evidence of contemporary writers is not to be lightly refuted; and we learn from the "Memoirs of the Baron de Tott," that the Turks still possess a cannon still more enormous than that already described, from which a stone bullet of eleven hundred pounds weight was once discharged with three hundred and thirty pounds of powder; at the distance of six hundred yards it shivered into three fragments, traversed the Strait of the Bosphorus, and leaving the waters in a foam, again rose and bounded against the opposite hill. It is, indeed, well known that the entrance of the Dardanelles is at this moment guarded by artillery of still greater calibre than that of Mohomet.

RESPECTING Greek fire Professor Beckman says:

It is a commonly received opinion, that the inflammable substance which bore the name of "Greek fire" was employed by the ancient Greeks, and that the mode of preparing it was lost at a remote period of modern history. It was not, however, invented until about the year 678 of the Christian era, when it was discovered by Callinicus, an architect of Heliopolis—which city was afterwards called Balbeck—and its use was not discontinued in the East until towards the close of the thirteenth century.

Various conjectures have been formed respecting its composition, and some prescriptions have been preserved by ancient historians, among which the oldest, and perhaps the most to be relied on, is that mentioned by the Princess Anna Comnena, in which the component parts are said to be resin, sulphur and oil. It has not, however, been found possible to produce a substance from these ingredients similar in its effects to those recorded of the Greek fire, and all that has been ascertained on the subject merely tends to prove that it was a liquid. The chief purpose for which this extraordinary fire was employed was to annoy the enemy in naval engagements, for which purpose it was thrown from large engines, or sometimes, as it appears, blown through tubes. Fire-ships were also prepared with it, and introduced among a hostile fleet, and occasionally jars were filled with it, and cast on board the hostile vessel by means of projectile machines. They were made of metal, painted and gilt, with the extremity resembling the open jaws of some animal, and were usually placed on the prow of the ship, to which they formed an ornament. These machines are called by the ancient writers spouting engines, and it seems that they projected the fire to a considerable distance.

It is mentioned by John Cameniata, when speaking of the siege of his native city, Thessalonica, which was taken by the Saracens in 904, that the enemy threw fire into the wooden works of the besieged by means of tubes and other vessels; and the Emperor Leo, who about the same time wrote his treatise on the art of war, recommended such engines to be constructed on the forcastle of the ships.

THE following article on Portable Fire-arms is taken from Professor Beckman's celebrated work entitled "Inventions and Discoveries:"

The invention of portable fire arms would appear to have originated in Germany, which, indeed, seems sufficiently proved by the circumstance that the old names by which the different kinds were distinguished, were all either German or immediately derived from that language. They were originally called büchse, and then hadkenbüchse, whence the French took their harcquebouzes, which, in the modern dialect, we call arquebuse, and has also been adopted in the English harquebuss. These were the original muskets, but so long and heavy, that they could not be conveniently fired from the hand alone, and therefore, when it was necessary to use them, they were placed on a prop with a fork at the top, between which the piece was fixed by means of a hook projecting from the stock. They were first used at the siege of Parma, in 1521, and there is still one preserved in perfect order in the arsenal of Dresden, but the invention is no doubt of an earlier date, for it is supposed that gunlocks were invented in the city of Nuremburg in 1517. The term musket is said to have been taken from the Latin muschetus, an appellation for a species of the male sparrow-hawk; and this derivation is more probable, as the falconet and other arms were named after voracious animals. It has been proved that this arm was known in France so early as the reign of Francis I., although it has been asserted by Brantome, in his "Memoirs," that it was first employed in the army of the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands, in 1567.

The first muskets were discharged by means of a match applied with the hand; but this was afterwards adjusted to a cock, for greater security and precision in shooting. Instead of the match, a fire-stone was, at a later period, screwed from it by means of a small wheel which was wound up with a key applied to the barrel. The stone at first employed, however, was not flint as lately used, but a compact pyrites or marcasite, and, as this was apt to miss fire, the match continued for a long time to be used along with it.

The first gunlock was invented in 1517, but there is no account of the form of its construction, and the old büchse in the arsenal at Dresden, instead of a lock has a cock with a flint placed opposite the touch-hole, which flint, it appears, was rubbed with a file until a spark was elicited.

Pistols are first mentioned in France about the year 1544, but they are said to have been used at an earlier period in Germany, and were employed as an arm belonging to certain German cavalry, who were thence called pistoliers. The origin of the name, however, has not been ascertained: some have derived it, and with much appearance of probability, from Pistoia, in Tuscany, where it is said they were first made; and others, from pistillo and stiopo, from the large knobs which terminated the handles. They seem to have been originally formed entirely of iron; and the locks were constructed with a wheel, in the manner already described. Amongst those in the arsenal at Hanover, is one entirely of brass, and the date upon that considered as the most modern is 1606.

On the subject of the invention of writing-pens, Professor Beckman states as follows:

Singular as it may seem, we have no record that the ancients were acquainted with the fitness of quills for the purposes of writing. They chiefly employed tables covered with wax, on which they engraved the characters with a metal style, and when they wrote with liquids on parchment, or on the paper then manufactured from the Egyptian papyrus, they made use of reeds.

It is also remarkable, that reeds are still employed to write with by many of the Eastern nations. We learn from the voyages of Chardin, Tournefort, and others, that these are small hard canes, about the size of large swan-quills, which they cut and split in the same manner that we do quills, except that they give them a much longer nib. The best are collected in some places bordering on the Persian Gulf, whence they are sent throughout the East.

It has been supposed that quills were made use of for writing so early as the fifth century; but the conjecture rests merely upon an anecdote of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths; who, being so illiterate that he could not write even the initials of his name, was provided with a plate of gold, through which the letters Theod. were cut, and this being placed on the paper, when his signature was required, he traced the letters with a quill.

A similar method was employed by a Roman emperor, Justin, who reigned at a somewhat later period; and it is remarkable, that in an age not destitute of learning, two contemporary monarchs, whose talents had raised them to the throne, had never been instructed in the knowledge of the alphabet. Of more importance is the fact, that the Medicean library contains a manuscript copy of Virgil, written early in the fifth century, in which the gradual fineness of the hair strokes would lead to the conclusion, that it must have been written at least with some instrument as elastic as a quill: but it is unaccompanied by any further proof.

The earliest certain account of the modern writing-pens dates no farther back than 636; and the next occurs towards the latter end of the same century, in a Latin sonnet to a Pen, composed by Adhelmus, a Saxon author, and the first of his nation who wrote in that language. After that period, there are numerous proofs of their being generally known, but they were so far from having at once superseded the use of reeds, that persons well versed in the comparison of ancient manuscripts affirm that the latter were commonly used in the eighth century. Even at a later date the papal acts, and those of the synods, were written with them; and even the use of the metal styles and waxen tablets was not entirely abandoned until the commencement of the fourteenth century. Quills, indeed, would appear to have been for a long time as scarce as reeds are at present, if we accept the testimony of the monk Ambrosius, who, in a letter accompanying a present of quills, sent from Venice in 1433, thus expresses himself:—"Show the bundle to brother Nicholas, that he may select a quill."

JEWELS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

VERY few persons who admire or deal in precious stones are acquainted with the internal structure of those valuable minerals; and most persons will be astonished to learn that these bodies, apparently so solid and homogeneous, are often full of minute cavities, which enclose a fluid. Sapphires generally contain fluid cavities. Sir David Brewster met with one no less than the third of an inch long, but other authors have seen none more than one-tenth of an inch in diameter. These are usually half-filled with a mobile and highly expansive fluid, which is considered to be carbonic acid. Sapphires are composed of pure alumina, colored by metallic oxide. The ruby is also colored alumina. Cavities, we are told, are far less numerous in these than in sapphires, and, moreover, they appear to contain only water or a saline solution. Occasionally, a liquid with similar characters to that observed in sapphires is seen, but not often; and we are thus led to suppose that the stone may be produced by different reactions and under different physical conditions. Emeralds are often full of cavities which contain a liquid that does not expand when heated, and is apparently a strong aqueous saline solution.

The diamond is, of course, the most interesting of all our precious stones, the origin and mode of formation of which has always been a great puzzle to chemists and mineralogists. Its structure has already been studied by Goppert, who discovered what he conceived to be organic remains, and hence infers that the diamond is the result of vegetable decomposition under peculiar conditions. Sir David Brewster first noticed fluid cavities in the diamond, and explained the optical peculiarities of some diamonds by their presence. But diamonds sometimes enclose minute crystals of a different mineral, to which circumstance they also owe in part their optical properties. In the diamond, also, the enclosed liquid appears to be carbolic acid, as shown by its extraordinary expansibility. Only one other known liquid has anything like an equal rate of expansion, and that is nitrous oxide. The occurrence of this body in minerals is, it is said, highly improbable, and it seems, on the whole, that we may be justified in including liquid carbonic acid among natural liquid mineral substances.

THE hardness of precious stones is in the following order:—Diamonds, ruby, sapphire, topaz, emerald, garnet, amethyst, agate, turquoise, and opal.

THE Duke of Brunswick has an extraordinary collection of diamonds, valued at above 450,000*l.* A catalogue of his gems which he had published contains two hundred and sixty-eight quarto pages, and he gives in it the history of each individual stone. One came from a Turkish sabre, and after many adventures became the property of a Jew in Europe; another has sparkled in a regal diadem; a third glistened on the chest of a German emperor; a fourth adorned the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, obtained from the treasury of a nabob, served for centuries in India as the eye of an idol. A wondrously fine pink brilliant once belonged to the jewels of the Emperor Baber, at Agra, and is said to be invaluable.

A *solitaire* of twelve studs was once used by the Emperor Pedro, of Brazil, as waistcoat buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Mary Stuart, as her arms and the "M. S." engraved on it prove. A pair of diamond ear-rings was once the property of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. In this way one curiosity follows the other. The duke has any quantity of diamonds valued at 3000*l.*, 4000*l.*, and 6000*l.*, two at 9000*l.*, one at 10,500*l.*, and another at 12,000*l.*

The millionnaire, however, is the slave of his treasure; he dares not leave town, for his diamonds constitute the chain that binds him—he dares not even sleep away from home for a single night, through fear of being robbed of his Graal. He resides in a house which is built less for comfort than for safety; it is proof against fire and thieves. It is surrounded by a lofty, thick wall, on the top of which is a *chevaux de frise*, so arranged that, when a strange hand is laid on one of the spikes, a bell immediately begins ringing. This defence cost the duke no less than 2000*l.* in being made, owing to its peculiar nature.

The diamonds are kept in a safe let into the wall, and the duke's bed stands before it, so that no thief can break in without waking or murdering him. On the other hand, he can enjoy the sight of all his treasures without leaving his bed. Were the safe to be broken open forcibly, four guns would be discharged, and kill the burglar on the spot, and with the discharging of the guns is connected the ringing of an alarm-bell in every room to arouse the household. The duke's bedroom has only one small window: the bolt and lock on his door are of the stoutest iron, and can only be opened by a man who knows the secret. A case, containing twelve loaded revolvers, stands by the side of the bed. Who would be willing to change places with this rich poor man?

BLACK diamonds are more curious than the changeful chameleon, for they are mineral chameleons. The scientific say they are white diamonds in a state of interrupted formation, the crystallization of which has been stopped by some unknown cause. But whether this is so or not, they are very dazzling when polished, their rays being white, and reflecting every color that strikes them. A set of white and black diamonds mixed forms the most brilliant parure, every black one multiplying the brightness of its neighbor, and *vice versâ*. A peculiarity of the black diamond is that it cannot be imitated; it is inviolable, and—almost unattainable. After this we fear our readers will know no rest until they possess a unique gem; they may be assured, however costly their ornaments, they would hear of others still costlier somewhere. Thus, in the Imperial Treasury of Constantinople, there is a dagger for some favored sultana or houri studded with black diamonds. A dagger! It is a sinister idea, but white hands care not oft what they touch if it glitters. Then there is an emerald which weighs three hundred carats, and a brooch for silken tissue with two hundred and eighty bright gems. The chemisette, destined to the finest throat, has in the centre of a star of pearls a diamond of fifty carats, and there is a snowy pearl, as large as a pigeon's egg, suspended from a chain of rubies as pink and as rosy as the bride when a pacha leads her to the harem.

WE generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. The ruby is the most valuable; but it depends for its rarity upon its colors. The ruby is the next hardest thing to the diamond. It is found principally in the East. Siam, Ava, and Ceylon afford the most plentiful supply. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels is made a state event, the grandees of the empire go out to meet it with elephants and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the hue most approved of, and commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." The king of Burmah, one of whose titles is that of Lord of the Rubies, has one the size of a pigeon's egg. The value of these gems goes on increasing at a much higher rate than that of the diamond.

ONLY six very large diamonds are known in the world, and they are called paragons. Their names are—"The Koh-i-noor" (in the possession of Queen Victoria), "The Star of the South," "The Regent," or "Pitt" diamond, "The Great Austrian," "The Orloff," or "Great Russian," and "The Borneo." The latter is in the possession of the Rajah of Maltan, in Borneo. It is the largest known, weighing 367 carats, but it is in the uncut state.

THE word "jewel" is derived from the Italian *gioia*, joy, whence *gioello*, a jewel, such ornaments being indicative of pleasure. A jewel, properly speaking, is a personal ornament, usually understood to mean a decoration, in which one or more precious stones are set. Popularly, there is much confusion between the terms "gem" and "jewel." The former belongs especially to precious stones, and the latter to ornaments formed of the precious metals with or without the aid of gems.

THE British diadem, with which Queen Victoria was crowned, contains 1 large ruby, irregularly polished; 1 large broad-spread sapphire; 16 other sapphires; 11 emeralds; 4 rubies; 1363 brilliant diamonds; 1273 rose diamonds; 147 table diamonds; 4 drop-shaped pearls; 273 other pearls.

AMBER is a carbonaceous mineral, found principally in Northern Europe. Upwards of a hundred and fifty tons have been found in one year on the sands of the shore near Pillau. Much diversity of opinion, however, still prevails among the naturalists and chemists respecting the origin of amber, some referring it to the vegetable, others to the mineral, and some to the animal, its natural history and chemical analysis affording something in favor of each opinion. It is considered by Berzelius to have been a resin dissolved in volatile oil. It often contains delicately formed insects. Sir David Brewster concluded it to be indurated vegetable juice. When rubbed it becomes electrical; and from its Greek name, *electron*, the term "electricity" is derived.

WE read marvellous records (in modern books, too,) of the high prices realized for diamonds; but, according to Dr. Ure, "it does not appear that any sum exceeding 150,000*l.* has ever been given for a diamond." This statement, made in the year 1820, has since received signal confirmation. On July 20, 1837, the Nassuck diamond was sold by auction in London, and realized only 7200*l.*, though it was estimated by the East India Company to be worth 30,000*l.* This diamond was among the spoils which were captured by the combined armies under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, in the British conquest of India, and formed part of the "Deccan booty." This magnificent gem is as large as a good-sized walnut, weighs 357½ grains, is of dazzling whiteness, and is as pure as a drop of dew. After the above sale it was purchased by the Marquis of Westminster, who more than once wore it on the hilt of his court sword. It was presented by his lordship to the Marchioness of Westminster on her birthday, along with the Acrot diamond ear-rings, once belonging to Queen Charlotte, and disposed of at the above sale for 11,000*l.*

The Great Mogul's diamond, about the size of half a hen's egg, and the Pitt diamond, are well known. Among the crown jewels of Russia is a magnificent diamond, weighing 195 carats. It is the size of a small pigeon's egg, and was formerly the eye of a Brahminical idol, whence it was purloined by a French soldier. It passed through several hands, and was ultimately purchased by the Empress Catharine for 90,000*l.*, in ready money, and an annuity of 4000*l.*

One of the largest diamonds in the world was found in the river Abaite, about 92 miles N. W. of the diamond district of Serro do Frio, in Brazil. It is nearly an ounce in weight, and has been estimated by Roma de l'Isle at the enormous sum of 300,000*l.* It is uncut; but the king of Portugal, to whom it belonged, had a hole bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days. No sovereign possessed so fine a collection of diamonds as this prince.

In 1846 the Brazilian journals announced that a negro had found in the diamond district of Bahia a rough diamond weighing nearly an ounce. The approximate value was stated at 45,000*l.*, but it was sold by the finder for 35*l.*

Runjeet's string of pearls was, it is thought, if possible, even handsomer than the celebrated Koh-i-noor. They were about 300 in number, literally the size of small marbles, all picked pearls, and round and perfect, both in shape and color. Two hours before he died he sent for all his jewels, and gave the above diamond, said to be the largest in the world, to a Hindoo temple, his celebrated string of pearls to another, and his favorite fine horses, with all their jewelled trappings, worth 300,000*l.*, to a third. The Nizam's Diamond is another wonderful gem. It was first seen in the hands of a native child in India, who was playing with it, ignorant of its value; and a considerable sum being offered for it, led to the discovery of its being a real diamond. In its rough state it weighs 277 carats; and as the rough stones are usually taken to give but half of their weight when cut or polished, it would allow 138 carats.

Mr. D. W. Tindall, on the subject of diamonds, writes as follows:

As our country increases in wealth, new desires for articles of beauty seem constantly to be springing into existence. For the past few years the demand for precious gems has rapidly increased in the United States. Just now, with us, diamonds seem to be a badge of caste, and many are buying them who can but ill afford to do so. And, again, many persons are wearing beautiful clusters of sparkling brilliants, yet are unable to tell from what source the diamond is obtained, and of what it is composed. Does Peter O'Leum know that the costly ring he so lately placed on the dainty finger of Miss Flora McFlimsy owes its beauty to a piece of perfectly pure stove-coal that is skilfully imbedded in the golden band? Yet such is the fact. A diamond is only pure carbon—that and nothing more.

To commence, India—that home of gems—gave the first diamonds. In many parts of Hindostan they were found, and are often discovered in Africa. But it is in the territory of Golconda that the most valuable diamonds are obtained. It was in this country, during the crusades, that a sultan died and bequeathed to his successor four hundred pounds weight of diamonds. A century or so since diamonds and other precious gems were found in Brazil, and of late most brilliants have come from that source. The mines of Borneo, Egypt, and those of India have ceased to be worked with profit.

Diamonds are usually found in sand, gravel, or in fragments of chalcedony, jasper and quartz. When first found, these precious gems are generally rough and coated with foreign matter, which renders them but slightly translucent. Once this outside coating is removed, the jewel presents its brilliant appearance. In form they are most generally spherical, and reflect light far more powerfully than any other substance. The diamond is the hardest of all things, and can only be polished by means of its own dust.

The great diamonds of the world are named, and their names are as familiar with jewellers as are the names of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon with the historian. Most of us have read of the great Koh-i-noor — the Mountain of Light — a diamond that has been stolen time and again by one crowned head from another of similar rank for the past thousand years. Its last proprietor is Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria; but her title to this great gem seems to be of doubtful honesty. When and where the Koh-i-noor was discovered, we have no authentic proof. The first we can learn of it in history is, it belonged to the shrine of the heathen god Vishnu, but from this image it was stolen by a wild chief of Delhi, who for a long time wore it as an ornament in his head-dress. From this chief of Delhi the diamond was feloniously taken by Ala-ed-Din, who, in turn, was deprived of it by Baber of the Moguls. By Nadir Shah it was again stolen from the Mogul prince, and during the wars that followed, the Koh-i-noor became the property of Achmet Shah, from whom it was captured by British troops, and by them presented to their most worthy queen. This great eastern brilliant at one time is supposed to have been worth some hundred millions of dollars, but by frequent and unskilful cutting, its value, though still enormous, is very much reduced.

Money is often invested in diamonds for safe keeping, and in no form is personal property as compact and as easily cared for as when in the form of rich jewelry. Throughout the civilized world they are as current as gold and silver, and at the same time a person can carry several million of dollars in his vest pocket. During the late war, when gold and silver commanded a high premium in this country, many men who before despised jewelry, invested their greenbacks in large and costly diamonds, from the fact that brilliants could at any time be sold for coin.

Many wise men have predicted that the time will come when gems larger than the Koh-i-noor will be manufactured in the laboratory of the chemist. It is strange that it has not been done before, when we remember that the diamond is nothing but pure carbon in a crystallized form. Everywhere carbon abounds in the greatest profusion. It is in the food we eat, the air we breathe, the fuel that forms our fire, and in the gas that burns; yet, to make them, all attempts have failed. Time seems to be the great element in the formation of precious gems. Millions of years, perhaps, are required to convert impure carbon into a limpid jewel. And let us even now remember that

With some pearl buttons—two of them in sight—
Are always genuine—while your gems may pass,
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

Coral consists of the cells or habitations of minute animals, so built up as to form a tree-like structure, although it frequently varies its form into a mass, from which various fan-like contractions grow. The islands in the South Sea are principally reared upon the labor of this minute, but myriadic animal.

The finest specimens are found in the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. In the Straits of Messina the rocks which yield coral are over 300 feet under water. The coral grows here to about twelve inches, and requires about eight years to arrive at perfection.

The manner it is fished for is this:—Two heavy beams of wood, secured together at right angles, are sunk with stones. To the under part is attached a quantity of hemp and netting; the branching form of the netting causes it to become entangled in the hemp and net-work, by which means it is broken off from the rock, and drawn up, with the apparatus, to the surface.

It certainly appears incredible that the diamond, so transcendently beautiful, sparkling with more brilliancy than the dew-drop at sunrise, should be nothing else than a bit of charcoal; but so it is. Not here, however, does the chameleon power of carbon rest, for by another change it becomes invisible! In such a state it exists in the brightest and purest atmosphere in the world. By another change it becomes the thick, heavy flakes of smoke which we see roll out of ill-constructed flues—the "blacks" of London and Birmingham. Coal is but impure carbon; hence it is often spoken of as the "black diamond," signifying, however, as much the intrinsic value of coal to man as its chemical relationship to the sparkling gem. How the world would fare without carbon it would be difficult to say; for it forms the major part of the vegetable and animal creation.

LANDLORDS AND BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

A good-looking young fellow stopped all week at Major Bell's Hotel, Catawba, Alabama, and ordered his baggage down to the boat, and went down to the boat himself, without paying his bill.

Said the Major:—"Sir, you must not leave without paying your bill. I can't afford to hire servants, and pay for provisions, and board people for nothing."—"You can't?"—"No."—"Well, why in thunder, then, don't you sell out to somebody that can?"

Our informant is anxious to chalk that man's hat, both ways, as a slight tribute of respect for his magnificent impudence.

"Madam," said a very polite traveller to a testy old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house! There isn't a first hair in it, for as soon as Martha Ann told me the cat was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over."

FRENCHMAN. "Madame, you charge very mooch too big price for zat room." Landlady. "Oh, you know we at the watering places must make hay while the sun shines." Frenchman (indignantly). "Madame, you shall nevare make ze hay of me. You must not zink zat because all flesh is grass zat you can make hay of me."

A CERTAIN lodging-house was very much infested by vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said:—"La, sir, we havn't a single bug in the house."—"No, madam," said he, "they've all married, and all have large families, too."

THE keeper of a cheap boarding-house has come to the conclusion that the modern sausage is generally made of dog meat, and grounds his belief upon actual experiment. He fed his boarders upon sausages, exclusively, for a week, and before the end of that time every one of them began to growl.

A GENTLEMAN being at breakfast in a hotel in a neighboring city, asked the waiter for boiled eggs.

"We have no eggs," was the reply.

"But," said the gentleman, "I notice an omelet on the table."

"O yes," said the waiter, "we have eggs to make omelets, but not the kind for boiling."

A BOARDER was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating. "What is it, Ben?" asked a boarder, sitting opposite. "A little piece of 'bark,' I believe," replied Ben. "Well, old fellow, it's my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might hear a 'growl' pretty soon."

A PAPER out West says that so numerous is the company in some of the inns on the White Mountains that at night they place travellers on the floor in rows till they go to sleep, then set them up against the wall, and lay down another lot, and so on till all are accommodated.

A GENTLEMAN who was in arrears for several weeks' board and lodging complained one morning that his coffee was not settled.

"You had better settle for the coffee and then complain," said the landlady.

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?"—"What have you had, sir?"—"Three fish."—"Only brought up two, sir."—"I had three, two trout and one smelt."

"HANNAH," said the landlady of a boarding-house to her new maid, "when there's any bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Hannah, but such little things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."

A GENUINE down-easter was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner, in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the smile of the rest, in the same predicament as himself. At last Jonathan's patience vanished under his ill success, when, laying down his utensils, he burst out with:—"Strangers, you needn't laff; ef yeou haint got no regard for the landlord's feelings, yeou orter have some respect for the old bull." This sally brought down the house.

A GENTLEMAN with an invalid wife went to one of the prominent London hotels. He ordered breakfast in his sitting-room, and then asked for a small waiter, that breakfast might be carried in to his wife in her bed-room. . The servant was absent some time, but at length returned, saying:

"There are no small waiters in the house, sir; but they've sent up a chambermaid!"

Great relief was experienced when it was understood that the waiter wanted was in the form of a tea-tray.

An apparently unsophisticated youth went into a refectory a few days since, and asked for something to appease his hunger. The keeper gave him a very good dinner, after which the youth said to his friend :—"If you ever come up our ways call."—"That won't pay; your dinner is a quarter."—"Oh, I hain't got no money; but if you'll come up to Allegheny county, I'll give you a better dinner for nothing."—"Why," said the keeper, "you are very cool."—"Why, yes, I'm a very cool chap, so much so that mother always makes me stand in the pantry, in hot weather, to keep meat from spoiling."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the apostles. "Ah, he was a good clever old soul, I know; for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you foot your bill?"

"No, sir, but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

"I say, landlord, that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on."

Landlord, with a look of amazement, replied: "Well, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."

It was Mr. Justice Littleton, of Mass., who made the following remark about a certain hotel, after he had been there on circuit. Some one asked him how he found the table. "How?" growled the judge. "Everything cold but the water, and everything sour but the pickles."

Boarding-house chicken-soup can be made, it is said, by hanging up a hen in the sun so that her shadow shall fall into a pot of salt and water. The only trouble is that on a cloudy day the soup is liable to be weak.

"Waiter," said a fastidious gentleman, exhibiting a singular-looking object on the soup ladle,—"waiter, do you know what that is?"

"That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often find them in soup, sir. No extra charge, sir."

One day, when butter was scarce and high, Mrs. Wiggins hit upon an economical plan, which was to spread with her own hands the economical slices of bread for her boarders—merely to save trouble. Mr. Jordan came home late to tea on the first evening of the new dodge, and sitting down in the presence of the other boarders, received a nice slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who went through the ceremony of buttering it nicely before his eyes. Mr. Jordan received the bread, and eyeing it inquisitively, began to turn it from side to side, and scrutinize it with his spectacles.

"What's the matter with your bread and butter?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing," said Mr. Jordan, still turning the piece over, and persisting in his scrutiny.

"I am positive, Mr. Jordan, that you see nothing."

"No, no, no," said Mr. Jordan.

"Now," said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement, "I want my boarders to tell me right out when their vittels doesn't suit them. Mr. Jordan, what is it?"

The old gentleman laid down the slice upon his plate, and raising the spectacles to his forehead, replied with great deliberation as follows:

"Mrs. Wiggins, there is nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you; but, Mrs. Wiggins," and here he glanced mischievously down the vista of attentive faces—"I have lived in this world eight-and-forty years, and I find myself this evening such a simpleton, that I can't tell on which side my bread is buttered."

At the Brevoort House, one evening, there was a dispute about the reality of Spiritualism, when a wag came forward and said he had no doubt there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of medium.

"How a medium?" inquired the landlord.

"Why," replied the wag, "I can do a great many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it."

The landlord offered to bet he could not. The wag persisted, and said he would lay $20 that he could make at least a dozen of the bells in that room ring within two minutes, without moving from where he sat.

"Done!" exclaimed the landlord, and the money was put up.

The wag turned round in his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the office began to ring violently. The lodgers above had lost their lights. The $20 was fairly won.

A THOUSAND and one stories are told of the extreme cheapness of living in the "Far West," but as to the way it is occasionally done, we were never made fully aware until the matter was explained by Dan Marble.

"You keep boarders here, madam?" said an individual, addressing the landlady of a house, upon the door of which he saw "cheap boarding" painted.

"We do," was the response.

"What do you charge a week?"

"For board without lodging, do you mean?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, madam."

"Fifty cents is our regular price, sir!"

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough at all events. Do you give your boarders much of a variety?"

"Yes, sir, something of a variety—we give them dried apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, and let them swell up for supper!"

NEARLY half a million (495,592) people in New York live in tenement houses and cellars. There is a story of an inspector who found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter of the floor for each family. "How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector. "Very well, sir," was the reply, "only the man in the furthest corner keeps boarders."

THERE is a landlord in Boston who is in the habit of placing an extra fork beside the plate of such boarders as have not paid promptly—being an intimation to "fork over."

THE celebrated "Doesticks," in describing a New York boarding-house, says you can always tell when they get a new hired girl by the color of the hairs in the biscuit.

AN Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On retiring, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the under side."

A PERSON having the misfortune to admit as a lodger into his house an individual of very improper character named Bell, turned him out with the remark, that "he would never keep a Bell in his house that wanted hanging."

AT a hotel table one day one boarder remarked to his neighbor:

"This must be a very healthy place for chickens."

"Why so?" said the other.

"Because I never see any dead ones about."

AN old man from the country who stopped at a high class hotel in New York, wrote home that his room was six stories high, and his bill was three stories higher than his room.

"ROAST beef," said a boarder to a waiter. "How will you have it, sir?"—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

"ASTONISHING cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled cayenne on the victuals of her boarders.

IN Brown's Hotel, Washington, they have a room which is lighted only by the key-hole of another room.

A COUNTRYMAN went into one of our fashionable refreshment rooms, and was surprised at seeing nothing on the table but the cloth, knives and forks, and glasses. "What will you have?" asked the waiter. Giles stared like a stuck pig, and said:—"I dun know."—"Would you like a bill of fare, sir?"—"Thank you, I don't care if I do take a small piece."

A LADY occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows:—"Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unabled to let her house to Mr. B., who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a much better bootblack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to "let her be."

JOE KING was sick in a boarding-house, and had got his mind up for chicken broth. The orders went down to the kitchen, and the broth came up, weak, flat and insipid. The sick man subsequently related his disappointment to a friend, who said:—"They just let a chicken wade through it."—"If they did," said Joe faintly, "it was on stilts." He recovered.

A CHAP from the country stopping at one of the hotels in the city of Philadelphia, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, replied he "didn't care a darn what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetenin' in it."

TWO persons of respectable appearance entered a public house not many miles from the village of Red Hill, and requested to have dinner served them. Mine host complied with their request by placing a leg of pork before them, and having done justice to it they called for some ale. After enjoying themselves for some time one of the "gentlemen" proposed to the other to run a race of fifty yards, the loser to pay for the dinner, etc. Accordingly the worthy landlord measured the ground and started the "gentlemen." Observing that they ran beyond the distance measured, and supposing that they were doing so through ignorance, he called out lustily; but they continued to run until they were out of sight, and did not return. The landlord, therefore, had the mortification of finding that he had been duped, for they ran off without paying for their dinner.

A WAG in a certain city agreed with a landlord to board and lodge him for one year at the rate of three dollars per week—and as he was in the habit of dining with his friends, he in return proposed to give the like encouragement for good dinners. The covenants in the agreement were that in all invitations fifty cents a head were to be paid to the landlord for such guests, and when the boarder was absent from dinner the same amount should be allowed him. He took good care never to bring any friend, and in all cases was absent from dinner. The result was that he got his board and lodging gratis, and brought his landlord in debt to him every week fifty cents, and at the end of the year paid nothing, but demanded twenty-six dollars as his just dues in virtue of the cunning contract.

"I SHOULDN'T care so much about the bugs," said a thin, pale lodger to his landlady, "but the fact is, ma'am, I hain't got the blood to spare."

THE following rules of order will hereafter be observed in this hotel:

"Members of the Assembly will go to the table first, and the gentlemen afterwards.

"Nota Bene, rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

ONE night a judge, a military officer and a priest, all applied for lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the better claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B.," said the officer. "I have sat as judge twenty years in R.," said the judge. "With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N.," said the priest. "That settles the dispute," said the landlord; "you, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five-and-twenty years; so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal, the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

A GENTLEMAN, taking an apartment, said to the landlady:—"I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered:—"I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

"I'M glad that this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder, at breakfast. "Why?" said Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

"SAY, Mr. Clarke, have you a good, strong porter about the hotel?"—"Yes, sir, we have the strongest one in the State."—"Is he intelligent?"—"Quite intelligent for a porter."—"Do you consider him fearless, that is, bold, courageous?"—"I know he is; he wouldn't be afraid of Satan himself."—"Now, Mr. Clarke, if your porter is intelligent enough to find my room, No. 107, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed-bugs, I would like to have him bring it down."

LAUGHABLE MISTAKES, MISUNDERSTANDINGS, AND EXHIBITIONS OF DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.

A DUTCHMAN, looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a "small account," asked a wag near Sweeny's eating-house where No. 66 Chatham street was, as he "wished to find Mr. Dunn." The wag told him to go into Sweeny's, and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for.

The Dutchman went in, about as slow as a jackass towards a peck of oats, and this "first gentleman" happened to be an Irishman.

"Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman.

"Done!" says Pat; "by my sowl, I am only jist commenced!"

AT a railway shareholders' meeting, held in London, a gentleman would insist upon making a very long speech. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had quite done. "Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man. "You will, consequently, permit me to answer you, sir?"—"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that."—"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceeding measured voice, looking around the room, "I have to inform you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The speech which you have made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

"WHAT a censorious liar!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, as she read in a paper an account of a new counterfeit, which was said to contain three women and a bust of Washington on each end. "What!" said she, "General Washington on a bust! 'tis not so!" and the old lady lifted her specs and declared she had known the old gentleman for the last thirty years, and she never heard of his being on a bust—much less with three women.

THE boarders were assembled one stormy evening in the parlor of a fashionable boarding-house in Boston, when a rather antiquated maiden lady lisped out the remark that she loved a rainy day, and always availed herself of one to arrange her drawers. "So do I," growled an old sea captain, "I overhaul my drawers and shirts too sometimes. and sew on a button or a string where it is needed." Mademoiselle did not faint, but there was an angry rustle of her silks as she swept from the room, leaving all to exchange a suppressed titter for a good hearty laugh.

A WOMAN appeared in the court of Louisville to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?"—"Plaze your honor, I don't understand you."—"I say, what has she got?"—"Chills and faver, plaze yer honor."

AN Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend: "I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was neither of us."

AN Irish lad was sent with a note and a basket containing some living partridges. On his way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he reclosed his basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow. "Well, my lad," said the gentleman, on reading it, "I see there are some live partridges in this letter."—"Oh, by the powers," says Paddy, "I'm glad of that, for they flew out of the basket."

A MECHANIC having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table.

"Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you, but I never eat anything during the night."

IT would not be well to unite in a select social circle of Hoods and Jerrolds a certain lady who could not appreciate a facetious remark. Her husband remarked to her, with some vexation:

"Why, wife, I don't believe you'd take a joke if it was pitched at you from a fifteen-inch Dahlgren."

"Now, John, how foolish," said she, with charming simplicity, "you know they can't fire jokes from a gun."

THE following anecdote has been associated with the name of a well-known clergyman's helpmate in the North. The minister had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from some distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night, and he accepted the invitation. They walked together for some time in the manse garden. After dusk the minister asked his visitor to step into the manse while he would give directions to his man-servant to get his conveyance ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the manse the minister's wife mistook him for her husband in the twilight; she raised the pulpit Bible, which chanced to be on the lobby table, and bringing the full weight of it across the stranger's shoulders, exclaimed emphatically, "Take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night!"

A GOOD deal of merriment was occasioned one Sunday in one of the New Orleans churches at the expense of a deaf deacon, who had been very industrious in selling a new church publication. Just before dismissing the congregation, the minister announced that mothers who had children to be baptized should present them on the following Sunday. The deacon, supposing that his pastor was advertising the book, jumped up hastily and cried out: "All you who have got none can get as many as you want from me at seventy-five cents each." The reporter of the New Orleans Times, who was present at the time, says that the deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear, and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled by the thought that the young ladies can't snicker at him.

MISS SMITH asked "the pleasure of Captain Jones's company to tea." At the time appointed the captain, being in command of the — Rifle Corps, made his appearance with the whole of his company in parade dress.

PARTY (who has brought back the music stool in disgust). "Look 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguy thing aint no manner of use at all; I've twisted un round, and ol' woman 'ave twisted un round, but norra a bit of toon we can get out of un!"

A MANUFACTURER of tombstones in B. place, lately received a call from a countryman, who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stonecutter had prepared for another person.

"I like this one," said he.

"But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it wouldn't do for your mother."

"O yes, it would," said the countryman, "she couldn't read! And besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stonecutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, anyhow!"

IT is said that there are people in the "Mountain District" of Kentucky so green, that they followed a wagon that happened to pass that way, twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the fore ones."

"WELL, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearing them all to bits."

"Laws me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin'."

A DUTCHMAN had two pigs—a large one and small one. The smallest being the oldest, he was trying to explain to a customer, and did it in this wise:

"The little pig is the piggest."

Upon which his wife, assuming to correct him, said:

"You will excuse him, he no speak as good English as me—he no means the little pig is the piggest, but the youngest pig is the oldest."

HAVE you seen anything of a dog's collar anywhere round here?" inquired a gentleman of our Cimon, a few days since.

"Well," replied Cimon, "I've seen lots o' boy scholars, and I yesterday seen a man trying to learn a dog to jump over a stick. That's the only dog scholar I've seen."

AN old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head, to be sure," said the good lady, "but it was a sad loss to him."

PEOPLE say that they shell peas, when they un-shell them; that they husk corn, when they unhusk it; that they dust the furniture, when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf, when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes, when they unscale them. I have heard many men say they were going to weed their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

A GERMAN writer observes, in America there is such a scarcity of thieves, they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

MONKEYS are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet, who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day who probably had never seen a monkey, the proprietor being in the back room. The customer, seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price. The monkey said nothing. Customer said: "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," which on being laid on the counter the monkey shoved into the drawer. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted the man, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushes in, and wants to know what's the fuss. "Fuss!" said the customer, "fuss! I bought a saddle of your son settin' there, and when I went to take it he wouldn't let me have it." The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him he was no relation of his.

A GREEN looking Vermonter once walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir."—"May I close the door?" and he did so; and after having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow bandana, on the table and opened it. "There, doctor, look at that."

—"Well, I see it."—"What do you call it, doctor?"—"I call it iron pyrites."—"What! isn't that gold?"—"No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites;" and putting some over the fire on a shovel it evaporated up the chimney.

"Wall," said the poor fellow, with a woe-begone expression, "there is a widder woman up town that has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

A GENTLEMAN, while taking a drive through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously. His principal loss was that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a most ludicrous condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers, and his master's wig in the other hand, which he was surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror. "Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"—"Hurt, is it? Ah, master dear, don't you see the top of my head in my hand?" Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head-piece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as having arrived.

THE following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious:

"To hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours, one dollar and a half."

AN Irishman who had been but a few months in this country, and in the employ of a gentleman in the suburbs, being sent with a note, with orders to make all possible haste, found on his way a garden tortoise, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to be faithful to his errand, he did not stop to examine his supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, a rich reward when his errand was finished. Before he reached home, the tortoise made its way nearly out of his pocket, but Patrick quietly re-consigned him. On his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but full of excitement, rushed wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook, "Bessie, Bessie, did ye ever see a tode with a kiver?"

AN ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him, in the church:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone:

"I renounce them all;" the astonished parson said:

"I think you are a fool!" to which he replied:

"All this do I steadily believe."

"ADULTERATED tea," said Mrs. Partington, as she read an account of the adulteration of teas in England, at which she was much shocked. "I know that my tea is not adulterated, for it smells virtuous," continued she, smiling with satisfaction, "and I know this Shoo-shon tea must be good, because I bought it of Mr. Shoo-shon himself. I saw him weigh it out, and saw him tie it up with his own hands, and I noticed his name over the door; I tell you there is no mistake about my tea, for Mr. Shoo-shon told me he raised it in his own garden, and kept his eye upon it the whole time, so that there was no possible chance of its having been adulterated."

A CHICAGO paper says:—A pious old lady, who has for years been in the habit, when at church, of walking up to the altar, and there depositing a small sum in change for the support of the gospel, on one occasion walked into the Circuit Court, and pressing her way through the crowd of ungodly lawyers, deposited on the clerk's table some sixty cents; then, raising her hands toward heaven, exclaimed:—"May God bless my mite in the conversion of these sinners!" A member of the bar, who, strange as it may appear, had seen this good woman at church, and hence was aware of her mistake, informed her that this was not a meeting, but a court; whereupon she took up her money and hastily retired.

A FRENCHMAN stopped a lad in the street to make some inquiries of his whereabouts. "Mon freu, what is ze name of zis street?"—"Well, who said 'twant?"—"What you call him, zis street?"—"Of course we do!"—"Pardonnez! I have not the name vat you call him."—"Yes, Watts we call it."—"How you call ze name of zis street?"—"Watts street, I told yer."—"Zis street."—"Watts street, old feller, and don't you go to make game o' me."—"Sacré! I ask you one, two, tree several times oftin, vill you tell me ze name of ze street—eh?"—"Watts street, I tole yer. Yer drunk, aint yer?"

A BENEVOLENT gentleman, riding through a retired valley among the Green Mountains, approached a house in the front door of which stood a baby, which was shielded from the dangers of foreign travel by a board placed across the bottom of the doorway, but which, on the other hand, was exposed to danger at home, as the gentleman thought, by reason of a huge two-inch mortising chisel, which the infant brandished about its molasses-daubed face in a frightful manner. The philanthropist alighted, and, taking the child's fist in one hand and the sharp utensil in the other, explored the house until he found the maternal ancestor. "Madam," said he, "I thought it my duty to stop and tell you that your little child had got the chisel."—"Oh, sir," said she, "I am ever so much obliged to you. I knew something was the matter with the child, and didn't know what it was. They've got it awful down to Bennington."

A RAW Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in the vicinity of New York, in which were several marble statues, exclaimed:—"Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this little ten foot patch, and any one on 'em would keep the crows from a five acre lot."

A FOOL, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The first lot fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed:—"Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the old bald-headed man instead of me."

A GENTLEMAN of Dount was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when, discovering that he had left his visiting cards, he ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantel-piece in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retained the articles to be used as he was directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever the "not at home" occurred. As those were very numerous, he turned to the servant with the question:—"How many cards have you left?"—"Well, sir," says the footman very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."—"The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "That's gone," said John.

"MRS. SMITH, did you say, in the hearing of my little girl, that I was a great rusty cat?"—"No, my dear Mrs. Jones; I said you were a great aristocrat."

A DISTINGUISHED tourist was one day found with eyes streaming with tears over the supposed tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, which, after a closer examination, was found to be only the ice-house.

AN amusing affair happened once between a coal dealer and a purchaser in Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself, and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to shave. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particular about the full weight of the coal. The purchaser, noticing the laughing of the driver, asked him when he received his coal what it was all about? So the driver told him.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed, you were standing on the scales, and were weighed with it."

"Is it possible? Why I weigh nearly two hundred pounds."

"Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."

"HAS your husband got naturalized?" inquired an energetic politician of a robust female. "Got natural eyes?" was the response in an indignant tone; "yes, be gorry, and natural teeth, too."

UPON the reading of the Declaration of Independence in an eastern city by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment:

"O, he read it well enough, but I'm darned if I believe he ever wrote it."

A MAN out West who read that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

A FRENCHMAN thus gives his experience of English baths:

"I go; it is not a very nice place; small, and, I think, not very clean; but I go in. I say to a man there:

"'I want a bath.'

"'Yes sir; what eat, sir?'

"I look at him. *Mon Dieu!* I think how foolish is this man. I say:

"'No, thank you, not now; aftair.'

"'What eat, sir—what eat?'

"I begin to get rather angry. I did not think the English so barbaric a people to eat just before the bath. It is bad, it derange the stomach to go in hot water aftair one has eaten. The man turned red, angry, I think; he say some rude word. Then he come back with a thermometair in his hand; he calls out, loud enough to make me deaf:

"'What eat for your bath, sir? Show with your fingare.'"

A FOOTMAN, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with this introduction:—"Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

A YANKEE, conveying an English gentleman round Boston, took him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said:

"This is the spot where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted in local historical matters, "did it 'urt 'im much."

The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen 4th of Julys in his countenance.

"Hurt him!" he exclaimed, "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! 'e was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I think 'e would 'ave been 'urt to fall so far."

IT has been said that ladies have generally a great fear for lightning, and this has been superficially ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

A FROLICSOME youth who had been riding out, on approaching Merton College, which he had never before visited, alighted, and *sans ceremonie*, put his horse into a field thereto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse there, as he did not belong to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of the warning, and the master of the college sent his man to him, bidding him say if he continued his horse there he would cut off his tail.

"Say you so?" said the wag, "go tell your master if he cuts off my horse's tail I will cut off his ears."

The servant, returning, told his master

what he said. Whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who, approaching the master, then said:

"How now, sir—what mean you by the menace you sent me?"

"Sir," said the other, "I threatened you not; for I only said if you cut off my horse's tail I would cut off his ears."

A PAPER tells of a cooper down East, who, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

A YOUNG lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's "Tales?"—"Why, no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails."—"I beg your pardon, miss," said he, "I mean have you read Crabbe's 'Tales?'"—"And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

A RUSTIC, describing Louisville, said the finest residence there belonged to Mr. M. E. Church, whose name was cut in big letters over the door, and there was a sharp-pointed chimney on the house, two hundred feet high.

AN Irishman was going along a road, when an angry bull rushed down upon him, and with his horns tossed him over a fence. The Irishman recovering from his fall, upon looking up saw the bull pawing and tearing up the ground, (as is the custom of the animal when irritated,) whereupon Pat, smiling at him, said:

"If it wasn't for your bowing and scraping and your humble apologies, you brute, faix I should think you had thrown me over this fence on purpose."

"ARE you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?"

"Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner fond of literature.

"Have you," continued the lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'"

"No, madam, I never read that number of novels in all my life."

BEING at dinner, Johnny passed his plate for turnip.

"Spell turnip, Johnny, and I will serve you."

"T-u-r-n-o-p," shouted the young hopeful.

"O fy! my son, that is not right; hold up your head and hear how pa spells it—t-u-r-n-u-p," (turnip).

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated madam, from the head of the table, "I should like to know if I am married to a man that can't spell his own vegetables."

Mr. Smith's dignity was wounded. He had been schoolmaster down East, and he thought he knew turnips.

"Spell it yourself, my dear," cried Mr. Smith, wiping his moustache with unusual care, while he glanced knowingly around the table.

"Well, I guess I'm able to," jerked out Mrs. Smith, with a sublime toss of her cap border—"t-u-r-n-e-p (turnip). Words are generally spelled as they are pronounced."

"I say it's pronounced turn-op," shouted Johnny.

"It is pronounced turn-up," said Mr. Smith.

"It is pronounced turn-ep," reiterated madam.

After much wrangling, the family remembered there was a dictionary in the house, which was called for, and we had the pleasure of hearing them spell it in concert with surprise—t-u-r-n-i-p.

BUXOO, an elephant dealer, arriving at Hurdwandering, the great annual fair, with a string of elephants, speedily sold five, but the sixth remained on hand, being, in fact, an unsound beast made up for sale. Buxoo, seeing with dismay an intelligent native examining the elephant critically, said:—"Listen, my brother, I see you are a judge of elephants. Say nothing to damage the sale of mine, and if I get five hundred rupees for it I will give you fifty. The native willingly assented, and presently the elephant found a purchaser at the sum named, and Buxoo handed over the hushmoney agreed upon to the judge of elephants, saying :—"Tell me, my friend, how did you find out my elephant was an unsound one ? I thought I had concealed its weak parts completely."—"Sir," replied the judge of elephants, "I did not know that your elephant was unsound. The truth is, that I had never before beheld a beast of that kind, and when you made me the liberal offer, by which I have profited, I was only trying to discover which was its head and which was its tail."

A DUTCHMAN residing at the upper end of Dauphin county, Pa., was applied to, to contribute something to the Washington Monument, the agent at the same time presenting a picture of the contemplated structure for his inspection.

The Dutchman regarded the plate attentively for a moment, and at length exclaimed, "Vell, I von't pay noting towards him, for I don't see no use to pild a house mit such a pig chimply."

WHEN Dick Almz first crossed into York State from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting-maid sat at table with him, and Dick spoke of her as the servant, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called helps. Very well. Next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick, of "Help! help! water! water! help!" In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into Dick's room with a pail of water. "I'm much obleeged to ye, to be shure," said Dick, "but here is more than I want to shave with."—"Shave with," quoth mine host, "you called 'help!' and 'water!' and we thought the house was on fire."—"You told me to call the servant 'help,' and do ye think I would cry water when I meant fire?"—"Give it up," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

A FASHIONABLE lady at a watering-place had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name for your beautiful pet, madam; where did you find it?"—"Oh," drawled she, most exquisitely, "it was named for Byron's dog. You remember where he speaks of it, and says:

Perchance my dog will howl."

She must have been a descendant of the old lady who named her dog "Moreover," and on being asked why she gave it so unusual a name, said it was a scriptural name. "In what part of the scriptures did you find it, ma'am?" she was asked. "Oh," was the reply, "in that part of Job where it is said, 'Moreover the dog came and licked his sores.'"

THE propeller Rocket, on a trip on the lake, was boarded at one of the small towns in Michigan by an old lady not posted in modern improvements on lake steamers. When a few hours out the old lady discovered two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, Captain Rice, got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am, always carry one," says the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. I always did dislike the nasty lake water, especially in dog days."

"GARDENER, what are you digging there."—"Diggin' the ground, sir."—"I don't want my garden dug in that manner. What are you digging that enormous hole for?"—"Bekase yese told me yesterday yese was goin' to get a post of honor from the government, and that hole's for ye to put it in!" The owner of that garden disappeared suddenly.

A POOR Irishman seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked, "What was the matter?" He was answered, "A man was going to be buried."—"Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

"THE baby is sick, my dear!"

"Well, give it castor oil. Dennis, get me that castor oil."

"It's all gone, sir—divil a drop is left."

"Gone! Why we have not yet opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and

I've seen you use it myself on your salad."

"Why, you scoundrel! you don't mean to say that I've been eating castor oil every day through the salad season?"

"Sure you have, sir."

"Did you not see the bottle was labelled 'Castor Oil'?"

"Sure and I did, sir, and didn't I put it in the castor every day?"

A LADY, who has a great horror of tobacco, got into one of the New Haven cars, and inquired of a male neighbor:—"Do you chew tobacco, sir?"—"No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chaw if you want one."

A LADY who had been quite sick sent to the Hartford Times an account of a vision which she had upon her sick bed, from which the Times gives this extract:

"Oh, how interesting! How happy I was on that sick bed; as I lay half asleep and half awake, I fancied myself in Paradise, lying upon a bed of roses, listening to heavenly music. It was a fine morning, the birds were singing in the trees around my humble dwelling. I awoke, saying: 'Hear the birds singing in Paradise.'—'No you don't,' said the female friend who was sitting by my bed-side, 'it is that sling I gave you.'"

A CERTAIN Irishman received for his labor a one-dollar bill on one of the Ohio banks, on which he was obliged to lose ten cents discount.

The next day he was passing down Main street, and saw a dollar bill lying on the sidewalk, on the same bank, and gazing on it he exclaimed:

"Bad luck to the likes of you; there may ye lie; divil a finger will I put on ye, for I lost ten cents by a brother of yours yesterday."

AN Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America:

I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres.

He showed me over the premises, the stable, cow, and where the corn, oats, etc., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper, he said to me:—"James, you may feed the cow, and give her the corn in the ear."

I went out and walked about, thinking what could he mean—had I understood him! I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library, where he was writing very busily. "I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear."

I went out, more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be! I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country.

Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?"

He looked at me for a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

A WITNESS was asked if he was not a husbandman, when he hesitated for a moment, then coolly replied, amid the laughter of the court:—"No, sir, I's not married."

"THERE'S a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe," said a gentleman on the wharf to a newly-arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends at Cork are in bed and asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."—"That's always the way," exclaimed Pat, "Ireland niver got justice yit."

AN ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was non-plussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head, he ejaculated, "Tey musht be iron clamps, to keep der ertquakes from preaking up der road."

THE young lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler is said to be convalescent.

In Auburn, one winter, an Irishman, walking along one of the streets, saw a thermometer hanging at the side of the door on the front of the house. Stopping a moment, he looked at it, then approaching it, raised his shillelah, and exclaimed, "And faith, and you're the little crether what keeps the weather so cold, are ye?" and with a terrible blow, accompanied with the usual Irish oaths, brought it in a thousand pieces to the ground.

A GREENHORN seeing for the first time a pair of snuffers, asked:—"What's them fur?"—"To snuff the candle."—"To snuff the candle?" The candle just then needed attention, and with his thumb and finger he pinched off the snuff, and carefully put it into the snuffers, saying:—"Well, now, them's handy."

A YOUNGSTER was once desired to "state his views of the causes which led to the downfall of the Roman empire." In reply he wrote, that after mature reflection and extensive reading he concluded that the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire was that "its bottom fell out." Rather a new view of the subject.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wiggin?"

Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly. "I really don't know, miss, I never recollect attending one."

AN old lady being in a store at Waterbury, Ct., deliberately sat down and reached out her feet toward the iron safe, remarking that she "always did like them air-tight stoves."

A GENTLEMAN of Boston built a fine house at a great expense a short distance from the city. However, growing tired of it, he moved back to the city and went to an auctioneer to have it disposed of. The auctioneer advertised it in such glowing terms, possessing such an innumerable number of comforts and conveniences, that the owner didn't recognize the description of his own property, and when the day of sale arrived he sent a friend to buy at any price the place that had so many desirable advantages as the auctioneer's advertisement enumerated. The gentleman returned to his old quarters, and whenever afterward he talked of moving, his wife read him the auctioneer's advertisement.

A WOMAN called on an oilman, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and have done with it?" said the oilman. "Oh, bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "it is for two persons!"

A LITTLE girl being sent to a store to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk:

"John, what do folks dye with?"

"Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied John.

"Well, I believe that's the name. I want to have three cents' worth."

"YOU have considerable floating population in this village, havn't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi.

"Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second-story windows."

TWO Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a donkey who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowld."

"WHY," said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters them cotton planters are! I'm told one of them has as many as a hundred hands."

"BRIDGET," said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitring in the kitchen, "what a quantity of soap-grease you have got here! We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fatman, and when he comes tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All the morning Bridget, between each whisk of her dishcloth, kept a bright lookout from the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking in very good humor.

"Sure, there's the fat man now," thought Bridget; and when he was in front of the house out she flew, and informed him that her mistress wanted to speak to him.

"Yes, sir; she wants to speak to you, and says would you be kind enough to walk in, sir?"

The request, so direct, was not to be refused, so, in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and, knocking at her mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed:

"Fat gintleman's in the parlor, mum."

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor!" thought the lady; "what can it mean? Bridget must have blundered;" but down to the parlor she went, and up rose her fat friend, with his blandest smile and a most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me; at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat-man to take away the soap-grease when she saw him, and she has made a mistake, you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! ha! as never came from any of your lean gentry. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month—such a joke!"

And all up the street around the corner was heard the ha! ha! ha! of the old gentleman.

"AH," said old Mrs. Rosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year, and them's Spring, Fall, and Autumn. I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a gal."

A TURKEY and a chicken were placed on the table on board of one of our United States ships; a number of gentlemen seated themselves to partake of them. Mr. Willey was carver, and when about to help his companions to some of the above-named delicacies, made the following sad mistake in addressing Mr. Clarke: "Will you be helped to turkey or clarke, Mr. Chicken?" This reminds us of a similar mistake which occurred on a steamboat on the North river. A gentleman, who was carving a goose, wished to help his friend, Mr. Bird, to a slice of the best, and thus addressed him: "Mr. Goose, shall I help you to some of the bird?" The misfortune was that Mr. Bird was a tailor, and thought himself insulted.

IN former times you could distinguish a noble from a commoner by the richness of his dress. But now you cannot distinguish a peer from his own tailor. The peers themselves are conscious of this. Witness that instance of a feeling of equality which induces a noble lord in a high situation to invite his own "snip" to a large party, when his lordship stepped up to Mr. Cabbage and inquired to whom he had the honor of addressing himself, (the fellow looked so well that the employer was proud of his new acquaintance). "Oh," says the tailor—whispering—"I made your breeches."—"Ah," said his lordship, aloud, "Major Bridges, I am very glad to see you."

MADAME DE STAEL was a pitiless talker. Some gentlemen, who wished to teach her a lesson, introduced a person to her who they said was a very learned man. The blue-stocking received him graciously; but eager to produce an impression, began to talk away, and asked a thousand questions, so engrossed with herself that she did not notice that her visitor made no reply. When the visit was over, the gentlemen asked Madame de Stael how she liked their friend. "A most delightful man," was the reply; "what wit and learning." Here the laugh came in—the visitor was deaf and dumb.

THERE was once a very illiterate gentleman (one Peter Patterson) appointed as justice of the peace. The first day his clerk handed him a duplicate writ. "Well, wot shall I do with it?" was the query. "Nothing but sign your initials," was the reply. "My nishuls; what are they?"—"Why, two P's," replied the clerk, impatiently. Cold perspiration stood on the forehead of the unhappy magistrate, and he seized a pen, and, with desperation in his face, he wrote, "Too peze."

COUNT D'ARTOIS wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered his tailor to attend on him one morning, when his grand-daughter, who resided with him, had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not happen to know one handicraftsman more than the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked, the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in "cloth." The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears.

"Measure you, miss?" said he, with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room, for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow, in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady. I—" And then he paused.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" was the query calmly put to him.

"By no means, miss," said he. "I am a leather-breeches maker; and I have come to take measure not of you, but the count."

The young lady became perplexed too, but she recovered her self-possession after a good, common-sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grandpapa.

AN Irishman noticing a woman passing along the street, spied two stripes depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled "sashes," and were hanging in their right places, he exclaimed, "Faith, ma'am, your gallusses is untied."

A SPANIARD in the first pages of his English grammar, desiring one evening at table to be helped to some boiled tongue, said: "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the language."

SOME young ladies and gentlemen, who were taking advantage of the fine sleighing in attending a donation, surprise, or wedding party, or something of the kind, were obliged to sit three on a seat. One of the seats contained two gentlemen and one lady. The gentlemen, of course, would not allow the lady to take an exposed seat, therefore she sat in the middle. As the night was extremely cold, gentleman No. 1 quietly passed his hand—a remarkably small hand, by the way—into the lady's muff. As the muff was not very capacious, the lady quietly removed one of her hands from it. In a few moments she felt a movement on the other side, and found gentleman No. 2 attempting to pass his hand into the muff on the other side. She then quietly drew that hand from the muff and allowed him to do so. What took place in the muff afterwards she is unable to say; but each of the gentlemen privately reported to a small circle of friends how warmly the lady had returned the pressure of his hand in the muff, while the lady as privately reported to her friends the magnificent sale she had made of both gentlemen.

"MANY a shaft at random sent" hits something or other which the archer little meant to touch. We have heard an anecdote illustrative of this truth, which has probably not appeared in print before, and which has been told us as a genuine history. It happened in a large city—never mind what city.

There were two pretty sisters who had married, one an eminent lawyer, the other a distinguished literary man. Literary man dies and leaves younger sister a widow. Some years roll away, and the widow lays aside her weeds. Now, then, it happens that a certain author and critic has occasion, on a broiling day in summer, to call on the eminent lawyer, husband of the elder sister. He finds the lawyer pleading and sweltering in a crowded court, sees that the lawyer is suffering dreadfully from the heat, pities him, rejoices that he himself is not a lawyer, and goes for a cool saunter under the sheltering trees of a fashionable park and garden. Among the ice-eating, fanning crowd there he meets the younger of the two sisters, and for a moment thinks he is talking to the elder.

"Oh, Mr. ——," said the lady, "how dreadfully hot it is here."

"Yes, madam," replies our luckless critic, "it is hot here; but I can assure you the heat of this place isn't a circumstance when compared with the heat of the place where your poor dear husband is suffering to-day."

A horror-stricken expression comes over the face of the lady; she rises from her chair and flounces indignantly away.

"Ah, me miserable," soliloquizes our wretched critic, "I have been mistaking the one sister for the other, and she thinks I meant to say that her husband is—not in heaven."

"ELLEN," said a gentleman to his wife, "here is a good conundrum for you. 'If the old boy should lose his tail, where would he go to get another?'" After some time spent in guessing, the wife gave it up. "Well," said he, "where they re-tail bad spirits." Eager to get it off, she hastened to a lady friend with "O Mary, I have such a nice conundrum Harry just told me. 'If the old boy should lose his tail, where would he go to get another?'" Her friend having given it up, she said:—"Where they sell liquor by the glass." Mary did not see the point.

"LOOK out, Patrick, and if you see any rocks ahead of the boat, let us know. Keep a sharp eye."

"Yes, your honor."

The next moment bang goes the boat on a reef.

"You blunderhead, didn't I tell you to sing out when you saw a rock?"

"Och, please, sur, I warn't quite sure it was a rock I saw, so I waited till we struck before I told ye."

Two Irishmen on a sultry night took refuge underneath the bed-clothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last, one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by chance espied a firefly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion, with a punch, he said: "Jamie, Jamie, it's no use. Ye might as weel come out! Here's one of the crayters sarchin' for us wid a lantern."

THE Chicago Tribune gives an amusing account of the adventures of an amiable old gentleman from the rural districts, who had been wavering between orthodoxy and heterodoxy for some time. He came into the city to hear Robert Collyer preach. It was his first visit to Chicago. Stepping into a street horse-car, he rode out as far as Turner Hall, where many of the passengers alighted, and he perceived a crowd of people, and inquired of the conductor if that was Robert Collyer's church. The Presbyterian conductor, amused at the simplicity of the question, promptly answered in the affirmative, and our curious inquirer passed into the hall.

He saw a vast crowd of men and women sitting at small tables, drinking beer. This rather staggered him for a moment, but he reflected that they were possibly receiving the communion. So he sat down at a table and looked around him. Presently a young man with a white apron came up and asked if he had ordered. No, he replied, he was not a member of the society; but he came to hear Mr. Collyer preach. The youth with the white apron stared and passed on. Soon a number of gentlemen stepped on the platform, with trombones, fiddles, and cornets, and began to play. "These Unitarians have a queer way of worshipping," thought the old gentleman, "but I have been living out of the world; that is what's the matter, I suppose." He thought it would come out all right when Collyer came on. But after the music there was "communion," and after a long interval there was music; and by-and-by a man dressed in tights came forward and commenced to swing round a pole. Then another man, dressed like the first, went through a course of exercises on the cross-bar. And then there was more music and no end of "communion." The stranger sat out the services very patiently, and then went home. He had come to the conclusion that Unitarianism was all very well in theory, but these new-fangled notions of worship were not so edifying, after all, as the good old Presbyterian psalms and prayers.

A VAIN fellow who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear greater than the captain of a first-rate man-of-war, told his cabin boy one day that he had company coming on board to dine; and that when he asked for the silver handled knives and forks, he must tell him they have gone ashore to be ground; and answer in the same strain to any question he might put. He did so. The knives and forks went off very well. The next question was, Where is that large Cheshire cheese, boy? "Gone ashore to be ground, sir," was the answer.

A MINISTER reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The clergyman read as follows:—"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence, reported it thus:—"Moses was an oysterman, and made ointment for the shins of his people." Again, "And the Lord smote Job with sore boils."—"The Lord shot Job with four balls."

A SCHOOLMASTER, advertising for an usher who could teach the classes as far as "Homer and Virgil," received an answer from a man who said, "He did not know where Virgil and Homer lived, but as his friends lived in London, he had no objection to go to Hampstead, Kennington, or Brentford, at furthest."

AN amusing mistake was made by one of the curates of a parish church with reference to this name. He was busily occupied on one of the great festivals, baptizing the numerous children which are brought there, and asking the name of the child, the mother said:

"Lucy, sir."

He thought she said Lucifer, and replied:

"Oh, nonsense! I shall call it no such name," and was proceeding to give it a more Christian name, say Henry or John, when the poor woman exclaimed:

"Oh, dear sir, it's a girl, and I said Lucy."

The story was long remembered in the neighborhood, and many a laugh was afterwards made at the poor parson's expense by his colleagues.

AN old lady on one occasion visited Oneida, and was asked on her return home if the canal passed through the village. She paused awhile and answered: "I guess not. I didn't see it, and if it did, it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

A MASTER bade his servant go and see what time the sun-dial indicated. "Why, sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night."—"What does that matter, you goose, can't you take a candle?"

AN old lady walked into the office of the Judge of Probate, in Massachusetts, once upon a time, and asked:

"Are you the Judge of Reprobates?"

"I am the Judge of Probate."

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady; "you see my father died detested, and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

AT a lecture Professor X. stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Jabers," exclaimed an Irishman present, "what a finger he must have."

LAUGHTER.

FROM "Good Health" we take the following on the benefits of laughter :

Probably there is not the remotest corner, or little inlet of the blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion, hearty laughter, shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively ; probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified ; it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present unfortunately they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock ; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.

THE Dublin University Magazine states as follows :

After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is ! What a tonic ! What a digester ! What a febrifuge ! What an exerciser of evil spirits ! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness ! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty ; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiotcy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation — under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy forever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughters ; and so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic.

DR. RAY, superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, in his report, says, "A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties."

LAUGHING is always acknowledged to be very healthy, and especially helpful to the digestive organs, and lately it seems to have had exceptionally beneficent results. A Scotch paper reported that a farmer, convulsed by the risible influence of Lord Dundreary, as interpreted by Mr. Sothern, had coughed up an obstructive half sovereign which had successfully resisted the persuasive art of all the scientific surgeons in Edinburgh ; and an Indian paper now records a scarcely less salutary result achieved by similar means on an old Bengal officer.

This veteran was at the point of death owing to an abscess in his liver, when, fortunately for him, he read a speech of the commander-in-chief, expressing his belief in the absolute perfection of the native army in India as at present organized. The result was such a fit of laughter that the abscess gave way and his life was saved.

SOME physiologists contend that laughter is one of the greatest aids to digestion, is highly conducive to health ; and therefore Hufeland, physician to the king of Prussia, commends the wisdom of the ancients, who maintained a jester that was always present at their meals, whose quips and cranks would keep the table in a roar.

THERE is nothing equal to a cheerful and mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of the mind and body, when both are overcharged. Laughter after exhaustive toil is one of nature's instinctive recuperative efforts to soothe and reinvigorate the mind.

HE who administers medicine to the heart in the shape of wit and humor, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

A JOYOUS smile adds an hour to one's life; a heartfelt laugh, a day; a grin, not a moment.

STERNE says:—"I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life."

WIT and gayety, says a distinguished female writer, answers the same purpose that fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills, and drying mould, and making all hopeful and cheerful.

LAZY MEN.

"MISTER," said a regular, go-ahead, active and persevering Yankee to a lazy drone, who was lounging about, scarcely to be identified as being alive by his motion, "did you ever see a snail?"—"Y-e-s, I r-a-ther think I have," said Mr. Drone. "Then," replied Jonathan, "you have met it, for, Jerusalem, you've never overtook one."

A MAN, speaking of a place out West, in a letter which he wrote home, says that it is a perfect paradise, and that though most all the folks have the fever-'n-ager, yet it's a great blessing, for it's the only exercise they take. We never thought of that before.

A LAZY fellow once declared in public company that he could not find bread for his family.

"Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

"COME, come, come," said one who was wide-awake to one who was fast asleep, "get up, get up; don't you know it's the early bird that catches the worm?"—"Serves the worm right," says the grumbling sleeper; "worms shouldn't get up before the birds do."

AN idle fellow, the other day, complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind-hand. He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

AN old salt, sitting on the wharf, very soberly remarked:—"I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since."

"WHEN a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

A LAZY Englishman being asked, as he lay sunning himself in the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied:

"To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

OLD Dick Wilson was quite as remarkable for quaintness as for laziness. As he had a passion for wandering about the hills and forests, and liked to boast that he knew all about roots and herbs, he was frequently employed, in primitive days, to bring the frugal housewives the sassafras, winter-green, etc., for their root-beer. On one occasion Dr. P. called on Dick, and handing him a large basket, desired him to go to a certain spot, about two miles distant, and bring him a quantity of snails, adding, "Be as quick as you can, Dick, for I am in a hurry."

Muttering that "the doctor is always in a hurry," Dick set off on his expedition; and the doctor, after his round of visits, seated himself in his office to rest—study, perhaps, for it was long ago—and to wait for Dick.

In the deepest twilight of the long June day Dick appeared, and after carefully setting down his basket, seated himself with an air of utter weariness on the threshold of the open door.

"Well, Dick," said the doctor, "did you get the snails?"

"Look in the basket, doctor."

The doctor looked, and, to his vexation, saw only two or three miserable "specimens" on the bottom of the basket, and exclaimed, irefully:

"Why, Dick, what does this mean?" ironically adding, "were there no snails there?"

"O yes, plenty of 'em there, doctor, but it was such hard work to run 'em down."

"Why don't you get up earlier, my son?" said an anxious father. "Don't you see the flowers spring out of their beds at early dawn?"—"Yes, father, I see they do; and I would do the same if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

We had supposed that the laziest man that ever lived held court in Wall street. He is too lazy to lift his legs out of the way of passengers, as he sits on the steps of one of the banks, and thus hourly subjects himself to a kick on the shins. But a lazier man than he has been discovered, if the following is to be depended on:

During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, and having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him.

Accordingly he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:

"Hollo! what have you got there?"

"Poor old Mr. S."

"What, then, are you going to do with him?"

"Bury him."

"What, is he dead? I haven't heard of his death."

"No, he is not dead, but he might as well be, for he has got no corn, and is too lazy to work for any."

"That's too cruel for civilized people. I'll give him two bushels of corn myself rather than see him buried alive."

Mr. S. raised the cover and asked in his usual dragging tone:

"I-s i-t s-h-e-l-l-e-d?"

"No, but you can soon shell it."

"D-r-i-v-e o-n, b-o-y-s!" he exclaimed.

There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze, one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

"John!" shouted an old gentleman to his son, "get up, the day is breaking."—"Very well," said John, "let it break; it owes us nothing."—"John! here the sun is up before you."—"Very well," said John, "he has farther to go than we have."

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy, that in writing his name he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

A new definition of constitutional laziness comes from Ohio. A gentleman on the opposite side of the street remarked to his companion: "There goes old Tim again, wonder how he got out this cold day; he is the laziest man in town by all odds."—"Lazy," remarked his friend; "he isn't lazy."—"What is the matter, then?"—"Oh, he is born tired."

LETTERS, CURIOUS AND ABSURD.

The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject; as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following:

A city merchant, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country, begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-clerks, he says:

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, sir. What shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order:

"Write to him at once."

"Certainly, sir; what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out:

"Something or nothing; and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but, consulting his own judgment, wrote and despatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, enclosing the money in full of account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened it; and hastening to his desk, he said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied into the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"Dear Sir,—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, etc."

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

THE following letter was sent by a father to his son at college:

"My Dear Son,—I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some socks that your mother had just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half, and only sent you five. Your mother and I are all well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he's the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, then you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

AN Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript:—"I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postmaster to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"I HAVE received a letter from Captain G., who was not distinguished for good spelling, and I will wager you, doctor, a dozen old port that you cannot guess in five guesses how he spells cat."—"Done," said the doctor. "Well, commence."—"Katt."—"No."—"Kate."—"No."—"Catte."—"No."—"Catt."—"No."—"Caght."—"No, that's not the way; you have lost the bet."—"Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"—"Why he spells it c-a-t."

A YOUNG lady of extraordinary capacity addressed the following letter to her cousin:

"Dear Kuzzen.—The weather whar we is air kold and I suppose whar you is it is kolder.

"We is all well and mother's got the his Terrix, brother Tom has got the Hupin Kaugh, and sister suzin has got a babee, and hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your aphfectionate Kuzzen."

ONE of the young "school-marms," who went to Oregon to engage in the duties of her vocation, thus writes to her friends at home:

"A panther was killed last week near my school-room, measuring seven feet from the tip of the ears to the extremity of the tail, and seven back again, making fourteen feet in all." Smart "school-marm" that!

A POSTMASTER writes to the editors of a paper as follows:

"The ——, addressed to N. O. Moore, of this place, is no more wanted, N. O. Moore being no more."

THE following is an Irishwoman's letter to her friend:

Parish of Ballywackin, Feb. 14.—Dear Neffy,—I haven't sent ye a letter since the last time I wrote to ye, because we have moved from our former place of livin', and

I didn't know where a letther would find ye; but I now with pleasure tak up my pin to informe ye of the death of yer livin' uncle Kilpatrick, who died very suddenly last wake, after a lingerin' sickness of six wakes. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his illness, laying perfectly still all the while spachless intirely—talkin' incoherently, and crying for wather. I had no opportunity of informin' ye by the post which went two days before his death, and then you'd had the postage to pay. I'm at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He never was well tin days together during the whole time of his confinement; but bay that as it will, as soon as he braythed his last the doctor gave up all hopes of his recovery.

I needn't tell ye anything about his age, for ye well know that in May nixt he would have been twenty-five years ould, lakin' tin months; and had he lived till that time he thin would have been six months dead. His property is very considerable. It devolved upon his next kin, who is dead some time, so that I expect it will be equally divided betwane us—and thin me dear Larry ye'll git two-thirds of the whole, and ye know he had a fine estate, which was sowld to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on the horse-race. But it was one opinion of all the ladies present that he would have won the race if that horse he ran against had not been too fast for him—bad luck to the baste! But poor sowl, he'll niver ate nor drink any more; and now, Larry, ye haven't a livin' relashun in the wide world except myself and yer two cozens that was kilt in the last war.

But I can't dwell upon this mournful subject, but will sale the letther with black saleing wax, and put on your uncle's coat of arms. So I beg you not to break the sale when ye open the letther until two or three days after ye resave it—by that time ye will be betther prepared for the mournful tidings.

Yer ould swateheart, Mary, sends her love to ye, unbeknownst to me. When the bearer of this arrives in Hamilton ax him for this letther, and if he doesn't know which one it is tell him it's the one that spakes of your uncle's death and saled in black.—From yer loving aunt, JUDY O'HALLIGAN.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

MRS. H. A. DEMING, of San Francisco, is said to have occupied a year in hunting and fitting together the following thirty-eight lines from thirty-eight English poets, on Life:

Young:
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Dr. Johnson:
Life's a short summer—man a flower.
Pope:
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
Prior:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! too nigh.
Sewell:
To be is far better than not to be,
Spenser:
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.
Daniel:
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;
Sir Walter Raleigh:
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
Longfellow:
Your fate is but the common fate of all;
Southwell:
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
Congreve:
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
Churchill:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
Rochester:
Custom does not often reason overrule,
Armstrong:
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
Milton:
Live well how long or short—permit to heaven,
Baily:
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
French:
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face
Somerville:
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.
Thomson:
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Byron:
Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear.
Smollett:
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
Crabbe:
With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.

Massinger:
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
Cowley:
We masters grow of all we despise.
Beattie:
O then remove that impious self-esteem,
Cowper:
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
Davenant:
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
Gray:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Willis:
What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat,
Addison:
Only destructive to the brave and great.
Dryden:
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
Quarles:
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
Watkins:
How long we live, not years but actions tell,
Merrick:
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
W. Mason:
Make then while yet ye may your God your friend,
Hill:
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
Dana:
The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just,
Shakspeare:
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

THERE are many phrases and quotations which are as "familiar in our mouths as household words," whose origin is either unknown or misconceived, and, without encroaching upon the sphere of the works devoted to this purpose, we may mention a few of them, taken from "Things not Generally Known," by D. A. Wells:

"There is death' in the pot," is from the Bible, 2 Kings iv. 40. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided," is spoken of Saul and Jonathan, 2 Sam. i. 23. "A man after his own heart," 1 Sam. xiii. 14. "The apple of his eye," Deut. xxxii. 10. "A still small voice," 1 Kings xix. 12. "Escaped with the skin of my teeth," Job xix. 20. "That mine adversary had written a book," Job xxxi. 35. "Spreading himself like a green bay tree," Psalm xxxvii. 35. "Riches make (not take, as it is often quoted) themselves wings," Prov. xxiii. 5. "Heap coals of fire upon his head," Prov. xxv. 22. "No new thing under the sun," Eccles. i. 9. "Of making many books there is no end," Eccles. xii. 12. "Peace, peace, when there is no peace" (made famous by Patrick Henry), Jer. viii. 11. "My name is legion," Mark v. 9. "To kick against the pricks," Acts ix. 5. "Make a virtue of necessity," Shakspeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." "All that glitters is not gold," usually quoted, "All is not gold that glitters,"—"Merchant of Venice." "Screw your courage to the sticking-place" (not point),—"Macbeth." "Make assurance doubly sure,"—"Macbeth." "Hang out our banners on the outward (not outer) walls,"—"Macbeth." "Keep the word of promise to our (not the) ear, but break it to our hope,"—"Macbeth." "It is an ill wind that turns none to good," usually quoted, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," Thomas Tasser, 1580. "Christmas comes but once a year," Tasser. "Look ere thou leap," Tasser; and, "Look before you ere you leap,"—"Hudibras," commonly quoted, "Look before you leap." "Out of mind as soon as out of sight," usually quoted, "Out of sight, out of mind," Lord Brooke. "What though the field be lost, all is not lost," Milton. "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," Milton. "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," Milton. "That old man eloquent," Milton. "Peace hath her victories," Milton. "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us," Roger L'Estrange, 1704. "All cry and no wool" (not little wool),—"Hudibras." "Count their chickens ere (not before) they're hatched,"—"Hudibras." "Through thick and thin," Dryden. "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," usually quoted, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," Nathaniel Lee, 1692. "Of two evils, I have chose the least." Prior. "Richard is himself again," Colley Cibber. "Classic ground," Addison. "As clear as a whistle," Byron, 1763. "A good hater," Johnsoniana. "A fellow feeling makes one (not us) wondrous kind," Garrick. "My name is Norval," John Home, 1808. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs," Goldsmith. "Not much the worse for wear" (not, none the worse), Cowper. "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Thomas Morton. "No pent up Utica contracts your powers," Jona. M. Sewell. "Hath given hostages to fortune," Bacon. "His (God's) image cut in ebony," Thomas Fuller. "Wise and masterly inactivity," Mackintosh, in 1791, though generally attributed to Randolph. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen), resolutions presented to House of Representatives, December, 1799, prepared by General Richard H. Lee. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," Charles C. Pinckney. "The Almighty Dollar," Washington Irving. "As good as a play," King Charles, when in Parliament, attending the discussion of Lord Ross's divorce bill. "Selling a bargain," is in "Love's Labor's Lost." "Fast and Loose,"-"Love's Labor's Lost." "Pumping a man," Otway's "Venice Preserved." "Go snacks," Pope's prologue to "Satires." "In the wrong box," Fox's "Martyrs." "To lamm," in the sense of to heal, "King and no King," by Beaumont and Fletcher. The hackneyed newspaper Latin quotation, "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis," is not found in any classic or Latin author. The nearest approach to it was "Omnia mutantur," etc., and is found in Borbonius, a German writer of the middle ages.

"Smelling of the lamp," is to be found in Plutarch, and is there attributed to Pytheas. "A little bird told me," comes from Ecclesiastes x. 20, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.

These lines, usually ascribed to "Hudibras," are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in "Hudibras" is:

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

"There's a good time coming," is an expression used by Sir Walter Scott in "Rob Roy," and has, doubtless, for a long time, been a familiar saying in Scotland.

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis," was a line upon Franklin, written by Turgot, the minister of Louis XVI. It is, however, merely a modification of a line by Cardinal Polignac, "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas," which in turn was taken from a line of Marcus Manilius, who says of Epicurus, "Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque Tonanti."

"Vox populi, vox Dei." The origin of this familiar phrase is not known; but it is quoted as a proverb by William of Malmesbury, who lived in the early part of the twelfth century.

"Ultima ratio regum." This motto was engraved on the French cannon by order of Louis XIV.

Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some sad end.

In one of the curious Chinese books translated and published in Paris this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

THE very curious sentence, "*Sator arepo teret opera rotas*," although good "dog Latin," may be freely translated, "I cease from my work; the sower will wear his wheels." While in verse or prose it may be absurd, it yet has these peculiarities:—1. It spells backward and forward all the same. 2. The first letters of each word spell the first word; then the second letters of each word spell the second word; the third, fourth and fifth letters, respectively, spell each word. Commencing with the last letter of each word from the left will spell the word on the right at the end of the sentence, and, by taking each letter in succession, will spell each word of the sentence back to the left. In conclusion, by commencing with the last letter on the right, each one, respectively, will spell the words of the sentence back to the right.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in italics, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's prayer complete:

Make known the Gospel truths, *our* Father king,
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father*, from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
" Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love!"
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice.
Now labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry.
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity,
Loathing thy very *be*-ing, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to Heaven;
Reclining *on* the Gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh, *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive.
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy.
Raised against *Heaven*, in *us* no hope can flow.
O *give* us grace *and lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh, grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame.
Help us with heavenly *bread, forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we*'ll adore thy name.
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy son, *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

The "Arvine Cyclopædia" states that the Sandwich Island alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan, and Latin, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the German and Dutch, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each; the Arabic, twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty each; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, two hundred and two each.

The same authority records that one of the earlier French princes being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach. As he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions.

Herodes, to overcome the extraordinary dulness of his son Atticus, educated along with him twenty-four little slaves of his own age, upon whom he bestowed the names of the Greek letters, so that young Atticus might be compelled to learn the alphabet as he played with his companions, now calling out for Omicron, now for Psi.

Some years ago a gentleman, after carefully examining the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, formed the following table of English words derived from other languages

Latin	6,732	Irish	6
French	4,812	Runic	4
Saxon	1,665	Flemish	4
Greek	1,148	Erse	4
Dutch	691	Syriac	3
Italian	211	Scottish	3
German	116	Irish and Erse	2
Welsh	95	Turkish	2
Danish	75	Irish and Scottish	1
Spanish	56	Portuguese	1
Icelandic	50	Persian	1
Swedish	34	Frisi	1
Gothic	31	Persic	1
Hebrew	16	Uncertain	1
Teutonic	15		
Arabic	13	Total	15,784

The largest library in Germany is that at Munich, consisting of 900,000 volumes, an increase of 100,000 in the last fifteen years. Next is that of Berlin, 700,000 volumes, and others follow in this order: Dresden, 500,000; Stuttgart, 450,000; Vienna, 400,000; Darmstadt, 300,000. The university libraries are also immense. That of Gottingen numbers 400,000 volumes; Jena, 300,000; Breslau, 350,000; Heidelberg, 220,000; and there are thirteen other university lilbraries having upwards of 100,000 volumes each. In addition to these there are scores of city, school and private libraries, containing from 50,000 to 200,000 volumes each.

IT is singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every known language. In Latin it is Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; East Indian, Esgi or Zeul; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Zence; Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Ehr; Etruscan, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian. The name of God in the Anglo-Saxon language means good, and this signification affords singular testimony of the Anglo-Saxon conception of the Divine Being. He is goodness itself, and the Author of all goodness; yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute perfection, striking as it may appear, is perhaps less remarkable than the fact that the word man, used to designate a human being, formerly signified wickedness; showing how well aware were its originators that our fallen nature had become identified with sin.

WE extract the following from Graham's Magazine (1854), entitled The Vision of Books, by John F. Weishampel, Jr., Baltimore, Md.:—Has the curious reader ever attempted to estimate the number of books written since the world began? Or lacking more remote data, has he commenced with Job or Homer, and calculated the number of literary productions of men, up to this period of daily newspapers?—We have an old German volume, in which are found notices of more than ten thousand authors of antiquity, some of whom wrote three hundred volumes, and the compilers do not venture to include in their list any but the most celebrated. When these renowned authors flourished, how great a number of lesser lights must there have been, unblessed by fame! In the present day, the average success in authorship is about one to fifty; and when an aspirant ventures to look over the publishing world, one glance is almost enough to drive him from his attempt forever. It is cruel to calculate for him the immense variety of publications issued every century, or every year, or even every day; to ascertain the large number of really good authors who last in fame for but a year and a day, and then to show him that thousands of forgotten volumes are of a quality so excellent that he dare never hope to surpass them. As to the quality of myriads of transient works, the reader may judge whether our rhyme is right or not.

I set myself to build a lofty tower,
  With all the books that man had ever writ;
Endued the while with superhuman power,
That made old literary shades to cower,
  As I dug up their folly, lore and wit,
  Sunk in the wreck where Time and Chaos sit.

I delved the nooks of patriarchal sages,
  Who carved their history on the polished stone;
Followed the stylus through succeeding ages;
Hebraic, Coptic, Syriac, Attic pages
  Rose from the dust of eld; and not alone,
  For all were mixed with human blood and bone!

Phylacteries and parchments, void and rotten;
  Tradition, fiction, pedigree and law;
Arabic, Hindoo, Sanscrit, nigh forgotten,
(But sure with many throes of thought begotten,)
  Defaced by must and rust and beastly paw,
  Some black, some bare, and some without a flaw.

The flames of Alexandria did not banish
  Ptolemaic records out my eager clutch;
Nor fire nor war nor age could make them vanish;
From script Mosaic I stretched forth to Spanish,
  Sclavonic, Celtic, Gothic, Chinese, Dutch,
  And hieroglyphics, puzzling overmuch;—

Brass-cornered tomes of monkish erudition;
  In monstrous multitude sectarian themes;
Mirth-waking mountains of poetic vision,
(Writ though the very gods laughed in derision;)
  These did so much augment my bookish schemes,
  As no unlabored antiquarian dreams.

Thus piled with writing, ragged, mutilated,
My tower tumbled to a pyramid,
Increasing still, till Cheops' boast it mated,
Whose makers though, alas! far more ill-fated,
Not only were themselves in darkness hid,
But lost their works 'twixt many a precious lid.

But wondrous grew my toil as age, receding,
Left realms of modern books of every phase;
The pregnant press its bastard millions breeding,
To sate the wants of nations lorn of reading,
Appalled my vision with the glary blaze
Of lettered madness in these latter days.

For there were books on love—huge compilation!
But much surpassed by dogmas and disputes;
Myriads to rouse romantic palpitation,
Of every genus, past ratiocination;
While art and toil and shops and rag-mill chutes
Gave litter forth so largely no one moots

That I grew faint at such a multiplying;
The gorgon Knowledge threatened me to slay
Beneath the bulk I'd conjured; worn and sighing,
I mazed to see its peak where clouds were flying.—
(And this the labor of the PEN!—yet, say,
For its cessation who dares hope or pray?)

Still was my monstrous labor all unended,
E'en when I'd gathered all the spawn of lore;
For, gods! I thought, that genius would be splendid
To have this mighty mass to one self blended!
Far wiser than th' seven wise men of yore,
Here might I grow the wisest evermore!

Long o'er the leaves of classic thought I gloated,
Culling their sweet fruit for my greedy taste;
Touching each ancient with a care devoted,
Names, Books, Originality, I noted;
Till seasons passing with their wonted haste,
Left me still gathering of this learned waste.

But faster came the books, by land, by ocean,
Appalling me with numbers so immense,
I did despair to realize my notion.
Breaking the cursed charm by juggler motion,
The monstrous scene dissolved, and I fled thence,
Rejoiced to dwell once more in Common Sense!

LITERARY MISTAKES AND IRISH BULLS.

ONE day Thackeray was driving along an Irish road, at due intervals along the sides of which posts were set, with figures of distance and the initials G. P. O. Overtaking a peasant in a jaunting car, he inquired the significance of these initials. The man gravely informed him that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note-book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious fact. In the first edition of the "Sketches" the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post road.

TWO men fired at an eagle at tne same time and killed him; an Irishman observed: "They might have saved their powder and shot, for the fall would have killed him."

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed: "By St. Patrick, I believe I shall never get them on until I wear them a day or two."

THE grand jury in the county of ——, Missouri, once passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, that the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built.

Resolved, that the materials of the old jail be used in constructing the new one.

Resolved, that the old jail shall not be taken down until the new one is finished.

AN Irishman writing from Philadelphia to his friend in the old country, concluded a letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philadelfy."

A MARRIED lady found her two sons engaged in quarrelling, and, in hopes of putting an end to their differences, she said to them:

"You young rascals, if you don't behave yourselves, I'll tell both your fathers."

"HUMBLE as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass-meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent republic."

"You are, indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

ALWAYS mind your dots in writing. A married officer, on arriving at a city where he had been ordered to join his regiment, wrote to his wife that he was "with a very agreeable mess, and expected to spend the summer very pleasantly." Unfortunately, and greatly to the surprise and mortification of his good lady, he inadvertently dotted the letter *e* in the word mess—making it miss. Only think of it!

A STUDENT at one of the British military academies had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title, had spelt the name of the city "Vennice." The drawing-master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, sir, there is but one 'hen' in Venice?" On which the youth burst out laughing. On being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there. The master, in wrath, reported him to the colonel in command, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply, without in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed, "An a varry naatural observation too."

THE head of a turtle, for some time after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman decapitated one, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in his mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding, exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?"

"So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

AT a *table d'hôte*, in Hamburg, an Irishman was seated next to a German who did not speak English. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said:

"Have a peach, ma'am?"

"Nein" (no), replied the lady.

"Nine!" said he, staring with astonishment, first at her, and then at the guests at the table. "Why, ma'am, there is only six on the dish; but they are for you," at the same time rolling the whole upon her plate.

A GOOD lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother read with horror the following: "Scald them three or four times in hot vinegar, sprinkle with salt, and in a few days they will be cured."

A GENTLEMAN affirmed in company "That no lady ever wrote a letter without a postscript."—"My next letter shall refute you," said a lady present. He speedily received a letter from her. After her signature stood:—"P. S. Is not this a letter without a postscript?" and then again, "P. S. Who has lost, you or I?"

A WORTHY magistrate, having to write the word usage, spelled it with scarcely a single letter of the original word. His improved orthography was "yousitch." When some remarks were made in relation to the blunder, he declared that it was the next thing to an impossibility for anybody to spell correctly with "pens made from Irish geese."

AN Irishman had to give the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time the great Saxe was marshal. "The password is Saxe. Now, Pat, don't forget it," said the colonel. "Saxe, faith and I won't; wasn't my father a miller?"—"Who goes there?" said the sentinel, after he had arrived at the post. "Bags, yer honour," whispered Pat, confidentially.

A LADY made a Christmas present to an old servant before it might have been expected. It was gracefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks:—"I am very much obliged to you, indeed, ma'am, and wish you many returns of the season before it comes."

A PLACARD in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

An American, once attempting to address a Parisian audience in French, extemporaneously, earnestly exhorted them to take of the water of life freely, in a literal translation from the English, "eau de vie," the French for brandy (he should have used the phrase "eau vivante"). The audience lost the force of the exhortation entirely.

On the other hand, a Frenchman once returned the compliment in English, by endeavoring to give the benediction in the following form:—"May the good Lord pickle you." He meant preserve.

An Irishman once called into a store, and wanted to get an empty barrel of flour to make a hog pen for his dog.

An Irishwoman, applying for relief, was questioned as to her family by the lady to whom she applied:—"How many children have you?"—"Six."—"How old is your youngest?"—"My youngest is dead, and I've had another since."

A grocer in a certain city says that a lady recently applied to him for a pound of oblong tea.

An Irishman who had commenced building a wall around his lot, of rather uncommon dimensions, namely, four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey. Don't you see, then, that if it should ever fall down, it will be higher than it is now?"

A tailor's apprentice, who seemed to be pained a good deal with the cross-legged attitude, was asked how he liked tailoring, to which he replied:

"Very well; but I believe I shall never be able to stand sitting."

An Irish auctioneer, puffing off a pair of jet ear-rings to a very respectable company of ladies, said that they were "just the sort of article he himself would purchase for his wife were she a widow."

A Dutchman was relating his marvellous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

"And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers.

"I tid not co in de pote," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

A very worthy and pious old dame had several books lent to her which she could not read, so she got a little girl to read to her. The curate of the church lent her "Pilgrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Having read them alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up, and when the curate called upon her, and asked how she liked "Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when she replied:

"It's a marvellous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday undergoed."

"Mr. James, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it."

"No, no," was the reply; "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are not created free and equal. Said he:—"Only two men were created, and one of these was a woman." Tremendous laughter followed the honorable senator's remarks.

An Irishman in Pittsburg, who was exhorting the people against profane swearing, said he was grieved to see what he had seen in that town.

"My friends," said he, "such is the profligacy of the people around here that even little children, who can neither walk nor talk, may be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing!"

"I'm going to ride at the country," said a Frenchman, whose English was not very perfect, to a friend in town.

"You should say in the country," remarked the friend.

"Ah, yes—very good," responded the Frenchman; "and when I come back I will knock in your door."

A WOUNDED Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying:—"I've fought for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

UPON a traveller telling General Boyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the general wittily replied:

"My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called humbugs."

"How very odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot sultry day, "that a man niver meets a team going the same way he is."

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when one, with some little excitement, remarked:—"I'll never be buried in that lot as long as I live!"—"What an obstinate man you are," said the other; "if my life is spared I will."

AN old woman met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time.

"O my friend!" she cried, "how is it since I have seen you? Was it you or your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper."

"It was my sister," replied simplicity; "we were both sick; she died, but I was the worst."

"BUT if I put my money in the savings bank," inquired one of the newly-arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" —"O," said his friend, "sure, an' if ye put it in to-day, you can get it to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."

AN Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he, "and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago."

THERE are Irish judges in France as well as elsewhere. A man was charged recently, before one of the tribunals, with drunkenness and assaulting the police. The judge: "Are you married, prisoner?" —"No, *mon President.*"—"Then, so much the better for your wife and family. I shall give you three days imprisonment."

A FARMER wrote the following to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine:—"Respected sir, I went yesterday to the cattle-show. I found several pigs of your species, there were a great variety of hogs, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

AN Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

THE Duke of H. had a son, a student at the Bonaparte Lyceum. At the distribution of the prizes this son returned home without a single one, at which the duke was very angry. "Go, sir," said he to him, "go to bed—go lock yourself up in your room and bring me the key."

AN Irishman lately bought a family Bible, and taking it home, made his first entry in it thus:

"Patrick O'Donoghue—born September 20, 1869, aged twenty-three years."

A COFFIN-MAKER having apartments to let, posted his bills announcing the same upon the coffins in the window—"Lodgings for single gentlemen."

JOSEPH MILLER mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the 75th regiment, so as to be near his brother, who was in the 74th.

"How many iv ye down ther-re?" Voice from the hold: "Three, sor."— Mate: "Thin half iv ye come up here immediately."

IN a postscript to one of the provincial letters, Pascal excuses himself for the letter being so long on the plea that he had not had time to make it shorter.

"A COFFIN," said an Irishman, "is the house a man lives in when he is dead."

A Frenchman, anxious to show a fellow-countryman the vigorous style of the old poets, translated "Hail, horrors, hail," as follows: "How do you do, horrors, how do you do?"

On a benefit night at the Dublin theatre many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door before the great doors were opened, which, when discovered, a gentleman cried out in a passion, "It is a shame they should fill the house full of people before anybody comes."

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."—"Shure, an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

Judge Brackenridge used to relate the following: "I once had a Virginia lawyer object to an expression in one of the Acts of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, which read, 'That the State-house yard in Philadelphia should be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open inclosure forever.' But I put him down by citing one of the Acts of the Legislature of his own State, which is entitled 'A supplement to an Act making it penal to alter the mark of an unmarked dog.'"

The following notice was posted on the estate of a noble marquis in Kent, England:—"Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of —— (on account of the backwardness of the season) will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till after the 16th of September."

A lady declared that she never could see
How the men could all smoke—"Why, it kills 'em," said she.
"I don't know," said Sam—"there's my father—aint slow—
Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."
"But, sir, if he never had used the vile weed,
He might have been ninety—he might, sir, indeed."

The most perfect specimen of an Irish bull is one told by Curran. He was going one day to a levee at the castle in Dublin. There was a great press of carriages, and all at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to the coachman, "Stop, stop! the pole of the carriage behind is driven into us!"—"Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," replied Pat, exultingly, "for I've just drove my pole into the carriage before."

The city crier of Rockland once took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an orphan child, and I'm trying to find its parents."

An Irishman, on hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "Be my soul, and that's a good idee. Sure a stone coffin 'ud last a man's lifetime."

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the church, said: "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

Why the Irish, of all people, should be distinguished for bull-making, or why there should exist among the natives of Ireland such an innate and irresistible propensity to blunder, it is difficult to conjecture or decide. Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth, in their inquiry into the etymology of Irish Bulls, endeavor to account for it thus:—"That the English not being the mother tongue of the natives of Ireland, to them it is a foreign language, and consequently, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that they should avoid making blunders both in speaking and writing." However this may be, an Irish bull is a thing more easily conceived than defined. Perhaps, did we search for its precedent among the long lists of bold tropes and figures which come down from the old Greek writers and orators, the nearest approach we could find to it would be under the title of *Catachresis*—a catachresis being the "boldest of any trope, necessity makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express." This certainly conveys a just idea of what an Irish bull is or should be.

Many of the following examples we give as original; the rest we have selected from a variety of sources, and have been careful always to distinguish between blunders and bulls—a distinction which is often neglected.

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice was perpetrated by that clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there!" Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he said: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of the climate. I fancy, if an Englishman was born in Ireland, he would just make as many."

This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead "Not guilty." On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" cried Pat. "Now, do you think I was so mane as to take it to sell?"—"Pray, then, sir," said the J. P., "what did you do with it?"—"Do wid it? Well, then, since you must know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made tay of it."

A rich bull is recorded of an Irishman at cards, who, on inspecting the pool, found it deficient: "Here is a shilling short," said he, "who put it in?"

The following declaration of independence occurred to our knowledge. It was uttered by an exasperated rural lover, whose sweetheart had driven him "beyond the beyonds" with her "courting" and "carryings-on" with his rival. "I will never spake to you more!" he exclaimed, with exceeding vexation. "Keep your spake to yourself, then," said the provoking girl, coolly; "I am sure I can live without either it or your company."

"I am sure so can I, then," was the wrathful rejoinder.

Most of our readers are familiar, no doubt, with the gallant young Irishman, who declared to his sweetheart that he was in such a way about her he couldn't sleep at night for dreaming of her. A parallel instance to this occurred in our own hearing, when a poor fellow protested to "his girl" in the hayfield, that his two eyes hadn't gone together all night for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied this sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is between them!"

The following was perpetrated by a young Irish gentleman, who was exceedingly anxious to meet a certain young Irish lady at the house of a common lady friend, who had expressed her entire readiness (as most ladies would, under similar temptations) to perform the amiable part of "daisy-picker" to the young couple.

"But," said the poor fellow, anxiously, "there is nothing in the world half so embarrassing, you know, as to meet a girl by appointment. I am sure, under the circumstances, I wouldn't be myself—neither would she! Suppose, my dear madam, you could manage it so as to let us meet at your house some evening without either of us being aware that the other was present."

Still another pair of lovers claims our attention. The young lady, less flustered than her admirer, addressed him in these terms:—"I like you exceedingly, but I cannot quit my home. I am a widow's only darling, and no husband could equal my parent in kindness."—"She may be kind," replied her wooer, enthusiastically, "but be my wife—we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"

The next sight that we get into the cares and troubles that married life is heir to, is through the remonstrance of a Hibernian *Pater familias*, who declares to his wife that he really wishes the children could be kept in the nursery while he is at home, "although," he considerately adds, "I would not object to their noise if they would only keep quiet."

The next bull that occurs to us was uttered by a poor woman who, in all the pride and glory of her maternal heart, was declaring to a kind-hearted listener that since the world was a world there never was such a clever boy as her Bill; he had just made two chairs and a fiddle out of his own head, and had plenty of wood left for another.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?'—'Pretty well, thank you, Donelly,' says he. 'Donelly!' says I, 'that's not my name.'—'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' With that we looked at each other again, and sure enough it was nayther of us."

An Irishwoman, having been nearly drowned by falling into a well, committed a very rich bull, when she piously and thankfully declared that "only for Providence and another woman she never would have got out."

Horace Walpole records in his "Walpoliana," an Irish bull which he pronounces to be the best he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse, "I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was, indeed, a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

Again a poor Irish lad, complaining of the harsh behaviour of his father, declares he just treats him as if he were his son by another father and mother.

The next bull we record is redolent of the soil, and proves that, in Ireland at least, the determination to overcome impossibilities is not yet extinct. An Irishman having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow forgot to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him:—"Well, sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!" We wonder was the gentleman who displayed such a reluctance to be present the same who declared he would not fight a duel because he was unwilling to leave his old mother an orphan.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed, in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?"—"From the north of Ireland, yer honor," was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

An Irish paper announced the death of a poor deaf man named Gaff. He had been run over by a locomotive, and, added the paper, "he received a similar injury this time last year."

Another excellent bull of the same kind was perpetrated by a coroner in the county of Limerick. Being asked how he could account for the fearful mortality the previous winter, he replied: "I don't know; there are a great many people dying this year who never died before."

To this we add the story of an Irishman that nearly died, according to his own account, through the treatment of his physician, who, he declares, "drenched him so with drugs during his illness that he was sick for a long time after he got well."

In practical bulls the Irish are even more famous than in those merely logical. The richest one we ever heard was about a poor Irish peasant, who was floundering through a bog on a small, ragged pony. In its efforts to push on, the animal got one of its feet entangled in the stirrup. "Arrah, my boy!" exclaimed the rider, "if you are getting up, it's time for me to get down."

A good one is related, also, of a poor Irish servant maid, who was left-handed. Placing the knives and forks upon the dinner-table in the same awkward fashion, her master observed that she had placed them all left-handed. "Ah, true, indeed, sir," said she, "and so I have. Would you be pleased to help me to turn the table?"

A very good one occurred some time ago. An old Irish gentleman, fifty years in "bonds" of holy wedlock, was telling over to his girls the old story of his former loves and gay flirtations. "Ah!" exclaimed his daughter Mary, "it is well for you mamma is asleep on the sofa and does not hear you."—"Yes," said the old lady (wide awake, as it proved, and speaking up in the style of "Tragedy rebuking Comedy,") "I am glad I am asleep."

Among the mere blunders we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork: "O yis! O yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store, in Market street, a large brass key. I'll not be tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of a bank, sure."

AN Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of one of the Neck cars, was asked why he did not set his burden on the platform. He replied:

"Be jabers, the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, in one of the debates on the question of the Irish Union, made a speech in favor of it, which he concluded by saying that "It would change the barren hills into fruitful valleys."

AN Irishman was once asked to define an Irish bull, to which he replied:

"Whenever you see two cows lying down in a field, the one that is standing up is a bull."

A LADY observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was:

"Why, yes, madam," said an Irish gentleman present, "the sun is a very fine body, to be sure; but, in my opinion, the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when really we want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day-time, when we have no occasion for it."

AN Irishman, who was very near-sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than the other did to him.

AN Irishman being asked which was the oldest, he or his brother, replied: "I am eldest, but if my brother lives three years longer we shall be both of an age."

AT the bottom of an order for a lot of goods received by a firm in Hawick from a Dublin house was the truly Irish *nota bene:*

"Send the whole at once, and the remainder afterwards."

TWO Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:

"Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?"

"No, Pat; did it really thunder?"

"Yes, it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together."

"Why in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

A SON of Erin cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy on his account, as he is not married to her.

AN Irishman, in recommending a cow, remarked:—"She will give milk year after year without having calves. Because she came of a cow that never had a calf!"

IN looking over the proceedings of an Ohio Sunday School Convention, we find the following resolution, offered by Mr. Smith, a pious and promising young lawyer:

Resolved, that a committee of ladies and gentlemen be appointed to raise children for the Sabbath School.

Why, don't you see? Mr. Smith made an "out." He inadvertently omitted the words "with the assistance of the minister."

A GENTLEMAN, in passing Milford church-yard, observing the sexton digging a grave, addressed him with:

"Well, how goes trade in your line, friend?"

"Very dead, sir," was the reply.

AN Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound which he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was on his "brother Bill's arm."

A FRENCHMAN having frequently heard the word "press" made use of to imply "persuade," as "press that gentleman to take some refreshments," "press him to stay to-night," thought he would show his talents by using a synonymous term; and, therefore, made no scruple one evening to cry out in company:

"Pray, squeeze that lady to sing."

"BUT, Pat, I tell you they do not!"—"Indade, I tell you they do, ma'am!"—"Pat," replied his mistress, somewhat nettled at his contradiction, "you had better tell me I lie!"—"Indade, I don't tell you you lie; but I know you're not spaking the truth."

"I WISH to know, sir, if you called me an ass?"

"Yes, sir, but I qualified it."

"Aha, sir! you qualified it, did you? The better for you, sir; and pray, how did you qualify it?"

"I said you were an ass—all but the ears!"

A FARMER, more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, wrote to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premium offered, and added, as a postscript, as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of a premium."

A BIRTH is found recorded in an old family Bible at West Haven, Conn., as follows: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1786, according to the best of her recollection."

A SPIRIT merchant in Killarney, Ireland, has announced that he has still on sale a small quantity of whiskey which was drunk by the Prince of Wales when at Killarney.

A PERSON asked an Irishman "why he wore his stockings wrong side outward?"—"Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."

AN editor received a letter, in which weather was spelled "wethur." He said it was the worst spell of weather he had ever seen.

A SENSITIVE lady from the country looking for a coach: "Pray, sir, are you engaged?"

"Och, bless your purty soul, ma'am, I have been married these seven years and have nine children."

AN Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it.

IN a French translation of Shakspeare the passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

A MERCHANT, not conversant with geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed: "Jeopardy, Jeopardy, where in the world is that?"

A GREEN one, who had crossed the Atlantic, tells the story of a storm where the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose ten inches. "There's no mistake," said he, "besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

A CELEBRATED Irish physician, speaking of the physical degeneracy of modern women, says we must take good care of our grandmothers, for we never shall get any more.

"HALLO, Frank, I thought you were dead?"—"Oh," said Frank, "they did get a story around that I was dead, but it was another man. I knew it wasn't me as soon as I heard of it."

"SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

A COUNTRYMAN, not long since, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared that he "thought it was the old boy on wheels."—"Faith, an' ye're worse than myself," said an Irishman, "for the first time I saw the craythur I thought it was a sthameboat hunting for wather."

A MARRIED wretch says:—"The greatest gift vouchsafed to any living man was that granted to Adam, as he was blessed with a wife without ever having a mother-in-law."

A MEMBER of a fashionable church electrified a music-seller by inquiring for "Solomon's Song," saying his minister had spoken of it as a production of great genius, and that he wanted his daughter to sing it.

AN Irishman being on a visit to some relatives a little more polished than himself, was requested on going to bed to be careful to extinguish the candle; he was obliged to ask the meaning of the word, when he was told to put it out. He treasured up the term, and one day when he was sitting at home in his cabin with his wife, enjoying his praties and his buttermilk, as the pig uncermoniously walked in, he said (proud of his bit of learning):

"Judy, dear, will you extinguish the pig?"

"Arrah, then, Pat, honey, what do you mane?" inquired Judy.

"Mussha, then, you ignorant crathur," replied Pat, "it manes put him out, to be sure."

"I SAY, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?"—"Of course he is, and a great deal better."

TWO friends being in conversation together, one asked the other, "what death he would wish to die?" The answer was: "Let me die the death of the righteous."—"My boy," replied the other, "that you'll never do as long as you live."

AN honest Irishman, fresh from the Emerald Isle, caught a humble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his feet is."

A LABORER reading a journal to his wife, instead of "The president was received with three huzzas," pronounced the last word "hussies."

"More shame for him!" exclaimed the indignant and scandalized lady.

"ARRAH, Pat, and why did I marry ye? just tell me that; for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house."—"Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow weeping over the could sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye get along widout me, honey."

"BOB BROWN, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?"—"No; I never said any such thing; I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was that Billy's little yellow dog had more sense than your father, that's all I ever said."—"Well, it's well you did not say the other, I tell you."

AN Irishman on his way to Manchester, New Hampshire, arrived at the forks of a road, where stood a signboard, which read thus:—"Manchester, four miles."—"'Man chased her four miles!' Be the houly poker, I could have caught her meself in half that time."

AN Irishman being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to make him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied:

"Cruelly trait him, yer honor? not I! I never could hurt a poor dumb crathur in my loife; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more aisy for him."

A GOOD story is told concerning the writing of J. W. Brooks, the great railroad manager of Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document.

A **builder** in an adjoining town, sending an order to a friend for "a sash for a window, 6 × 4," was rather astonished to receive a roll of black ribbon by express, with a note from his friend saying he did not know how much was required for a widow 6 × 4, but he might cut off what he wanted and return the rest.

An Irish jockey, who was "fetlock deep in the turf," being elated with his success with winning a race, observed:—"By my shoul, I am first at last. I've always been behind before."

"What queer things men will make for money!" as an old woman said when she saw a monkey.

That was an inimitable, unconscious bull of the famous Mr. Amner, when going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of one-pair-of-stair's window, and cried:

"There goes Mr. Amner, who makes so many bulls."

He, hearing them, looked up, and said:

"You rascals, I know you well enough; but if I had you here I'd kick you down stairs."

An Irishman addicted to telling strange stories, said he saw a man beheaded, with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head and put it on his shoulders, in the right place.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?"

"And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat, "and couldn't him pick it up with his teeth?—To old Nick wid yer botheration."

A **burial** society has been recently commenced in the county of Lancaster, the first printed article of which runs thus:

"That, whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves."

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," said he, "as a man writes after he is dead."

A **tipsy** Irishman leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead? "I can't exactly say, sir," said he, "but I presume it is the gintleman in the coffin."

"Good morning, Patrick; slippery morning."

"Slippery! and be jabers it's nothing else, yer honor; upon my word, I slipped down three times without getting up once."

A **woman** surprised by the unexpected arrival of her husband, had just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him up against the wall. The husband, on coming into the room, asked:

"What is there in that sack?"

The woman was confused, and hesitated for an answer. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, called out from the inside of the sack:

"Nothing but rice!"

At a crowded lecture a young lady standing at the door of the church was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion:

"Indade, miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

"How is your husband this afternoon, Mrs. Squiggs?"

"Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till the mornin', he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't, he must give him up."

Mrs. Brown says her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try on a new boot without putting his foot in it.

An American lecturer of note solemnly said, one evening:—"Parents, you may have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I had te vorst neighbors as never was. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and todder day two of them came home missing!"

DURING the war of 1812, an old gentleman, who was always on the alert to obtain the latest news from the army, made his usual inquiry of a wag.

"The latest news from the army," replied the wag, "is, that they are in *statu quo.*"

"Ah! how far is that from Montreal?" asked the gentleman.

A BLACKSMITH made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for "steeling two mattocks," but the son of Vulcan, who had been more used to wielding a sledge-hammer than studying Dr. Johnson, wrote the following item:—"To stealing two mad ducks, two shillings."

A POOR Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered round him, and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

AT a shop window in Drury-lane there appears the following notice:—"Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

"I OWE you nothing," said an undutiful son to his father; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way, for if you had never been born, I should now be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

AN Irishman, who was sent to the House of Correction at South Boston for a year, was set at work in the blacksmith's shop. He found the labor rather too hard, though, and implored Captain Robbins to change his employment.—"Faith, captain," said he, "if I have to work this way for a year I shall die in less than a fortnight."

CHASING a rail-car is a very unprofitable kind of exercise. Patrick got out to take some refreshment. The train was off without him. "Stop, there!" he shouted. "Stop, ye ould stame-wagin, ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

"AH," said Monsieur to his friend Sniffin, "my sweetheart has given me de mitten."

"Indeed; how did that happen?"

"Vell, I thought I must go to make her von visit before I leave town; so I step in de side of de room, and dere I behold her beautiful person stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge, you mean."

"Ah, yes, von lounge. And den I make von vere polite branch, and —"

"You mean a polite bow."

"Ah, yes, von bough. And den I say I vere sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I —"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten if —"

"That's enough; you have put your foot in it, to be sure."

"No, sare, I put my foot out of it; for she says she would call her sacre big brother, and keek me out! I had intension to say mortified, but I could not tink of de vord, and mortify and rot is all de same as von in my dictionaire."

A FELLOW who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education, "That he never went to school but one afternoon, and then the master wasn't there."

A LAUGHABLE blunder was committed in Richmond by a negro servant who had been sent by his mistress to borrow the last "Blackwood's Magazine" from a neighbor. He delivered his message as follows: — "Missis's compliments; and says, will you please send her the July number of the black bombazine!"

"BRING in the oysters I told you to open," said the head of a household, growing impatient.

"There they are," replied the Irish cook, proudly. "It took me a long time to clean thim; but I've done it and thrown all the nasty insides into the strate."

AN Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner:—"You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A YOUNG gentleman created quite a sensation, while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetic effusion,—"To a Beautiful Belle," by pronouncing the latter word in two syllables.

PADDY, writing from the field to his sweetheart: — "Darling Peggy, I write you with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

AT a town meeting in Ireland, it was voted "that all persons in the town owning dogs shall be muzzled."

A GERMAN wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy:—"If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

A YOUNG Irishman, who had married when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Methuselah.

"BRIDGET, I told you to let me have my hot water the first thing in the morning."—"Shure," replied Bridget, "and didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night so as to be in time, sir?"

"I NEVER shot a bird in my life," said a fellow to his friend, who replied: "For my part, I never shot anything in the shape of a bird except a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

A GENTLEMAN passing through one of the public offices, was affronted by some of the clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal, which he did thus:

"I have been abused by some of the rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

SAID an Irish justice to a blustering prisoner on trial: "We want nothing from you, sir, but silence, and very little of that."

A POOR son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunks, who told him he employed no Irishmen. "For," said he, "the last I had died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge."—"Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for sure I can get a certificate that I niver died in the employ of any masther I ever served."

A DUTCHMAN being called upon for a toast, said:

"Here ish to de heroes who fit, pled, and died at de pattle of Punker Hill—of whom I am one."

A MAGISTRATE, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, asked: "If every one were to stand in the streets how could anybody get along?"

"HAVE you any letters for the boss?" said a Hibernian to a post-office clerk.

"Who's your boss?"

"The one that I work for!"

"What is his name, you idiot?"

"Robert Brown, sir."

"There is none here for him."

"It aint him I wants it. It's a letther for mesilf; but I axes for him bekause his name is better known than me own."

"SURE, and I'm heir to an immense estate under my father's will. When he died he ordered my elder brother to divide the house with me; and, by St. Patrick, he did it—for he tuck the inside himself, and gave me the outside."

LONGEVITY.

GEORGE KIRTON, Esq., died in 1764, aged 125; he was a fox-hunter, and hard drinker to the last.

William Farr, carrier from Birmingham to Tamworth, died in 1770, in his 121st year. He had 144 descendants, all of whom he survived, and left 10,000*l*. to charitable uses. What an affecting thing, this old man burying 144 children and grandchildren, and left alone in the world at 120 years of age! Yet his heart was softened, not seared, for in his dying hours he thought of the poor.

Thomas Wood died in 1738, aged 106; he was parish clerk of Canfield, in Essex, seventy-eight years, kept his bed only one day, and could read without spectacles to the last.

Sir Henry Featherstone, Bart., who had property near Bloomsbury, and from whom Featherstone Buildings, in Holborn, are probably named, died in 1746, aged 100.

Margaret Krasinowna died in 1763, aged 108. At ninety-four she married Gaspard Raykett, aged 105; they are said, but it is hardly credible, to have had two boys and a girl, unhealthy and ill-formed.

James Hatfield died in 1770, aged 105. This was the soldier of whom the well-known story is told, that, being on guard at Windsor, he was accused of sleeping on his post, when he defended himself by asserting that he had heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen instead of twelve, which, on inquiry, turned out to be the case.

Thomas Parr, the most talked-of of old men since the days of Methuselah, was born at Winnington, in Shropshire,.and died in 1625, aged 152. He married for the first time at eighty-eight, and had children. At the age of 102 a woman attributed a child to him, and he married a widow at the age of 120. He fed chiefly on bread and cheese, milk and whey; and had so hearty an appetite as often to rise during the night to take food. Lord Arundel took him to court, and presented him to Charles I. It is supposed that the high feeding he now had shortened his days. His body was opened by the illustrious Harvey. The heart was found fatter than usual. The account of Harvey is not very particular, which is to be regretted.

John Michaelstone, a grandson of Parr, died in 1763, aged 127. He is said to have been very temperate.

A joiner named Humphries died at Newington, in 1799, aged 100; and was said never to have been more than a mile from his own door.

Henry Jenkins died in 1670, aged 169. He used to mention, as an evidence of his age, that he remembered the battle of Flodden; and also the last abbot of Fountains. He gave evidence in a case in April, 1665, when he was 157. He is buried at Belton, in Yorkshire, where there is an inscription on his tomb-stone. He was a fisherman for the last century of his life, and fared hard.

The Rev. Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on Picturesque Scenery," has the following amusing remarks on Jenkins:

"Among all the events which, in the course of 169 years, had fastened upon the memory of this singular man, he spoke of nothing with so much emotion as the ancient state of Fountains Abbey. If he were ever questioned on that subject, he would be sure to inform you, 'what a brave place it once had been;' would speak with much feeling of the clamor which its dissolution occasioned in the country. 'About a hundred and thirty years ago,' he would say, 'when I was butler to Lord Conyers, and old Marmaduke Bradley, now deceased and gone, was lord abbot, I was often sent by my lord mayor to inquire after the lord abbot's health; and the lord abbot would always send for me up to his chamber, and would order me a quarter of a yard of roast beef, and wassail, which, I remember well, was always brought in a black jack.' From this account we see what it was that riveted Fountains Abbey so distinctly in the old man's memory. The *black jack*, I doubt not, was a stronger idea than all the splendor of the house, or all the virtues of the lord abbot."

The Countess of Desmond died in 1612, aged 143. She is said by Bacon to have renewed her teeth twice or thrice. The *or* leads to a doubt.

William Eadie died in 1731, aged 120. He was sexton or grave-digger to the parish of Canongate, Edinburgh, and buried the inhabitants of that extensive district three times over.

Peter Torton, in 1724, and St. Mongah, in 1781, are both stated to have died at 185 years of age, but no particulars of their history are given.

The writer had occasion, at one period, officially to visit and examine into the histories of about 300 men, all exceeding sixty years of age, pensioners on a charitable society. The majority were between seventy and eighty—a good many above eighty—a few, perhaps ten, above ninety, and one 104. They were mostly mere wrecks of men--few could hear and see at all well. But, indeed, their infirmities were the causes of their requiring aid from others. Most men, not broken down by disease or hard labor, are in full vigor of body and mind, (less active than vigorous in body — the ossification in the neighborhood of the joints is increasing,) between sixty and seventy. The man of 104 years of age was an Irishman; had been a common laborer all his life. He was quite imbecile both in body and mind, and the evidence of his age was derived from his family.

THE oldest man on record of the present day lived in North Carolina, and was 143 years old. He survived seven wives, and as the last one died sixty years before his death, he began latterly to feel lonesome, and talked about going a-courting again.

THE man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman. His average age is only twenty-seven. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in this capacity. At the same age dies the factory workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at thirty. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer. The average of the one is thirty-two and the other thirty-three. The engineer, the conductor, the powder-maker, the well-digger and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die, on an average, under the age of thirty-five. The cutler, the dyer, the leather-dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe-cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives, in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of forty. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at forty. Then come trades that are active, or in pure air. The baker lives to an average age of forty-three, the butcher to forty, bricklayer to forty-seven, the carpenter to forty-nine, the furnace-man to forty-two, the mason to forty-eight, the stone-cutter to forty-three, the tanner to forty-nine, the tin-smith to forty-one, the weaver to forty-four, the drover to forty, the cook to forty-five, the innkeeper to forty-six, the laborer to fifty-four, the domestic servant (female) to forty-three, the tailor to forty-three, the tailoress to forty-one. Why should the barber live till fifty, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in health and moderate exercise and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till fifty-one, the cooper till fifty-two, and the wheelwright till fifty. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of sixty-one. The ropemaker lengthens the thread of his life to sixty-two. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average fifty-five. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages forty-three, the caulker sixty-four, the sail-maker fifty-two, the stevedore fifty-five, the ferryman sixty-five, and the pilot sixty-four. A dispensation of Providence, that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible, is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of sixty-four. Last and longest lived come paupers, sixty-seven, and "gentlemen" sixty-eight. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves, and live on their neighbors, outlast the rest.

A CAT averages fifteen years of life. Squirrels and hares eight years. A bear twenty years. A dog twenty years. A wolf twenty-five years. A fox fourteen to sixteen years. Lions sometimes reach eighty. Elephants have lived 400 years. Pigs sometimes reach thirty years. A horse has reached sixty-two. Camels live to 100 years. Cows about fifteen years.

Whales have been known to reach 1000 years. An eagle has reached 104 years. A swan is now living 201 years old. A tortoise has reached 112 years.

LUNAR INFLUENCES.

In regard to the moon's influence Pliny observed that the streaks in the livers of rats answer to the days of the moon's age, and that ants never work at the time of its changes; he also informs us that the fourth day of the moon determines the prevalent wind of the month, and confirms the opinion of Aristotle that the earthquakes generally happen about the new moon. The same philosopher maintains that the moon corrupts all slain carcasses she shines upon; occasions drowsiness and stupor when one sleeps under her beams, which thaw ice and enlarge all things; he further contends that the moon is nourished by rivers, as the sun is fed by the sea. Galen asserts that all animals that are born when the moon is halciform, or at the half-quarters, are weak and short-lived, whereas those that are brought forth in the full moon are healthy and vigorous.

In more modern times the same wonderful phenomena have been attributed to this planet. The celebrated Ambrose Pare observed that people were more subject to the plague at its full. Lord Bacon partook of the notions of the ancients, and he tells us that the moon draws forth heat, induces putrefaction, increases moisture, and excites the motion of the spirits; and what was singular, this great man invariably fell into a syncope during a lunar eclipse.

Van Helmont affirms that a wound inflicted by moonlight is most difficult to heal, and he further says that if a frog be washed clean and tied to a stake under the rays of the moon in a cold winter night, on the following morning his body will be found dissolved into a gelatinous substance bearing the shape of the reptile, and that coldness alone without the lunar action will never produce the same effect. The change observed in the disease of the horse, called moon-blindness, is universally known and admitted. Many modern physicians have stated the opinions of the ancients as regards lunar influences in diseases, but none have pushed their inquiries with such indefatigable zeal as Dr. Mosely. He affirms that almost all people in extreme age die at the new or at the full moon, and this he endeavors to prove by the following records:

Elizabeth Steuart, 124, the day of the new moon.

William Leland, 140, the day after the new moon.

John Effingham, 144, two days after the full moon.

Elizabeth Hilton, 121, two days after the full moon.

John Constant, 113, two days after the new moon.

The doctor then proceeds to show, by the deaths of various illustrious persons, that a similar rule holds good with the generality of mankind.

Chaucer, 25th October, 1400, the day of the first quarter.

Copernicus, 24th May, 1543, the day of the last quarter.

Luther, 18th February, 1546, three days after the full moon.

Henry VII., 28th January, 1547, the day of the first quarter.

Calvin, 27th May, 1564, two days after the full moon.

Queen Elizabeth, 24th March, 1603, day of the last quarter.

Shakspeare, 23d April, 1616, day after the full moon.

Camden, 9th November, 1623, day before the new moon.

Bacon, 9th April, 1626, one day after the last quarter.

Vandyke, 9th December, 1641, two days after the full moon.

Cardinal Richelieu, 4th December, 1642, three days after the full moon.

Dr. Harvey, 30th June, 1657, a few hours before the new moon.

Oliver Cromwell, 3d September, 1658, two days after the full moon.

Milton, 15th November, 1647, two days before the new moon.

Locke, 28th November, 1704, two days after the full moon.

Queen Anne, 1st August, 1714, two days after the full moon.

Louis XIV., 1st September, 1715, a few hours before the full moon.

Marlborough, 16 June, 1722, two days before the full moon.

Newton, 20th March, 1726, two days before the new moon.

George I., 11th June, 1727, three days before the new moon.

George II., 25th June, 1760, one day after the new moon.

Sterne, 13th September, 1768, two days after the new moon.

Whitefield, 18th September, 1770, a few hours before the new moon.

Swedenborg, 19th March, 1772, the day of the full moon.

Linnæus, 10th January, 1778, two days before the full moon.

The Earl of Chatham, 11th May, 1778, the day of the full moon.

Rousseau, 2d July, 1778, the day of the first quarter.

Garrick, 20th January, 1779, three days after the new moon.

Dr. Johnson, 14th December, 1784, two days after the new moon.

Dr. Franklin, 17th April, 1790, three days after the new moon.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, 23d February, 1792, three days after the new moon.

Burke, 9th July, 1797, at the instant of the full moon.

Wilkes, 26th December, 1797, the day of the first quarter.

Washington, 15th December, 1799, three days after the full moon.

Sir William Hamilton, 6th April, 1803, a few hours before the full moon.

The doctor winds up this extract from the bills of mortality by the following appropriate remark :—" Here we see the moon, as she shines on all alike, so she makes no distinction of persons in her influence."

MATRIMONIAL AND DOMESTIC.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married ?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature, whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty.

Pretty girls, who are vain of their charms, are rather prone to make observations of this kind ; and a consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine upon the stem while the weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overvalue themselves, and in waiting for an immense bid occasionally overstand the market. The plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and loveworthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rock ahead of your haughty Junos and coquettish Hebes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed nor to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late.

Mrs. Hannah More, a very excellent and pious person, who knew whereof she wrote, recommends every unmarried sister to close with the offer of the first good, sensible, Christian lover who falls in her way. But ladies whose mirrors, aided by the glamor of vanity, assure them that they were born for conquest, pay no heed to this sort of advice. It is a noteworthy fact that homely girls generally get better husbands than fall to the lot of their fairer sisters. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not as a rule amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.

A MAN from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off her feather-bed, was in Louisville in search of them, not that he cared anything about his wife, "but the feathers," said he, "them's worth forty-eight cents a pound."

A GENTLEMAN regretting the loss of his first wife in the presence of his second, was told by her that no one had more reason to wish his former wife alive than she had.

A LADY, on separating from her husband, changed her religion; being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next too.

BE sure to annex a woman who will lift you up, instead of pushing you down. In mercantile phrase, get a piece of calico that will wash.

AN old maid, speaking of marriage, says it's like any other disease, while there is life there is hope.

KIT NORTH says that it is no wonder that women love cats, for both are graceful and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.

A DOWN EAST girl being bantered once by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied:—"Pooh! I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they're too common."

PUNCH says no woman was ever known to live as long as fifty years—forty being about a woman's ultimatum, and very few being spared to reach that extreme point of female longevity.

THERE is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

THERE is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. His next child was called Nothing, it being Nothing New.

A YOUNG stock-broker, having married a fat old widow with 100,000*l.*, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

THE man who made an impression on the heart of a coquette, has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

"YOU'VE no wife, I believe," said Mr. Blank to his neighbor. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never was married."—"Ah," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy dog."

A short time after, Mr. Blank, in addressing a married man, said:—"You have a wife, sir?"—"Yes, sir, a wife and three children."—"Indeed," said Mr. Blank, "you are a happy man."

"Why, Mr. Blank," said one of the company, "your remarks to the unmarried and the married seem to conflict somewhat!"

"Not at all—not at all, sir. There is a difference in my statements. Please be more observing, sir. I said the man who had no wife was a happy dog; and the man who had a wife was a happy man; nothing conflicting, sir, nothing at all; I know what I say, sir."

WHEN Professor Aytoun was making proposals for marriage to his first wife—a daughter of the celebrated Professor Wilson—the lady reminded him that it would be necessary to ask the approval of her sire.

"Certainly," said Aytoun; "but as I am a little diffident in speaking to him on this subject, you must just go and tell him my proposal yourself."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her to become his wife. She added:—"Shall I accept his offer, papa? He says he is too diffident to name the subject to you himself."

"Then," said old Christopher, "I had better write my reply and pin it to your back."

He did so, and the lady returned to the drawing-room. There the anxious suitor read the answer to his message, which was in these words:—"With the author's compliments."

NOT every man who dives into the sea of matrimony brings up a pearl.

TO make a lady stick out her finger, put on a diamond ring. To make her stick out all over, give her crinoline.

"YOUNG man, do you believe in a future state?"

"In course I does; and, what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things all ready."

"Go to, young man; you are incorrigible—go to."

"Go two! If it was not for the law against bigamy, whip me if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed, deacon, that a man of your age would give such advice to a man just starting into life."

A BEAR attacked a farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife seized a poker and aimed a happy blow at Bruin.

"Give it to him, Nancy," cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead he came down from the loft and exclaimed:

"Nancy, my dear, aint we brave?"

A YOUNG lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied with the greatest earnestness:—"O no, I'll dye first."

"DON'T talk to me about your guncotton," said a gentleman, "I'll put my wife against any invention in the world for blowing things up; if Bismark could get her to sit down opposite Paris, the French would leave that city instanter, or be blown sky high."

MISS SNOOKS says she will never marry a widower with a family, and for this reason. She is down on second-hand children.

A WRITER of much merit says that with a wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life. And *vice versâ.*

"WELL, Alick, how's your brother Ike getting on these times?"—"Oh! first-rate. Got a start in the world—married a widow with nine children."

THE California Christian Advocate says:—"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning to swear, and anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit on the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath and the taste of suds, which together produced the final result.

A KENTUCKY lady having been deserted by her husband, advertised him, and appended the following painfully pretty stanzas to a description of his person:

Oh that his bed may be made of briers,
And his path beset with thorns;
And the balance of his days
Be haunted by the beasts with seven heads and ten horns.
Wedlock has been a woeful thing to me,
For marrying is not what it is cracked up to be;
I thought my pathway would be strewed with flowers and roses,
But the way old Bill has made me wretched it is a sin to Moses,
I feel like a forest tree by the north wind shaken,
Wretched, forlorn, sad, and forsaken.

A PUNSTER says:—"My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notions of delicacy to turn a Somerset."

LIGHTNING never strikes but once in the same place; therefore let the man whose first wife has been a very good one never marry another.

MISS PITKIN says the reason she never married is, that she never saw the man for whom she'd be willing to cook three meals of victuals every day in her life. A good reason, truly.

A JOURNALIST says:—"There is nothing like nature as developed in feminines; for no sooner does a female juvenile begin to walk and notice things than it takes after its mother and wants a baby. It is almost incredible how much of matter and feeling is wasted on rag babies and squint-eyed Dutch dolls."

A **PARISH** clerk having, according to custom, published the banns of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn, commencing with these words:

Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven.

WOMAN is like ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. An old bachelor adds:—"Ivy is like woman, the closer it clings to you, the more you are ruined."

MRS. PARTINGTON says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but as he was just the size of her first protector, he could wear out his old clothes.

A **SHREWD** old gentleman once said to his daughter:—"Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but, remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

A **PERSON** who was sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying "that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other."

"**PAPA**," said a precocious child, "what is a humbug?"—"It is, my dear," replied the parent with a deep-drawn sigh, "when your ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt."

A **MAN** who has buried four or five of his wives, in Wayne county, Indiana, has been admonished that he must not marry any more till they start a new cemetery.

A **WIFE** cannot make home comfortable who "dears," and "my loves," and "pets" her husband, but don't sew the buttons on his shirt, or tape on his drawers.

A **LADY** who has been reading law is in the most fearful and agonizing doubts regarding the legality of her marital condition. Hear what she says:

"Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life!"

A **LADY** said to her husband in Jerrold's presence:—"My dear, you certainly want some new trowsers."—"No, I think not," answered the affectionate husband. "Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who wears them ought to know."

"**READ** the biographies of our great and good men and women," says the editor of a paper, "not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashions as with the changing clouds."

AT a wedding which took place at the altar, when the officiating priest put to the lady the home question:—"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied:—"If you please, sir."

"**SHALL** we take a 'bus up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town.

"O dear, no!" said the alarmed girl, "I don't think I would do that in the street."

SPRIGGINS says he always travels with a "sulky"—that is, he always goes with his wife, who contrives to be obstinate and out of humor from the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his ankle.

A **GOOD** wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking-glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate in his sorrow, and bear part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love one toward another.

AN old widower says, when you pop the question to a lady, do it with a kind of a laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very well, if she does not, you can say you were only in fun.

"WHY, Mary, my dear, how is this, I find you sitting here so comfortably with your husband; you told me this morning you had quarrelled, and he had gone for a sailor?"

"I, father! I told you nothing of the kind."

"Oh, nonsense! I am sure you had some words together."

"Yes, father, so we had. He asked me what o'clock it was; I said I didn't know; and so he left the house, saying he was going to see. That's all I told you."

"FANNY, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?"—"O no; I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough."—"Well, he's fortunate at all events, for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars."—"Indeed! is it true? Well, now, since I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him; and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

WE know of a beautiful girl who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

MR. JONES, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella, and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed, and suddenly spread out the parachute. "What are you going to do with that thing?" said she. "Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came well prepared." In less than two minutes Mrs. Jones was fast asleep.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Porter, whom he afterwards married, he told her "That he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged!" The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied:—"That she had no more money than himself, and that, though she had no relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

"MY dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?"—"One of your smiles," replied the husband; "I can dine on that every day."—"But I can't," replied the wife. "Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went to his business. He returned to dinner. "This is excellent steak," said he, "what did you pay for it?"—"Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied the wife. "You did!" exclaimed he; "then you shall have the money next time you go to market."

ARCHIE and Tom sparked the same girl. One night Archie called on her and found her alone. After some conversation, he burst out with:—"Miss Mollie, do you think you could leave this comfortable home, kind father and mother, loving brothers and sisters, and go to the far West with a young man who has little to live on save his profession?" Miss Mollie laid her head on Archie's shoulder, with her eyes about half-closed, her ruby lips slightly apart, and said softly:—"Yes, Archie, I think I could."—"Well," said Archie, "my friend Tom is going West, and he wants to marry, I will mention it to him."

A LOVING husband at St. Louis telegraphed to his wife in New York as follows: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came back: "Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

IF you want to madden a girl who is vain of her beauty, tell her you went to a party last night and was introduced to Miss ——, the handsomest girl you ever saw in your life. The moment your back is turned she will commence making faces at you. That's so—try it.

A WIT (unmarried) suggests that Solomon's wisdom was due to the fact that he had seven hundred wives, whom he consulted on all occasions.

MARRIAGE enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

A LADY at her marriage requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir the hymn commencing:

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

A DOWN EAST Yankee very cutely says:—"Though the men have the reins, the women tell them which way they must drive."

WHEN Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter, Mrs. Bache, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The doctor declined in the following characteristic note: "If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every turkey's tail."

AT Athens, Penn., Mr. James Bee to Miss Martha Ann Flower:

Well has this little busy Bee
Improved life's shining hour,
He gathers honey all the day
From one sweet chosen flower;
And from his hive, if heaven please,
He'll raise a little swarm of Bees.

A FRENCH author says: "When I lost my wife, every family in town offered me another; but when I lost my horse, no one offered to make him good."

BACON says, his step-mother was so fond of wolloping the family, that if all the children had been wash-tubs, there would not have been a whole bottom in the house.

OH, whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a cow;
I never whistled in my life,
And I can't whistle now.

Oh, whistle, daughter, whistle,
And you shall have a man;
I never whistled in my life,
But I'll whistle, if I can.

A YOUNG gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the marriage state in general. "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply, "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could give you a definite answer."

"IT is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes."—"Don't say a word about it, wife, the least said the soonest mended."

AN Eastern editor says that a man out West got himself into trouble by marrying two wives.

A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one.

A Northern editor reports that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble by barely promising to marry, without going any further.

A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough by simply being found in the company of another man's wife.

A MAN carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman and thus accosted:—"So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony."—"Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake, this is only the fruit-basket."

A MAN who avoids matrimony on account of the cares of wedded life, is like one who amputates his leg to save his toes from corns.

"WHICH is of greater value, prithee, say,
The bride or bridegroom?"—"Must the truth be told?"
"Alas, it must!"—"The bride is given away,
The bridegroom's often regularly sold."

A YANKEE being asked to describe his wife, said:—"Why, sir, she'd make a regular, fast, go-ahead steamer, my wife would—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

A WRITER says that a woman has no generosity toward her own sex. Who ever knew one woman to go security for another woman's house-rent?

WHICH causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised, or another girl run down?

A WISE lady has said:—"If a woman would have the world respect her husband she must set the example."

"SOLOMON, I fear you are forgetting me," said a bright-eyed girl to her lover, the other day. "Yes, Sue," said slow Sol, excusing himself, "I have been for getting you these two years."

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love."—"And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave-diggers."

A MARRIED woman was telling a staid single lady somewhat on the wrong side of fifty, of some domestic troubles, which she in great part attributed to the irregularities of her husband. "Well," said the old maid, "you have brought these troubles on yourself. I told you not to marry him. I was sure he would not make you a good husband."—"He is not a good one, to be sure, madam," replied the woman, "but he is better than none."

IF you wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann; "an" is an indefinite article.

MANY a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

MANY a woman who knows how to dress herself, knows very little about dressing a dinner.

OUR friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight. On a certain occasion, Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair Dulcinea, and made his passion known. She refused him flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in choice terms that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain when she coolly replied:—"Yes, but they don't bite at toads!" Jones has learned a lesson.

SNOOKS was advised to have his life insured. "Won't do it," said he, "it would be just my luck to live forever if I should." Mrs. Snooks merely said, "Well, I would not, my dear."

"CAN I induce you to invest in a lock?" smilingly inquired a travelling agent for an improved door-fastening, of a plain-looking old maid, whom he encountered sweeping off her front stoop. "You might, sir," she replied, with a ghastly smile, eyeing him carefully for a moment from head to foot, "in Wed-lock!"

JONES said to a crusty old bachelor, "What a pity that poor Billy Smith has gone blind. Loss of sight is a terrible thing, and the fellow's eyes are quite sealed up."—"Let him marry then," exclaimed the waspish old celebate,—"let him marry, and if that don't open his eyes, then his case is indeed hopeless."

To reduce the temperature of a dining room, bring a friend to tea some afternoon when your wife wishes to fix up early to go to the opera. The coolness with which yourself and friend will be received will give a refrigerating tone to the whole house.

A YOUNG lady said to her beau, as she held a pot of hot water in her hand: "Promise to marry me or I'll scald you."—"Throw the water," he replied, "I had rather be scalded once than every day in my life."

AN unloved wife, who ought to know of that of which she speaks, because she has so much experience, says that the reason that ladies look so much to money, in the matter of marriage, is, that now-a-days they so seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

"WHAT shall I help you to?" inquired the daughter of a landlady of a modest youth at the dinner-table. "A wife," was the meek reply. The young lady blushed, perhaps indignantly, and it is said that the kindly offices of a neighboring clergyman were requisite to reconcile the parties.

A GENTLEMAN was once making fun of a sack which a young lady wore. "You had better keep quiet," was the reply, "or I will give you the 'sack.'"—"I would be most happy," was the gallant response, "if you would give it to me as it is, with yourself inside it."

A SENTIMENTAL chap intends to petition Congress for a grant to improve the channels of affection, so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

A YOUNG man, becoming engaged, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed; but, being at a loss what to have engraved on it, called upon his father for advice.

"Well," said the old man, "put on, 'When this you see, remember me.'"

The young lady was much surprised, a few days after, at receiving a beautiful ring, with this inscription:—"When this you see, remember father."

A LAW against obtaining husbands under false pretences, passed by the English Parliament in 1770, enacts—That all women, of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree—whether virgins, maids, or widows—who shall, after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by virtue of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors; and the marriage, under such circumstances, upon conviction of the offending party, shall be null and void.

IF you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

"ROSALIE," said an affected young lady to a friend who had called to see her, "do you think it will be fine to-morrow?" Rosalie, thinking she wished it to be fine, replied: "Yes."—"I'll be so put out if it is fine," said Bessie, "as I want to go a visiting."—"Why, how strange you are, Bessie."—"Why, Rosey, where I'm going they have splendid dinners, and such company; and if it rains I must stop to dinner and dry my clothes, and then maybe they'd send some young gentleman home with me. You see now, don't you?"

A SHROPSHIRE farmer went along with his son to a tea-party. A young female happened to be there with whom the farmer wished his son to become acquainted. He told him to go and speak to her. "What shall I say to her, father?"—"Why, say soft things." Johnny, with great simplicity, looking her in the face, said:—"Mashed turnips, miss!"

"I THINK, wife, that you have a great many ways of calling me a fool."—"I think, husband, that you have a great many ways of being one."

EVERY woman is born with a master mind; that is to say, with a mind to be master if she can.

MAN is the proud and lofty pine
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
Woman the soft and tender vine,
Whose curling tendrils round him twine,
And deck his rough bark o'er.

To quiet a crying baby, prop it by a pillow, if it cannot sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses, then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again—molasses and more feathers.

"AND you have been married, Patrick, three times?"—"Yes, indade, sir."—"And what do you say of it—which wife do you like best?"—"Well, Becky O'Brine, that I married the first time, was a good woman—too good for me—so she got sick and died, and the Lord took her. Then I got married to Bridget Flannegan. She was a bad woman, and she got sick and died too, and the devil took her. Then, fool as I was, I got married to Margaret Haggerty. She was worse, bad, very bad—so bad that neither the Lord nor the devil would have her, so I have to keep her myself."

"HUSBAND, I wish you could buy me some feathers."—"Indeed, dear wife, you look better without them."—"O no, sir, you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

An old lady, hearing somebody say the mails were very irregular, said:—"It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of them."

"If it wasn't for the hope the heart would break," as the old woman said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.

Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and she looks at Mr. Smith with a sweet smile and offers to help him, at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table. He replied:—"No, I thank you, dear; they don't agree with me."

"Bob," said a tormenting friend to a bachelor acquaintance, "why don't you get married."—"Well, I don't know. I came very near it once; just missed it."—"You did? Let's hear it."—"Why, I asked a girl if I should see her home from a party one evening, and she said no! If she'd said yes, I think I should have courted and married her. That's the nearest I ever came to getting married."

"Husband," said an exasperated wife, "I can't express my detestation of your conduct."—"Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't," was the cool reply.

A traveller stopped at a farmhouse for the purpose of getting dinner. Dismounting at the front door he knocked, but received no answer. Going to the other side of the house, he found a little white-headed man in the embrace of his wife, who had his head under her arm, while with the other she was giving her little lord a pounding. Wishing to put an end to the fight, our traveller knocked on the side of the house, and cried out in a loud voice:—"Hallo, here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered:—"Stranger, that's what we are trying to decide!"

"Patrick and Bridget had been married a long time, but did not get along well together, for they were constantly quarrelling. It happened, however, that one day they were sitting directly opposite the fire, when in came the cat and dog, and laid down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy speaks up and says:—"Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarrelling; see the cat and dog, how peaceably they get along."

"Och, Biddy, sure an' it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie 'em together, and see how they will act!"

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

"My advice to you, miss," said a very plain-spoken gentleman to a pretty girl whom he found coloring her cheeks, "is that you don't undertake to change yourself from what nature made you."

"My advice to you, sir," said she, pettishly, "is that you change yourself as much as possible."

A censorious and conceited lady, vaunting her good figure, boasted to another that her sister and herself had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs.

"That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always so glad to see them," was the reply.

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; for that is the only way to prevent her from throwing his memory into your face, and making annoying comparisons."

"Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor, "she'll then praise him by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

It is a sad commentary upon the course of instruction pursued in young ladies' schools, that the graduates seldom know how to decline marriage.

"A DOZEN children may seem a large family with some folks who are moderate in them things," remarked Mrs. Partington; "but my poor husband used to tell a story of a woman in some part of the world where he stopped one night, who had nineteen children in five years, or five children in nineteen years, I don't recollect which—but I remember it was one or t'other."

A YOUNG lady engaged to be married, but getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "O certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it now, while it is only a beau knot."

"BOB, how is your sweetheart getting along?"—"Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't come any more."

WHEN Socrates was asked whether it was better for a man to marry or remain single, he made answer: "Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it." This is similar to that of the youth who, being asked which out of two very bad roads to a certain place was the least bad, cried out, "Take either, and before you get half way you will wish that you had taken the other."

THE Boston Transcript says, that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?" We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor "man?"

"I SAY, Mr. Thompson, how is it that your wife dresses magnificently and you always appear out at the elbows?"—"I say, Jones, my wife dresses according to the Gazette of Fashion, and I dress according to my ledger."

EVERY woman was made for a mother, consequently babies are just as necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

WHEN John wants a hot bath and hasn't the change to pay for it, he has only to tell his girl that he has about made up his mind to select another sweetheart—he is in hot water directly.

A MAN who had a scolding wife, being willing to excuse her failings, when called upon to give some account of her habits and character, said she was pretty well in general, only subject at times to a breaking out of the mouth.

A ZOUAVE lost one of his fingers at the battle of Solferino. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "just my luck to lose the finger upon which I wore my wedding ring. Now my wife will insist upon it that I gave it to another woman."

THE following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked:—A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first of them as a secret.

SOME editor says the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the Chicago Advertiser says:—"Yes, that is a fact. Suppose 'a little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

A MAN was waked in the night and told that his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered, as he went to sleep again:—"Ah! how grieved I shall be in the morning!"

A YOUNG and beautiful damsel, having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and eloping with the other.

"KISS me, Kate."—"No-sir-ee."—"Why not, Kate? Do I not love you better than anything else?"—"My goodness gracious, I should think so—what a fool you are, John."—"Why so, Kate?"—"Why, no-sir-ee means yes!"

"So poor Miss Prim is dead at last, Miss Singleton."—"O yes, poor critter, she could not bear to hear how Dr. Squibbs was a sidling up to widow Wimpole; so she just filled with grief and sunk under it."—"Poor unfortunate creeter!" said the old maid. "How does my new cap look?"

AN unmarried lady on this side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a very young friend, observed, with a deep sigh:—"Well, as soon as all the infants are disposed of, I suppose the women will have a chance."

A YOUNG lady, who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said:—"You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

SINCE belles are so anxious to wear something not worn by their rivals, isn't it singular that none of them have ever thought of putting on a little modesty?

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you, it has no end."—"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of my love for you, it has no beginning."

A RIGIDLY pious old lady down East says "the civil war was a judgment upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops."

JOHN asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I'll not have you;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me."

WHO has the greatest power of endurance in these days?—The ladies, of course, don't they stand out against all creation?

A GREAT many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We would like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her baby.

A MINISTER called at the house of a friend of his and found the wife in tears. "What is the matter, my good sister?"—"Oh, dear John, my good husband, has run away with widow Smith, and I'm out of snuff."

A YOUNG and patriotic lady said that she was sorry she could not fight in defence of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called to make!

THERE is a farmer in Putnam county, New York, who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight furlongs one mile.

SOME Misses can never be persuaded to take half a cup of tea for fear they shall never get the title of Mrs. ——. Aunt T., particularly, is one of these believers in signs; she has, ever since her fifteenth year, avoided this calamitous omen, and is now unmarried at the age of seventy-five; still she has full faith in the sign, and could not be induced for the world to take half a cup of tea.

"O DEAR Mr. F., you jest when you say my babe is the handsomest you ever saw; you must be soft soaping."—"Well, madam, I think it needed soap of some kind."

"HUSBAND, I have the asthma so bad that I can't breathe."—"Well, my dear, I wouldn't try; nobody wants you to."

"GEORGE," said a young lady, "there's nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there?"—"No, love; but I hope there will be one day, when we shall both be interested."—The young lady blushed, and of course she said, "For shame, George."

TWO men were conversing about the ill humor of their wives. "Ah," said one, with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a Tartar." — "Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than all this; she is the Cream of Tartar!"

A YOUNG lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother George Henry saw in the girls that he liked them so well; and that for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.

WE have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot.

A HEN-PECKED husband writes: "Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

A MEDICAL journal says that single women have the headache more than married ones. That may be; but don't married men have the headache oftener than single ones?

AN old bachelor would like much to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

A YOUNG lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—"The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love, a 'love of a bonnet.'"

A MAN with a rag-bag in his hand was picking up a large number of pieces of whalebone which lay in the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied in a squeaking voice; "'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabouts."

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

There never was a goose so grey,
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gander came that way
And took her for his mate.

ONCE upon a time there lived an old couple known far and wide for their interminable squabbles. Suddenly they changed their mode of life, and were as complete patterns of conjugal felicity as they had formerly been of discord. A neighbor, anxious to know the cause of such a conversion, asked the gudewife to explain it. She replied:—"I and the old man have got on well enough together ever since we kept two bears in the house."—"Two bears!" was the perplexed reply. "Yes, sure," said the old lady, "bear and forbear."

THE women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about robbing them of their very names.

IN making an estimate of a man or woman, don't take the dress into consideration. 'Tis the value of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard.

"HUSBAND, I must have some change to-day."—"Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough, anyhow."

YOUNG Jones complained to his father-in-law of the temper and waywardness of his wife. "I'll cure her," said the father. "I'll cut her off with a shilling if she don't behave." Young Jones always told his father-in-law after that, "She's a model of a wife."

A SHORT man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it fallen in love?" said the suitor. "It's more like climbing up to it."

THE marriage of Mr. Day and Miss Field presents this singular anomaly, that although he won the field, she gained the day.

"COME here, sissy," said a young gentleman to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses. "You are the sweetest thing on earth."—"No, I aint," she replied, "sister says you are the sweetest." The gentleman popped the question the next day.

"You would not take me for twenty," said a nice girl to her partner while dancing, "what would you take me for?" —"For better or for worse," he replied.

WOMEN are called the "softer sex," because they are so easily humbugged. Out of a hundred girls ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.

"How dare you get married," asked a cousin, "after having before you the example of your sisters?"

The young girl replied with spirit:— "I chose to make a trial myself. Did you ever see a parcel of pigs running to a trough of hot swill? The first one sticks in his nose, gets it scalded, and then draws it back and squeals. The second burns his nose, and stands squealing in the same manner. The third follows suit and squeals too. But still it makes no difference with those behind. They never take warning of those before, but all in turn thrust in their noses, just as if they hadn't got burned or squealed at all So it is with girls in regard to matrimony—and now, cousin, I hope you are satisfied."

A YOUNG wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the prodigal son; I shall reform by-and-by."—"And I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

STERNE'S uncle Toby says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says a man is sure gone if he looks there for that something.

"I SAY, Phil, who is the pretty girl I saw you walking with on last Sunday evening?" — "Miss Hogges." — "Hogges! well, she is to be pitied for having such a name."—"So I think, Joe," rejoined Phil; "I pitied her so much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it soon."

MR. JENKINS playfully remarked to his wife that in her he possessed four fools. "Who are they?" she asked. "Beauti-fool, duti-fool, youth-fool, and delight-fool," said he. "You have the advantage of me, my dear," she replied, "I have but one fool."

"MR. JONES, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?"—"Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broom handle.

OLD Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain his meaning he said:—"Facts are stubborn things."

THE seven wonders of a young lady are:

1. Keeping her accounts in preference to an album.
2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cuts her out.
3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—not quizzing what she seriously admires.
4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a day.
5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or wearing shoes that are not "a mile too big for her."
6. Seeing a baby without rushing immediately to it and kissing it.
7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

A MODERN philosopher volunteers a bit of advice: "Never marry very young. Life is a feast: after you have enjoyed the substantials, let a wife come in as a dessert."

MARRIAGEABLE young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writing from that section to his father, says: "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth, and send them out."

An elderly gentleman travelling in a railroad carriage was amused by a constant fire of words between two ladies. One of them at last kindly inquired if their conversation did not make his head ache; when he said with a good deal of ingenuousness: "No, madam; I've been married twenty-eight years."

Boys, if you don't want to fall in love, keep away from muslin. You can no more play with those girls without losing your hearts, than you can play with gamblers without losing your money. The heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you are going you are "gone," like a lot at an auction.

One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, Colonel Jones reached home, when he found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the just indignation of his better-half. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and, resting his elbows on his knees, with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as, "Poor Smith! poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible, but at last overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired in a sharp tone:

"What's the matter with Smith?"

"Ah!" says the colonel, "his wife is giving him fits just now!"

Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke, and her wrath dissolved.

A man who was sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said:—"My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?"—"No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "for you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

Sydney Smith says:—"Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

A journalist gives the following as an excellent system of gardening for young ladies: Make up your beds early in the morning: sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do not rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; and carefully root out all angry feelings, and expect a good crop of happiness.

The Niagara Falls Gazette tells a story of two young ladies who were promenading along the street, when one of them slipped and came down on the icy pavement "like a thousand of bricks." Jumping quickly up, she exclaimed, *sotto voce*: "Before another winter I'll have a man to hang to; see if I don't."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Smith, "I don't know what to do with John, he is so cross, so peevish, so fretful."—"Oh, treat him kindly," replied Mrs. Brown. "When he comes in the room always receive him with pleasant smiles, and say to him, 'Johnny, dear, how are you this evening? Honey, can I do anything for you? Dear, are you well—quite well?' I say, treat him kindly. Speak to him affectionately, and I'll tell you that it will heap coals of fire on his head." Mrs. Smith remained silent for a moment, then suddenly rising to her feet, broke out in a fit of frenzied desperation, exclaiming:—"It won't do; it won't answer; it's no use. I poured biling water on his head, and it didn't do a bit of good."

When old Bob Brown was on his deathbed he called his young wife Mary to him. "Mary," said he, "I'm not long for this world. I am wearing away fast. Now, about the business, Mary; there's Charles, the foreman, he knows all about the shop, and all the customers like him. You will just let a decent time elapse, and then you can take him for your husband and protector."—"Oh," said Mary, bursting into a passionate flood of tears, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "don't—don't let that trouble you in the least, my dearest. Charles and I settled that some time ago."

An old negro woman accounts for the lack of discipline among youngsters from the fact that their mothers wear gaiters. "Ye see, when we wore low shoes, an' the children wanted a whippin', we just took off a shoe mighty quick an' gave 'em a good spankin'; but now, how's a body to get a gaiter off in time? So the children gets no whippin's at all now-a-days."

An honest lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, which occurred from home, said:—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It aint a week since I lost my best hen, and yesterday our old tom-cat, and now Mr. Hooper is gone, poor man."

The most beautiful sight in nature, says Dobbs, was a woman that he met. Grace was in her step, heaven in her eyes, and in her arms a baby.

One James Riley was brought up before a magistrate for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him "How could he be so hardened a villain?"—"Please your honor," said James, "I was only trying to get a good one."

"My husband neglects his home," said a lady to her friend, the other day; "what would you do were you in my place?"—"Use more honey," was the only and reasonable reply.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was? "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better of that little ride."

"Ma, whereabouts shall I find the State of Matrimony?"—"You will find it in one of the United States," was the answer.

Sentimental youth: "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical girl: "How large is your lot, sir?"

"Why in such a hurry?" said a man to an acquaintance. "Why," said the man, "I have just bought a new bonnet for my wife, and fear that the fashion may change before I get home."

A St. Louis paper tells us a story of a disconsolate widower, who, on seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Well, I've lost gloves, I've lost umbrellas; yes, even cows and horses; but I never, no, never, had anything to cut me like this."

A young miss, having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, and afterward fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him, about halfway, enjoining secrecy. "Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

One of the wise men said, years ago, if you want to learn human nature get married to a spunky girl, move into a house with another family, and slap one of the young 'uns, and it will not take many minutes to learn it to perfection.

"Why don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?"—"I have asked her."—"What did she say?"—"Oh, I've the refusal of her."

A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice to money hunters:—"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."—"Yes," replied John, "I am."—"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

An editor down South says he would as soon try to go to sea on a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim up the rapids of Niagara river, raise the dead, stop the tongue of an old maid, set Lake Erie on fire with a locofoco match, as to stop two lovers getting married when they take it into their heads to do so.

MANY strange apologies have been urged for marriage. Goethe said he married to obtain respectability. Wilkes wedded to please his friends. Wycherley, in his old age, took his servant girl to spite his relations. The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband, that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

ELDON, the father of Lord Eldon, the Chancellor of England, having resolved to marry, rang his bell. A female servant answered it. He told her to dress herself in order to repair to the altar with him. She thought he was jesting, and disobeyed. He rang his bell again. A second servant appeared. To her he gave the same command. She attired herself and was made a bride.

THE Rev. Robert Hall, when on a visit to a brother clergyman, went into the kitchen, where a pious servant girl, whom he loved, was working. He lighted his pipe, sat down, and asked her: "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"—"I hope I do, sir," was the reply. He immediately added: "Betty, do you love me?"

MRS. JEMIMA JIPSON never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last, however, one night she spied—or thought she did, which amounts to the same thing—the long looked-for boots and legs. "O Mr. Jipson," she screamed out, "there's a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled the husband. "Well, my dear, I am glad you have found him at last. You have been looking for him these twenty years."

A GENTLEMAN residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

A RUNAWAY couple were married at Gretna Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea."—"True," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. He is a good customer, and you I may never see again."

A GOOD story is told of a rustic youth, and a buxom country girl, who sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maiden, only ventured a sly look, and now and then touching Patty's foot under the table. The girl, determined to make the lad express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out: "Look here, if you love me, why don't you say so; but don't dirty my stockings."

A GENTLEMAN was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said: "Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark."—"Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," said the young profligate. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal."

THE first law of nature is marriage, and yet man is the only creature that resists it. Who ever saw an old bachelor robin, or a female blue-bird with strong thoughts of dying an old maid? No one. Every created being becomes a parent, and this is just what it was intended they should become.

A CELEBRATED wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was very much attached. "I know no reason," replied he, "except the great regard we have for each other."

"MY dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I your treasure?"

"O yes!" was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

What an insulting wretch!

"My wife," said a wag, "came near calling me honey last night."—"Indeed, and how was that?"—"Why, she called me old beeswax."

Careful wife. "Don't, Charles, go to Boston with that hole in the elbow of your shirt."

Husband. "Why not, my dear?"

Careful wife. "Because if the cars should run off the track, and you should get killed, people would think me a very negligent wife."

Husband (buttoning up his overcoat). "Ahem! yes, I dare say they would."

Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.

If you have no sister of your own, we advise you to love somebody else's sister.

Before marriage the man is very much struck with the woman, and afterwards the woman is very much struck by the man. Punch says it is a very striking business throughout.

Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why, pray?"—"Because, sir, he won't come when he is sober!"

Disraeli once wrote of a certain fine lady: "She had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle. She had plenty of apathy; was tolerably illiterate; was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious; acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles."

A pleasant, cheerful wife is like a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder-cloud charged with electric fluid. At such times, a wise man will keep clear, if possible, in order to avoid the shock.

Sir David Baird, with great gallantry and humanity, had a queer temper. When news came to England that he was one of those poor prisoners in India who were tied back to back to fetter them, his mother exclaimed, "Heaven pity the man that's tied to my Davy!"

Miss Nancy says a man is good for nothing until he is married, and according to her experience, he aint worth but a dreadful little when he is.

A strong-minded woman in a town was heard to remark the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream every time she looked at him.

What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for their victuals and clothes.

A young gentleman visiting his intended, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to insult him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other, "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Deeply were we affected on reading the other day of a young lady, who being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed:—"Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush."—"The truth is, dear husband, I was born to blush unseen."

Lord Dundreary thus gives his opinion with regard to that much-vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister:—"I—I think," he says, "marriage with a detheathed wife's thithter is very proper and economical, because when a fellah marrieth his detheathed wife's thithter, he—he hath only one mother-in-law."

"It's quite too bad of you, Darby, to say that your wife is worse than the devil."—"An' plase your riverince, I'll prove it by the Houly Scriptur—I can, by the powers. Didn't your riverince, yesterday, in your sarmon, tell us that if we resist the divil, he'll flee from us? Now, if I resist my wife she flies at me."

A young clergyman having buried three wives, a lady asked him how he happened to be so lucky. "Madam," replied he, "I knew they could not live without contradiction, so I let all of them have their own way."

A lady, when the conversation turned on dynamics, asked the late George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer:—"What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?"—"I will soon answer that question," said he, "it is the eye of woman (to the man that loves her); for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back."

"Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"—"Yes, my dear."—"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"—"Yes, love."—"When was it, husband?"—"When I married you, my dear."

A journalist, explaining how he makes his children take medicine, says:—"I first coax, then bribe, then threaten, and finally choke; but I think that to begin with the choking would be the best way."

The Duke de Roquelaure was one day told that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. "Have they called each other ugly?" asked the duke. "No."—"Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

Mrs. Rugg, a widow, having taken a Mr. Price for her second husband, and being asked how she liked the change, replied:—"O, I have got rid of my old Rugg for a good Price."

Two persons who had not seen each other for some time met accidentally, and one asked the other how he did. The other replied that he was very well, and had married since they had last seen each other.

"That is good news, indeed," said the first.

"Nay," replied the other, "not so very good, either, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad."

"Not so very bad, neither, for I had ten thousand dollars with her."

"Ha! that makes it all well again."

"Not so well as you think, for I laid out the money on a flock of sheep, and they died of the rot."

"That was hard, truly."

"Not so bad, neither, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"You were lucky, at any rate."

"Not so lucky as you think, for I bought a house with the money, and the house burned down uninsured."

"That, indeed, must have been a great loss."

"Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wife was burnt with it."

The man who tried to sweeten his tea with one of his wife's smiles, has fallen back on sugar.

A wretch of an editor says that another twist to the present mode of "doing up" the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

"I have not loved lightly," as the man thought when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

A gentleman once said he should like to set a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied:—"That's easily told; they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure!"

Falling in love is like falling into the river, it is easier getting in than out.

The young lady who fell dead in love with a young gentleman, immediately revived on being asked to name the day.

ONCE on a time a kind-hearted and generous man died, leaving behind a fretful, jealous, sombre-minded wife to mourn his loss. After the poor man was dead she began to exhibit signs of repentance, and acknowledged to her friends that she had done her poor dead husband a great wrong while upon earth. She was advised to visit a medium and ask his forgiveness, which she did. The medium called up the departed spirit of the husband, when the following dialogue took place:

Wife. "Is this the spirit of my dear husband?"

Answer. "It is."

Wife. "Will you forgive me for my wickedness towards you while on earth?"

Answer. "Yes."

Wife. "Are you more happy now than you were when living?"

Answer. "Much happier."

Wife. "Do you desire to return to earth?"

Answer. "No."

Wife. "Where are you?"

Answer. "In h-ll."

Exit bereaved widow.

COURTING is an irregular, active, transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls in town.

RICHTER says:—"No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." Another says to this:—"O yes; sufferings and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

TACITUS says: "Early marriage makes us immortal. It is the soul and chief of empire. That man who resolves to live without woman, and that woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to the community in which they dwell, injurious to themselves, destructive to the whole world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven."

THE question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

A FELLOW came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

SAYS Kate to her new husband:—"John, what rock does true love build upon?" Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear:—"The rock of yonder cradle, dear."

"I NOTICED," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind word and a smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"'No secret, doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'"

What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man—to soften it and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then,—greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful.

A MAGISTRATE in Chicago proposes to marry couples at one dollar a-piece, if they will form clubs of twelve, and all get "fixed" at the same time.

Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, speaking of Charlotte Cushman, whom she met at Secretary Seward's house, in Auburn, says:—"She was richly dressed in a black and white dress, and her gray hair was tastefully arranged without dye or head-dress. It is a great step towards freedom when woman has the right to grow old, and feels herself no longer bound to seem young when she is not."

"Sal," said lisping Bill, "if you don't love me, thay tho; an' if you love me, and don't like to thay tho, squeeth my hanth."

The woman who married a man with a large purse and weak intellect, must have preferred his dollars to his cents (sense).

"Why do you keep yourself so distant?" said a fair one to a cold lover. "Because distance lends enchantment to the view."

A fond parent, anxious that his son should be sharp in his wits, and profound in his thoughts, sent him to sea—so that he might be "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

"Why, Bill, what is the matter with you? You look down in the mouth."—"Well, Pete, I guess if you had been through what I have you'd look bad too."—"What's the matter?"—"You know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Pete?"—"Yes."—"Well, I discarded her last night."—"You did. What for?"—"Well, I will tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any gal that will treat me in that way."

We once heard rather a good story of a city minister. During one winter a revival was in progress in one of the country churches near the city. Among the regular attendants on the meeting was a beautiful and estimable, but rather unsophisticated, young lady, whose friends were very anxious to have her united with the church.

She seemed, however, reluctant to do so, and the minister in question was requested "to talk to her." This he did several times, on one occasion saying, in a jocular manner:

"Miss M., if you will join the church, I'll marry you," meaning he would perform the ceremony.

The girl seemed pleased with the proposition, and a few evenings after walked up to the altar and united with the church.

Some weeks after this, the minister preached at the church, and after the services met the young lady.

"Brother ——," said she, "you know you promised to marry me, if I'd join the church. Are you going to do so? I don't want to wait any longer."

The minister saw his dilemma, and attempted to explain.

"I meant I would perform the ceremony," he said, "that's all. I can't marry you myself, for I am already married, and love my wife too much to desire to swap her off for another."

The young lady became indignant, declared that she'd leave the church, and that she "never did have much faith in these town preachers."

Our ministerial friend declares that he will never again use any other than plain Scriptural argument to induce a young lady to join the church.

A London widow, who occupied a large house in a fashionable quarter of the city, sent for a wealthy solicitor to make her will, by which she disposed of $250,000 and $300,000. He proposed soon after, was accepted, and found himself the husband of a penniless adventuress.

Beauty lies in other things than fine features and cosmetics; and no grace of person or manners can compensate for a lack of art of conversation. It gives a charm to the society of ladies which nothing else can. Curran, speaking of Madame de Stael, who was by no means handsome, said that she had the power of talking herself into beauty. Ladies, think of this!

In passing through a street somewhere, a bier was struck against some obstruction, and the corpse brought to life by the shock. Some years afterward, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called out to the bearers:—"I say, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners."

Dame Grundy was a pattern of good nature, always contented, and consequently happy.

"I tell you what it is," said farmer Grundy, one day, to his neighbor Smith, "I really wish I could hear Mrs. Grundy scold once, the novelty of the thing would be so refreshing."

"I'll tell you," said his sympathising neighbor, "how to obtain your wish. Go into the woods, get a load of the most crooked sticks you can possibly find, and my word for it, she will be as cross as you desire."

Farmer Grundy followed his neighbor Smith's advice. Having collected a load of the most ill-shaped, crooked, crotchety materials that were ever known under the name of fuel, he deposited the same at the door, taking care that his spouse should have access to no other wood. The day passed away, however, and not a word was said; another, and still another, and no complaint. At length the pile disappeared.

"Well, wife," said Grundy, "I am going after more wood. I'll get another load just such as I got last time."

"O yes, Jacob," said the old lady, "it will be so nice if you will, for such crooked, crotchety wood as you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

The daughter of a celebrated countess was about to marry, in a few days, a very amiable gentleman, but whose years, unfortunately, numbered thirty-six, while his intended only reached eighteen. Though naturally of a cheerful disposition, she had seemed sad for several days, which at last attracted the attention of the mother.

"My dear child," said the latter one evening, "how serious you look. What are you thinking about so deeply?"

"Mamma," replied the miss, with a deep sigh, "I'm thinking my future husband is just double my age."

"That's true; but no matter, you don't think him old at thirty-six?"

"No, it's not so bad now—but just think when I shall be fifty."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, then he'll be a hundred."

"**What** shall I do, Caroline?" said a she-codfish to a maiden of uncertain age. "I'm almost worried to death. I shan't be able to go into colors this season, for the doctor says that husband can't possibly live long."—"Just like them men," replied the other; "there's no depending on 'em."

Plants have a moral as well as beautifying influence. Show us a woman that owns a lot of geraniums and an oleander, and we will show you a woman whose house is as neat as one of Willis's compliments. If you are courting a girl, therefore, find out in the first place whether she loves flowers; if she does, you can go it blind on all other matters, and come out ahead at that.

A **Milwaukee** young lady had her "cap set" for a rather large "feller," but failed to win him, when a confidant tried to comfort her with the words:—"Never mind, Mollie, there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."—"Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

A **lady** that would please herself in marrying was warned that her intended, although a good sort of a fellow, was very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

A **young** lady while going to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked:—"She has avoided a more lingering and horrible destiny."

He who marries a pretty face only, is like a buyer of cheap furniture—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fireside blaze.

Bishop Meade, of Virginia, occasionally allowed himself to say a witty thing, though habitually very grave. He was once lamenting the neglect of education in the State, and remarked, with a significant expression:—"Our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

AT a ball in Baltimore, a gentleman having danced with a young lady, whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked, on leading her to her seat, if he might have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

"Why no, sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me."

"I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain.

"Well, on Saturday night," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Marsh's Market, selling cabbages."

If the young man's wise he'll be there certain, for that young lady will make him an excellent wife.

IT is generally known that Mrs. Burns, after her husband's death, occupied exactly the same house in Dumfries which she inhabited before that event; and it was customary for strangers who happened to pass through or visit that town to pay their respects to her, with or without letters of introduction, precisely as they do to the churchyard, the bridge, the harbor, or any other public object of curiosity about the place. A gay young Englishman, it is said, one day visited Mrs. Burns, and after he had seen all she had to show—the bedroom in which the poet died, his original portrait by Nasmyth, his family Bible, and some other trifles of the same nature—he proceeded to entreat that she would present him with some relic of the poet, which he might carry with him as a wonder, to show in his own country. "Indeed, sir," said Mrs. Burns, "I have given away so many relics of Mr. Burns that, to tell the truth, I have not one left."—"Oh, you surely must have something," said the persevering Saxon; "anything will do—any little scrap of his handwriting—the least thing you please. All I want is just a relic of the poet; and anything, you know, will do for a relic." Some further altercation took place, when, at length, fairly tired out with the man's importunities, Mrs. Burns said to him with a smile, "'Deed, sir, unless you take myself, then, I dinna see how you are to get what you want; for, really, I'm the only relict of him that I ken o'." The petitioner at once withdrew his request.

A WIFE wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying:—"I've lived long enough to learn that one woman's just as good as another—if not better."—"And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another—if not worse."

JEEMS, my lad, keep away from the galls. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleaning the door-step on t'other side of the street, fooled your poor dad, Jemmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in Californy huntin' dimmuns, my son.

A YOUNG lady out West is so great a prude that she left the dinner-table the other day because the servant put some bear meat before her.

A YOUNG woman in Chicago, who had lost her speech by a severe cold, had twenty offers of marriage in one week.

VOLTAIRE said:—"The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude, any more than a boat with one oar or a bird with one wing can keep a straight course."

A PRETTY woman, like a great truth or great happiness, has no more right to bundle herself under a green veil, or any other abomination of a like character, than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

SOMEBODY advertises for agents to retail a work entitled, "Hymeneal Instructors." The editor adds, "The best hymeneal instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use learning."

When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, and requested to see him exclusively in private. Accordingly he was shown into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and the governor came forward to receive him, saying:

"Good morning, sir; I am glad to see you, my friend."

Squire W. returned his salutation, adding as he did so:

"I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?"

The governor sat a few moments in deep thought, then turning to Squire W., said:

"How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her, and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W. replied: "I treated her as well as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time."

"Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." The governor then remarked, "Let us pray."

They bowed in prayer and then separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the governor, and taking him by the hand, said:

"I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and I tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel."

"I am glad to hear it, Squire W., and hope you will continue to court her as long as you live."

The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of life. Let those who are thinking of separation go and do likewise.

"Not worth a button," is the opinion that most married women have of their husbands. The proof is to be found in the invariable absence of buttons on their shirt-collars.

Du Chaillu, the great African traveller, while in an African village, resting after a long journey, had the good fortune to be considered a spirit by the old men of the tribes, and they desired that he should remain with them. Early one morning he was surprised to see between six and seven hundred young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around him. An old man, who appeared to be the orator, stated that as they wished to have him stay with them, they had brought their young women to him so that he might choose a wife. The sable beauties appeared quite willing to make him happy, and so expressed themselves. Du Chaillu was cornered, but declined accepting, stating that as he was a good spirit, he did not wish to make all the others unhappy by choosing but one. The old men withdrew at this poser, and consulted together. At length the orator of the occasion appeared and said: "We have seen it, Aguize (spirit), you spoke what was true. If you took one the rest would be unhappy. Take them all." Du Chaillu travelled the next morning.

It was an incorrigible old bachelor who said, "Though some very romantic maiden may exclaim, 'Give me a hut with the heart that I love,' most of the sex vastly prefer a palace with the man that they hate."

A young man rode ten miles in a railway car with a pretty girl one moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he ventured to say was: "It is quite moony to-night."—"Yes," she replied, "muchly!" and there wasn't another word said.

Old Cooper is a Dutchman, and, like many another man, has a wife that is "some." One day the old man got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a severe fight. The neighbor was getting the better of the old man, which Cooper's wife was not slow to see. The old man was resisting his enemy to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with:

"Lie still, Cooper, lie still! If he kills you, I'll sue him for damages."

MRS. JONES has long been wanting to visit Greenwood Cemetery, and now in midsummer says to her husband :—"You have never yet taken me to Greenwood." —"No, dear," he replied, "that's a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

THE Duke of Malakoff was to have $100,000 a year as governor of Algeria, which, added to his salary as marshal, senator, member of the council of regency, and duke, constituted an income from the state treasury of $162,000 a year. But the duke could not obtain the consent of his young wife to accompany him in his Algerine exile, and she fitted up the handsome residence in the Avenue Montaigne, given her by the empress at the time of her marriage, as a permanent residence during the governor's absence. The governor was complaining, some time after, to the emperor, that he could not induce his wife to go with him to Algiers, when his majesty said to him laughingly :—"That's it ; you can take Sebastopol, duke, but you can't conquer a woman !"

"WELL, I know nothing about men's hair ; but there is our friend Mrs. G., of Biddle street—the lady who has just been twenty-nine years old for the last fifteen years—her husband died, you know, last winter, at which misfortune her grief was so intense that her hair turned completely black within twenty-four hours after the occurrence of that sad event."

A NEWLY married couple went to Niagara on a visit, and the gentleman, in order to convince his dear that he was brave as he was gallant, resolved to go down into the "cave of the winds." She of course objected on account of the danger attending such an adventure, but finding that he was determined, affectionately requested him to leave his pocket-book and watch behind.

"How many children have I ?" asked a woman of a spirit-rapper. "Four."—"And how many have I ?" asked her husband. "Two," was the astonishing reply. Mistake somewhere.

"WIFE, wife, what has become of the grapes ?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens—some two-legged hens, I guess," said her husband, with some impetuosity, to which she calmly replied :

"My dear, did you ever see any other kind ?"

"I WOULD not marry an Eastern man if I had to live an old maid all my life," exclaimed a buxom country lass. "Why not ?" demanded her astonished companion. "Because every paper you pick up contains an account of the failure of the Eastern mails."

WHAT is the greatest instance on record of the power of the magnet ? A young lady who drew a gentleman thirteen miles and a half every Sunday of his life.

THE celebrated Dr. Doddridge once wrote thus to a lady, whom he afterwards married :—"You have made a greater advance upon my heart in a few hours than I intended to have allowed you in as many weeks ; indeed, you have possessed yourself of so much room in it, that, unless you consent to be a tenant for life, our parting will be exceedingly troublesome, and it will be a long while before I shall get it into repair again."

NO, young man, don't ; don't do it. Don't marry dimples, nor ankles, nor eyes, nor mouth, nor hair, nor necks, nor chins, nor teeth, nor simpers. These bits and scraps of femininity are mighty poor things to tie to. Marry the true thing—look after congeniality, kindred sympathies, disposition ; and if this be joined with social position, or even filthy lucre, why, don't let them stand in your way. Get a woman—not one of those parlor automatons that sits down just so, thumps on a piano, and dotes on a whisker. Living statues are poor things to call into consultation. The poor little mind that can scarcely fathom the depth of a dress trimming can't be a helpmate on any account. Don't throw your time away on such trifling things.

A YOUNG Ophiric enthusiast was talking to his intended, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honeymoon in California. "I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking."—"No use talking!" exclaimed the lady, with a look of some surprise. "No use talking," he repeated. "Well, if there's no use a talking," said the lady, "what in the name of sense do you want of women there? I don't go." He left—but we presume he will be back.

THERE is a legend that one day a woman went to Brigham Young for counsel touching some alleged oppression by an officer of the church. Brigham, like a true politician, assumed to know; but when it became necessary to record her case, hesitated, and said:—"Let me see, sister — I forget your name." — "My name?" was the indignant reply, "why, I am your wife!"—"When did I marry you?" The woman informed the "President," who referred to an account-book in his desk, and then said:—"Well, I believe you are right. I knew your face was familiar."

A LIVE female, who found the cords of Hymen not quite so silky as she expected, gives vent to her feelings in the following regretful stanzas. The penultimate line is peculiarly comprehensive and expressive:

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had clothes and pocket-money too,
And hours of pleasure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-LASS, was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six
For the sake of being supported!

GEORGE DAWSON, in a lecture delivered in London on the great founder of Methodism, gave the following details:

"When Wesley settled, he said, 'It would be more useful to marry.' There is nothing like giving that sort of pretty facing to your wishes. Wesley married a widow, who, through her jealousy, led him a life of wretchedness and misery. At last his spirit was up, and he wrote her:

"'Know me and know yourself. Suspect me no more; do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money, or praise; be content to be a private, insignificant person, known and loved by God and me.'

"It was not likely that a woman would be pleased at being recommended to be an insignificant person. After twenty years of disquietude, she one day left him. He bore it philosophically. He went even beyond it. He took his diary and put the most pithy entry into it I ever met with in a diary: *Non eam reliqui; non demisi; non revocabo;* which may be translated thus: 'I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shan't send for her back.' And so ended the married life of John Wesley."

A YOUNG gentleman, or an elderly one, we do not remember which, after having paid his attentions to a lady for some time, "popped the question;" the lady in a frightened manner exclaimed, "You scare me, sir!" The gentleman, of course, did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!" We did not learn how affairs turned out, but should say that it was his turn to be scared.

TWO Parisians married, one a very beautiful, and the other an extremely frightful, woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who had espoused the young beauty: "Your wife is so very ugly!"—"Ah, yes!" replied the other quickly; "but if not externally beautiful, she is certainly beautiful within."—"Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out."

A WOMAN will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees, you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten; in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the battle of Waterloo.

Don Piatt says: "I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous, but the course of true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things, I embraced a part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard a murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around; and there found another fellow courting her on the left flank. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once."

"I **love** you like anything," said a young gardener to his sweetheart, pressing her hand. "Ditto," said she, returning the pressure. The ardent lover, who was no scholar, was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto. The next day, being at work with his father, he said: "Father, what is the meaning of ditto?"—"Why," said the old man, "this here is one cabbage-head, aint it?"—"Yes, father."—"Well, that 'ere's ditto."—"Drat it!" ejaculated the indignant son, "then she called me cabbage-head!"

The ladies say they are opposed to "stopping the mails" on the Sabbath, especially in the evening, unless they are stopped in the right place.

"**Pray**, doctor, has your mother ever had a son?"—"Let me see! she had two daughters; but whether she ever had a son I really cannot recollect."

Smithers says that, when the law says that a man can't marry his grandmother, or his aunt, or his wife's mother, it makes an ass of itself, for when a man marries now-a-days, he marries the whole family.

"I **don't** want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

Lola Montez said it is strange to see what pains men and women take to catch each other, and how very little pains they take to hold on to them.

While the females are making external decorations, they should remember the present age is in favor of internal improvement.

"**The** most solemn hour of my life," says old bachelor Simkins, "was when I was going home on a dark night from the widow Smith's after her youngest daughter Sally had told me I needn't come again."

A gentleman in Charleston conceived a very great liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his Dulcinea had a cork leg. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian. He went to her father's house, knocked impatiently at the door, and when admitted to his fair one's presence asked her if what he had heard respecting her was true. "Yes, indeed, my dear sir, it is true enough, but you have heard only half of my misfortune. I have got two cork legs, having had the ill luck to be born in Cork." This is the incident on which is founded Hart's afterpiece called "Perfection."

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell into the river:—"You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

There is a young lady in Brooklyn so refined in her language that she never uses the words "black guard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

Mrs. Muffles says, "It is dreadful hard to lose a husband. She never got used to it until she lost her fourth." Practice makes perfect.

"**Friend** Jones, prepare yourself to hear bad news."—"My gracious! speak! what is it?"—"Your wife is dead."—"Oh, dear! how you frightened me! I thought my house was burnt down."

A **WRITER** has computed that a woman has lost half her chances of marriage at her twentieth year; at twenty-three she has lost three-fourths of her opportunities; and at twenty-six seven-eighths of her chances are gone. 1872 will be leap-year, that delightful season, when, by common consent, the fair sex can indicate their preference. Look at the facts presented above, and then improve the advantages of that year. Delays are dangerous.

A **CANADIAN** clergyman not long since was called upon by an Irish girl, who inquired how much he asked for "marrying anybody." He replied, "A dollar and a half," and Biddy departed. A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married. "Very well," said the minister; but, perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "where is the man?" An expression of disappointment and chagrin, too ludicrous to be described, passed over Biddy's features as she ejaculated, "And don't you find the man for a dollar and a half?"

"**MAMMA**," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?"—"A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied her mamma, with a bland smile of approbation on her daughter's commendable curiosity. "A cucumber! gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how extraordinary! I always imagined until this moment that they grew in slices!"

A **ROMANTIC** young lady fell into the river and was near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her. "Impossible," said her papa. "What, is he already married?" — "No." — "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"— "Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog."

"Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to the servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, whenever he comes, tell him I am engaged."

MAHOMET, at twenty, married a wife of forty; Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was seven years his senior; Dr. Johnson's lady was twice his age at their marriage; Howard, the philanthropist, at the age of twenty-five, selected a wife of fifty-two; and Mrs. Row, the authoress, was fifteen years the senior of her husband; Margaret Fuller married the Count D'Ossoli, ten years younger than herself, and the immortal Jenny Lind is said to be eight or ten years older than Herr Otto Goldsmidt. And these are what are called in common parlance "happy marriages."

LADY MARY DUNCAN was an heiress, Sir William Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to marry, and upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bid him go home and open the Bible, giving him chapter and verse, and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read—"Nathan said to David, thou art the man."

A **LADY** writer says: Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness; the woman who sacrifices home and father's and mother's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally reaps that reward which follows in the footsteps of ingratitude and disobedience. The world is full of such instances.

A **YOUNG** lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to go to get married." —"Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of sorrowgate?" —"You are right," said he, "as woman is an abbreviation of woe to man."

A FEW weeks after a late marriage the doting husband had some peculiar thoughts, when putting on a clean shirt, as he saw no appearance of a "washing." He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his easy wife. She peeped over the blanket and exclaimed:—"My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded:—"I have put on my last clean shirt, and am going to wash one now for myself."—"Very well," said Mrs. Easy, "you had better wash one for me, too."

A LADY teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in a book, and asked:—"What is that, my dear?"—"Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know."—"Well," responded the little one, "I do know."—"Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why no," insisted the little miss, "you know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

A DANDY with more beauty than brains married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome. One day he said to her:—"My dear, as ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty."

"Thank you, love," was the reply. "I can return the compliment; for, fool as you are, I love you as well as though you had wit."

A TEXAS paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden called out to her clerical friend:—"Can't you marry us as we run?" The idea took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

A BASHFUL youth was paying marked attention to a beautiful young lady, who rejoices in the possession of an interesting niece about six years old. One evening he was enjoying a social chat with the young lady, vainly trying to nerve himself to ask the terrible question, when the little niece entered the room. A new thought struck him. Taking her on his knees, he asked in a quivering voice:

"Fanny, dear, are you willing I should have your aunt for my own. I will give you five hundred dollars for her."

"O yes," said the little thing, clapping her hands in glee. "But hadn't you better give me a thousand dollars, and take two of them?"

MR. SLANG had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Slang said:—"I mean to enlarge my dairy."—"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang. "No," quoth Mr. Slang; "I say I shall enlarge my dairy."—"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."—"No; my dairy."—"Say our dairy, say our," screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker. "My dairy! my dairy! my dairy!" vociferated the husband. "Our dairy! our dairy! our dairy!" re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each word with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes Mr. Slang's hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed very much like a turtle from his shell. "What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" says she. "I am looking, my dear, to see if I can see anything of our hat." The struggle was over. And ever since the above memorable occurrence Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the use of the odious singular possessive pronoun.

"WHAT are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay damsel of her lover. "I have nothing to give but my humble self," was the reply. "The smallest favors gratefully received," was the merry response.

SINCE the story has been told of how Judge Breckenridge married a girl whom he saw jump over a rail fence with a pail on her head, the girls in Orange county, New York, are said to spend their time in watching the road; and whenever they see a carriage approaching with a man in it, they seize their pails and go for a fence.

A TOLL-GATE keeper was lately brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter. The little difficulty arose from a discovery made by the parent that the girl, who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his cart through free. She never "tolled" her lover.

A YOUNG lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wish of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to receive her, saying: "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return." And she got up and "dusted."

IF a man has three chances for a wife, he should certainly improve one of them. Yet Sam Hopeful did not succeed even with such heavy odds in his favor. He shall tell his own story:

I once courted a gal by the name of Deb Hawkins. I made up my mind to get married. Well, while we were going to the deacon's I stepped into a mud puddle, and spattered the mud all over Deb Hawkins' new gown, made out of her grandmother's old chintz petticoat. When we got to the deacon's he asked Deb if she would take me for her lawful wedded husband. "No," says she. "Reason," says I. "Why," says she, "I've taken a mislikin' to you."

Well, it was all up then, but I gave her a string of beads, a few kisses, some other notions, and made it all up with her; so we went up to the deacon's a second time. I was bound to come up with her this time, so when the deacon asked me if I would take her for my wedded wife, says I, "No. I shan't do no such thing."—"Why," says Deb, "what on airth is the matter now?"—"Why," says I, "I have taken a mislikin' to you."

Well, it was all over again; but I gave her a new apron, and a few other trinkets, and we went up again to get married. We expected that we would be tied so fast that all nature couldn't separate us; and when we asked the deacon if he would marry us, he said: "No. I shan't do no such thing."—"Why, what on earth is the reason?" says we. "Why," says he, "I've taken a mislikin' to both of you."

Deb burst out cryin', the deacon burst out scoldin', and I bust out laughin', and such a set of busters you never did see, and that is the reason I never married. My chance has gone.

A WELSH girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was: "Nothing."—"And are you any better off?" he asked. The reply was in the negative. "Then, why, in the name of common sense, do you dare to marry?"—"Your reverence," said the girl, "I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together we shall be the gainers." The clergyman had nothing more to say.

A "DAUGHTER of Virginia," writing to the Richmond Whig, says:—I feel constrained to offer a few words of advice and warning to those of my own sex throughout the "Old Dominion" against the "political leprosy" of "woman's rights." I believe woman's province is at home; her privilege to cleave to her lord for support, and finding her joy in walking by his side as his helper.

THERE is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl:—"If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single, when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls."

"I WISH I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was the reply. "Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I do not see why they should not go into partnership." And they did.

"HUSBAND, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed."—"Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask the question?"—"Only to see, love, if you would let me have my weigh once."

MEMORY, MARVELS OF.

MEMORY, the proudest attribute of manhood, justly called the "Mother of the Muses," is subject to be impaired by various physical and moral causes, while a similar agency can sometimes restore it to its pristine energies, or develop its powers when sluggish and defective. Memory may be considered as the history of the past chronicled in our minds, to be consulted and called upon whenever circumstances or strange complication of human interests demand its powerful aid.

Memory has been divided into that faculty that applies to facts, and to that more superficial quality that embraces a recollection of things to which must be added the memory of localities.

According to the doctrine of Aristotle, reminiscence is the power of recollecting an object by means of a syllogistic chain of thought—an intellectual link with which animals do not seem to be gifted. Their memory appears solely to consist of the impressions received by the return of circumstances of a similar kind. Thus a horse that has been startled on a certain part of the road, will be apt to evince the same apprehension when passing the same spot. This is an instinctive fear, but not the result of calculation or the combination of former ideas.

Reminiscence is the revival of memory, by reflection; in short, the recovery or recollections of lost impressions.

The remembrance of things or facts can alone bring forth a sound judgment. It implies a regular co-ordination of ideas, a catenation of reflections in which circumstances are linked with each other. The chain broken, no conclusion can be drawn. This is the reason why the society of the learned is seldom entertaining to the generality of society. They are considered absent, while their brain is busily employed in pursuits perhaps of great magnitude, and must, therefore, be anything but agreeable to those who generally think through the medium of other persons' brains.

The brain is considered to be the seat of memory. When it is injured, remembrance is impaired; and on the other hand, an accident has been known to improve the recollective faculties.

In some instances the names of persons and things are completely forgotten or misapplied. Sudden fright and cold have produced the same effect. The effects of different maladies will produce various results on this faculty. A man remarkable for his bad memory fell from a considerable height upon his head. Ever after he could recollect the most trifling circumstance. An elderly man fell off his horse in crossing a ford on a winter's night; ever after he could not bring to his recollection the names of his wife and children, although he did not cease to recognize and love them as fondly as before the accident.

Memory is subject to be variously disturbed in certain maladies. There is an affection called amnesia, in which it utterly fails, and another termed dysmnesia, when it is defective.

Failure of memory is generally more manifest on some subjects than on others. Salmuth relates the case of a man who had forgotten to pronounce words, although he could write them. Another person could only recollect the first syllables. An old man had forgotten all the past events of his life, unless recalled to his recollection by some occurrence, yet every night he regularly recollected some one particular circumstance of his early days.

Dietrich mentions a patient who remembered facts, but had totally forgotten words, while another could write, although he had lost the faculty of reading. Corvinus Messala lost his memory for two years, and in his old age could not remember his own name. Boerhaave relates a curious case of a Spanish poet, author of several excellent tragedies, who had so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he had not only forgotten the languages he had formerly cultivated, but even the alphabet, and was obliged to begin again to learn to read. His former productions were shown him, but he did not recognize them. Afterward, however, he began once more to compose verses, which bore so striking a resemblance to his former writings that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.

Loss of memory has been observed as a frequent occurrence of the prevalence of pestilential diseases. Thucydides relates that after the plague of Athens, several of the inhabitants forgot their own names and those of their parents and friends. After the disastrous retreat of the French army in Russia, and the disease which swept away so many of their troops at Wilna, many of the survivors had no recollection of country or of home. Injuries on the head appear to occasion different results. This circumstance was observed by the ancients. Valerius Maximus relates the case of an Athenian, who, being struck on the head with a stone, forgot all literary attainments although he preserved the recollection of other matters.

A man wounded in the eye completely forgot Greek and Latin, in which he had formerly been proficient. The case of Dr. Broussonnet was remarkable. An accident he had met with in the Pyrenees brought on an apoplectic attack. When he recovered he could neither write nor pronounce correctly any substantives or personal names, either in French or Latin, while adjectives and ephithets crowded in his mind. Thus when speaking of a person he would describe his appearance, his qualities, and without pronouncing the word "coat," would name its color. In his botanical pursuits, he could point out the form and color of the plants, but had not the power of naming them. Sudden fright obliterated this faculty. Artemidorus lost his memory from the terror inspired by treading on a crocodile. Bleeding has produced the same effects, while, on the other hand, blood-letting has restored an absent man to perfect recollection.

The memory of various persons is amazing, and has been remarked in ancient times with much surprise. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, who had troops of twenty-two nations serving under his banners, became proficient in the language of each country, and also knew all his 80,000 soliders by their right names. Cyneas, sent on a mission to Rome by Pyrrhus, made himself acquainted in two days with the names of all the senators and the principal citizens. Appius Claudius and the Emperor Hadrian, according to Seneca, could recite two thousand words in the order they had heard them, and afterwards repeat them from the end to the beginning. Portius Latro could deliver all the speeches he had hastily written without any study. Esdras is stated by historians to have restored the sacred Hebrew volumes by memory, when they had been destroyed by the Chaldeans, and, according to Eusebius, it is to his sole recollection that we are indebted for that part of holy writ. St. Anthony, the Egyptian hermit, although he could not read, knew the whole Scripture by heart, and St. Jerome mentions one Neopolien, an illiterate soldier, who, anxious to enter into monastic orders, learned to recite the works of all the fathers, and obtained the name of the Living Dictionary of Christianity; while St. Antonius, the Florentine, at the age of sixteen could repeat all the papal bulls, the decrees of councils, and the canons of the church without missing a word. The Pope Clement V. owed his prodigious memory to a fall on his head. This accident at first had impaired this faculty, but by dint of application, he endeavored to recover its powers, and he succeeded so completely that, Petrarch informs us, he never forgot anything he had read. John Pie de la Mirandola, justly considered a prodigy, could maintain a thesis on any subject, when a mere child: and when verses were read to him he could repeat them backwards. Joseph Scaliger learned his Homer in twenty-one days, and all the Latin poets in four months. Haller mentions a German scholar of the name of Muller, who could speak twenty languages correctly. Charmipas, or rather Carneades, when required, it is said, would repeat any volume found in the libraries, as readily as if he were reading. It is said of Magliabecchi, that a gentleman having lent him a manuscript which he was going to print, came to him soon after it was returned, and pretending that he had lost it, desired him to repeat as much of it as he could, on which Magliabecchi wrote down the whole, without missing a word or varying the spelling.

Themistocles could call by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to twenty thousand. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age, because he could not, as formerly, repeat two thousand names in the order in which they were read to him; and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, two hundred unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides.

It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen, nor a name he had ever heard. Thomas Cranmer committed to memory, in three months, an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the Æneid; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age, he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival, he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous "*Miserere*" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to give or take a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and, on leaving the church, noted down the entire piece. A few days afterwards he heard it a second time, and following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "*Miserere*" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord; and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

To fortify this function (memory) when naturally weak, or to restore it to its pristine energies, when enfeebled by any peculiar circumstances, has been long considered an essential study that has occupied both the philosopher and the physician. Reduced to an art, this pursuit has received the name of *Mnemonia*, and at various periods, professors of it, more or less distinguished by their success, have appeared in the several capitals of the world.

ONCE there was a player strolling through Edinburgh of the name of William Lyon, who had a most astonishing memory. He one evening made a bet of a bowl of punch that he would, at the rehearsal the next morning, repeat the whole of the Daily Advertiser, from beginning to end. Being called on the next day, he handed the newspaper to a gentleman present, to see that he repeated every word correctly. This task he accomplished, without the slightest error, through the varieties of advertisements, price of stocks, domestic and foreign news, accidents, offences, law intelligence, etc. A still more remarkable instance of the same nature (if true) is related by Dr. Macklin of a man who waited on the Greffler Fagel to display his wonderful memory, offering to give any proof of it that might be required. A newspaper was lying on the table, and he was requested to read it through and then repeat it *verbatim*. He accordingly did so, without omitting a single word, from the title to the imprint at the end. The Greffler Fagel expressed his astonishment. "Oh," said the man, "this is nothing. Shall I now repeat the same backwards?"—"It is impossible," replied the Greffler. "By no means," said the other, "if you have patience to hear it." He then, without the least hesitation, repeated every second article, beginning at the imprint and ending at the title.

PROF. PARSON, when a boy at Eton school, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up to a lesson one day he was accosted by a boy in the same form. "Parson, what have you there?"—"Horace."—"Let me look at it." Parson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Parson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed Carm. I. x. very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Parson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page while I am looking at the other, pray whose edition have you?" Parson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master, who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Parson was ordered to go on, which he did easily, correctly, and promptly to the end of the ode.

MICROSCOPIC REVELATIONS.

CLEAR and transparent a water-drop lies before us; vainly our vision attempts to discover the least evidence of life, or the smallest creature, in that which seems in itself too small to contain any living object; the breath of your mouth is strong enough to agitate it, and a few rays of the sun are sufficient to convert it into vapor.

But we place this drop of water between two clean squares of glass, beneath the microscope, and lo! what life is suddenly presented; we scarcely trust our senses. The little drop has expanded into a large plain; wonderful shapes rush backwards and forwards, drawing towards and repulsing each other, or resting placidly and rocking themselves, as if they were cradled on the waves of an extensive sea. These are no delusions; they are real living creatures, for they play with each other, they rush violently upon one another, they free and propel themselves, and run from one place in order to renew the same game with some other little creature, or madly precipitate themselves upon one another, combat and struggle until one conquers and the other is subdued; or carelessly they swim side by side until playfulness or rapacity is awakened anew. One sees that these little creatures, which the sharpest eye cannot detect without the aid of a microscope, are susceptible of enjoyment and pain; in them lies an instinct which induces them to find sustenance, which points out and leads them to avoid and to escape the stronger than themselves. Here one tumbles about in mad career and drunken lust; it stretches out its feelers, beats about with its tail, tears its fellows, and is as frolicsome as if perfectly happy. It is gay, cheerful, hops and dances, rocks and bends about upon the little waves of the water-drop.

There is another creature; it does not swim about, but contracts itself convulsively, and then stretches itself palpitatingly out again. Who could not detect in these motions the throes of agony; and so it is; for only just now it has freed itself from the jaws of a stronger enemy. The utmost power has it exerted in order to get away; but he must have had a tight hold, and severely wounded it, for only a few more throes, each one becoming weaker and more faint, it draws itself together, stretches out its whole length once more, and sinks slowly to the bottom. It was a death-struggle. It has expired.

On one spot a great creature lies apparently quiet and indifferent. A smaller one passes quietly by, and, like a flash of lightning, the first dashes upon it. Vainly does the weaker seek to escape from its more powerful enemy; he has already caught it, the throes of the vanquished cease—it has already become a prey.

This is only a general glance at the life in a water-drop; how wondrously does everything show itself within that, of which we had formerly no conception. These are creatures which nature nowhere presents to the eye, upon an enlarged scale, so marvellous, odd, and also again so beautiful, so merry, and happy in their whole life and movements; and although defective, and in some respects only one step removed from vegetable life, they are yet animated and possessed of will and power. It would require a volume to give a description of all, or even of a great part of the ephemerous world in all its varied aspects, but we propose to take a nearer survey, of some few at least, in order to display the life which exists in a single drop of water taken from a pond.

Slowly and gracefully through the floods of this small drop of water comes glidingly, swimming along, the little swan animalcule, turning and twisting its long, pliant neck, swaying itself comfortably and moving in every direction, sucking whatever nourishment or prey may present itself. This animalcule has its name from its likeness to a swan; it carries its head just as proudly and gracefully arched, only the head is wanting, for at the end there is a wide opening mouth, surrounded by innumerable beam-like lashes. The entire little creature is transparent, and it seems impossible that any species of nutriment could possibly pass through the thin throat, for even water seems too coarse a material for this small tube; but scarcely does the variously formed monads, many thousands of which could move and freely tumble about in the hollow of a poppy seed, approach its mouth, ere it gulps them down; we see them gliding through the throat and see the green, grey or white monad lying in the stomach of this curious animalcule. The monad which has just been swallowed is itself a living atom; and possibly a still smaller animalcule serves for its nourishment; but the human eye has not yet penetrated thus far, possibly it may never do so, for the Creator has hidden from the material vision of man the limits of his creating power, alike in the infinitely great as in the inconceivably small.

Whirling along, comes swimming by the side of the swan animalcule, the bell. Here nature has still retained a form out of the vegetable kingdom, for the body of this animalcule is similar to the bell-shaped blossoms of a May-flower, fastened to a long stem, through which passes a spiral-formed vein, a fine dark tube, which is easily movable; it closes itself screw-like together, and stretches out again—this is the tail of the bell animalcule; at the end there is a little knot, and soon this knot becomes attached to the bottom, or to a blade of grass, or to a piece of wood, and the little animalcule is like a ship at anchor in a bay or harbor; its tail extends and turns itself, and the body of the animalcule, the little bell, whose opening is at the top, begins to whirl itself round and round, and this movement is so quick and powerful that it creates, even in the billows of the water-drop, a whirlpool, which ever keeps going round wilder and more violently; it grows to a Charybdis, which none of the little monads who are caught within it can escape; the whirlpool is too fierce, they get drawn into it, and find a grave in the jaws of the bell animalcule. The bell closes the tail, rolls together, but soon it stretches itself out again; the bell whirls, the whirlpool goes round, and in it many a quiet and thoughtless passing monad is drawn down. But the bell animalcule is about meeting its punishment; again it whirls its bell violently, the tail breaks from the body, and the bell floats without control hither and thither on the waves of the water drop; but it knows how to help itself; nature has provided for such a catastrophe in its creation. The bell sinks to the bottom, and soon the missing tail grows again; and if death even comes, so liberal has nature been in her provisions, that new life and new creatures arise so quickly out of those which have passed away, and so great is their number—that the death of one is less than a drop in the ocean, or a grain of sand in the desert of Sahara.

One of the most beautiful works which have lately been published is a series of photographs from objects magnified in the microscope. One number is devoted to the bee, whose sting excels the lancet in the elaboration, care, and finish of its manufacture; whose hairy tongue is like a living hair glove, most elaborately designed to collect the materials for honey; and whose powerful wing is aided by a mechanical contrivance of the most beautiful ingenuity. Every one knows, or may know, that the bee has two wings on each side. At the edge of one wing runs a stiff nerve which, in the microscope, is a bar. Along this bar, at frequent intervals, are ranged semicircular barbed hooks, like the half of a ring, so placed that the edge of the other wing lies within the semicircles which clasp it, and at the same time permit it to play freely, as the rings of a window-curtain move along the brass bar. By this contrivance the two wings become united as one, yet freely play from different hinges. "Design" is a human word, implying in its very nature human imperfection, yet it is the only term which we can apply to the purpose which runs through formations like that of the bee's wing. It is the microscope, with its minute search, that enables us to discover this design in everything that we can dissect—in all living creatures, and the parts thereof, to millions upon millions, always tending to life and happiness. Who can examine these illustrations of the power of the Creator and of the law which rules over his work, and not feel an impulse to sing in his soul, *Gloria in excelsis Deo?*

Do you eat brown sugar because it is cheaper? If you do, buy a microscope, and examine a lump of the next you take home. "Astonishment" will be hardly the word to express the feelings you will have at the result. Lest you may not get the microscope, allow us to describe what you can see. Under a powerful glass, there will be seen myriads of horrible monsters as large as beetles, and having the appearance of crabs. Four dreadful legs, with claw-pincers at the ends of them, jointed in four parts as with armor, and bristling with sharp-pointed spears, are in front of the monster, and his head has a long pyramidal form in two joints, with five finger-tips at the terminus where the mouth should be. The body is oval-shaped, and marked almost exactly like that of a crab, only upon the rims of an inner circle upon the back there are twelve more of those long, sharp spears, with two at the tail, and four snake-like tentacula, exceedingly fine in the articulation, and no doubt intended, like puss's whiskers, to be feelers, to warn the animal of danger. The reverse side shows the ugliness of the beast even more than the obverse, but it also shows the wondrous mechanical genius of the maker of it. Each limb is padded with a mass of muscle at the base of it, which gives the impression of immense power, and over the muscle there is a case of armor through which it shows. These creatures are eager, restive, and ravenous; always falling foul of each other, or attacking great clumps of sugar, as large in reality as a mathematical point. With the pincers attached to the end of each proboscis they take hold of and tear each other, repeating in their small way the enormous tragedies of Tennyson's primal monsters. A spoonful of this raw, coarse sugar was dissolved in about three times the quantity of water, when, as with a conjurer's rod, animalcules sprang to the surface and floated there, swimming about and up and down, like the beasts that wriggle in soft water tubs, and finally turn into mosquitos. They can be seen with the naked eye, but not in their entire hideousness. It has been proved that in every pound of unrefined, raw sugar, there are one hundred thousand of these acari.

Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but seen through a microscope, exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square, conical and mostly irregular; and what is more surprising, in their cavities have been found, by the microscope, insects of various kinds. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibits a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers and fruits, are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long, white, transparent stalks, and the buds, before they open, are little green balls, which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of butterflies prove, by the microscope, to be beautiful and well-arranged little feathers. By the same instrument the surface of our skin has scales resembling those of fish; but so minute that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale covers five hundred pores, whence issues the insensible perspiration necessary to health; consequently, a single grain of sand can cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores of the human body.

To obtain some idea of the immensity of the Creator's works, let us look through Lord Rosse's telescope, and we discover a star in the infinite depths of space, whose light is 3,500,000 years travelling to our earth, moving at the velocity of twelve millions of miles in a minute. And behold God was there.

If some hay is placed in a glass of pure rain-water, and allowed to soak for a few days in a sunny place, and if it be then removed, the water will be found, under a powerful microscope, to contain many very small moving things, which are called infusoria, from their being produced after infusing the hay. The eggs which were on the hay bred there myriads of small things, which often have a very beautiful coat of transparent flint or silica. If the water is kept clean, and is not allowed to decompose or smell, generation after generation of the infusoria live, die, and fall to the bottom of the glass. They form a very delicate film there, and minute portions of it, when examined under a high magnifying power, show the silicious skeletons or shells very distinctly. Now, many strata in the earth are formed entirely of the remains of infusoria, and a very familiar example is the Tripoli powder, from the polishing slate of Bilin, Bohemia. A single grain of Tripoli powder contains no less than 187,000,000 of the transparent, flinty skeletons of dead animalcules; yet the layers of earth which are made up of them at Bilin extend for miles. In the harbor of Wisener, in the Baltic, they increase and multiply at a great rate, for 17,406 cubic feet of mud are formed every year there, and every grain of it contains 1,000,000,000 of the beautiful silicious remains of the infusoria. In the island of the Barbadoes there is a beautiful mass of flinty sea animalcules, and they are in such numbers that it must be supposed the dead minute things were falling in showers from the sea to the bottom.

MILITARY MEN.

At Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was permitted to approach, save the general's cow; and the sentries had particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old Lady D., having called at the general's in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return, and go the other road. She remonstrated; the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground. "But," said Lady D., with a stately air, "do you know who I am?"—"I don't know who you be, ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I know who you b'aint—you b'aint the general's cow." So Lady D. wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.

A soldier was wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear. "Wounded by a shell?" some one asked. "Yes," he coolly answered, "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

"Where did you get that turkey?" said the colonel of the — Texas regiment, to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic reply. "Ah," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

A young lady going into the barrack room at Port George, saw an officer toasting a slice of bread on the point of his sword, upon which she exclaimed:—"I think, sir, you have got the staff of life on the point of death."

An Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiers on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero, "not to run."

A FELLOW was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight the Mexicans. One of the flags waving before his eyes bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death," somewhat troubled and discouraged him.

"Victory is a very good thing," he said, "but why put it victory or death? Just put," said he, "victory or cripple, and I'll go that!"

A CELEBRATED general, besieging a place, the governor capitulated, after a slight resistance. When the governor walked out, he said to the general:—"I will confess to you, in confidence, that I only asked to capitulate because I wanted powder."—"To return your confidence," answered the general, "I only granted your demand because I wanted ball."

"WELL, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin after a battle; "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"—"Du?" replied Pat, "may it plase yer honor, I walked up bouldly to wun of the inimy, and cut off his fut."—"Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the general. "Ah, an' faith, that was off already," says Pat.

BRASIDAS, that famous Lacedemonian general, caught a mouse. It bit him, and by that means made its escape. "Oh!" said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty if it will contend for it."

A BAND of Indians made a sudden attack upon a detachment of soldiers in the mountains. The soldiers had a mountain howitzer mounted on a mule. Not having time to take it ~~off and put it in~~ position, they backed up the mule and let drive at the Indians. The load was so heavy that mule and all went tumbling down the hill toward the savages, who, not understanding that kind of warfare, fled like deer. Afterward one of them was captured, and when asked why he ran so, replied: "Me big Injin not afraid of little guns nor big guns; but when white man load up and fire a whole jackass at Injin, me don't know what to do."

AN old Irish officer, after a battle, ordered the dead and dying to be buried pell-mell. Being told that some were alive and might be saved: "Oh, bedad," said he, "if you were to pay any attention to what they say, not one of them would allow that he was dead."

WASHINGTON was a bad dancer. On one occasion he danced with a countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat he remarked: "The fact is, madam, my forte is not so much dancing myself as making others dance."

THE Duke of Wellington, giving orders one day during his campaign for a battalion to attempt a rather dangerous enterprise—the storming of one of the enemy's batteries at St. Sebastian—complimented the officer by saying his regiment was the first in this world. "Yes," replied the officer, leading on his men, "and before your lordship's orders are finally executed it will probably be the first in the next world."

ON one occasion, during the revolution, "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any of you who wish to leave, therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return to his home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

"IT was once in my power to have shot General Washington," said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the events of the great struggle at the concluding of peace. "Why did you not shoot him, then?" asked the American. "You ought to have done so for the benefit of your countrymen."—"The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman; "we depended upon him to use our prisoners kindly, and we'd sooner have shot an officer of our own."

After a long march, during the late war, a captain ordered, as a sanitary precaution, that the men should change their under-shirts. The O. S. suggested that half of the men had only one shirt each. The captain hesitated for a moment, and then said :—" Military orders must be obeyed ; let the men change with each other."

During the Louisiana campaign, a party of soldiers marching through a swamp were ordered to form two deep, when a corporal exclaimed :—" I am too deep already ; I am up to the middle."

" **Bless** your honor, you saved my life !" said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. " Saved your life !" replied the officer, " do you think I am a doctor ?"—" No," answered the man, " but I served under you at the battle of Corunna, and when you ran away I followed, or else I should have been killed."

A sergeant of the Life Guards in England, very vain, but possessed of much bravery, wore a watch-chain, to which he had fastened a musket-ball, being too poor to buy a watch. The king, having heard of this, wished to expose him to ridicule. Stepping up to the soldier, he said :— " Sergeant, you must have been economical ; I see you wear a watch, mine tells me it is five o'clock, how much is yours ?" The soldier, guessing the intention of the king, but nothing daunted, immediately drew forth the ball, saying :—" Your majesty, my watch is neither five nor six o'clock, but it tells me as often as I look at it that I must be ever ready to die for your majesty." — " Here, my friend," added the king, much moved, " take this to know the precise hour, also, in which to die for me," at the same time giving him his own pocket time-piece, studded with jewels.

" **I once**," said a friend, " saw a regiment of darkies on parade, and when they came to the ' right dress,' with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chalk mark."

The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation to his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his grace rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered " Tailor."—" A very good name, too," remarked Wellington ; " cheer up, my men, our Tailor will soon make a pair of breaches—in the walls." At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

Like the generality of kings and conquerors, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death — in others. In one of his battles a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out :— " Why do you run away, you old blackguards ? Do you want to live forever ?"

The Duke of Wellington was once sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and, without any announcement, in stalked a figure of singularly ill-omen. " Who are you ?" asked the duke, in his short, dry manner, looking up, without the least change of countenance, upon the intruder. " I am Apollyon. I am sent to kill you."—" Kill me ? Very odd."— " I am Apollyon, and must put you to death."—" 'Bliged to do it to-day ?"— " I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."—" Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write. Call again, and write me word— I'll be ready for you." And the duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled, probably, by the stern, unmovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

" **Why** is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, " that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor ?"—" I suppose," said the Switzer, " that each fight for what they most lack."

At a meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, at Newark, New Jersey, Governor Price, in response to a toast, made a speech, in which he related the following anecdote :—"On the day preceding the night on which General Washington had determined to cross the Delaware and attack the British at Trenton, an Englishman in the neighborhood dispatched his son with a note to General Rahl, to warn him of the approaching danger. The general being deeply absorbed in a game of chess when the note was presented, without withdrawing his attention from the game, thoughtlessly put the note in his vest-pocket. After the battle, next day, when General Rahl was brought in mortally wounded, the note was found, unread, in his pocket."

Mr. Sparrowgrass joined the "Home Guard" at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that, "It is understood that the Home Guard is not to go to the wars, and not to leave Yonkers, except in case of invasion."

This is as good as the old story of the "Bungtown Riflemen," an Ohio military company, whose by-laws consisted of two sections, namely :—"Article First. This company shall be known as the Bungtown Riflemen. Article Second. In case of war this company shall immediately disband."

Very ready are the Scotch in replies. At the battle of Waterloo, a Frenchman who could speak a little English, called out, "Quarter! quarter!" to one of the Forty-second Highlanders. "The muckle deil may quarter ye for me," was the reply. "I ha' nae time to quarter ye ; ye must e'en be content to be cuttit in twa (two)," and he suited the action to the word.

A young lady, weeping and waving her handkerchief with much assiduity on the occasion of the departure of soldiers, was asked what relatives she had in the regiment, and replied, "Cousins." — "How many ?" was solicitously queried. "Why, the whole regiment ; ar'n't they Uncle Sam's boys ?" laconically replied the lass.

Lieutenant-General Sherman was not the neatest of mortals, and one day an intimate friend in the army of the Tennessee asked him why he dressed so.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "When I was second lieutenant, I was ordered one day to Washington city, and went in all the glory of a bran new uniform. I was standing in front of the hotel, sunning myself, and quietly smoking a cigar, when I became aware that I had attracted the attention of a number of small boys, who gathered around in such numbers, and with such admiring countenances upturned to mine, that I could not but notice them. As I did so, one of the boldest of them spoke up in a loud voice and asked :

"'Mister, where is your engine goin' to squirt ?'"

General Sherman has never been guilty of a completely new uniform since ; he buys his uniforms in detachments, and wears them out in instalments.

During the rebellion the staff of General Wise were riding through a rather forlorn part of North Carolina, and a young Virginian of the staff concluded to have a little fun at the expense of a long-legged specimen of the *genus homo*, who wore a very shabby gray uniform and bestrode a worm fence at the road-side. Reining in his horse, he accosted him with : "How are you, North Carolina ?" —"How are you, Virginia ?" was the ready response. The staff continued : "The blockade on turpentine makes you rather hard up, don't it ? No sale for tar now, is there ?"

"Well—yes," was the slow response. "We sell all our tar to Jeff. Davis now."

"The thunder you do! What on earth does the president want with your tar ?"

North Carolina answered : "He puts it on the heels of Virginians to make them stick on the battle-field!"

The staff rode on.

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, excused himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

In "Notes of an Army Surgeon," we find the following:

"I remember one day in making my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived presented an amputated forearm, and in doing so could hardly restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter? this does not strike me as a subject of laughter.

"'It is not, doctor, but excuse me, I lost my arm in so funny a way that I still laugh when I look at it.'

"What way?

"'Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before.'

"This occurred during the siege of Fort Erie."

In one of the battles before Metz, a German soldier in the front rank of one of the storming parties had both of his lips partially carried away by a ball which grazed his face, and was requested to fall back by his commanding officer. But he managed to splutter out with great difficulty through the blood that gushed over his mouth:—"No, no! captain, not yet. I've sighted the fellow that did it, and he must fall back first!"

When Mulligan's men surrendered to Price, at Lexington, they had no ammunition left, but the rebels did not know it. The first thing the latter did was to demand the cartridges from each soldier. On the demand being made to an Irishman, he said to the officer:

"Upon my honor, sir, I've never a cartridge left; you had them all before we surrendered; had there been any more, you'd surely have got them, my dear."

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented.

"But unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much."

"O, be jabers," said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say, 'twenty-seven;' next, how long have you been in the service? you must reply, 'three weeks;' finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations? you answer, 'both.'"

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the king.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the king.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

On a certain occasion, during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself: "Soult is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed those tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse.

This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment. There is no such thing laid down in Jomini. The idea was born of the occasion and carried out on the instant.

A LITTLE drummer-boy in one of our regiments, who had become a great favorite with many of the officers, by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent when the bane of the soldier's life passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying: "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess today, and cannot refuse." Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said: "H. is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major playfully; and then, assuming another tone, added: "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero, raising his young form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my mother, on my bended knees, that, by the help of God I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir; but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother, and break my temperance pledge."

The little drummer-boy became afterwards a wounded sufferer in the hospital at West Philadelphia. He showed true courage. The man or the boy that dares to do right in the face of opposition is a true hero, while he who consents to do what he thinks is wrong, from fear of ridicule, is a coward.

GENERAL WASHINGTON seldom indulged in a joke or sarcasm, but when he did, he always made a decided hit. It is related that he was present in Congress during the debate on the establishment of the Federal army, when a member offered a resolution limiting the army to three thousand men; upon which Washington suggested to a member an amendment providing that no enemy should ever invade the country with more than two thousand soldiers. The laughter which ensued smothered the resolution completely.

NAPOLEON was one day searching for a book in his library, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying:—"Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty."—"You are longer, marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

DURING the march from Stafford Court-House, Virginia, to Gettysburgh, after the rebels (the time that they marched into Pennsylvania, and ran out again, with the bullets whistling around their ears), the 12th Corps halted at Leesburgh for a few days; one of the amusements while there was to go down town to talk with the girls. One day a certain corporal by the name of Harris went down town, and seeing a couple of girls in the door of a house, he got engaged talking with them; in the course of conversation one of them said "that she had three brothers under Jackson, and if she had any more that they should go too;" when Harris said: "Are you sure they are under Jackson?" She answered, "I am."—"Then," said Harris, "they must be ten feet under ground, for Jackson is six!"

Bang went the door in his face, and that was the last he ever saw of them.

THE evening before a battle an officer came to ask Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go!" said the general, who saw through his pretext, "honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth."

THE following incident is vouched for by a correspondent of the Christian Register:

A daughter of Massachusetts, living in New York, was riding in a crowded street car. An intelligent young soldier, suffering from lameness, was standing. This lady kindly offered him her seat, which he politely declined; whereupon a city dame, occupying the next place, gathered up her robes, and scornfully said she thought things had come to a pretty pass when a New York lady offered her seat to a man, especially a soldier.

"Shame upon you, madam," rejoined our humane friend, "have you no dear ones in the army?"

"No," was the reply, "my husband should not go."

"Indeed!" was the patriotic answer, "I had rather be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife!"

An outburst of applause greeted the speaker. There was a happy finale to the incident. The lame soldier soon obtained the very next seat to the unfeeling woman who had so insulted him.

A MULE-DRIVER in the army was swearing at and kicking a span of balky mules, when the general, who was annoyed at his profanity, ordered him to stop. "Who are you?" — "Commander of the brigade!"—"I'm commander of these mules, and I'll do as I please, or resign, and you can take my place!"

The general passed on.

JUDGE DOUGLAS having stated in Virginia that he would treat the disunionists in the same way General Jackson did the nullifiers when he was President, reminds us of an anecdote of that great man.

During nullification in South Carolina, after General Jackson's proclamation, the governor of Virginia sent a request to the President, in case it became necessary to send United States troops down South, not to send them through that State; if he did, they would have to pass over the governor's dead body. The President received the message, and replied: "If it becomes necessary for the United States troops to go to South Carolina, I, as commander-in-chief of the army, will be at their head. I will march them by the shortest route. They may pass through Virginia; but if the governor makes it necessary to pass over his dead body, it will be found that I will have previously taken off both ears."

PETER HEINE, a Dutchman, from a cabin-boy, rose to the rank of admiral. He was killed in an action at the momen his fleet triumphed over that of Spain. The states-general sent a deputation to his mother, at Delft, to condole with her on the loss of her son. The simple old woman, who still remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies in these words:

"I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was. He loved nothing but rambling about from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

THE New York Evening Post mentions the case of a sick and wounded, but good-looking, soldier, who arrived at the Park barracks, and an anxious lady nurse in search of a subject. Says the nurse:—"My poor fellow, can I do anything for you?" Soldier (emphatically) — "No, ma'am, nothing." Nurse—"I should like to do something for you. Shall I not sponge your face and brow?" Soldier (despairingly)—"You may if you want to very bad; but you'll be the fourteenth lady as has done it this morning."

Marshal Saxe, a high authority in such things, was in the habit of saying that to kill a man in battle the man's weight in lead must be expended. A French medico-surgical gazette, published at Lyons, says this fact was verified at Solferino, even with the recent great improvement in fire-arms. The Austrians fired 8,400,000 rounds. The loss of the French and Italians was 2000 wounded. Each man hit cost 700 rounds. The main weight of balls is one ounce; thus we find that it requires, on an average, 272 pounds of lead to kill a man. If any of our friends should get into a military fight, they should feel great comfort in the fact that 700 shots may be fired at them before they are hit, and 4200 before they "shuffle off the mortal coil."

On one occasion Napoleon invited his staff of the marshals of France to take dinner with him at two o'clock. The marshals were a few moments late. The emperor, at the moment the clock struck, sat down to dinner alone. He was a quick eater, seldom remaining at the table more than ten minutes. At the end of this time his staff appeared, when he arose to meet them, and said: "Messieurs, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business." Wherefore the marshals were obliged to spend the entire afternoon in planning a campaign on empty stomachs.

General Chevert, at the siege of Prague, just at the moment of placing the first ladder to mount to the assault, called to him Sergeant Pascal. "Grenadier," said he, "by that ladder you will mount the first; the sentinel will cry, 'Qui vive!' You must not reply, but continue to advance. He will demand a second and third time, and then he will fire; he will miss you, and you will kill him, and I shall be there to support you." The grenadier felt inspired, and all succeeded as foretold.

"Now, then, my hearties," said a gallant captain; "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone, then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

An old lady, who was unacquainted with military terms, asserted in a company of gentlemen that her son was an officer in the army. "What is his rank, madam?"—"I don't recollect," said she, but the word ends with ral."—"You must mean a gene-ral, madam?"—"No, that is not the word."—"Perhaps a corpo-ral," said another. "No, sir."—"Well, madam, perhaps it is scoundral?"—"Yes, yes, that is it!" cried she, eagerly.

The London Review says:—"We have heard a rather good story of Bismark. He is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war a little son of his asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the count's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. 'Ah, papa,' cried out the terrible infant, 'now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days.'"

A young ensign of a regiment stationed not many miles from Manchester, residing in lodgings, the sitting-room of which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said:—"Well, Charles, and how much longer do you intend to remain in this nutshell?" To which he replied, "Until I am a kernel."

A captain of volunteers being presented with a handsome sword, he began his reply thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this sword is the proudest day of my existence."

A Spanish priest once, exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added, in the ardor of his enthusiasm: "Reflect, my children, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in Paradise." Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, and the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in Paradise.—"True, my son, true," said the priest, "but I never take supper."

DURING the American Revolution, an officer, not habited in the military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redoubt. The commander of a little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

The officer before spoken of, stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely moved, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished, and turning to the officer with the authority of an emperor, said:

"Sir, I am a corporal."

"You are not, though, are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it," and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted from his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority:

"Mr. Corporal Commander," he said, "when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

The corporal was thunderstruck—for it was Washington!

GENERAL BRAGG'S retreating proclivities are well illustrated by the following satire which appeared in a Southern paper:

After the battle of Chickamauga, a soldier, who had been within the enemy's lines and escaped, was carried before General Bragg and questioned in relation to what he saw. He said the rout was complete, and the enemy in full retreat when he left. The general asked him if he knew what a retreat was? He looked at the general with surprise and said: "Why, general, havn't I been with you in your whole campaign?"

A WRITER, describing one of the engagements in the late war, gives the following interesting item:—"In the battle we lost the brave Captain Smith. A cannon-ball took off his head. His last words were, 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two argumentative characters were one day cruelly boring a third party with a prosy discussion upon the philosophical correctness of Pope's famous axiom, which asserts that "whatever is, is right." The debate had been spun to every length imaginable, embracing illustrations, *pro* and *con*, derived from the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," and the bountifulness of a benignant Providence, when the individual who was patiently listening to the disputants brought the argument to a close by exclaiming:

"Tom, you say that Pope is correct?"

"Of course, sir," said Tom, glad to find a new contestant in the arena; "I will show you—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted his interlocutor, "and tell me if 'whatever is, is right,' how you come to have a left hand?"

A GOOD story is told of one of the baggage masters at a Station between Worcester and Boston, a fat, good natured, droll fellow, whose jokes have become quite popular on the road. His name is Bill. While in the performance of his regular duties in changing baggage, an ugly little Scotch terrier got in his way and he gave him a smart kick, which sent him over the track yelping. The owner of the dog soon appeared in high dudgeon, wanting to know why he kicked his dog. "Was that your dog?" asked Bill in his usual drawl. "Certainly it was; what right have you to kick him?"—"He's mad," said Bill. "No, he's not mad, either," said the owner. "Well, I should be if anybody kicked me in that way," responded Bill.

A SCOTCH lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "Maybe, ma freens, ye dinna ken what a phenomenon may be. Weel, then a'll tell 'ee. You've seen a coo (cow,) nae doot. Weel, a coo's nae a phenomenon. Ye've a' seen an apple-tree. Weel, an apple-tree's nae a phenomenon. But gin ye see the coo gang up the apple-tree, tail foremost, to pu' aipples, that would be a phenomenon."

A COUNTRYMAN in one of the Western States, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place: "Do you want to buy any meal, madam?"—"What do you ask me for a bushel?"—"Ten cents, madam, prime."—"O, I can get it for a fip."—(In a despairing voice) "Dear lady, will you take a bushel for nothing?"—"Is it sifted?"

A VERY smart lawyer in Wilmington, N. C., had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said:

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," answered the lawyer, "but you see when I brought it up before the judges, they said it was *quorum non judice.*"

"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder why we lost it," and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

"ALWAYS buy your chestnuts biled," said Mr. Snow to Abimelech, who was about investing a penny in that brown commodity, "'cause the raw ones want looking arter, and the wormy ones you have to throw away; but with the biled ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt when they're biled."

"MR. JONES, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean that you are a sculptor?"—"No, sir, I don't sculp myself, but I furnish stone to a man that does."

A LADY of distinction gave a fancy ball, and, in order to be distinguished, placed a servant at the door, to announce the costumes as they entered. A couple of ladies appeared in full ball-room dress. "What costume shall I announce?" asked the servant. "We are not in costume," they replied. "Two ladies without costume," shouted the servant, to the horror of everybody.

CHARLES. "Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?" Clara. "Yes, yes, the poor little dear, have you seen him?" Charles. "No, not exactly—but here's a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage."

A YOUNG lady at a store who had been shown a great many shades of lavender gloves, after some time wanted to know of the clerk "which of those pairs he thought the lavenderest."

A YOUNG man who had come into possession of a large property by the death of his brother, was asked how he was getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time; what with getting out letters of administration and attending a probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died."

IN a jovial company, each one was asked a question. If it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How does the little ground-squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said: "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?"—"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question; can you answer it yourself?"

A GENTLEMAN, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, observed a quantity of nails lying about, and said to the carpenter: "Why don't you take care of these nails? they will certainly be lost."—"No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them all in the bill."

"I AM troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection in my arm," said a well-known, but rather seedy wit one day to a friend. "It allows me to do some things, but it prevents me from doing others; for instance, I can put my hand in my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I never can take anything out."

THE transcript of Magna Charta, now in the British Museum, was discovered by Sir Robert Cotton in the possession of his tailor, who was just about to cut the precious document out into "measures" for his customers. Sir Robert redeemed the valuable curiosity at the price of old parchment, and thus recovered what had long been supposed to be irretrievably lost.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in his work on the "Origin of Civilization," speaks of a curious custom very widely spread among savages of all regions, by which, on the birth of a baby, the father, and not the mother, is put to bed and nursed like a sick person for several weeks. The custom was almost universal among the Indians of South America. Dobritzhoffer, the old Jesuit missionary to Paraguay, tells us that "no sooner do you hear that a woman has borne a child than you see the husband lying in bed, huddled up with mats and skins, lest some rude breath of air should touch him, fasting, kept in private, and for a number of days abstaining religiously from certain viands. You would swear it was he who had had the child. I had read about this in old times, and laughed at it, never thinking I could believe such madness, and I used to think that this barbarian custom was related more in jest than in earnest; but at last I saw it with my own eyes among the Abipones."

Brett, in his account of the Indian tribes of Guiana, says he saw a man, whose wife had lately been delivered, lying in a hammock wrapped up as if he were sick, though really in the most robust health, and carefully nursed by women, while the mother of the new-born infant was engaged in cooking and other work about the hut.

Traces of this custom were found in Greenland, where, after a woman is confined, the husband must forbear working for some weeks; and in Kamtschatka, where, for some time before the birth of a baby, the husband must do no more hard work. Similar notions are found among the Chinese, among the Dyaks of Borneo, and what is still stranger is that they exist to this day in Corsica, in the north of Spain, and in the south of France, where the custom is called *faire la couvade.* Max Muller, in his "Chips from a German Workshop," tries to account for it thus: "It is clear that the poor husband was at first tyrannized over by his female relations, and afterwards frightened into superstition. He then began to make a martyr of himself, till he made himself really ill, or took to his bed in self-defence. Strange and absurd as the *couvade* appears at first sight, there is something in it with which we believe most mothers-in-law can sympathize." Sir John Lubbock, however, prefers to accept the Curib and Abipone explanation, which is that they believe the infant would be injured in some way if the father engaged in any rough work, or was careless of his diet.

WHEN Mr. Quincy was mayor of the city of Boston, this good joke was related of him in a South Boston print:

A Mr. Evans, who had a contract with the city for filling up "the Flats" on the "Neck," invited the city government to examine his road, and his famous digging machine. After satisfying their curiosity, and admiring the wonderful machine, their attention was called to a splendid cold collation, prepared by the contractor for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations.

Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed:

"Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for filling the Flats of the city."

The "filling" process immediately commenced.

"MY opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon a washing day does so out of pure spite."

In Iowa, a merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail:—"You say you are holding my note yet. That is all right—perfectly right. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

Customer (to clerk in hardware store). "Show me a small, low-priced shears."

Clerk (facetiously). "Perhaps you mean a pair of shears."

Customer (severely). "I mean precisely what I said."

Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article). "Are there not two blades here, and do not two make a pair?"

Customer (triumphantly). "You have two legs; does that make you a pair of men?"

The shears were done up in profound silence.

Tom Corwin, of Ohio, used to say that Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, told him that he intended, in his first message, to recommend the exclusion from the State of Yankee peddlers, because they sold nutmegs "made out of white pine and bass wood, which is good for nothing; for you know, and everybody knows, dat the right kind of nutmegs is made out of sassafrax."

A fellow who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Sure, and I'll tell you how to get rid of them," said the maid-of-all-work. "Pray how?"—"Lend money to the poor ones, and borrow of the rich ones, and nather sort will iver trouble ye again."

The report that a young man at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, lost his speech by the explosion of a fire-cracker on the Fourth, has bothered the eminent doctors. They all went to writing about the different organs of speech that must have been affected by the explosion, and now it turns out that it was a written speech that he had lost, which was in his pocket, and took fire from the cracker.

Two men, the one a philosopher, and the other a fool, were in the service of the same master, and both slept in the same bed; the philosopher lay on the outside. One morning, having overslept themselves, the master coming with a whip flogged the philosopher, who happened to be the nearest to his entrance to the room. "This I will avoid another time," said the philosopher to himself. On the next night, therefore, he changed sides with the fool. In the morning they again transgressed, and the master came to chastise them, but reflecting that he had before whipped the man who was nearest, he thought it but just the other should feel his displeasure. He went to the other side of the bed, and the blows fell again upon the poor philosopher, thus confirming the general truth, "the wisest cannot avoid their fate."

At breakfast one morning in that quiet and comfortable old inn, the White Swan, in York, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to the seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against monsieur by his moustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and, speaking up, said:

"Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lockwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you vouldn't have me eat de vite? De yolk is de shicken; de vite de fedders. Am I to make von bolster of my stomach?"

The farmer was dumbfounded.

A countryman, fresh from the magnificent woods and rough clearings of the far West, was one day visiting the owner of a beautiful seat in Brooklyn; and, walking with him through a little grove, out of which all the underbrush had been cleared, paths had been nicely cut and gravelled, and the rocks covered with woodbine, suddenly stopped, and, admiring the beauty of the scene, lifted up his hands and exclaimed:—"This is like! this is nature—with her hair combed."

IN Rhode Island, two children entered an office to sell some sassafras bark, whereupon an energetic guardian of the law questioned them very closely concerning their licence. The children were somewhat frightened, and not exactly comprehending the subject, the boy answered:—"I've got a dog, and he's licensed." The case was immediately decided by a gentleman present, who relieved the minds of the children by saying:—"Go along, you're all right; if you've got a dog, and he's licensed, you have a right to peddle as much bark as you please."

DOWN in Wilmington, an old man who was very feeble was helped across a crowded street by a youth of twenty. A month afterwards the old man died, and as an expression of his gratitude he left the youth $40,000. And now no old man's life is safe in Wilmington. All the young fellows have had their ambition excited, and as soon as any venerable man appears on the sidewalk a dozen chaps rush at him, grab him by the trowsers, and the collar, and the back hair, and try to carry him across the street, whether he wants to go or not. When he gets there, a lot more fasten on to him and set him back again, and then present their cards. So the old men in Wilmington are having a lively time now, and they have got to take up the street whenever they go out for a walk. Thus far very little cash has been evolved; but all the young men study the obituary advertisements carefully, and when they see the words, "At the age of seventy-six," or "sixty-six," or anywhere in that neighborhood, they hurry down to the office of the Register of Wills, and pore over the last testament of the deceased. All this goes to show how much distress one inconsiderate action will cause.

A VERITABLE descendant of Saint Martha came into a neighbor's house in Buffalo, downcast, wearying with many cares, and cumbered with much serving. "So much to do! cleaning, working, cooking, washing, sewing, and everything else! No rest never was, never will be for me!"—"O yes," said the good woman she addressed, "there will be a rest one day for us all—a long rest."—"Not for me! not for me!" was the reply. "Whenever I do die, there will be certain to be resurrection the very next day! It would be just my luck!"

AWAY down in a business street in Philadelphia some time ago, Tom Smith was the head clerk in a great dry goods house. Tom had worked himself up from a rough-and-ready country boy to the front rank of his present profession. One evening in winter he was sitting near the fire—no business was doing, and it was not quite time to shut up the store—when, reading the newspaper, he looked up and said to the book-keeper:

"Jenner, what is an artesian well?"

Jenner was too busy to answer, but Tibbetts, a quizzical fellow-clerk, who loved to make fun of Smith, answered:

"An artesian well is a Pierian spring—a sort of hydraulic affair—omitted in your education."

Tom saw the others snickering, and knew that they were laughing at him; he denied the fact, and referred to what was stated in the paper he was reading, that an artesian well had been bored four hundred feet deep.

"Well," said Tibbetts, "that's it exactly; as the poet says:

> A little learning is a dangerous thing:
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

Tom had to give it up, but still he had his doubts.

RICHARDS was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"Why, Richards," says I, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

"IF you do not close that window, waiter, I shall die from the draught," said a lady at dinner. "And if you do close it, I shall die from the heat in this hot weather!" exclaimed a stouter fair lady. Then there was a giggle among the diners at the dilemma of the waiter, when a literary gentleman present said: "My good fellow, your duty is clear; close the window and kill one lady, and open it again and kill the other."

A DEPUTATION of natives from the town in Vermont where Jim Fisk was born waited upon him to get a subscription in money towards building an iron fence around the old cemetery. After heaping the case well up, Fisk is said to have replied:—"Well, gentlemen, this is the strangest thing I ever heard of. What is the possible use of a fence around a cemetery? Those who are in it cannot get out; and I don't believe there is any one very anxious to get in."

SOMEBODY, speaking of the hurrying propensities of the Yankees, says: "If a big mortar could be constructed, which would throw an immense bomb-shell, containing fifteen passengers, from St. Louis to Boston, in five minutes, with an absolute certainty that fourteen would be killed by the explosion, tickets for seats by the 'Express Bomb-shell Line' would at once be at a premium, each passenger being anxious for the chance to prove himself the lucky fifteenth."

A WAGER was laid that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by another. To sustain the assertion a down Easter was interrogated. "I want you," said the better, "to give me a straightforward answer to a p[illegible] question."

"I kin do it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then why is it that New Englanders always answer a question by asking one?"

"Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

BROTHER JONATHAN thus describes a steam boat:—"It's got a saw mill on one side and a grist mill on t'other, and a blacksmith shop in the middle; and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boiling all the time."

"WILL you do me the favor to lend me an hundred pounds?" says a young lady to a prudent old gentleman. "What security will you give me?" said the latter. "My own personal security, sir."—"Get in there," said the old gentleman, lifting up the lid of a large iron chest,—"that is the place where I keep my securities."

MONSIEUR PERROT caught the general spirit of the affray, and as he afterwards said of himself, "fought like a famished lion," when unluckily, his pistol snapped in the face of a Sioux warrior, who struck him to the earth. Stepping lightly over the form of his prostrate foe, the savage, grasping a knife in his right hand, and seizing the luckless Frenchman's hair with his left, was about to scalp him, when the knife dropped from his hand, and he stood for a moment petrified with astonishment and horror. The whole head of hair was in his left hand, and the white man sat grinning before him, with a smooth and shaven crown. Letting fall what he believed to be the scalp of some devil in human shape, the frightened Sioux fled from the spot, while Perrot replacing his wig, muttered aloud: "Bravo, my good wig, I give you a thousand thanks."

A WORTHY old farmer, who thoroughly detested taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for taxes he had once paid, but for which he had mislaid the receipt; and as he told the story to his friend,—"Would you believe it, sir, the fellow began to abuse me."—"Well," said his friend, "what did you do?"—"Do! why I remonstrated with him."—"And to what effect?"—"Well, I don't know to what effect, but the poker was bent."

GENTLEMAN. "My good woman, how much is that goose?"

Market woman. "Well, you may have two for seven shillings."

Gentleman. "But I only want one."

Market woman. "Can't help it; aint a-going to sell one without the other. Them ere geese, to my certain knowledge, hev been together for more'n thirteen years, and I aint a-goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

A LADY in Paris was out of all patience and spirits at hearing nothing but French day after day. One morning she heard a cock crowing, and exclaimed :—"Thank God, there's somebody who speaks English."

Two travellers were robbed in a wood and tied to trees. One of them, in despair, exclaimed: "O, I'm undone!"—"Are you?" said the other, joyfully, "then I wish you'd come and undo me!"

"I'M sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector.

"Ah, weel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's one comfort—Jack Tamson's not a bit better."

"FATHER, I hate that Mr. Smith," said a beauty the other day to her honored parent. "Why so, my daughter?"—"Because he always stares at me so when he meets me in the street."—"But, my child, how do you know that Mr. Smith stares at you?"—"Why, father, because I have repeatedly seen him do it."—"Well, Sarah, don't you look at the impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pair of eyes to make a stare."

"WHAT'S the news to-day?" said a New Orleans merchant to his friend lately. "What news?" responded the other. "Nothing, only things are growing better. People are getting on their legs again."—"On their legs," said the first. "I don't see how you can make that out."—"Why, yes," replied the other, "folks that used to ride are obliged now to walk. Now is not that getting on their legs again?"

GEORGE BROMLEY, of Preston, Conn., while sitting on the railroad track was struck by a passing train and pitched into the bushes. Upon the train's backing up to ascertain his injuries, he came forward and told the conductor that if he had damaged the engine any he was ready to settle for it, and left for home.

"WELL, Bob, how are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-struck poetaster. "Why, I've been troubled a great deal with the rheumatics lately."—"And how is your wife"—"She's very rheumatic, too."—"And how is little Dicky?"—"I think he has got a touch of the family complaint. I think he is a little rheumatic, too."—"Dear me. Well, I will call upon you in a day or two and see how you are. Where do you lodge?"—"I am almost ashamed to ask you to our lodgings, for that is room-attic, too."

IT is said to be a matter of fact that a New York gentleman, who had taken up his summer quarters with his family in one of the suburbs of a country town, purchased seven pounds of sugar from his village grocer, and found it sadly adulterated with sand. Next day he inserted the following paragraph in a village paper: "Notice—I bought of a grocer in this village seven pounds of sugar, from which I extracted one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of sugar I will be satisfied; if not, I will expose him." The next day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at the advertiser's house, there being nine grocers in the village, and each supposing himself to have been detected.

AN inquisitive person meeting a party of settlers the other day in Texas, inquired from the conductor what the men in the first wagon were intended for. "To clear the forests."—"Well," said he, "and what are those in the second for?"—"To build the huts," was the reply. "And that old white-headed man in the third wagon—what is he for?" was the next question asked, and the reply was given: "Oh, that's my father, we shall open our new cemetery with him!" This terminated the inquiry.

"AH, Sam, you've been in trouble, eh?"—"Yes, Jem, yes."—"Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows our better qualities."—"Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was a county judge, and showed up my worst qualities."

An enterprising undertaker sent the following excessively cool note to a sick man: "Dear Sir,—Having positive proof that you are rapidly approaching death's gate, I have thought it not imprudent to call your attention to the enclosed advertisement of my abundant stock of ready-made coffins, and make the suggestion that you signify to your friends a desire for the purchase of your burial outfit at my establishment."

Two young men from the country were sauntering down School-street, Boston, when the attention of one was arrested by the bronze statue of Franklin. "What is that?" he inquired of his companion, who replied "that it was the statue of Doctor Franklin."—"Doctor Franklin," said the young man, "was he much of a physician?"

Colonel Valasques one day asked Captain Aguirre how old he was. "Upon my faith," answered the captain, "I do not know to a dot, though it seems it may be about thirty-nine or forty-nine years."—"And is it possible that you are ignorant of your age?"—"Perfectly so, signior; I count my rents, my profits, and my money, but I do not count my years, because it is very certain that I cannot lose them, nor is there anybody who will rob me of them."

An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hung together. The latter was strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his spirits, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah, by gar," says the Frenchman, "there be von grand difference between you and me; you Irishmen are used to it."

A "notion" seller was offering Yankee clocks, highly varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady, not remarkable for her personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed—a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Well, marm," said Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that haint got no lookin'-glass."

An Irishman travelling in a street that was paved, was accosted by a dog with a threatening growl. The traveller attempted to pull up one of the paving-stones to throw at him, but it was fast. "Arrah," said Paddy, "what a country is this, where stones are tied and dogs let loose."

A wit mentioned the story of the French Marquise, who, when her lap-dog bit out a piece of the footman's leg, exclaimed:—"O, poor little beast, I hope it won't make the dear little creature sick."

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied:—"They're 'andsome, quite so, but they don't quite hanser my hexpectations; besides, I got wetted and lost my 'at. I greatly prefer to look at 'em hin han hingraven in 'ot weather inside the 'ouse."

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them to see how they went forward, ordered one of them to get into the rostrum and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting scratched his pate, and told him he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator.

"O," said the knight, "no matter for that; speak anything that comes uppermost."

"Why, here, Sir Richard," says a fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money; pray, sir, when do you design to pay us?"

"Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject."

Patrick Machnagan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive; as the latter ran out of sight, Mac. observed: "Aff wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be after runnin' into yees!"

"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him, when, ringing the bell, he ordered up a glass of hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with great gusto. Then, turning to his opponents, handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out:

"Now, sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision for the negative.

THE following anecdote is told of a college chum: H., a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly waggery than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the brain-coined currency of others as his legitimate "tender." One Monday morning he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A. "smelt a rat," and as H. finished and sat down in the pride of conscious innocence, asked: "Is that original, H.?"—"Yes, sir."—"Are you sure of it?" queried the professor, doubtingly. "Why, yes, sir," replied H., with imperturbable gravity and that pasteboard countenance he always wore, "it had original over it in the paper I took it from!"

WHY does Reaumur's thermometer differ from Fahrenheit's?

Because Reaumur divides the space between the boiling and freezing points into 80°, placing zero at freezing, and 80° at the boiling point.

Fahrenheit divides the same space into 180°; but the cipher (0) he places 32° below the freezing point (the cold of a mixture of snow and common salt), so that the freezing point is at 32° and the boiling point at 212°.

CHARLES. "Tell me, Laura, why that sadness? Tell me, why that look of care? Why has fled that look of gladness that thy face was wont to wear?"

Laura. "Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble; well my face may wear a frown, for I've lost my largest hair-pin, and my chignon's coming down!"

HAUNS, you may talk as you may be a mind to about te hog's peing te contrariest animal, put te hen is so much more contrariest a cood deal. Vy, no longer aco tan toddor day, I try to make te hen set—I put te eggs under her—I make te nest all up cood—poot te hen on, put she no set—I jam her town on te eggs, put she vill 'op right up. Den I make a little pox, 'pout so pig von way, (measuring with his hand,) ond 'pout so pig tother way—den I puts te hen on to te nest and just takes and puts te leetle pox right over her. Ven I just raised von corner of te leetle pox to see vether she be settin, I pe hang if I ton't see te hen set a standing.

MRS. JONES, a farmer's wife, says:—"I believe I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fetch a pail of water but that he'll burst out a crying."

A DUTCHMAN had made a handsome fortune in Philadelphia by selling milk. He started for Holland, his home, with two bags of gold pieces. When on shipboard he counted one bag of his dear treasure. A mischievous monkey chanced to watch his operations. As soon as the counted bag had been replaced and tied up, Jacko seized it, and soon found his way to the masthead. He opened the bag, and, after eyeing the brilliant gold, proceeded to drop one piece on the deck and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he had finished, the Dutchman threw up his arms, exclaiming:—"Py jinkos, he must be de dyvel, for vat come from the vater he does gibe to de vater, and vat come from de milk he does gibe to me."

WHEN an Arab widow intends marrying again, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to the grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. The widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave, and, having well saturated him, she departs, and makes her preparations for the approaching nuptials.

A **Breton** peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber's shop in Rambouillet. While the barber was strapping his razor the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair and staring at him fixedly. "What is the matter with that dog," said the peasant, "that he stares at me so?" The barber answered, with an unconcerned air: "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off a piece of an ear — " — "Well, what then?" — "Why, then he eats it!"

As a canal boat was passing under a bridge the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, popping his head out of the window, received a severe thump. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed:—"Dese Americans are queer people. Dey say 'Look out!' when dey mean 'Look in!'"

A gentleman, having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad:—"That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible at school, that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length." The gentleman could not help laughing, and threw the lad a sixpence for his wit.

During the "troubles" a young confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning. "Oh, where is he? Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden. The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when discovering Lieutenant H., of the Fifth Kansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and bending over him, said: "Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother." What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and then exclaimed: "Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on your own account. I haven't the slightest objection."

A Frenchman said to an American: "T'ere is von word in your language I do not comprehend, and all ze time I hear it. Tattletoo, tattletoo—vat you meahs by tattletoo?" The American insisted that no such word exists in English. While he was saying so, his servant came out to put coal on the fire, when he said: "There, John, that'll do." The Frenchman jumped up, exclaiming: "Tare, tattletoo, you say him yourself, sare; vat means tattletoo?"

A man dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him."—"And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaint, said: "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other men's."

Tom Raikes, who was very much marked with the small-pox, having one day written an anonymous letter to Count D'Orsay containing some piece of impertinence, had closed it with a wafer, and stamping it with something resembling the top of a thimble. The count soon discovered who was the writer, and, in a room full of company, thus addressed him: "Ha! ha! my good Raikes, the next time you write an anonymous letter, you must not seal it with your nose."

"What do you mean, you rascal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth who had seized him by the nose in the street. "O, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up!"

A gentleman has invented a capital way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

A LADY heard much of the medical properties of the water of a certain spring some distance from where she resided. She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases, from which she recognized at least half a dozen with which she was afflicted. Much to her joy she was told that her son had to call at the very town where the spring was located, and a five-gallon keg and a strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some of the water.

The keg was put into the wagon, and slipping under the seat, was quite overlooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, and the water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when feeling down under the seat for something, he felt the keg. To go back was not to be thought of, and to admit his stupidity was impossible.

He, therefore, drew up his horse by the side of a wall, near which was the old sweep well from which the family had drunk for a century, and filling the keg, went home.

The first question was: "Did you get that water?"—"Yes," said he, "but darned if I see any difference in it from any other water," and he brought in the keg.

A cup was handed the invalid, who drank with infinite relish, and said she was suprised at her son's not seeing any difference. There was undoubtedly a medical taste about it, and it dried up as other water did, which she had always heard of mineral water.

Her son hoped it would do her good; and by the time the keg was exhausted, she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her ails.

A GOOD lady, who improved every opportunity to teach by precept and example, once remarked at a prayer-meeting: "My friends, as I came along I saw a cow a switching of her tail; in this wicked world of strife she was peaceful and contented a switching of her tail, and I said to myself, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a ferry-boat to cross a stream. On the passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished. "Arithmetic? No, sir."—"I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone." A few minutes after he asked: "Do you understand mathematics?" The boatman smiled, and replied: "No."—"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is gone." Just then the boat ran on a snag, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner: "Sir, can you swim?"—"No."—"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole life is lost, for the boat is going to the bottom."

AN old fellow, who became weary of his life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So, at the last moment, he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself: "I never can nor will forgive old Noah for letting the copperhead snakes get into the ark. They have killed two thousand dollars worth of my cattle."

THE Arabs illustrate their estimate of the various colors of horses by the following tale: A chief of a tribe was pursued by his enemies. He said to his son: "My son, drop to the rear and tell me the color of the horses of our foe—and may Allah burn his grandfather."—"White," was the reply. "Then we will go south." said the chief, "for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase." Again the chief said: "My son, what colored horses pursue us?"—"Black, O my father."—"Then we will go amongst the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of the black horse are not strong." A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. "Then," said the old chief, "we are lost, who but Allah can deliver us from the chestnut horses?" Dun or cream-colored horses the Arabs consider worthless, and fit only for Jews to ride.

NEHEMIAH had a careless habit, while talking, of tapping everything near him with whatever he had in his hand. Nehemiah returning, hatchet in hand, from chopping, called upon neighbor Jones. In course of conversation he unluckily chipped a fine table of the farmer's. "See there, you careless lubber," exclaimed the farmer, "see what a large dent you have made in my furniture."—"Yes," meekly answered Nehemiah, who was something of a wag, "but that was an acci-dent."—"Very likely," cried the enraged farmer, burying his fist in the offender's phiz, "and that's an inci-dent."

TWO Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon, just for fun; but being of an economical mind, they did not wish to lose the ball, so one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind holding a lighted torch, "Touch it aisy, Pat!"

AN old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and, with a knowing look, replied: "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be!"

AT a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman, who was talking about steam communication: "Pray, sir, what is steam?"—"Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is—eh! ah!—steam is—steam!"—"I knew that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-loooking fellow standing by; "but steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

A LITTLE boy, who was remarkable for his many virtues and amiable disposition, and who was a great favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived, was one day called from his play to go to a neighbor's to get some milk. As he was returning from his errand with his pitcher filled, the cars, coming along very suddenly, ran over him as he was crossing the track and he was instantaneously killed. It soon became known, and a crowd very shortly collected around the spot. It was a heart-rending sight to see one just in the early dawn of life so suddenly and distressingly cut off. Grief sat upon every countenance, and many were the sobs of his youthful companions, as they stood gazing upon the lifeless body as it lay stretched upon the ground. The whole solemnity of the scene, and the death-like silence which had prevailed, was suddenly disturbed by an old lady asking very gravely, though in an audible voice: "And what became of the milk?"

DURING a steam voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter? what is the matter? for heaven's sake tell us the worst!" exclaimed one more anxious than the rest. After a short pause a hoarse voice replied: "Nothing, madam, nothing, madam, only the bottom of the vessel and the top of the earth are stuck together."

AN old lady, a professor of the washerwoman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and, before many minutes, a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timbers of her barn in all directions. Coming out of her kitchen, and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady could not find words to express her indignation, but at last she exclaimed:

"Well, here's a pretty business! No matter, though. I'll pay you for this. I'll wash on Sunday!"

SOME sensible but saucy newspaper philosopher gives the ancient and honorable order of grumblers a smart slap in the face, thus: "Those people who turn up their noses at the world might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again."

WALKING one day in the streets, we saw a little fellow fall on his face on the pavement, on which he roared out most lustily. Running to pick him up, we wisely applied ourselves to cheer him with the comforting consideration that he would be well to-morrow. "Poh, poh, my little man, don't cry, you'll not mind it a pin to-morrow." Upon which the young sufferer, surely unconscious of the sense and wit of his reply, said, with the tear in his eye and the cry of the pain hardly for a moment repressed: "Then I won't cry to-morrow." A discourse of an hour long could not better elucidate the subject.

A MAN named Stone exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll bet a V I have the hardest name in the company."—"Done," said one of the company. "What is your name?"—"Stone," said the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

THERE was an old farmer who kept a large poultry-yard, and had one hen who, not content with her proper sphere of action, was continually endeavoring to crow. At last, after repeated attempts, she succeeded in making something like a crow. The farmer was taking his breakfast at the time, and hearing the noise, rose and went out and discovered the author of the curious attempt. He soon returned, bearing in his hand the crowing hen, minus her head.

"There," said he, "I'm willing hens should do most anything, but I aint willing they should crow. Cocks may crow as much as they please, but hens not; it's setting a bad example."

THE late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote:—"When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic young lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors; when her somewhat remarkable reply was: 'O, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit, but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England.'"

AT Zanesville, at the "Eagle," a goat was kept about the stables. One day the host and "usual crowd" in the bar-room were startled by the Dutch hostler rushing in, almost breathless, and exclaiming at the top of his voice: "Meester Borter! Meester Borter! Billy he leaves or I leaves. I go up in de stable, and dere was Billy. I say, 'Billy, go down!' He says, 'Bah-bah-wa,' and shust gits upon his hind feet. I say again, 'Billy, you go down,' and strikes at him mit de bitchfork, when de stinknum sheep pitch into me, and buts me down stairs 'mung de mule jacks, who all kicks me more hard dan de goat. So, Meester Borter, Billy he leaves or I leaves."

TWO friends meeting, one remarked: "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."—"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," said the first, "I did that myself at once."

AN old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvellous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights, whom she had frequently saluted before: "What's the news?"—"Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crow-bar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!"—"Oh, mercy! what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger, and inquire of the minister how such a calamity could be averted. "Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the earth by water."—"I know that," returned the old lady—"he's nothing to do with it—it's them plaguy Indians."

IN the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

A **FRIEND** asked a Dutchman what kind of a winter he thought we should have. The Dutchman, drawing himself up with an air of philosophic equanimity, and an oracular snap of the eye, said: "I tink she will be werry cold dis winter, or werry hot—one of dem both."

MR. GROVE, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the mall. "So, Master Grove," said he, "why, you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?"—"No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now. I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead—I go half round and back."

"MY son," said a doting father, who was about taking his son into business, "what shall be the style of the new firm?"—"Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up into the heavens to find an answer, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Samplin & Father." The old gentleman was struck at the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

THE Vicar of Sheffield, the Rev. Dr. Sutton, once said to the late Dr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peech, how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?"—"O," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money."—"Indeed," said the vicar; "then how do you get it if he don't pay?"—"Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

"I WISH I owned an interest in that dog of yours," said a neighbor to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then "back again" and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, "Shall I pitch into him?—shall I give him a nip on the leg?"—"An interest in my dog?" said his master; "what could you do with it?"—"Why," replied the other, "I'd shoot my half within the next five minutes!"

"MR. BROWN," said a constable to this ubiquitous personage the other day, "how many cows do you own?"—"Why do you ask?" was the query. "Because I wish to levy on them," was the prompt rejoinder. "Well, let me see," said Mr. Brown, abstractedly, "how many cows does the law allow me?"—"Two," replied the constable. "Two!" said Mr. Brown with good-natured astonishment; "well, if the law allows me two, I wish it would make haste and send the other along as I haven't but one!"

A RICH farmer's son, who had been bred at the university, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being at supper on a couple of fowls, he told them that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this," said the scholar, "is one, and this," continued he, "is two; two and one, you know, make three."—"Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning."

A GENTLEMAN on horseback finding himself at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman, who was working on one of them, where it ran to. Clodpole, raising himself from his stooping posture, and scratching his head, replied, with a grin: "I doesn't know where it rins to, zur, but we finds it here every morning."

A LADY somewhat advanced in years, whose vivacity sometimes approached the borders of impertinence, asked an old gentleman, in rather a jeering tone, why he was always dressed in black, and what he wore mourning for so constantly. "For your charms, miss," he gallantly replied.

IF a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury, and if a musket-ball be fired into the water it will not only rebound, but be flattened, as if fired against a solid substance.

"Sir, you are a fool!"—"Do you call me a fool, sir?"—"Yes, sir!"—"You do, sir?"—"Yes, sir! I would call any man a fool who behaves as you do."—"O! you would call any man a fool. Then I cannot consider it personal. I wish you good morning, sir."

It was lately remarked of a hatter who made himself busy at a caucus in speechifying against monarchies, that he was a strange fellow to be at war with crowned heads—for if the people were to be deprived of their crown he must strike into some new line of business.

A romance-reading young man was one day passing a muir-land farm, which was half-covered with furze and heath and a fine background of barren rocks and dark pines. He said to the farmer who was grinding his way through the rugged earth: "A magnificent locality, sir,—one of nature's triumphs,—an embodiment of poetry."—"O yes," said the farmer, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his brow, "the poetry of the place is vary weel, but if ye had to plough up the prose of the ground, ye'd wish the poetry far enough."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me. Vell, de first night I open store I counts de monnies, and find him nix right; I count him, and dere be three dollar gone, and vat does yer tink I does den."—"I can't say."—"Vy, I did not count him any more, and he comes out shoost right ever since."

"I wish I was a ghost, blamed if I don't," said a poor covey the other night, as he was soliloquizing in the cold. "They goes wherever they please, toll free; they don't owe nobody nothin', and that's comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They don't buy hats and wittals, nor has to saw wood, and run errands, as I do."

Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise, on account of the pressure of the water.

The Chinese seem to think dancing a useless fatigue. When Commodore Anson was at Canton, the officer of the Centurion had a ball on some court holiday. While they were dancing, a Chinese who surveyed the operation, said softly to one of the party: "Why don't you let your servants do this for you?"

An old woman who went into the poultry business under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quitted it in disgust, "because," as she says, "the hens never will lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."

"My son," said an old turbaned Turk one day, taking his child by the hand, in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a Frenchman just imported in all the elegance of Parisian costume,—"my son, look there. If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like that."

A wag passing through Main-street, Worcester, saw on a sign the following: "Turning of every description done here." Entering the shop he inquired of the proprietors if he could get a job done there. "Certainly," was the reply, "any kind of turning done at the shortest notice."—"Well, then," said the wag, "turn me ten somersets in about one minute."

A young lady who teaches music in an academy sent an order to a New York publisher, in which she spelt the words very badly; she apologized by adding a postscript, as follows:—"You must exkews this letter, as I pla by noat butt spel bi ear."

Grocer. "Well, Augustus, you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade—I wish to give you a choice of occupation."

Apprentice. "Thank'ee, sir."

Grocer. "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?"

Augustus (with a sharpness beyond his years). "Shutting up, sir."

A MAN being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which was a man standing. The same shot passed through the man's hat, but he missed the bird. "Did you fire at me, sir?" he hastily asked. "O no, sir," said the shrewd sportsman, "I never hit what I fire at."

TAKE a gold finger-ring, attach it to a silk thread about twelve inches long, fasten the other end of the thread round the nail-joint of your right fore-finger, and let the ring hang down about half an inch above the surface of the table on which you rest your elbow to steady your hand. Hold your finger horizontally, with the thumb thrown back as far as possible from the rest of the hand. If there be nothing on the table, the ring will soon become stationary. Then place some silver coin immediately below it, when the ring will begin to oscillate backwards and forwards to you and from you. Now, bring your thumb in contact with your forefinger (or else suspend the ring from your thumb), and the oscillations will become transverse to their former swing. When the transverse motion is fairly established, let a gentleman take hold of the lady's disengaged hand, and the ring will change back to its former course. These effects are produced by animal magnetic currents, given forth by the hands of the experimenters.

MISERLY AND MEAN PERSONS.

SIR WILLIAM SMYTH, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of sight, unable to gloat over his heaps of gold. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched, who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life; but no sooner was his sight restored than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty guineas. At the time Taylor attended him he had a large estate, an immense amount in stocks, and 6000*l.* in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscoe, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and discreditable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual mode of hiding his gold. With great care and secresy he dug a deep cave in his cellar. To this reception for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring-lock, so that, on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By and by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made, the house was searched, woods were explored, and ponds were dragged, but no Foscoe could they find. Some time passed on, the house in which he had lived was sold, and the workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghastly body of Foscoe, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure. A candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

Daniel Lancer's miserly propensities were indulged in to such an extent that on one occasion, when, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat "better as new," to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eight pence. He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun, to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet this poor mendicant had property to the extent of upwards of 3000*l.* per annum.

In 1790 died at Paris, literally of want, the well-known banker Ostervald. A few days before his death he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," said he, "but I have no appetite for the meat. What is to become of that? It will be a sad waste." This poor wretch died possessed of 125,000*l*.

Another deplorable case might be cited—that of Thomas Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left 2475*l*. in the public funds. Still another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike of the most revolting kind, and whose property was estimated at 800,000*l*.

A GENTLEMAN called upon a certain nobleman, a very wealthy and inordinately mean character, and found him at the breakfast table, quite alone, and doing his utmost to catch a fly which was buzzing about the room. "What the deuce are you about?" demanded the astonished visitor, to whom the spectacle of an old man amusing himself by catching flies seemed very singular, to say the least. "Hush!" exclaimed the other. "I'll tell you presently." After many efforts, the old fellow at last succeeded in entrapping the fly. Taking the insect carefully between his thumb and forefinger, he put it into the sugar-bowl, and quickly dropped the lid over his prisoner. His visitor, more annoyed than ever, knowing as he did the avaricious character of the man before, repeated the question. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

AN Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving a sixpence from a person as a reward for his service, looked first at the sixpence and then at him, and at last exclaimed:

"Well, I'm o'erpaid for the job."

A MAN who won't take a paper because he can borrow one, has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

A VERY penurious lady was so affected by a charity sermon on a recent occasion, as to borrow a dollar from her neighbor and put it into her own pocket.

AVARICE is a besetting sin with many men. Indeed, where will you find the man who is satisfied with his present possessions? For—

You can't fill a man as you fill up a pitcher;
He always will hold
A little more gold
And never so rich that he wouldn't be richer.

THAT was a mean scamp who feigned deafness in order to cheat a poor washerwoman out of a few cents. The washing came to a quarter, and he handed her ten cents.

"O, keep it all—keep it all—keep it all; you are a poor woman, and need it;" and that was all the poor woman could get.

"THE liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." How true this is even in all the relations of life. The liberal man never loses anything by his generosity. On the contrary, he gains by it, for "he shall be watered himself" in return; and yet, strange as it may seem, the world is half full of penny-wise, niggardly, mean men, who are almost afraid to wash their face and hands on account of the expense of the soap. When will these men have their eyes opened? When will they divorce themselves from that littleness? How long will they cling to meanness? No wonder they have smallness depicted in their countenance in colors so plain and unmistakable that you can point them out in the street.

"MY son, would you suppose the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?"—"Well, yes, father, if a half dime is as large in everybody's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times."

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of aunt Betsy. "Yes, I should think he was," replied aunt Betsy, "as everybody says he's the meanest man in town."

AT a collection once made at a charity fair, a young lady offered the plate to a rich man, who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt answer. "Then take something, sir," she replied; "you know I am begging for the poor."

A NOTED itinerant preacher once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground outside for potatoes.

MANY a man for love of self,
To stuff his coffers starves himself;
Labors, accumulates, and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole,
Saves everything—except his soul.

So meanly covetous was Cardinal Angelot that he would go privately into the stable and steal the corn from his own horses, cause it to be sold to his avenor, and the money to be paid to himself. Accustoming himself to these little pilferings, the gentleman of his horse going into the stable in the dark, finding him there, and taking him to be a thief, gave him a good beating for his pains.

ARTHUR BULKLEY, better known by the name of the covetous Bishop of Bangor, possessing the see in the reign of Henry VIII., sold the five bells of his cathedral church to be carried over the sea, and went to the seaside to witness them shipped off and receive his money; but they were no sooner put on board than the ship sunk in the harbor, and the bishop was immediately struck blind, and continued so until he died.

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

A GENTLEMAN who has for two years refused to contribute anything towards the support of the gospel, surprised his friends by contributing to the purchase of a bell for a new church. On being asked the reason, he replied that he always put his money where he could hear it ring.

WHEN Colonel Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union Park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighborhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," said he, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and five hundred dollars is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people." —"Benefit to you?" replied the colonel; "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from every window of your house. It will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighborhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!"—"Ah, colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then, let me tell you," replied Colonel Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a mighty tight place!"

"I SAY, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is, he'll squabble about a penny."—"Well, what if he does," said Brown, "the less one squabbles about the better."

A POOR man once came to a miser and said: "I have a favor to ask."—"So have I," said the miser; "grant mine first."—"Agreed."—"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

IT was a miserable old woman who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of a candle, "because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark."

The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure will not prevail against avarice. "Lord Chancellor Hardwick," says Dr. King, "when worth eight hundred thousand pounds, set the same value on half a crown then as when he was worth only one hundred pounds." That great captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver and paying two pence for a dish of coffee in George's coffee-house, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home. Some little time after he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about forty thousand pounds per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

We knew one Sir Thomas Colby who lived at Kensington, and was, we think, a commissioner in the victualling office; he killed himself by rising in the night, when he was under the effect of a sudorific, and going down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in his parlor; he was apprehensive his servants might seize the key and deprive him of a bottle of wine. This man died intestate, and left more than two hundred thousand pounds in funds, which was shared among five or six day laborers who were his nearest relatives.

Mr. Fuller tells us in his "Church History" of a pasquin made against Dr. Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, whom fame reports to have been a very covetous prelate, penned in these words:

Here lies his grace in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.

In a certain village was a miserly old codger, who had managed by hook or by crook to obtain a mortgage on nearly all the property thereabouts. In the same place was a queer old joker, who stuttered most beautifully. The latter was walking down the street one pleasant evening, when he saw two men looking at the moon and discussing the question as to land being there in the dark spots. "B-b-by t-t-thunder!" cried the old fellow, involuntarily, "if-if-if th-th-there's any l-l-land there, old M-M-Major W-W-Wink's got a m-m-mortgage on it!"

"**Billy,**" said a benevolent vender of food for stoves, as with cheerful visage he sat down to his matutinal repast, "is it cold?"—"Wery cold, father," was the reply. "Is the gutters froze, Billy?" rejoined the parent. "Wery hard, father, they is," was the response. "Ah!" sighed the old gentleman, put up the coal two pence a pail, Billy. God help the poor!"

There is a man in California so mean that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his board because he has had two teeth extracted.

A farmer in New Jersey, who held on to his crop of corn all winter, although the price was unusually high, waiting for a still further rise, was disappointed when in the spring it tumbled nearly one half. This so worked upon his grasping and avaricious nature, that he became brooding and melancholy. And at last one day he went to the barn, took a halter from one of the horses, and proceeded to hang himself from a mow rail. His hired man happened to come into the barn, and cut the rope just in time to save the life of the intended suicide. When they settled, a few months thereafter, the farmer had the hired man charged with the price of the halter! A Trenton paper vouches for this as an actual fact.

"**What** shall I do for my head? It's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired. The recipe ran thus: "When you see double, you will find relief if you count your money."

"I WISH you had been Eve," said an urchin to a woman who was proverbial for her meanness.

"Why so?"

"Because you would have eaten all the apple instead of dividing it with Adam."

A RICH miser was visited on his death-bed by a fellow miser, who, for the want of a better subject, began to talk about his funeral. "It will cost a great deal," said he. "There will be the monument—"—"O, don't have any monument."—"And the plumes—"—"O, don't have any plumes."—"And the flowers, and the rosewood coffin, and the carriages—"—"Don't have any carriages; I'd rather go on foot."

AN Englishwoman advertised for a servant, and the first answer she received was a letter presenting the writer's compliments and asking her, when she had obtained a suitable servant, to send the other letters to the writer's address, as she also was in need of a servant. That beats Yankee cheek and sharpness to death.

WHILE a miser was on his death-bed, a tallow candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire-place. He watched the candle and then the fire. Suddenly he called his son:—"Come here." The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered:—"Blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

"SALLY," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half a foot, "Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'."—"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"—"Why, you see, this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter of a dollar apiece, and I can't afford to spend so much for nothin'. Now, ef you say you'll have me, darned ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!" Sally made a non-committed reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

MONSIEUR VEAUDEVILLE was one of the most remarkable men in Paris for his avarice. In the year 1785 he was worth one million sterling. At the age of seventy-two he contracted a fever, which obliged him to send, for the first time in his life, for a surgeon to bleed him, who, asking him tenpence for the operation, was dismissed. He sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand. He sent for a barber, who agreed to undertake the operation for threepence a time. "But," said the stingy old fellow, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"—"Three times," answered the barber. "And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces," was the answer. "That will be ninepence; too much, too much," said the miser. "I have determined to adopt a cheaper way; take the whole quantity you designed to take at three times at one, and it will save me sixpence."

This being insisted upon he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, which caused his death in a few days, and he left his immense property to the king.

THE Vermont Patriot tells a story of an old usurer who went one day to visit a former borrower, who had since fortunately grown from poverty to independence. They went into the garden. Passing along a walk flanked on either side with flowers of great beauty the visitor made no remark until he came to a potato patch, when he exclaimed:

"My friend, you'll have a fine crop of potatoes there."

"That's just like you," said the proprietor; "when gentlemen and ladies pass through my garden they look at the flowers; but when a hog comes in, all he can see is potatoes!"

A MISER who had been sent to purgatory for his avarice heaved a deep sigh as he crossed the threshold. "What, repenting already?" cried one of the imps in attendance. "O, I was only thinking of what a prodigious waste of fuel you have here," answered Saveall; "I would engage to heat the place thoroughly with two-thirds of the fuel."

AN avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner. Just as the guests sat down a piercing shriek was heard in the court-yard. The host hurried out, and returned pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood. "What is it?" was the inquiry. "Alas!" he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, "has met with a terrible accident, he was knocked down by a cart, grievously wounded. Let us aid him." A collection was taken up, and the guests contributed 1200 francs. Generous souls! It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

A MISERLY old fellow has hit upon an experiment to save candles. He uses the "light of other days."

A VERY covetous man lost his only son James. The minister came to comfort him, and remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; that although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping but still provident father, "Jim was a monstrous eater!"

AN Iowa orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said:—"I have heard that some persons hold the opinion that just at the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent thar, and I find that, for some hours before he drew breath, nobody died. Fellow citizens, I will now leave you to draw the inference."

AN unfortunate fellow went to a miser and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."

THE following is Aunt Betsy's description of her milkman:—"He is the meanest man in the world!" she exclaimed; "he skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

A MISERLY church member, becoming excited by a sudden burst of eloquence from his minister, clapped his hands, and shouted out: "Thank God for a free gospel! Twenty-five years have I been a church member, and it has not cost me as many coppers!"—"And may the Lord forgive your stingy soul!" exclaimed the preacher.

THE gentlest taskmaster we ever heard of was a blacksmith, who used to say every evening to his apprentices, "Come, boys, let's leave off work, and go to sawing wood." That blacksmith must be a brother of the farmer down East, who, one season when he was building a new house, used to try to get his hired men out with him to play "dig cellar by moonlight."

WE heard an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Burchard, the revivalist, quite characteristic of some minds. Mr. Burchard had preached in a certain town with great power, and among others converted were two daughters of a rich, close-fisted farmer, and, the story says, a member of the church. When Mr. Burchard was about to leave, a contribution was proposed to defray his expenses, and, among the rest, this farmer steps up and thanks Mr. Burchard for his efforts, and saying that he felt it a duty and privilege under the circumstances to contribute something, gave twenty-five cents. "Two shillings!" said the divine, "for the salvation of your two daughters! Very well, it is dear at that, if their souls are as small as yours."

A MISER threatened to give a laborer some blows with a stick. "I don't believe you," said the other, "for I never knew you to give anything."

FOOTE expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye if he could sell the timber.

A YOUNG man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hope of finding another. And in the course of a long life, he did pick up, at different times, a good amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along.

A STORY illustrating the disgusting meanness of some persons comes from New Bedford. In this place, as in many others, it is the custom for people to procure goods from a store, to be returned if not satisfactory. A woman went to one of the dry-goods stores there recently, and selected a pair of white silk gloves, to be kept if they suited. Two or three days afterward, they were returned with the remark that they did not suit; and subsequently the fact came out, that the gloves were used to grace the hands of a corpse dressed for the grave, and were removed before its interment, and returned to the storekeeper.

A LADY fell into a river, and a poor boy rescued her. When she was safe, her husband handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, the boy said, as he pocketed the coin: "Well, don't blame the gentleman, he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me a sovereign."

THE customers of a certain cooper caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work.

"I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quitted the business in disgust."

AN eccentric German was noted for making and keeping good cider, and extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors when they called to see him. A travelling Yankee, who heard this of him, resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his orchard, very casually remarked: "I hear, Mr. Von Dam, that you make excellent cider."—"Yesh, yesh, I dosh. Hans bring cider shug." The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider and placed it on the table before his father. The farmer raised it with both hands, and gluing his lips to the brim, he drained it to the bottom, then handing the empty jug to the dry, thirsty Yankee, he quietly observed: "Dare! if you don't plieve dat ish good cider, shust you shmell de shug."

OLD Ira Thornton was a dreadfully mean man, and had difficulty sometimes in drawing his breath, because he begrudged the air necessary for that operation. One day the old fellow was at work upon the high beams of his barn, when he lost his balance and fell heavily upon the floor, twenty feet below. He was taken up for dead, with a fractured skull, and carried into the house. All efforts to bring him to consciousness were unavailing, and the doctor was called. Finally, the doctor, having trepanned him, turned and asked Mrs. Thornton for a silver dollar to put in where the piece of skull was wanting. At this remark, Ira, who had been breathing heavily, turned in bed and groaned out: "Wouldn't a cent do as well?"

IT was a very common remark of Colonel K., of Oregon, that certain persons were "mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog."

A PAPER tells of a "note shaver" who keeps the trunk containing his securities near the head of his bed, and lies awake to hear them draw interest.

AN Eastern paper tells a good anecdote of an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles called "human nature." It was a Christmas Eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant: "It's a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, fill it full of wood, pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip." These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scip was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again:— "Stop, Scip. You need not go now. The weather has moderated!"

COVETOUS people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and to give a paltry sum to benevolent objects under cover of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such: —A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution. "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose?" said the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued: "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?"—"Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me, then, a check for thirty-five thousand; that will be just half as much as the widow gave, for she gave all she had." It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

A LITTLE boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who was one day walking out with the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: "Oh, doggie, doggie! and did ye liv wi' your uncle tae, that ye are sae thin?"

MICHAEL BAIRD, who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miserable miser. His father left him a farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. Michael kept tavern a number of years, married, and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he reserved so tenaciously that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his children. He never was known to lay out one dollar in cash for any article he might be in need of. He would either do without it, or find some person who would barter with him for something which he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely, and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whiskey to Baltimore, where, when he could not sell for money to suit him, he bartered for necessaries for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth $400,000.

Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage that could be given as a security he would not lend a cent. He never vested a dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded $250,000 in gold and silver.

The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him twelve dollars a bushel for one hundred and ten bushels of clover seed, but he would not do it for less than thirteen dollars, and they did not agree.

The seed was afterward sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for seven dollars a bushel, and brought, in the whole, five hundred and fifty dollars less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale he walked through his farm, went to his distillery and gave directions to his people; he then went to his wagon-house and hanged himself.

THE following anecdote of M. Seligmann, an eminent violoncello player, is narrated by a Paris journalist:

M. Seligmann was in Germany, going from one watering-place to another, and giving concerts wherever he went. One day he halted for repose in some small village, whose name I cannot recall. It happened to be Sunday. He went into a beer-shop, which was crowded with people making holiday by swilling beer. It is the custom in Germany for strolling musicians to enter places of this sort and charm the descent of the beer with noises approaching as nearly as might be to music; these on the violin, those on the guitar, others on the flute. M. Seligmann had not been many minutes in his place, when what should he see but a violoncello player enter the room, lugging his instrument on his back, as a French porter would carry your trunk. M. Seligmann smiled as if to say, "That aint the way I do," but the smile gave way to commiseration when he heard the fellow torture the strings. It is questionable whether the cats themselves during life made more hideous noises than this fellow managed to draw from their entrails. A murmur of disapprobation accompanied this—will you allow me to call them so—catawauls, and the chances seemed to be that he would make but a small harvest of copper coins that day.

The man's face lengthened as the censure became louder. At last, M. Seligmann, touched by the fellow's misery, said to him, "Give me your place." He rose, took the violoncello, sat in the fellow's seat, and played as he was wont to play, for he was an excellent performer on that instrument. After playing two pieces which he had found met with most favor in Germany, he gave the violoncello to the itinerant performer and returned to his seat, the beer-shop ringing with applause. The strolling musician went around the room to collect more substantial evidence of satisfaction. Copper coins fell fast into his cap. M. Seligmann gave as well as the rest. The collection ended and placed in his breeches pocket, the mendicant artist went to M. Seligmann (whom he had seen place money in his cap), and looking him full in the face, whined, "And aint you goin' to give me nothin' for the use of my violoncello, man?"—"I beg your pardon, monsieur," replied M. Seligmann, as soon as he had recovered a little from the shock such a speech gave him, "I entirely forgot that." He gave him a florin.

PAGANINI, the celebrated violinist, was a miser by nature. The day before his death, relates a recent French writer, he called his servant to him.

"Zulietta," said he, "I have a mind to eat pigeon."

"Very well, sir," said she, "but I've no money; let me have twelve cents."

"Twelve cents," he repeated, shrugging up his shoulders; "twelve cents! it's too dear, Zulietta—try, at any rate, my dear, to get one for eight, for you know there are a great many little bones in pigeons."

A PARSON being told by a generous farmer that he would give him a barrel of cider, asked him if he would bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the farmer, "with very great pleasure."—"Well," said the careful man, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the cider is gone?"

J. B. WAS a stingy old creature, eager for money, but he was a zealous member of church, and ostentatious in his religious exercises. "John," said Catharine to her brother, "what could have made that stingy old wretch a Christian?"—"I can tell you," said John, "he has read that the streets of New Jerusalem are paved with gold, and he is determined to get there."

MR. TICKNESSE being in a great want for money, applied to his son (Lord Audley) for assistance, but, being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall in the same street, directly opposite his lordship's house, and had a board put up with these words upon it: "Boots and shoes made and mended by Philip Ticknesse, father of Lord Audley." This answered the purpose, and he was supplied with everything he wanted on condition of leaving the stall.

THE following instances of miserly persons are given by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie:

John Elwes was nephew of Sir Hervey Elwes, baronet, who died in 1763, and was himself a miser, having maintained his household on $550 a year, at a time when his fortune was at least $1,250,000, beside a landed estate. Sir Hervey, though he disliked society, was a member of a club, which occasionally met in his own village of Stoke, in Suffolk. To this also belonged two other baronets, namely, Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. To these three—all of them very rich and miserly—the amount of the reckoning was a matter of anxiety. One evening, while they were discussing the items and proportioning the respective amounts of payment, they were so loud that a member, in the street, called out to another:—"For heaven's sake, step up stairs and assist the poor! Here are three baronets, worth a million sterling, quarrelling about a halfpenny!" Elwes' mother is said to have starved herself to death, though her fortune was $500,000. John Elwes inherited the property of mother and uncle, large estates, with $1,750,000 in cash. He had been educated at Westminster school, and, partly to curry favor with his uncle, and also because avarice was hereditary in the family, used to dress badly, and walk on cold days up and down the great hall to save the expense of fire. Once possessed of the money he plunged into extravagance and meanness—playing cards all night for thousands, and going to Smithfield Market early in the morning to meet a drove of his cattle from the country, and, in the cold or rain, standing haggling there with a butcher for a shilling. He, too, was a member of the House of Commons, and used to ride on horseback from Berkshire to London, living on hard-boiled eggs and crusts of bread, to save inn expenses, taking the roads on which turnpikes were fewest, and feeding his horse on the grass from the road-side hedges. He knew nothing of accounts, trusted everything to his memory, was the prey of sharpers, who baited him with promises of high interest, and lent freely to peers and members of Parliament, losing $750,000 by them alone. But he would walk five miles in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a ride in a hackney-coach, and would then sit in his wet clothes rather than light a fire to dry them. In those days every gentleman wore a wig. Elwes used one which had been thrown into the street as worn out, and, after some years, when it was completely dilapidated, wore his own hair to save the purchase of a new or even second-hand peruke. In London, where he had a great many houses, he would live in one which was unlet—his furniture consisting of a couple of beds, two chairs, a table, and an old woman (she died of starvation), who cooked for him. He died in 1789, aged seventy-seven, leaving $4,000,000 to his sons and grand-nephew.

"Blewberry" Jones, who was a curate of Blewberry for forty-three years, never had a domestic servant, and wore the same coat all the time, helping himself, when occasion required, to an old hat from a scare-crow in the corn-fields. He had a single shirt, constantly in wear, washed by his own hands every three months, and taken off at night, to prevent its being too soon worn out. His housekeeping cost him half-a-crown a week, and though his income was only two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, he contrived to accumulate a large sum.

"Plum" Turner and "Vulture" Hopkins have been immortalized in Pope's "Moral Essays." Turner was a Turkey merchant in London, who, when worth $1,500,000, laid down his coach, because the rate of interest was reduced one per cent., and on losing a large sum of money, took to his chamber, which he never quitted in life. John Hopkins, called "Vulture" from his rapacity, also was a merchant in London; he accumulated $1,500,000, which he bequeathed so as not to be inherited until after the second generation. Having called upon Thomas Guy (who subsequently founded and endowed Guy's Hospital), that worthy, on his entrance, lighted a farthing candle, but soon extinguished it, saying, "as you have not come on business we can talk in the dark."

Lord Eldon, who was Lord Chancellor for a quarter of a century, and had amassed at least as much wealth as Lord Hardwicke, having to give a grand dinner to George IV., went to the unusual expense of giving a guinea for a fine turbot. As his wife was even more miserly than himself, he told her that it had cost only half a guinea. At dinner, where the turbot should have been, there was only a codfish, which had cost half a crown. When the guests retired, Eldon inquired what had become of the turbot. The answer was: "Lady Ellenborough called to-day, and said she had been unable to buy a turbot; so I gave her ours for twelve shillings, which was eighteen pence more than it cost." Eldon dared not tell her that they had lost nine shillings by the traffic, besides giving royalty a mean set-out.

An old bachelor, possessed of a fortune of $50,000, meeting a friend one day, began to harangue him very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, and gave the following instance of it:—"About three years ago," said he, "by a very odd accident I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing before I could prevail upon a heartless and grasping dog of a laborer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having twenty-five cents for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing if he had not seen me at the last gasp; and I determined rather to die than submit to his extortion."

Mark Twain produces one of the most striking cases of meanness on record. He says he knows of an "incorporated society" which hired a man to blast a rock, and he was punching powder in it with a crowbar when a premature explosion followed, sending the man and crowbar out of sight. Both came down again all right, and the man went to work again promptly. But though he was gone only fifteen minutes, the company "docked him for lost time."

A stingy old gentleman was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit, facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, his ear-trumpet directed upward toward the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself: "I'll give ten dollars;" again he said: "I'll give fifteen." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now the boxes were passed. As they moved along his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," he said, "this won't do. I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know he was heard. In the agony of the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it:

"Now squirm, old natur'!"

The meanest man in the world lived in New Jersey. In helping him out of a river once, a man tore the collar of his coat. The next day he sued him for assault and battery.

A certain preacher at Appleton, Wisconsin, made the following comparison in dissecting the miser: "The soul of a miser is so shrivelled that it would have more room to play in a grain of mustard-seed than a bull-frog would in Lake Michigan."

There was a miser who, when he sent his man to the cellar for wine, made him fill his mouth with water which he was to spit out on his return to show he had drunk no wine. But the servant kept a pitcher of water in the cellar, wherewith, after taking his fill of the better drink, he managed to deceive his master.

One of the nights when Mrs. Siddons first performed at Drury Lane, a boy, in his eagerness to get in the first row in the shilling gallery, fell over into the pit and was dangerously hurt. The manager of the theatre ordered the lad to be conveyed to a lodging, where he was attended by their own physician; but notwithstanding all their attention, he died, and was decently buried at the expense of the theatre. The mother came to the play-house to thank the managers, and they gave her his clothes, and at the same time presented her with five guineas, for which she returned a courtesy, but with some hesitation added: "They had forgotten to return her the shilling which Billy had paid for coming in."

"O **you** stingy old skin!" said a runner to a competitor, before a whole depot full of bystanders; "I knew you when you used to hire your children to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep you'd go up and steal their pennies to hire 'em with again the next night."

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser, "I have tried various means for getting fatter; but without success."—"Have you tried victuals?" inquired the friend.

An old bachelor promised to give a young lady a pony for a kiss. She gave him the kiss, much to his surprise, but he refused to give her the pony. She sued him, he pleaded "no consideration," but the court held that a kiss is a "valid consideration," so the sneak had to "pony over."

"**We** see," said Swift in one of his sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches, by the people he gives them to."

An avaricious man out West is reported to make a practice of always riding in the last seat of a railway train, to save the interest on his fare until the conductor gets round to him.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,

and all through the singing fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ITEMS AND ANECDOTES.

Mr. Wilberforce, in the recollections of his parliamentary life, related that "Fox used sometimes to roll on at full tear in the House of Commons for two or three hours." Rogers, in his "Table Talk," says he had often known Fox to take up the candle to go to bed, and stand talking till it had burnt out in the socket.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Whitefield to the same effect. The night before his death he arrived at the house of Rev. Mr. Parsons, in Newburyport, after a week of abundant labors at Exeter and elsewhere. His coming was soon known. Before he had finished his supper, a crowd surrounded the house, and found their way into the entry. Whitefield, quite exhausted, rose from the table, and said to a minister present, "Brother, you must speak a word to these good people; I can do no more." He then took a candle, and set off hurriedly for his chamber. But he had to pass through the hall, and as he ascended the stairs, looking down upon the crowd whom the word of life from his own lips had stirred up to the inquiry, "What must we do to be saved?" how could he pass them in silence? He could not. He turned on the stairs to commend those anxious souls to the Saviour, and continued speaking till the candle burnt down and went out—an emblem of his own laborious life, which in giving light to others consumed itself. Those were his last words. He went to bed, and expired the next morning about six o'clock, in one of his paroxysms of asthma.

The eloquence of both these remarkable men was an illustration of that divine maxim, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Fox, the statesman, patriot, and scholar, poured out inexhaustibly the themes and thoughts of which his heart was full. So did Whitefield, the Christian preacher, rich in the words of Christ, and burning with love to the souls of men. Here is the true source of fluency—a mind full of thought, a heart full of emotion. The best preparation to speak to others of divine things, is thus the highest mental and spiritual culture in ourselves. "Cultivate a tender love of souls," said Doddridge to his students, "that will make you eloquent." "Meditate on these things," said Paul to young Timothy; "give thyself wholly to them—that thy profiting may appear to all." Apollos was "mighty in the Scriptures," and "fervent in spirit," and therefore "an eloquent man." Let hearts be as quivers, full of the arrows of God, and let them fly on this side and on that; for they are like the arrows fabled by the ancient poet to be gifted with intelligence, and longing to reach their mark.

A GOOD story is related of a conductor on a railroad, who was a strict church-going man, and was always found promptly in his church on the Sabbath. One Saturday evening his train was in very late, and he did not take his customary amount of sleep, which, however, did not prevent his attending divine service as usual. During the sermon he unwittingly fell into a troubled sleep, soothed by the monotonous voice of the clergyman. All at once he sprang from his seat, thrust his hat under his arm, and giving his neighbor in front a push, shouted, "Ticket, sir!" The startled neighbor also sprang to his feet, which thoroughly aroused the conductor, who, looking wildly around, and seeing all eyes turned toward him, instantly comprehended his position, and "slid," amid a suppressed titter from the whole congregation.

THE Spartans never entered the field of battle without first imploring the help of the god by public sacrifices and prayers, and when that was done they marched forward with a perfect confidence and expectation of success, even as though the gods were present and fighting for them.

IT is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

AN English Dissenting minister thus enforces Christian charity:

"A very eminent painter. in ancient Macedonia, was requested by Alexander the Great to sketch his likeness. Alexander had a scar upon his brow, the result of a sword thrust on the field of battle. The perplexity of the painter was how to sketch the royal personage, and yet not to show this deformity or scar. He hit upon the happy expedient of representing the monarch seated on his throne, leaning on his forefinger. and the forefinger placed upon the scar on his forehead, and thus he preserved a perfect likeness, and yet concealed the defect. When we sketch the Church of England. let us lay our hand upon its scar, and when the Church of England sketches us, let it lay its finger of charity upon our scar, for we have one too; and when we sketch the Dissenters let us lay the finger of love upon their scar, and let us preserve and set forth the beauty of each—let us merge and forget the deformity that cleaves more or less to us all."

TACITUS says: "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks: "When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The very first man born in the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?"

"IF ever I reach heaven," said the eminently pious Dr. Watts. "I expect to find three wonders there. First. to meet some I had not expected to meet there; second, to miss some whom I had expected to find there; but, third, the greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

MATTHEW is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece. John was put into a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia. James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death. Philip was beheaded. Bartholomew was skinned alive. Andrew was crucified. Thomas was run through with a lance. Jude was shot through with arrows. Simon was crucified. Matthias was stoned. Barnabas was stoned to death. Peter, after his release, journeyed to Rome, where he held at bay all the secret artifices of the people, and even confounded the magical qualities of Simon, the entertainer and pleasure-maker of Nero, the emperor. He also converted one of that monarch's concubines to Christianity, which so fearfully enraged that tyrant that he ordered both Peter and Paul to be arrested. Peter was taken out of prison for execution, which was carried into effect by being fearfully scourged and crucified with his head downwards. Paul was afterwards beheaded by Nero's successor.

A REMARKABLE instance of resignation was discovered on one particular occasion in the conduct of Archbishop Fenelon. When his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his court, in all the pomp of silent sadness stood around, the archbishop came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out at length in words to this effect: "There lies my beloved prince, for whom my affections were equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parents. Nor were my affections lost: he loved me in return with all the ardor of a son. There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God."

WHEN our Lord turned water into wine, he did nothing more mysterious, nothing greater or more divine, than when he now, before our eyes, turns common water into the sweet sap of the maple and of the sugar-cane, or into the delicious juice of the pomegranate, or when he changes the materials of earth and water into the luscious pulp of the apple and the peach, or the nourishing farina of the potato, the maize, and the wheat. If we plant together a grain of sand and a grain of corn, it is no art of skill or power of ours that makes the one to remain unchanged in soil, and the other to break forth in roots and stalks and "bring forth fruit after its kind." It is only the direct power of God himself that thus works. The power that changes a single grain of corn or wheat into a thousand grains, is the same that changed the "seven loaves" into bread enough to feed four thousand men, besides the seven baskets full of fragments that were left. When this exercise of power occurs in a way that is not repeated, we call it a miracle. But when it is repeated daily, hourly, all the time, all around us, we call it Providence, or nature, or the laws of matter. But, in truth, in the one case as in the other, it is God our Father, working as he wills, for the good of his children. And well may we, in this sense, call our God our Lord. The loaf on my table tells me as distinctly of him as did the loaves, multiplying visibly in the hands of Jesus, tell those rude mountaineers of Galilee that they were standing in the presence of a most gracious and powerful Benefactor.

A CHARITY-SERMON was once commenced by a dean of St. Paul's as follows: — "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human natures; A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

A LITTLE boy, upon asking his mother how many Gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother: "Why, one, to be sure."—"But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any other."

A TRAVELLER who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what has been well done is done forever. When he does evil the angel on the left shoulder writes it down, and he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims: 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but, if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

A CURIOUS edition of the New Testament was published in 1552, with many wood-cuts of singular character. The engraving to the 8th chapter of St. Matthew represents the devil with a wooden leg sowing tares.

AT one of the Ragged Schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question: "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty rags, jumped up and said: "Plase, your riverince, it is to be clane inside."

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Whoever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals, that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were trained in their earliest boyhood to be industrious.

GARRICK said he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "Oh!" as well as Whitefield.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Methodist paper, published at Richmond, Virginia, encloses five hundred dollars for missions, and says: "About ten years ago I began the world with what I saved from my wages for attending a store; and about the same time I read in the Christian Advocate an account of certain resolutions of a Mr. Cobb, a member of the Baptist church in Boston, and I concluded, by the grace of God, not only to follow his plan, but also the example and advice of Mr. Wesley, to make all you can, save all you can, and give all you can."

ONE of Dean Trench's sermons on the subject, "What we can and cannot carry away when we die, commences thus appositely:—"Alexander the Great, being upon his death-bed, commanded that when he was carried forth to his grave his hands should not be wrapped, as was usual, in the cere-clothes, but should be left outside the bier, that all men might see them, and might see that they were empty."

"WELL, Cato, what ground have you for believing yourself a true Christian?" said a minister one day to an old colored man, whose life was not in harmony with his profession. "Been baptized, massa," replied Cato, placing marked emphasis on the word baptized. The minister vainly tried to convince Cato that mere baptism could not make him a Christian. Cato was stubborn on this point, for he had been taught that the water of baptism cleansed the heart of its sinfulness. He believed in baptismal regeneration. The poor fellow knew nothing of the work of the Holy Spirit on the heart. Just then a happy thought struck the minister's mind. He led Cato into his study, took an empty ink-bottle from the shelf, and, holding it up, said: "Cato, do you suppose I can clean this bottle by washing the outside with water?"—"No, massa; you must wash de inside too, if you would have him clean," said Cato, with a grin of self-approval. "Very good, Cato," rejoined the minister; "now do you suppose that water applied to the outside of the body of a man can cleanse sin from his heart which is within him?"—"I see it now, massa, I see it," said Cato, placing his hand on his brow. "My heart be like de inside of dat bottle. Baptism no cleanse de inside. Ise will seek de power of de Holy Spirit to make my heart clean inside." Thus, by means of an old ink-bottle, did this worthy minister overthrow Cato's faith in the dogma of baptismal regeneration, and led him to seek the inward washing, of which baptism is only the symbol.

SHE was an ignorant slave, but a pious old woman, who yielded to temptation and stole a goose, which she cooked for her table. Her master rebuked her for the theft, but she was quite stubborn about it for a while. The next day being Sunday, her master saw her at the communion table, and afterwards sent for her and said: "Why, Hannah, I saw you today at the communion table."—"Yes, thank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dare wid de rest o' his family."—"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there!" he said. "How is it about that goose?" She looked a little surprised, as if she did not comprehend the cause of his wonder; but soon catching his meaning, exclaimed: "Why, sar, do you think I'm going to let an old goose stand between me and my Master?" She had repented, we hope, and now was looking not to her sin, but to him who takes away sin, whose blood alone cleanses from all sin.

THE following little fable contains a deal of wisdom; and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society—will do well to remember it, and govern themselves accordingly:

A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting. "How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"—'Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

DEACON C., of Hartford, Conn., was well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact, it was remarkable for its length. On one occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation, every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, lying on the floor, picked it up, and stuck it on again. But alas! for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read: "Warranted to hold out 200 yards."

Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.

"MOTHER," said a young blackbird, looking out of his hole in the wall, one cold winter's day, "what has become of all the flowers?"—"They are withered and dead, my son."—"And what has become of all the fruits, mother?"—"They are gathered and gone, my son."—"And the beautiful flies, mother, with the colored wings, where are they?"—"Perished, all perished, my son."—"O mother, how dreary it is, then! we have nothing at all left."—"Well," said the old bird, "it is dreary now; but look up at the sun that shines in the heavens: he still remains to us, and, when his time comes to work, will restore to us the flowers and the fruits, and the painted flies, and all our needful food; and therefore let us wait patiently, my son, for in him we have all things, though now hidden from us."

THE little parish of Yellowdale farmers had long been without a minister. One day Rev. Mr. Surely visited the village, and was asked to stay over Sunday and preach to them. The people were pleased with his sermons, and some were anxious to have him stop. A meeting was called to know the mind of the parish. "I don't see any use in having a minister," said Sharp, a rich old farmer. "A parson can't learn me anything. If we've any money to spare, we better lay it out in something that will bring a fairer return." The Sabbath-loving part of the people argued strongly against him. "Well," answered Sharp, not choosing to show himself convinced, "I've heard tell of ministers that could pray for rain, and bring it; if we could hit on one of that sort I'd go in for hiring him."

Mr. Sharp was a man of consequence, and the younger and less knowing of his neighbors were quite taken with the idea. "That would be a minister worth having," they thought. And after much talk, it was agreed to have Mr. Surely upon this condition—that he would give them rain, or fair weather, when they wanted it; for their farms often suffered both from severe droughts and heavy rains. Mr. Surely was immediately waited upon by a committee of the parish, who soon came back, bringing the minister with them. "I will accept your terms upon one condition," said he, "that you must agree upon what sort of weather you want." This appeared reasonable, and matters were arranged for a year's stay at Yellowdale.

Weeks passed on, bringing midsummer heats. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl with drought. Now for the minister's promise. "Come," said Sharp, with one or two others, whose hilly farms were suffering, "we need rain; you remember your promise."—"Certainly," answered the minister, "call a meeting." A meeting was called. "Now, my friends," said the pastor, "what is it you want?"—"Rain, rain," shouted half a dozen voices. "Very well, when will you have it?"—"This very night, all night long," said Sharp, to which several assented. "No, no; not to-night," cried Mr. Smith. "I've six or seven tons of well-made hay out. I would not have it wet for anything."—"So have I," added Mr. Peck. "No rain to-night."—"Will you take it to-morrow?" asked the minister. But it would take all to-morrow to get it in. So objection came up for the two or three next days. "In four days, then?" said Mr. Surely. "Yes," cried Sharp, "all the hay will be in, and no more be cut till——"—"Stop, stop," cried Mrs. Sharp, pulling her husband smartly by the sleeve, "that day we have set to go to Snowhill. It musn't rain then." In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for it was found quite impossible to agree. "Until you make up your minds," said the pastor, on leaving, "we must all trust in the Lord."

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay in, but the day the Sharps were to go to Snowhill it began to rain in good earnest. Sharp lost his visit, but his crops gained. And so it happened once or twice again. The year rolled by, and the people could never all agree upon what kind of weather they wanted. Mr. Surely, of course, had no occasion to fulfil his part of the contract, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it. They saw that nature's laws could be safely trusted in the hands of nature's God. At the close of the year the minister spoke of leaving. This the people would not listen to. "But I cannot stay under the old contract," said he. "Nor do we want you to," said Sharp, much humbled; "only stay and teach us and our children how to know God and obey his laws."—"And all things above our proper sphere," added the pastor, "we will leave with God; for 'he doeth all things well.'"

A WESTERN paper says: We have an acquaintance, an old gentleman, whose little folks pester him very much with conundrums. He got into a doze the other evening at church, but recovered himself partially just as the preacher gave out the text:—"How are the mighty fallen!" which he repeated, "How are the mighty fallen!" Imagine the astonishment of the preacher and the congregation when the old gentleman looked up inquiringly, and in a meek tone replied: "I give it up!"

HERE is the rich man's son, who has been educated at great expense and pains, and who has graduated from college, and has come out a gentleman. He has studied not with a view to fit himself for any avocation in life, but with a view of being a gentleman. He reads not for the sake of knowing anything, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself:

"What shall I do for a living?"

He asks his feet, and his feet say

"I do not know."

He asks his hands, and they say:

"I do not know."

He asks his head, and it says:

"I never learned anything about how to get a living."

There is but one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could anything be more useless than such a person? Can there be anything more pitiable than such histories? And yet they are happening every day.

A GENTLEMAN, when residing in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth, asked her where she went to church, and what she heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?"—"Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

WHAT an exquisitely delicate precept is that of the Hindoo law which says, "Strike not, even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a hundred faults."

NATURE, where she plants vegetable poisons, generally provides an antidote; so, in the moral world, she causes sympathies to spring up by the side of antipathies. Outward politeness can be learned in set forms at school, for at the best it will be hollow and deceptive. Genuine politeness, like everything else genuine, comes from the heart. One by one the objects of our affections depart from us; but our affections remain, and, like vines, stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. Harsh words are like hail-stones, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down. "Being our own masters" sometimes means that we are to be the slaves of our own follies, caprices, and passions.

A SERMON of sermons:

Nay, ladies and gentlemen, be not alarmed at the title, you never heard or read a shorter in your lives, nor a truer—a bold assertion you will say—to the proof then.

Text from Job—"Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

I shall divide the discourse into, and consider it under the following heads:

First. Man's ingress into the world.

Secondly. His progress through the world.

Thirdly, and lastly. His egress out of the world.

And first. Man's ingress into the world—is naked and bare.

Secondly. His progress through the world is trouble and care.

Thirdly, and lastly. His egress out of the world is—nobody knows where.

But to conclude—

If we do well here, happen what will I cannot fear;
I can tell you no more if I preach for a whole year.

"FRIEND MALLABY, I am pleased that thee has got such a fine organ in thy church."—"But," said the clergyman, "I thought you were strongly opposed to having an organ in a church."—"So I am," said friend Obadiah; "but, then, if thee will worship the Lord by machinery, I would like thee to have a first-rate instrument."

BARNUM was always ready with a good story. One of them is the following, which is told of Elias Howe, jr., who was very active in fitting out regiments for the war. Mr. Howe spent thousands of dollars in this way, and took so great an interest in military affairs that he had but little time to attend to anything else. One day a very worthy Connecticut deacon called upon the gentleman with a subscription list. He wanted Mr. Howe to give something towards erecting a new church. "A new church," replied Howe, "ah, a new church! I don't think I can give anything, because I am spending all my spare money for the war. Can think of nothing else." The deacon looked despondent. Mr. Howe seemed firm in his determination not to give a red. At last he asked the deacon what the new church was to be called. "The Church of St. Peter," was the reply. "Ah, the Church of St. Peter," replied Howe. "Well, as St. Peter was the only fighting apostle in the lot, I guess I'll have to give him something. But I can't do much even for St. Peter, as my time and money must be almost entirely devoted to Saltpetre."

A YOUNG man who carried a collecting plate after the service in church, before starting put his hand in his pocket and put, as he supposed, a shilling on the plate, and then passed it round among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the man, taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation lozenger on the plate with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face.

CONCERNING "hollering" in meeting, Aunt Judy, an old colored woman, said to one of her sisters: — "'Taint de rale grace, honey; 'taint de sure glory. You hollers too loud. When you git de dove in your heart and de lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as ef you was in dat stable in Bethl'em, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleepin' baby to hold."

A MINISTER travelling along a Texas road, met a stranger driving his wagon, which was drawn by four oxen. As the minister approached, he heard the driver say: "Get up, Presbyterian! Gee, Campbellite! Haw, Baptist! What are you doing, Methodist?" The minister, struck with the singularity of such names being given to oxen, remarked: "Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they have such names given them?" The driver replied: "I call that lead ox in front Presbyterian because he is true blue, and never fails. He believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end; and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go on his way, until he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey had ended. This off ox is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water, but is constantly looking on one side and then on the other, and at everything that comes near him. The other, which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and great ado, and you would think he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound."

AN old French countess, of the most exquisite politeness, was about to breathe her last, when she received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of her mortal illness. The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was eminently unique:

"The Countess de Rouen sends her compliments to Madame de Calais, but begs to be excused, as she is engaged in dying."

AN old lady who was in a carriage when the horses were running away, said she had perfect trust in Providence till the harness broke, and then she gave right up.

"I WISH I could prevail on neighbor Rip to keep the Sabbath," said good old Mrs. Jones. "I'll tell you how to do it," exclaimed young Smith, "get somebody to lend it to him, and I'll be bound that he'll keep it, as he never was known to return anything he borrowed."

The Methodist contains an article upon the present condition of the Jews throughout the world, from which we extract the following interesting facts and figures:

"Dr. Pressel, in writing of the present condition of the Jewish people, arranges them into three classes, according to the countries over which they are dispersed. The first class, inhabiting the interior of Africa, Arabia, India, and China, occupies the lowest stage of civilization. These Jews are semi-barbarous and ignorant of their own literature, history, and religion, with which they often mix up various heathen rites.

"The second and most numerous class is in Northern Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, Poland, Russia, and parts of Austria. It embraces the bigoted, strictly orthodox, and Talmudical Jews, including the sect of the Chasidim, or 'pious' (the representatives of the 'Zealots' of Josephus), to the number of about one million, and the Karaites, who rejected all rabbinical traditions. The vast majority of these Jews are extremely ignorant on all but Jewish learning.

"The third class is represented by the Jews of Central and Western Europe and of the United States.

"As to longevity, the results are largely in favor of the Jew—the average duration of life being, according to Dr. M. Levy, an eminent French physician, twenty-six years among the Gentiles, and thirty-seven among the Jews."

On one occasion, it is related of Dr. Mason, of New York, that after the delivery of a discourse appointed for the day, and which he and others were expected to criticise, he was observed to remain silent much longer than usual for him on similar occasions, apparently absorbed in thought, and hesitating whether to express his opinion of the performance or not. At length he was appealed to by some one, and asked whether he had any remarks to make. He arose and said:—"I admire the sermon for the beauty of its style, for the splendor of its imagery, for the correctness of its sentiments, and for the point of its arguments; but, sir, it wanted one thing," and pausing till the eyes of all were fixed upon him, he added: "It needed to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to entitle it to the name of a Christian sermon."

There is a story of a travelling preacher, whose opinions with regard to horseflesh were quite as ready and orthodox as were the views of scriptural doctrine with which he enlightened his backwoods audiences. This preacher once stopped at the house of a brother of the same faith, who had reared a beautiful colt. Between the two services on Sunday the two ministers visited the barn of the resident preacher, where the latter introduced his promising colt to his travelling brother. The guest was so much delighted at the fine points of the animal that he could not restrain himself, and he immediately blurted out the question:—"Suppose it were not the Sabbath, Brother S., how would you trade?"

Louis XIV. showed Himgrew, the wit, his picture of the crucifixion between two portraits. "That on the right," added his majesty, "is the pope, and that on the left is myself."

"I thank your majesty," replied the wit, "for the information; for though I have often heard that our Lord was crucified between two thieves, I never knew who they were till now."

An amusing incident transpired once at Manchester, New Hampshire, in the Huntington street Baptist church, on the occasion of a magic-lantern exhibition. The scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was exhibited, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sung out: "Burnside crossing the Rappahannock."

An observing traveller, in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave," replied the sexton. "Why, I thought people didn't die often here, do they?"—"O no, sir, they never die but once."

A GENTLEMAN from the country attended church one Sabbath, where they have scientific (quartet) singing, and was surprised at the difference between scientific singing and that he has been accustomed to in the backwoods. He brought a specimen of the style, which he copied from the original:

Waw-kaw, swaw daw aw raw,
Thaw saw thaw law aw waws;
Waw-haw taw thaw raw vaw yaw braw
Aw thaw raw jaw saw aws.

Which rendered into English reads as follows:

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

Our friend says that in the country they are green enough to think it necessary for good singing that the words of the hymn should be sung.

MARTIN LUTHER once visited a dying student, and asked him "what he thought he could take to God, in whose presence he was shortly to appear?" The young man replied: "Everything that is good, dear father."—"Everything that is good," Luther said, "but how can you bring him everything good, seeing that you are but a poor sinner?" The pious youth rejoined: "Dear father. I will take to my God in heaven a penitent, humble heart, sprinkled with the blood of Christ."—"Truly," said Luther, "that is everything good! Then go, dear son, you will be a welcome guest to God."

SOME person asked Charles James Fox what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment."—"The meaning," said he, "I think is clear enough, the man had a habit of swearing."

A MINISTER having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service: "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning had three several readings; I move that it now be passed."

THE Rev. Dr. Griffin used to relate an anecdote of a clergyman who said in the course of a sermon: "My dear hearers, unless you repent of your sins and turn unto God, you will go—go—to a place that it would be indelicate to name before so refined an assembly."—"Such a man," the doctor would add, "ought to be hurled out of the pulpit." A sentimentalism (for the want of a better word) pervades the minds of many men, and begets a taste that savors far more of false delicacy than real refinement or good sense.

"SAL," cried a girl, looking out of a small grocery window, addressing another girl, who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been converted, so when you want milk Sunday morning you'll have to come in the back way."

DID anybody ever hear the story of the bachelors down in Tennessee, who lived a sort of cat-and-dog life, to their neighbors' discomfort, for a good many years, but who had been at camp-meeting, and were slightly converted, and both of them concluded to reform?

"Brother Tom," says one, when they had arrived at their homes, "let us sit down now, and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell me all my faults, and I'll tell you yourn, and so we will know how to go about to mend 'em."—"Good!" said brother Tom. "Well, you begin."—"No, you begin, brother Joe."—"Well, in the first place, you know, brother Tom, you will lie." Crack goes brother Tom's paw between brother Joe's "blinkers," and considerable of a "scrimmage" ensues, until, in course of about ten minutes, neither being able to come to time, reformation is postponed *sine die*.

A GENTLEMAN having been invited by a citizen to attend divine service with him at a fashionable church, the beams, rafters, etc., of which, agreeably to modern custom, are left exposed, was asked, "Well, Mr. ——, how do you like the looks of our new church?"—"Well," was the reply, "after ye git it lathed and plastered, it won't be a very unsightly lookin' consarn."

An Irishwoman in Bristol missed her pig, and after diligent inquiry learned that it was in possession of a highly respectable citizen of the town. She straightway called upon him, when he informed her that the pig had broken through a window into the Episcopal church, where his pigship was found, and if she would pay five dollars damages she could have the pig. She replied: "The pig and the church may go to the ——. I'll pay no five dollars for him if he has turned Protestant."

Kind words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and, perhaps, to cheer by their memory a long, sad life; while words of cruelty or of carelessness are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, hasten to heal it; for life is short—to-morrow may be too late.

The word "selah," which is used in the Psalms seventy-four times, and thrice in the prophecy of Habakkuk, must have some significant meaning, and yet there seems to be much doubt in reference to the matter. It is a Hebrew word, which the translators have left as they found it, because they could not agree as to its meaning. The Targum and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of "eternally," "forever." The voice of the Septuagint translation appears to have regarded it as a musical or rhythmical note. Herner regards it as indicating a change of tone; Matherson as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word "repeat." According to Luther and others, it is equivalent to the exclamation "silence." Gesenius says, "Selah means, Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum, corde* (up, my soul). Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah; they are calls for aid and prayer to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or, if not in the imperative 'Hear, Jehovah!' in the like still earnest addresses to God, that he would remember and hear, etc." The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah, itself, he thinks, is an abridged expression used for Higgaion, indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and selah a vigorous blast of trumpets. Some think the word marks the beginning of a new sense, or a new measure of verses; and others that it joins what follows to that which goes before, and shows that what has been said deserves always to be remembered. Some have thought that selah showed the cessation of the actual inspiration of the psalmist, and others that it is simply a note to indicate the elevation of the voice, and still others that it is equivalent to Amen, be it so, or let it be.

It is related in the life of William Hutton, that a countrywoman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secresy that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, often passing his evenings from home, which made her feel very unhappy; and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought that he could prescribe for it. "The remedy is a simple one," said he; "but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterward she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

Faith was never better illustrated than by the little boy who said, when his mother was brooding over her poverty, "Mamma, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

THE orthodox religion of Japan is Sintoo—all worship the sun. Their belief is that the world was regenerated through the instrumentality and appearance on earth of a female, and after having performed this great and good work, for which, by God, she was ordained, she ascended to heaven and became embodied in the sun. Their national flag is emblematical of their religion, displaying as it does the sun in all its purity upon the white field. There are other sects, and among them the most numerous would appear to be the followers of Buddha. Many suppose that Buddhism is the principal creed, from the fact that its followers number three hundred and twenty millions; this and the Mahometan religion being the principal creed or religion of the nations of the East. The founder of the Buddhist religion was a man called Sakya Sinha, who was born, as was supposed, two thousand four hundred and twenty years before the Christian era. It is not known for a certainty when Buddhism was first introduced into Japan. The statement so often made that Christianity is not at the present in any way tolerated, is a mistake, for the government is far from being intolerant in religious matters. The people of Japan attend very little to religious matters. Religion is a matter of business, which is attended to altogether by the Mikado and his priests. Some of the Japanese attached to the embassy worship Buddha, some Sintoo, some Mahomet, and some worship nothing. The two ambassadors and one of the interpreters are Buddhists; the censor has no particular religion; the vice-governor is partly Sintoo and partly Buddhist.

ROBERT HALL, hearing some worldly-minded persons object to family prayer as taking up too much time, said that what might seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce. It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just."

THE following particulars regarding the Number Seven will be found interesting: In six days creation was perfected, and the 7th was consecrated to rest. On the 7th of the 7th month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand Jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to 7 years apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years; every 7th year the law was directed to be read to the people; Jacob served 7 years for the possession of Rachel, and also another 7 years; Noah had 7 days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens; the ark touched the ground on the 7th month; and in 7 days a dove was sent; and again in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty and 7 years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dreams, by the 7 fat and the 7 lean beasts; and the 7 ears of full corn and the 7 ears of blasted corn. The young animals were to remain with the dam 7 days and at the close of the 7th taken away. By the old law man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times; but the meekness of the last revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to 70 times 7 times. "If Cain shall be avenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 and 7." In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day surrounded the walls 7 times, and after the 7th time the wall fell. Balaam prepared 7 bullocks and 7 rams for a sacrifice; Laban pursued Jacob 7 days' journey; Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness; David, in bringing up the ark, offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams; Elijah sent his servant 7 times to look for the cloud; Hezekiah, in cleansing the temple, offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams and 7 he-goats for a sin-offering. The children of Israel, when Hezekiah took away the strange altars, kept the feast of unleavened bread 7 days, and then again another 7 days.

King Ahasuerus also had 7 chamberlains, a 7 days feast, and sent for the queen on the 7th day; and in the 7th year of his reign she was taken to him. Queen Esther had 7 maids to attend her. Solomon was 7 years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7 days; in the tabernacle were 7 lamps; 7 days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment 7 days; the children of Israel ate unleavened bread for 7 days; Abraham gave 7 ewe lambs to Abimelech as a memorial for a well; Joseph mourned 7 days for Jacob. The rabbins say God employed the power of answering this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word which signifies 7—whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says, that "the barren had brought forth the 7th." In Scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections—the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son, by Elisha; the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Nain; Lazarus, and our blessed Lord. Out of Mary Magdalen were cast 7 devils. The apostles chose 7 deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the 7th after Adam, and Jesus Christ the 77th in a direct line. Our Saviour spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he remained 7 hours; he appeared 7 times; after 7 times 7 days sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 petitions, expressed in 7 times 7 words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. Within this number are contained all the mysteries of the Apocalypse, revealed to the 7 churches of Asia; there appeared 7 golden candlesticks, and 7 stars that were in the hand of him that was in the midst; 7 lamps being the 7 spirits of God. The book with 7 seals: 7 kings; 7 thunders; 7 thousand men slain. The dragon with 7 heads, and the 7 angels bearing 7 vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel, 70 weeks. The fiery furnace was made 7 times hotter for Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego; Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the field 7 years. The elders of Israel were in number 70.

There are also numbered 7 heavens, 7 planets, 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes in music, 7 primary colors, 7 deadly sins, 7 sacraments in the Roman Catholic Church. The 7th son was considered as endowed with preeminent wisdom; the 7th son of a 7th son is still thought by some to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire; and we yet say, "you frighten me out of my 7 senses." Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times 7 man is in the full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time he decays. At eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or threescore years and ten, has by the Royal Prophet been pronounced the natural period of human life. There were 7 chiefs before Thebes. The blood was to be sprinkled 7 times before the altar; Naaman was to be dipped 7 times in Jordan; Apuleius speaks of the dipping of the head 7 times in the sea for purification. In all solemn rites of purgation, dedication, and consecration, the oil or water was 7 times sprinkled. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs, had 7 pillars.

The war of independence occupied 7 years, and Burgoyne surrendered to Gates in 1777; so, as Americans, we have good reason to cherish this hallowed number, and as a Christian people, to keep holy the 7th day.

RICHES are desirable, but their greatest use is to make the decline of life happy, and he who, after acquiring, fails to enjoy them, is certainly to be pitied. It is an imposition on one's self to toil in the summer's heat and winter's cold to accumulate property, and then be too parsimonious to enjoy it. One of the greatest privileges, one of the most glorious conditions that a human being can enjoy is to be happy—to withdraw for a time from Mammon, to look up to God and be truly at peace with himself and all mankind. The ant toils through the spring time and summer, but when the cold winds of autumn come, when the snows of winter fall, it nestles down in its warm chambers, lives on what it has accumulated; and we have no doubt enjoys its short existence. What a striking lesson, and how worthy to be followed by man.

A GENTLEMAN died at his residence in one of the uptown fashionable streets of New York, leaving $11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thrifty citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expressions to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. "Oh!" he exclaimed, and his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed. "Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh, if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in my lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter." His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. "You have never reproved my avaricious spirit," he said to the minister. "You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but I know that riches have been only a snare for my poor soul." In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, the poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house, and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionnaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes; but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all for a single hope of heaven. So says a New York secular paper of the highest respectability.

"DON'T write there," said a father to the son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out. Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out. You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out. All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. The record is a very sad one. You can't rub it out. Mind this. What you write on the minds of others will stay there. It can't be rubbed out anyhow. But, glorious news! what is written in God's book can be blotted out. You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry and ask him. Go then, O my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God."

"WHOSOEVER will, may come."—"I thank God," said Richard Baxter, "for that word whosoever. If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought he meant some other Baxter; but when he says 'whosoever,' I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters."

BE slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth.

A NUMBER of years ago, Parson B. preached in a town in the interior of the States. A sound theologian was Parson B., as a published volume of his sermons evince; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of practical themes; at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C. "Mr. B.," said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrine by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach a real practical discourse?"—"O, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon." Sunday morning came, and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid-volley, the door of the church opened, and Dr. S. entered. "There," went on the parson, "there is Dr. S. coming in, in the middle of services, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on a Sunday morning for these three months." Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C., who had requested a practical sermon. "And now," said he, "there is Mr. C.; he's a merchant—what does he do? Why he stays at home on Sunday afternoons and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night, he goes to the store and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the services, the parson walked up to Mr. C., and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon." "Mr. B.," was the reply, "preach what you please after this, I'll never attempt to direct you again."

THE Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black natives in great contempt. As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of these blacks sitting by the roadside, reading. Checking his horse, he jeeringly asked: "What book have you got there?"—"The Bible," replied the Hottentot. "The Bible! Why that book was never intended for you."—"Indeed it was," replied the black, confidently, "for I see my name here."—"Your name! Where?" said the farmer, getting off his horse; "show it to me."—"There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word "sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15); "There! 'sinners!' that's my name. I am a sinner—so that means me." The farmer was silenced, and mounting his horse he galloped away. So the children may claim the Bible for theirs, since they are not only sinners, but their other name, "children," "little children," is in the Bible a great many times.

SOME good men who were distributing Bibles called on a woman and inquired if she owned a Bible. "Do you think I am such a heathen?" she angrily asked. She then bid her little girl to run and fetch the Bible from the drawer, that she might show it to the men. The Bible was brought, nicely covered up. On opening it the woman exclaimed: "Well, how glad I am you called and asked me about a Bible! Here are my glasses that I have been looking for these three years, and did not know where to find them." Was not this woman more of a heathen than many who have never seen a Bible?

CURRAN said to Father O'Leary:—"Reverend father, I wish you were St. Peter."—"Why?" said the priest. "Because, then, you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in."—"I had better have the keys," said Father O'Leary, "of another place, and then I could let you out!"

A POETICAL young gentleman, while alone in a village church, under the influence of highly devotional feeling, delivered himself of the following sublime verse, which betrays more genius and wit than sympathy for our fallen race:

I stand again,
O sacred fane,
Beneath thy turret high,
Conscious that all,
By Adam's fall,
Are fond of apple pie.

The deacon "remained" after the service on the following Sabbath, and summoning the "Nine" to his assistance, wrote directly underneath:

Men to this temple should resort,
In prayer their time to pass;
But some appear to come for sport,
With too much apple sauce.

A YOUTH seeking employment came to a certain city, and on inquiring at a counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over the carpet-bag, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in this city?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied: "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it!"

The merchant immediately engaged his services; and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

TWO ministers of Ohio were in its early days canvassing the country as agents of the Bible Society. Upon one occasion, having arrived at the place of appointment on a very stormy day, they found but three persons present, all males. After waiting for a while, the younger proposed that as so few were present it would be best to dismiss the assembly informally and go home. "No," said the other, in a manner which still characterizes a well-known father of the church, "you preach your intended sermon, and then I will give my exhortation as usual." The sermon was preached, and the exhortation ended, and then they proceeded to take up a collection. And how much do you suppose they got from their congregation? Just one hundred and fifty dollars — the Lord having opened the hearts of these men to give fifty dollars each to the cause. Their next appointment was on a fine day, and with a large audience. They preached and exhorted as usual, and the collection amounted to just thirty dollars.

IN the neighboring town there was a fair; and therefore all the people were gone from the village to the town, to be merry there, and make purchases. In the village, when evening came, it was quite silent. No one was either seen or heard there. The draw-well, such a noisy place in the evening, when the girls came to fetch water, was quite deserted. The great linden tree, beneath which the peasant lads sit in an evening and sing, was also deserted. There was only now a solitary little bird singing among the branches. The very roots of the old tree, the great play-place of the village children, were deserted; you only saw a few ants which had over-stayed their time at work, hurrying home as fast as they could. Twilight sank down gradually over everything. When the merry noisy birds had crept into their roosting-places, the queer little bats glided forth from holes in the tree stem, and flew gently and softly about through the evening sky. A man came round the corner of a barn. He crept silently and in fear along the wall, where the shadow was strongest. He glanced around him with anxiety, to see whether any other men were out who would see him. When he believed himself unobserved, he climbed over the wall; then he crept on all fours, like a cat, till he came to an open window. The man had bad thoughts in his heart; he was a thief, and had determined to rob the people of the house. When he had entered the window, he found himself in an empty room; and close to this room was a chamber. The door leading into this chamber was not locked. The thief imagined it possible, that although the people were gone to the fair, some one might still be in the room; therefore he listened with his ear to the door. He heard a child's voice, and looking in through the key-hole, by the glimmering light from the window, he saw that a little child was sitting up all by itself in its little bed, praying. The little child was saying the Lord's prayer before going to sleep, as it had been taught by its mother to do. The man was pondering how he might best rob the house, when the child's clear, loud voice fell upon his ear, as it prayed these words: "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" The words smote the man's heart, and his slumbering conscience awoke. He felt how great the sin was he was about to commit. He also folded his hands and prayed; "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" And our dear Lord heard him. By the same road that he came he returned, and crept back into his chamber. Here he repented with his whole heart all the evil he had done in his life, besought God for forgiveness, and returned thanks to him for the protection he had sent to him through the voice of a pious child. He has since become an industrious and honest man.

THAT is not the best sermon which makes the hearers go away talking to one another, and praising the speaker; but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.

IN a New Hampshire town lived an ignorant, irreligious, and worthless family, Ransom by name, no member of which had ever been inside of a church within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." The village pastor, after years of failure, had almost persuaded two of the younger scions to promise attendance one Sabbath; but the fear that they would be made the subject of some personal remarks still deterred them. They were in great terror lest they should be publicly upbraided for their misdoings, and called to account for their wickedness. After much exertion their fears were quieted, and on the following Sunday the eyes of the good pastor's congregation were astonished at the unwonted appearance of the aforesaid Ransoms. All went well until the reading of the second hymn, which was the familiar "Blow ye the trumpets, blow;" when at the end of the line, "Return ye ransomed sinners home," the elder of our heroes seized his hat, and with long strides toward the door, shouted: "Come along home, Bill. I knowed they'd be flinging at us if we came here."

A DOUGLAS (Isle of Man) grocer, fancying that he had a special call to preach the gospel, proceeded to try his maiden effort in a small Methodist chapel amongst the hills. The introductory services were got over very comfortably, and the preacher then gave out for his text the words: "What think ye of Christ?"

After uttering these words he could proceed no further. There was a long pause, and then he read the text a second time. There was again silence, and it appeared as if the speaker's tongue refused to utter any words but the words of the text. For the third time he read the passage, "What think ye of Christ?" A gray-headed old farmer immediately arose, and in the quaintest Manx style said: "Ah, we think bravely of him, but we want to know what you think." The grocer returned to his shop a sadder, if not a wiser, man.

AN Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of a settler, says: "His living will vary according to the size of his family, and their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article anywhere." Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farm, it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straitened in circumstances by the same unholy pride. It is pride that makes the father dress his daughter beyond his means. It is pride that induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Ann may sit in the parlor and practise music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French china, French laces, French knickknackeries of every sort. It is pride, in short, that is at the root of half the extravagance of this age. Truly did the wise man say: "Pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are what pride costs.

WHEN Theodore Hook was asked for a donation to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he replied that he had no money to give away, but if they sent him a Jew he would try and convert him. This was not quite what the society required, and Hook never heard from them again.

WE once heard the following touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid in the cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and looking up to her mother through tears of affliction and love, said: "Mother, this hand never struck me."

What could have been more touching and lovely?

WHEN Dr. Rush was a young man, he had been invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr. Morris, who, on his appearance, apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. "Well, Mr. Morris," said the doctor, "how did you like the sermon?—I have heard it highly extolled."—"Why, doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It's too smooth and tame for me."—"Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?"—"I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

THE old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seed into the fruitful lap of yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"—"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

JONATHAN EDWARDS describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble, on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

A GENTLEMAN who had lately built a house, was showing it to a friend, and with great pride was pointing out its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your coffin?"

THE following is a translation of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world — namely, that of death against the Saviour—with the remarks which the journal Le Droit has collected, and the knowledge of which must be highly interesting to every Christian. Until now we are not aware it has ever been published. It is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Lower Province of Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting to judgment in the presidential seat of the prætor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross, between robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: 1, Jesus is a misleader. 2, He has excited the people to sedition. 3, He is an enemy to the laws. 4, He calls himself the Son of God. 5, He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6, He went into the temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders from the first centurion, Quirrillis Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution: Forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution of Jesus are: 1, Daniel Robant, Pharisee. 2, John Zorababel. 3, Raphel Robani. 4, Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes. This sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words:—"A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

It was discovered in the year 1280 in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained, by their petitions, permission to keep the plate, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by the members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a *fac simile* of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2800*l.* There seems to be no historical doubts as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those in the gospel.

A MERCHANT was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a bag filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the old man was wet to the skin. At this he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with a gun, was aiming at him, and attempting to shoot him! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off; and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said: "How wrong was I not to endure the shower patiently, as it was sent by Providence? If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour; the rain, which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."

A TOUCHING anecdote was related of a poor servant girl in London, who had attended the ragged schools and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, and who, one evening at the close of the school, put into the minister's hand, much to his surprise, a note containing a half sovereign (ten shillings, English currency). Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessings she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was not much. "But, sir," said she, "I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears." Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings, as we lay them before God's altar, were more generally enclosed in such golden envelopes, "An earnest prayer and many tears."

FOUR gentlemen—a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic—met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said, the Catholic rose, armed with a knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming, as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction: "The pope is the head of the church." Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself: "The end crowns the work." The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaimed: "Truth lies between the two extremes." Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate, and the prospect of a slim dinner, and seizing a bowl of drawn (melted) butter, he dashed it over them all, exclaiming:—"I baptize you all."

AN old unloved deacon, in his last hours, was visited by a neighbor, who said: "Well, deacon, I hope you feel resigned in going?"—"Y-e-s," said the deacon, "I—I think I—I am resigned." —"Well," said the other, "I thought it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighbors are resigned also."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was much attached to a young man—an intelligent Italian. As the doctor lay upon the couch from which he never rose up, he called his young friend to him, and tenderly and solemnly said:

"There is no one who has shown me more attention than you have done; and it is now right you should claim some attention from me. You are a young man, and are to struggle through life; you are in a profession that I dare say you will exercise with great fidelity and innocence; but let me exhort you always to think of my situation, which must one day be yours—always remember that life is short and eternity never ends."

THERE was a magistrate in a town in Indiana named Helser. A clergyman in the same place was called upon by a young couple, who wished him to join them in the holy bonds of matrimony. He asked the bridegroom (a soldier, by the way) for his marriage licence. The man in blue responded that he had been engaged to the girl four years, and thought that would do. Clergyman thought not, and remarked, as the speediest way to obtain a licence: "You had better take your girl and go to Hel-ser."—"You go to hell yourself!" returned the angry veteran. And seizing the bride by the arm he dragged her from the house, wondering what manner of a profane minister he had met with.

THE Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in at the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and, finally, the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am." The moral of the fable may be stated thus: When temptation occurs we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. He who yields, even in the smallest degree, will soon be entirely overcome.

THERE is one redeeming trait about lazy people, and that is, they are always good-natured. Show us a man who sleeps eight hours out of twelve, and we will show you an individual who will not swear. The only folks who lose their tempers and "take on," are your smart, enterprising fellows, who deal in stocks, and get up "corners" on stocks.

DURING the war a lady passing from cot to cot through the wards of a hospital was shocked to hear a soldier laughing at her. She stopped to reprove him. "Why, look here, madam,"said the soldier, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing when I've both legs shot off."

AN eccentric man in Bath, Maine, was asked to aid a foreign mission. He gave a quarter of a dollar, but stopped the agent as he was departing and said: "Here's a dollar to pay the expenses of getting the quarter to the heathen."

ON a Sabbath morning, feeling somewhat indisposed to go to church, a gentleman determined to stay at home, and requested Dinah, his colored housemaid, to remember the "text," and as "much of the sermon as she could, and report to him on her return." After service Dinah came into the parlor to report; but her memory being rather a "forgettery," all she could say of the text was that "it was sothin' 'bout dey was weighed in de balance an' come up missin'."

JAMES and Edward had quarrelled. So, as James had been the most to blame, he was sent up stairs alone to think over his sin and repent. When his mother called him down, she asked him what he had been doing. He replied, "Praying."—"Well, my boy, what did you pray for?" His reply was: "I prayed God to pardon Eddy and make him a good boy, and bless all my deeds." A very good illustration of self-righteousness.

"PATRICK, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"—"Yis, your honor."—"What have you done with it?"—"Killed it and ate it, your honor."—"Oh, Patrick, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of theft?"—"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverince?"—"To be sure I did."—"Well, then, your riverince, I'll say, Mrs. Malony, there's your pig."

NAPOLEON I., when at St. Helena, asked Count Montholon, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded: "Well, then, I will tell you. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and this very day millions would die for him. . . . . I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; none else is like him; Jesus Christ was more than man. I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me; but to do this it is necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flames of self-devotion in their hearts. Christ has alone succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years, Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart. He will have it entirely to himself. He demands it unconditionally, and forthwith his demand is granted."

JOHN BUNYAN, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him.

"Friend John," said he, "I came to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in all the prisons in England, I am glad I have found thee at last."

"If the Lord has sent you," returned Bunyan, "you need not have so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here for twelve years."

WOMEN should set good examples, for the men are always following after the women.

To all doubting hearts the story of Paul and the ship that carried him ought to come with comforting power. So long as we can do anything to save the ship, it is our duty to do it manfully, and then and afterwards, when the help of man fails, to believe in God, and not to let our hearts be troubled.

A CLERGYMAN illustrated the necessity of corporal punishment for the correction of juvenile depravity with the remark that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the switch to get it off."

A LITTLE girl was carried to her chamber and laid upon her bed in a half-asleep state. Upon being reminded that she ought not to go to bed without saying her prayers, half opened her large blue eyes, and dreamingly articulated:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord——

then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow in his watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep." Is not this touching—beautiful? Yes, believer. He knows the rest —all the rest—and he knows what is best. Cast your cares, therefore, on him, for he careth for you.

THERE is a good story told of an old deacon of Newburyport, who, upon returning home from church one Sunday, found the boys had been making egg-nogg instead of attending divine service. He at once gave them a severe reprimand for their conduct—then whispering to the elder, asked: "Is there any left, John?"

"MY notions about life," says Southey, "are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but, after all, one wants to be at rest."

"SISTER," said one of the brethren at a love feast, "are you happy?"—"Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."—"Not in Beelzebub's bosom?"—"Well, in some of the patriarchs', I don't care which."

CLOUGH, in one of his published letters, tells a capital story of an aged Calvinist woman, who, being asked about the Universalists, said:

"Yes, they expect that everybody will be saved, but we look for better things."

A JEALOUS priest in the north of Ireland missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which schism had already made depredations. "What keeps our friend, farmer B., away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant minister to his assistant. "I have not seen him among us," continued he, "these three weeks. I hope that it is not protestantism that keeps him away."—"No," was the reply, "it is worse than that."—"Worse than that? Worse than protestantism? God forbid it should be deism."—"No; worse than that. Worse than that."—"Worse than deism? Good heaven, I trust it is not atheism?"—"No; worse than atheism!" —"Impossible, nothing can be worse than atheism."—"Yes it is, your honor. It is rheumatism."

THERE was once a colored woman used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man, as he came in at the door, and pray for him till she saw him come forward to join the church. Then she dropped him, and singled out another, and prayed for him in like manner till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him, and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant: young men with whom she had no personal acquaintance whatever. This fact was disclosed to her pastor on her death-bed.

ENOCH, the father of Methuselah, was translated, so that he did not see death; therefore, the oldest man that ever lived died before his father.

A CHURCH in Baltimore has its motto on the outer walls: "To the poor the gospel is preached." One morning these words were painted under it:

"Not here, though."

A SHIPMASTER in New York, having discharged his crew and cargo, wanted a trusty man to take charge of his ship during a few days' absence in the country. John ——, a sailor, was recommended. But he had no confidence in John, or any other sailor; he believed they would all steal when opportunities offered. However, as he could do no better, having put everything possible under lock and key, he duly installed John as ship-keeper. Before leaving the city next morning, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and, unperceived, carefully opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible opened before him. The captain as carefully closed the door, and waited until John appeared, when he thus addressed him: "John," at the same time handing him a bunch of keys from his pocket, "John, you may open all those drawers and trunks, and air those things. John, keep a sharp lookout for those scamps along the wharves. John, keep everything snug, I'll be back on Tuesday."

A GENTLEMAN, gay and worldly, was very friendly and liberal to an evangelical church in his neighborhood. His charities to the church were such as to attract not a little attention, on account of his being so far from anything like religion himself. One of his companions one day rallied him on his incongruous benevolence, and inquired why he would make such a fool of himself as to throw away his money in behalf of such an object. His reply in substance was: "You do not understand it, I am no loser by my liberality to the church, but for every five dollars I give to them, God's providence in some way brings me back a hundred."

WHEN Bonaparte was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," to which he indignantly replied: "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked: "I set that down as the turning point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity thus to usurp his prerogative." It happened to Bonaparte just as the lady predicted. His invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

"I WAS much struck," says a distinguished divine, "in reading about a nobleman who died lately. He had an iron safe or chest all locked up, but marked: 'To be removed first in case of fire.' After he died his friends opened that chest, supposing, of course, that some valuable documents or deeds of property, rich jewelry or costly plate, would be found. But what was their astonishment when they found nothing but the toys of his little child, who had gone before him. Richer to him were they than all the world's wealth; richer than his coronet, brighter than all the jewels that sparkled on its crest. Not his estate, not his jewels, not his equipage, nothing glorious and great in this world, but the dearest objects to him were the toys of his little child."

A LITTLE daughter of Charles I. died when only four years old. When on her death-bed she was desired by one of her attendants to pray. She said "she could not say her long prayers," meaning "Our Father who art in heaven," "but she would try to say her short one." Raising her large beautiful eyes upward, and clasping her little hands together, in a sweet, but faltering, voice she said:—"Lighten my darkness, O Lord, and let me not sleep the sleep of death." As she said this she laid her little head on the pillow and immediately expired.

MRS. CLIVE was a great admirer of Ashley's preaching, and used to say that she was always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday came all the effect was worn off.

AN old negro woman once prayed: "O Lord, let there be a full heaven and an empty hell."

The great Doctor Desaguliers, being invited to make one of an illustrious company, a young officer present being unhappily addicted to swearing in his discourse, at the period of every oath would continually ask the doctor's pardon. The doctor bore this levity for some time with great patience. At length he was necessitated to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous (if possible) by your pointed apologies. Now, sir, I am to tell you, 'If God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I never will tell him.'"

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestry-man in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gentility to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed as if he would urge him to think the matter over, and contribute something, and refused to go till he had seen his silver on his plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the nearest pew to the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise, she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me," said the astonished doctor, "you must be a Guinea nigger." They never troubled the doctor to go round with the plate after that

Bishop Hall states: "I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and, seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, 'These are they that make rich men poor;' but he straight received this answer: 'Nay, my lord, these are they that make a poor man rich—for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth.'"

A good old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with his Bible in his hand, when a friend met him, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Price; what are you reading there?"—"Ah, good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's will, as I walk along."—"Well, and what has he left you?" asked his friend. "Why, he has bequeathed to me a hundred fold more in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting." The reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

Preaching at Shipley, near Leeds, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to Dr. Dick's wish, that he might spend an eternity in wandering from star to star. "For me," exclaimed Mr. Spurgeon, "let it be my lot to pursue a more religious study. My choice shall be this: I shall spend 5000 years in looking into the wound of the left foot of Christ, and 5000 years in looking into the wound of the right foot of Christ, and 10,000 years in looking into the wound in the right hand of Christ, and 10,000 years in looking into the wound in the left hand of Christ, and 20,000 years in looking into the wound in his side." It is well asked—is this religion?

Lord Byron says, it must be confessed that the believer in Christianity has this great advantage over the infidel—that the worst that can happen to the former, if his belief be false, is the best that can happen to the latter, if his belief be true; they can but lie down together in an eternal sleep.

An old colored woman, now living in Michigan, recently visited Milton, Wisconsin, where she was the guest of a Mr. Goodrich, who is an out-and-out temperance man, and a noted hater of tobacco. One morning she was puffing away with her pipe in her mouth, when her host approached her, and commenced conversation with the following interrogatory: "Aunt Sojourner, do you think you are a Christian?"—"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I speck I am."—"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe in the Bible?"—"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I believe the Scriptures, though I can't read 'em as you can."—"Aunt Sojourner, do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven?"—"Yes, Brudder Goodrich, I have heard of it."—"Aunt Sojourner, do you believe it?"—"Yes, Brudder, I believe it."—"Well, Aunt Sojourner, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"—"Why, Brudder Goodrich, I speck to leave my breff behind me when I go to Heaven."

No wonder the fair sex disliked Dr. Johnson, when he said: "People flock to hear a woman preach; not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow. Just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs, though he does not walk on them nearly so well as a man!"

THERE are few things more disgraceful in children than to be cruel to those harmless creatures which are unable to defend themselves. If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at the toad, or take pains to set his foot on a worm, I am sure there is something wrong about him, or that he has not been well instructed.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to everything that came in his way, over which he could get any power. He would take eggs from the mourning robin, and torture the unfledged sparrow; cats and dogs, the peaceable cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted to worry and distress. I do not like to tell the many cruel things that he did. He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct. But he did not reform. When he grew up he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see men wounded, and blood running on the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and to sell it into the hands of the enemy. This is to be a traitor. But he was discovered and fled. He never dared return to his native land, but lived despised, and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the boy who loved to give pain to animals. His name was Benedict Arnold. He was born at Norwich, Conn., and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

HERE is a receipt for making every day happy, by Sydney Smith: When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to a man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the erring; trifles in themselves light as air will do at least for twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result; you send one person, only one, happy through the day; that is three hundred and sixty-five in the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time. Now, is this not simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

MANY a sermon has been spun out to an hour's length that did not contain a tithe of the sound moral instruction and counsel to be found in the following brief and pithy sermon from the pen of that good man and racy writer, Rev. John Todd:

You are the architect of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto self-reliance, honesty, and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance, and pluck, and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourselves. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practise excessive humility. You can't get above your level—water don't run up hill—put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and the small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motion, are the levers that move the world.

The great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the world. Civility costs nothing, and buys everything. Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive or steal; don't tattle; be polite; be generous; be self-reliant; read good books; love your fellow man as well as God; love your country and obey the laws; love truth; love honor. Always do what your conscience tells you is your duty, and leave the consequences to God.

IF a man has got any religion worth the having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

A STORY is told by Lamartine of an Arab named Naher, who owned a very fleet and beautiful horse. At Bedouin, Daher tried in vain to buy him, and, determined on his possession, disguised himself as a lame beggar, and crouched by the roadside where he expected Naher to pass. When he saw him approaching, mounted on his beautiful steed, he hailed him in a weak voice, and implored his aid, saying he had been for three days unable to move from the spot, and was faint from hunger and thirst. "Get on my horse behind me," said the kind-hearted Arab instantly, "and I will carry you where you want to go." Daher pretended to try to rise, failing to do so, of course; and Naher, as he expected, dismounted and placed the beggar in the saddle. Instantly the villain put the horse to his utmost speed, looking back to call out: "I am Daher; I have your horse, and will keep him!" Naher shouted to him to stop a moment and listen; and Daher, sure of not being overtaken, stopped. "You have taken my horse," said Naher, "since heaven has permitted it. I still wish you well, but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained him." — "And why?" asked Daher in surprise. "Because many a one whose heart is pitiful would pass by distress, suspicious of deception, lest they should be duped as I have been; they would refuse aid really needed, and that would otherwise be given." Daher paused in utter shame. Presently he turned, rode back to Naher, and restored his horse. And that day began a friendship between the two which lasted for life.

"THE fox," says Geneva, "once came near a fine garden, where he beheld lofty trees laden with fruit that charmed the eye. Such a beautiful sight, added to his natural greediness, excited in him the desire of possession. He fain would taste the forbidden fruit, but a high wall stood between him and the object of his wishes. He went about in search of an entrance, and at last found an opening in the wall; but it was too small for his body. Unable to penetrate he had recourse to his usual cunning. He fasted three days, and became sufficiently reduced to crawl through the small aperture. Having effected an entrance, he carelessly roved about in this delightful region, making free with its delightful produce, and feasting on its most rare and delicious fruit. He stayed for some time, and glutted his appetite, when a thought struck him that it was possible he might be observed; and, in that case, he should pay dearly for the enjoyed pleasures. He therefore retired to the place where he had entered and attempted to get out; but to his great consternation he found his endeavors vain. He had by indulgence grown so fat and plump that the same space would no more admit him. "I am in a fine predicament," said he to himself; "suppose the master of the garden were now to come and call me to account, what would become of me? I see my only chance of escape is to fast and half starve myself." He did so with great reluctance; and after suffering hunger for three days, he, with difficulty, made his escape. As soon as he was out of danger, he took a farewell view of the garden, the scene of his delight and trouble, and thus addressed it: "Garden! garden! thou art, indeed, charming and delightful; thy fruits are delicious and exquisite; but of what benefit art thou to me? What have I now for all my labor and cunning? Am I not now as lean as I was before?"

It is even so with man. Naked comes he into the world—naked must he go out of it; and of all his toils and labor, he can carry nothing with him save the fruits of his righteousness.

JOHN BUNYAN, being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer, because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ, and live a holy life, that he might by and by go to heaven and see for himself. "Lord, are there few that be saved?" asked a curious questioner of Christ. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," was the instant and pertinent reply.

A CURIOUS legend states that when Adam was far advanced in years, and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave; it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod, and Moses's staff, with which he struck the rock and sweetened the Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The Queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solomon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the pool of Bethsaida was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.

DR. FRANKLIN thus improves the death of a friend:

"We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to the immortals? We are spirits; that bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given—it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

"Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all the pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making.

"Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us; we could not conveniently start together. Why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?"

WE read that the pen is mightier than the sword; reasoning metaphorically, the statement is true. But the hammer is more powerful than either, by the argument that deeds are more cogent than words. The pen inspires mankind to great effort by the glowing words proceeding from it. The sword hacks and carves a brilliant name for him who wields it; but before its advance the nations of the world sink back in dread, and the women and children cower in fear. By the light of the bursting shells, or the glare of dwellings in flames, it stands out and gleams balefully against the sky, and only over human anguish and agony does it strike to triumph and renown.

Who ever feared the hammer or its deeds? Those who rush along the iron road of the land—they who plough the waters of the river or the ocean—these experience the triumph of the hammer, know well its power, and how indispensable it is. The pen may stimulate, and incite to greatness, but it cannot achieve it. The sword bends all things to its will, but it burns like a consuming fire, and mankind writhes in agony before it. Only the hammer is all powerful and peaceful. By it thousands live and grow rich. With it men amass wealth and build up the bulwarks of the nation. Hunger is kept at bay, and famine is put to flight; peace exalts her head, and hard-fisted toil finds no time, leisure, or inclination to wreathe the brow of Mars.

The pen bows to the hammer and does it homage. A man may live in physical comfort without a book in the house, but he cannot exist without being indebted to the hammer or its equivalent. The pen sings the praises of the hammer, and indites eulogiums upon its numerous achievements; few are the monuments the hammer designs to raise in honor of literature. The pen is mightier than the sword, because it achieves its object through reason, and not force, and also that it is infinitely more civilizing and humane in its effects upon the world; but the hammer conquers even more territory than the pen, and is, in its way, invincible. No country is too remote, or any wild too savage to resist its weight, nor any metal, wood or vegetable, powerful enough to defy it.

Without the hammer—a symbol of toil, as the sword of violence—the world could not exist in comfort and refinement.

THERE is a great deal of discussion just now about long sermons. No one should complain of the length of a sermon if a man preaches for eternity.

A GENTLEMAN once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear in company. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or any place. "I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the churchyard to-night at twelve o'clock and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God."—"Agreed," said the man, "'tis an easy way of earning ten dollars."—"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it, and the money is yours."

Time passed on, midnight came. The man went to the graveyard; it was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "alone with God," came over him with wonderful power. The thought of the wickedness he had committed, and what he came there to do, darted through his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly—afraid to take another step, he fell on his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he had come to utter, the earnest cry went up: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.

A TRAVELLER, who was travelling over the Alps, was overtaken by a snow storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate his bones. Still the traveller, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were quite benumbed—a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, his feet almost refused to move; and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly have never waked up again in this world. Just at that moment he saw another poor traveller coming up along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself, for he, too, could scarcely move;

all his powers were frozen, and he appeared just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller who was just going to lie down to sleep made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled—for he was scarcely able to walk—to his fellow sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples, he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words in his ear and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other; his drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow storm passed away, the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

IN the days when camp-meetings were more frequent in Indiana than they are now, one was held in H. One of the unregenerate, while on his way to the ground, discovered an old and very poor nag, all bones, which he mounted, and managed to ride into the encampment just as the worshippers were assembling, and the preacher was reading his text: "Shall these dry bones live?" Our wag deliberately dismounted, and surveying his steed, replied, loud enough to be heard by those in range of the preacher's voice: "It's a mighty doubtful case, mister, but they may."

THE foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.

A BOY hearing his father say, 'Twas a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways, said: "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play." So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on, until the bricks lay prostrate. "Well," said the little boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tipped one. Now I will raise one and see if he will raise his neighbor." He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here, father," said the boy, "'tis a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."—"My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up." —"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent the first Adam?" The father replied: "When men fall, they love company, but when they rise they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate before them."

DR. COTTON MATHER was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper. He took some interest in the political concerns of the country, and on this account, as well as because he faithfully reproved iniquity, he had many enemies. Many abusive letters were sent to him, all of which he tied up in a packet, and wrote upon the cover: "'Libels.'—Father forgive them."

A LADY who had refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery she said:

"God could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

AN amusing incident occurred in one of the churches in Philadelphia. An old lady, whose failing eyes demanded an unusually large prayer book, started for church a little early. Stopping on the way to call on a friend, she laid her prayer book on the centre of the table. When the bells began to chime, she snatched what she supposed to be her prayer book, and started for the church. Her seat was in the chancel end of the gallery. The organ ceased playing; the minister read, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." In her effort to open her supposed prayer book, she started the spring of the musical box, which she had taken instead. It began to play. In her consternation she put it on the floor. It would not stop. She put it on the seat; it sounded louder than ever. Finally she picked it up and carried it out, playing "Lannigan's Ball" all the way out of the church.

THE Christians observe Sunday, the Greeks Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Turks Friday, and the Jews Saturday.

IT was the time when stage coaches ran that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach. It was cold, wintry weather, and the coachman, as he drove his horses rapidly, poured forth such a volley of oaths and foul language as to shock all the passengers. The old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last, the coachman became uneasy, and turning round to him, said:—"What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?"

The clergyman said, with his eyes fixed upon him:—"I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven!"

AN eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it; he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said: "James, what is this I hold in my hand?"—"A watch, sir."—"A little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?"—"Yes, sir."—"How do you know it is a watch?" —"It ticks, sir."—"Very well. Can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause, "Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."—"The little one in your right hand, sir."—"Very well. But how do you know that this is the watch?" —"Because it ticks, sir."—"Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there—down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick."—"Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So it is with you, children; your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off." This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "little soul would tick after he was dead."

"SIR," said a pious lad to his pastor one evening, "the men at the shop are forever picking flaws in Christians, and arguing against the Bible, and I don't know how to answer them."

"The best logic you can use," answered the pastor, "is the logic of a godly life. Give them that, and they cannot gainsay you."

AN editor describing a church in Minnesota says: "No velvet cushions in our pews; we don't go in for style. The fattest person has the softest seat, and takes it out with him at the end of the service."

"I STRIKE 'oo," cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister. "I kiss 'oo," said his sister, stretching out her arms, and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss. Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud. "I kiss, too," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?

As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to a farmer:

"Sir, I perceive your land here is not very productive."

"No, sir," said the honest farmer, "our land is just like self-righteousness."

"Ah! how is that?"

"Why, the more a man has of it, the poorer he is."

A GREAT many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not born into a world of trouble; others have theirs as great as yours, and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood who has not been ground to an edge by the hardships which he has encountered and overcome in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling. Therefore do not grumble, but meet your troubles bravely, and stand forth a "conquering hero" before the world.

ADAM CLARKE, commenting on the first verse of the fourteenth chapter of Luke, says:

Among the Turks, if a man only taste salt with another, he holds himself bound, in the most solemn manner, never to do that person any injury. I shall make no apology for inserting the following anecdote:

A public robber in Persia, known by the name of Yacoub ibn Leits Saffer, broke open the treasury of Dirhem, the governor of Sistan. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the place, he observed, in walking forward, something that sparkled a little; supposing it to be some precious stones, he put his hand on the place, and taking up something, touched it with his tongue and found it to be salt. He immediately left the treasury without taking the smallest article with him. The governor finding in the morning that the treasury had been broken open, and that nothing was carried off, ordered it to be published, that "Whoever the robber was who had broken open the treasury, if he declared himself, he should be freely pardoned, and that he should not only receive no injury, but should be received into the good graces of the governor." Confiding in the promise of Dirhem, Yacoub appeared. The governor asked him how it came to pass that, after having broken open the treasury, he took nothing away. Yacoub related the affair as it happened, and added: "I believed that I became your friend in eating of your salt, and that the laws of that friendship would not permit me to touch anything that appertained to you."

WHEN Aristotle, who was a Grecian philosopher, and the tutor of Alexander the Great, was once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied: "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." On the contrary, it is related that when Petrarch, an Italian poet, a man of strict integrity, was summoned as a witness, and offered, in the usual manner, to take an oath before a court of justice, the judge closed the book, saying:—"As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." From the story of Petrarch we may learn how great respect is paid to those whose character for truth is established; and, from the reply of Aristotle, the folly, as well as wickedness, of lying. In the country of Siam, a kindom of Asia, he who tells a lie is punished, according to law, by having his mouth sewed up. This may appear dreadful; but no severity is too great against one who commits so great a sin. We read likewise that God Almighty struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for not speaking the truth.

THE Congregationalist newspaper says a young lady, on a pleasure excursion in the harbor of Portland, fell overboard, and was very nearly drowned. After her return to consciousness she stated that while in the water her whole previous life, even to the minutest incidents, had passed before her mind as in a visible panorama. And what is specially remarkable, this review of her life so affected her with a sense of God's goodness and her own ingratitude, that she then and there cast her soul upon the mercy of Christ, and consecrated herself to his service. Prior to the accident she had been frivolous, wordly-minded, and utterly averse to religious things. But immediately on her recovery she mentioned her strange experience while in the water, and informed her friends that she was now a Christian, and meant henceforth to live a Christian life. And she did. From that day to the day of her death, she was an earnest and faithful disciple of Christ. And she always said she was converted during those few moments between her fall into the water and her restoration to consciousness.

A POOR but very pious woman once called to see two rich young ladies. They too loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their splendid drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity, and said: "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

WE reproduce for the benefit of those who may remember to have met with it in family newspapers many years ago, this most curious, if not unquestionably authentic, description of the appearance and manner of our Saviour while on earth:

A description of the person of Jesus Christ, as it was found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome:

There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped—his aspect amiable, reverend. His hair flows in those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head dress of the sect of the Nazarites. His forehead is smooth and large, his cheek without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry, his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh; but the whole world behold him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, none can refrain from joining in sympathy with him. He is very moderate, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems at present a man, for excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.

A CITY missionary visited a poor old woman living alone in a city attic, and whose scanty pittance of half a crown a week was scarcely sufficient for her bare subsistence. He observed, in a broken teapot that stood at the window, a strawberry plant growing. He remarked, from time to time, how it continued to grow, and with what care it was watched and tended. "Your plant flourishes nicely; you will soon have strawberries upon it."—"Oh, sir," replied the woman, "it is not for the sake of the fruit that I prize it; but I am too poor to keep any living creature, and it is a great comfort to me to have that living plant, for I know it can only live by the power of God; and as I see it live and grow from day to day, it tells me that God is near."

A COUNTRYMAN stated in a conference meeting, that if men were not born totally depraved, they became so "pretty middlin' early."

A YOUNG man paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits: Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary when a little girl, about five years old, slipped in and began to converse with him. "I can always tell when you are coming to our house," she said. "Why, when you are going to be here sister begins to sing and get good; she gives me cake and pie, and everything I want, and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I could have a good time. But when you go off sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her anything she slaps and bangs me about." This was a poser for the young man. "Fools and children tell the truth," he muttered, and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

Moral.—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

A MAN once dreamed that he died and went into the other world. He saw a high enclosure surrounding heaven, with a little gate through which he was about to pass. As he came near to enter, he saw written at the top of the gate:—"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord!"—"All right," said he, "I have that;" and he was for marching straight in. But at that moment a man touched his shoulder, saying:—"Stop! you think of entering through that gate?"—"Certainly," said he; "I have holiness; I am no sinner."—"But do you not remember that when we were boys, and were playing together, you once cheated me out of a marble?"—"Yes, I believe I do."—"There is one sin, then," said the man, "and since you have committed one sin, you cannot go in at the gate." At this the moralist was in trouble and deep distress. And while weeping at his exclusion and disappointment, he saw another gate, over which was written:—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."—"Thank God for that!" he cried, and immediately renounced his own righteousness, and sought admittance through Christ, who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

IN a seamen's prayer-meeting in New York one of the speakers thanked God that he had been a sailor. He had been in some tight places at sea, but he never hid his religion or lost his confidence in God. He had learned to call on God in trouble, and had not been disappointed. But, then, faith must be joined with practice. Praying only, without using effort, is not enough.

"We were once," said he, "driven to great straits in a gale. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and our ship sprung aleak. It seemed as if we must go to the bottom in a few minutes. Our men worked hard at the pumps. The water gained on us. Death stared us in the face. I ran down below, and on my knees asked Jesus to save us, and give me a token. I opened my Bible, lying before me, and Isaiah xli. 10, met my eyes. The words are these, and the first I saw:—'Fear not thou, for I am with thee. Be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'

"That was enough. I ran on deck and told the men. I said:—'Men, we are going somewhere, but we are not going down.' I reported to them what I had asked of the Lord, and how he had answered me.

"'Now,' said I, 'men, pump and pray, and pray and pump.' And they did it with a will. And we pumped and prayed our vessel into Cork, as, I believe, in answer to prayer and promise. But what is the use of praying with a leak in the ship without pumping! It must ever be work and pray, and pray and work."

GOETHE, walking through Rome with a friend, said to him: "There is not a relic of primitive Christianity here; and if Jesus Christ was to return to see what his deputy was about, he would run a fair chance of being crucified again."

PETER THE GREAT, while in Poland, visited a statue of the Virgin, which was said often to shed tears during the mass. He saw that the fact was, apparently, just as it had been described ; but, while his companions seemed struck with conviction, he ruminated on the means of discovering the cause, which he well knew was not supernatural. The statue being placed high, and close to the altar, so that no one could reach it from the ground, he took up a ladder which happened to be near, and mounting it, very closely examined it from head to foot. His curiosity seemed ungratified, and the attending priests mentally congratulated themselves on their escape, as well as the conversion of the Czar, which they expected would probably follow. But, perceiving small apertures in the eyes, he uncovered the head of the Virgin, and to their great mortification exposed the whole mystery. The head was hollow and filled up to the eyes with water ; this being agitated by a few small fishes placed in it, a few drops were occasionally forced through the apertures, and thus the miracle was produced. Peter took no notice of the matter, further than to observe that "it was a miracle, indeed ;" and then left, as if nothing particular had happened.

AN old man, named Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and by habits of the severest abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace, whenever he appeared, pursued him with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. At length he died and in his will were found the following words :—"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which they can only purchase at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use." This was accordingly done.

SYDNEY SMITH, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed :

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they only can be induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as best we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances ; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult a friend upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward ; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost so much good time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is so little time for oversqueamishness at present, the opportunity slips away, the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

WE know not that we have ever seen a more beautiful illustration of the simple and unhesitating faith of childhood than the following :

In the highlands of Scotland there is a mountain-gorge, twenty feet in width and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourist once offered a highland boy a handsome gift if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little básketful of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm he shuddered, shrunk back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and, after another glance at the gifts and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, and his eyes flashed, and he said: "I will go, if my father will hold the rope!" And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the strength of his father's arm, and the love of his father's heart, gave him courage and power to perform it.

In their weakness and age, disappointment and sorrow, human beings sometimes feel that there is nothing more which they can do. But whoever is cast down by this feeling, does not comprehend the possibilities of his nature, nor the promises of God concerning his strength and usefulness even while in this body of dust. There was a man in Connecticut who planted the seeds for an apple orchard after he was fifty years old. He often looked at his trees thus produced, whose trunks were as large as the bodies of common men, and whose branches were broad and thrifty, from which he gathered thousands of bushels of the choicest fruit. It is never too late to do good—it is never too late to sow the seeds of truth, in hope that in due time the full branching and the complete fruitage will be ours, to cheer and bless us through life's pilgrimage.

On one occasion the Rev. Peter Mackenzie once met a Roman Catholic priest in front of an independent chapel. "Will you tell me what building this is?" asked the priest. "It is an independent chapel," replied Peter. "Independent! Who are they independent of?"—"The pope and the devil," was the prompt reply.

Two painters were employed to fresco the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London; both stood on a rude scaffolding constructed for the purpose, some eighty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved backward slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the end of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril; another instant and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath; if he spoke to him it was certain death—if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and, seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of coloring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce imprecations; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to the recital of danger, looked over the dread space below, and, with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved him.

So, said a preacher, we sometimes get absorbed in looking upon the pictures of this world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty dashes out the beautiful images, and we spring forward to lament their destruction—into the outstretched arms of mercy, and are saved!

Shallow waters are easily muddied. After a night of storm, the waters of the bay along the beach, stirred by the winds, are foul and black with the mire and dirt. But look beyond, out into the deep water—how blue and clear it is! The white caps on the surface show the violence of the wind, but the water is too deep for the storms that sweep its surface to stir up the earth at the bottom.

So in Christian experience. A shallow experience is easily disturbed; the merest trifles becloud and darken the soul whose piety is superficial; while the most furious storm of life fails to darken or disturb the soul which has attained a deep experience of the things of God. The agitation may produce a sparkle on the surface, but in the calm depths of such a spirit reigns eternal tranquillity, the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

DURING an earthquake that occurred once the inhabitants of a small village were generally much alarmed, and at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said:

"Mother, are you not afraid?"

"No," said the mother in Israel. "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world!"

DR. BELLOWS, of New York, in a sermon, gave an account of an interview with the President, in which he unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain his views upon the subject. The doctor asked what should be done with the slaves which were captured as the army advanced. The President hesitated a little, and then, according to custom, related a story, or, as it might aptly be called, a parable. He said that a company of clergymen being once at a conference, suddenly received the intelligence that a bridge by which most of them had to return home had been carried away by a freshet. Upon this they stopped talking on religious topics, and began debating upon how they could cross the swollen river. One old-fashioned minister, however, was observed to keep entire silence throughout the very interesting controversy, and after wasting a good many hours in useless dispute, they asked the old gentleman why he did not give his opinion.

"My brethren," said he, "I have lived a great many years, and I never yet have been able to tell how I should cross a river until I came to it."

ONE Sunday afternoon a lad so lazy in his notions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation was coming out, said to the first man he met: "What, is it all done?"—"No," said the man, "it's all said, but it will take a long time before it will all be done."

AN old gentleman came home from church enthusiastic. He found Frank instigating a small dog and a large cat to enter the ring. "Why, Frank," he said, "how could you stay away from church? I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven." — "Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, for you will never have such another chance."

ONE day the master of Lukman (an Eastern fabulist) said to him: "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him: "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why, then, have you sown oats?" He answered: "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said: "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied: "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue. Therefore, I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed by the reply, and set Lukman free.

THE wolf being at the point of death, cast a retrospective glance on his past life. "I am certainly a sinner," he plaintively observed; "but I trust not one of the greatest. I have doubtless committed evil, but I have also done much good. I remember that once when a lamb, which had strayed from the flock, came so near me I might have devoured it with the greatest ease, I forbore to do so. About the same time I listened to the abuse of an angry sheep with the most edifying indifference, although no watch-dog was to be feared." —"To all this I can bear witness," said the fox, who was assisting his ghastly preparations. "I recollect all the particulars. It was just at the time you suffered so much from a bone in your throat."

A SERMON in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions: "Shrouds have no pockets."

A LOCAL paper states that in a town near Danbury, some men engaged in putting up lightning rods called upon a forehanded farmer, well known in the county, and proposed to put some rods upon his buildings. He peremptorily declined the offer, saying: "If God Almighty owed him any grudge, he could destroy his property." Strange to say, in less than a week afterward, a heavy storm passed over his premises, and a bolt descended upon his dwelling, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to any other person in the house, although there were several in it.

SOPHRONIUS, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we would be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." She did so, and behold, her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and her dress soiled, too. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals; even if they do not burn, they blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

WHEN Sixtus V. aspired to the popedom, he counterfeited old age for fifteen years. During the conclave assembled to elect a new pope, he leaned upon a crutch and appeared remarkably infirm. His plan took so well that the cardinals elected him, expecting that he would die soon. But shortly after his election, he performed the miracle of his own cure.

A CHAPLAIN in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman, at whose house he called, and asked her "if there was any Presbyterians around there." She hesitated a moment and said she "guessed not; her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there!"

AN aged gentleman thus writes:

When quite young, in my boyish days, I had watched some sparrows carrying materials to build their nests, in the usual season, under the eaves of a cottage adjoining our own; and although strict orders had been issued that none of us should climb up to the roof of the house, yet birds' eggs formed a temptation too powerful to be resisted, and self-gratification was considered rather than obedience. A favorable opportunity presented itself; the roof of the house was climbed, and not only was the nest pillaged, but seized and carried away. It was soon stripped of its unnecessary appendages, that it might appear as neat as possible. Among the things thus removed was a piece of paper which had been a page in one of Dr. Watts' hymn books, and which, thrown away, had been taken by the poor bird for the purpose of strengthening the nest, or increasing the warmth. A word or two caught my eye, and I unfolded the paper. Need I say that, boy as I was, I read these verses with curious feelings:

Why should I deprive my neighbor
  Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labor,
  Not to plunder, nor to steal.

Guide my heart, O God of heaven,
  Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I take what is not given,
  Guide my hands and heart from sin.

Had the bird been able to read and reason, it could not have selected a text more appropriate for reproof and instruction than this. What was contrived and done "in secret," was thus condemned from the house-top.

IN the year 1806, Mr. Jay preached a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and was requested to permit the same to be printed. Such permission was given. The text was: "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." When the proof-sheets of the sermon were sent to Mr. Jay for correction, he found the printer had printed the text thus: "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his wife." Instead of correcting the error in the usual way, he wrote on the margin, underlining the word wife, "That depends on circumstances."

The good people of R., a small village not many miles from Cleveland, Ohio, were talking of moving their church building to a pleasanter location. One Sabbath morning the minister took for his theme the "Rock of Ages," and in the middle of his discourse said, with considerable emphasis, "Who can move it?" A little Englishman, who had been napping, and who was one of those desirous of having the church moved, jumped up, and startled the congregation with, "I'll bring over my yoke of steers, and help!" The which proposition was subsequently accepted.

A **Frenchman** who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the Great Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that, at certain times, his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sand, called on his God. Day after day passed, and the Arab never failed; till at last, one evening, the philosopher, when he arose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile:

"How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his burning eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly:

"How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man and a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were fading over the lonely desert, "that footprint is not of man."

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in a fallen world; not to aim at perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that need alleviation, as in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

The following testimonies and experiences, not of the clergy, but of statesmen, philosophers, and men of wide reputation in legal, medical, literary, and commercial life, bearing on the Sabbath, a subject attracting considerable attention at the present time, may not be uninteresting to our readers:

Lord Macaulay. "If Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the smallest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer and less civilized people than we are."

Count Montalembert. "There is no religion without worship, and no worship without the Sabbath."

Sir Matthew Hale. "The more faithfully I apply myself to the duties of the Lord's day, the more happy and successful is my business during the week."

Blackstone. "A corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath."

Adam Smith. "The Sabbath, as a political institution, is of inestimable value, independently of its claim to divine authority."

Lord Kames. "Sunday is a day of account, and a candid account of every seventh day is the best preparation for the great day of account."

Wm. Wilberforce. "I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable."

Justice McLean. "Where there is no Christian Sabbath there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained."

Daniel Webster. "The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian

Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance on the community."

THE translation of the Bible was begun very early in England. Some part of it was done by King Alfred. Adelmus translated the Psalms into Saxon in 909. Other parts were done by Edfrid, or Egbert, 705; the whole by Bede. In 1357 Trevisa published the whole in English. Tindal's translation appeared in 1334, was revised and altered in 1538, published with a preface of Cranmer's in 1549, and allowed to be read in churches. In 1551, another translation was published, which being revised by several bishops, was printed with their alteration in 1560. In 1613 a new translation was published by authority, which is that in present use. There was not any translation of it into the Irish language till 1685. The pope did not give his permission for the translation of it into any language till 1795.

THE Bible itself is a standing and astonishing miracle. Written, fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society, and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents, and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and princess, bond and free; cast in every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, and allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, liberal statement, precept, example, proverb, disquisition, epistle, sermon, prayer, in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult. Its authors are not found, like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matter of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

A **LONDON** literary paper gives the following as the prayer taught to the children of the Scarborough wreckers in England in old times:

"God bless daddy, God bless mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning. Amen."

WHEN a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offence to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass violin exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied:

"It may be as you say; I don't know but you are right; but if you are, it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin." The hero of the big fiddle was untuned.

DICKENS relates an amusing story of two men who were on the moment of being hanged at Newgate, when, just as the rope was being adjusted around their necks, a bull, being driven to Smithfield, broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns; whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion and quietly observed: "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we aint in that crowd!" And yet, behind the laugh that this brings up, there is much philosophy. No matter how straitened we may find ourselves, we can look around us, and see people with whom we would not change places; no matter how dark the clouds lower over us, we can look down into gloomier places, and feel thankful we have as much sunshine in our paths as we do.

A **FOUR-YEAR-OLD** saw his parents preparing for church, and asked them to take him along with them. He was told he was too little, and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you had better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." A very common result of growing boyhood.

"**MA**," said a little boy, "will that woman go to heaven any sooner than you because she has got a pew all to herself?"

A POOR old man, some of whose family were sick, lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract "Worth a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came while the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said to her: "Wait till after breakfast." She did so, and meanwhile the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed :—"There, take that cow and drive her home." The man thanked him heartily for the cow and started for home ; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up and called out : — "Hey, bring that cow back !" The man looked around, and the deacon added :—"Let that cow come back, and you come back, too." He did so, and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said :—"There, now, take your pick out of the cows ; I aint a going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got."

A PREACHER while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry as proof that there is no such call, observed that he never believed he was called to preach. "And no person else ever believed it," said an acquaintance standing by.

IN the strait between Iohor and Rhio there is a small white rock, called the White Stone, only slightly elevated above the water, and so exactly in the centre of the passage that many vessels, unacquainted with it, have there been wrecked. A Portuguese merchant passing this strait in a vessel of his own, richly laden with gold and other valuable commodities, asked the pilot when this rock would be passed : but each moment appearing to him long, until he was secure from the danger it involved, he repeated his question so often that the pilot impatiently told him "the rock was passed." The merchant, transported with joy at this announcement, rashly exclaimed that "God himself could not make him poor." But in a little while the vessel did reach and struck on the White Stone, and all his wealth was in a moment engulfed in the deep sea. His life alone was saved, which he spent in misery and remorse.

A CLERGYMAN asked his old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God. The following was his sage reply :—"Sir, I see one man get sick. The doctor comes, gives him medicine, the next day he is better ; he gives him another dose, it does him good ; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one. The doctor comes to see him ; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no good ; he gets worse ; gives him more ; but he gets worse all the time till he dies. Now, that man's time to die had come, and all the doctors in the world couldn't cure him. One year I work in the cornfield, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbings. Next year I work the same way ; the rain and dew comes, and I must make a crop. I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world, I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it ; the seven stars in Job's coffin keep in the same place in the sky, and never turn out. It aint so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches ; they run well for a while ; they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the moon and stars keep on the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die and another get well ; that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

ONE of our western villages passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any person except travellers. The next Sunday every man in town was seen walking around with a valise in one hand, and a pair of saddles in the other.

A CORRESPONDENT in Notes and Queries writes thus:

A few days since, in going into my back yard, where a freshly-killed pig had just been hung up, a man who knew I was curious in such matters, said:—"There, now, there's the mark as Satan made in the herd of swine before they ran down the cliffs into the sea," pointing to five dark marks on the skin of the inside of each foreleg. On my questioning him, he assured me he had never seen a pig without them (I have since looked at five, and they had the same), and he said the tradition was, that all swine had them since the casting out of the devils destroyed the herd in the sea. My queries are, does this mark always exist? How do anatomists account for it?

A LADY visited New York city, and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady up full in the face, and with artless simplicity said: "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to better advantage?

AN old man said:—"For a long time I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the conclusion that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty I lay it aside and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is such nutritious meat?"

"TAKING them one with another," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts."

"MAMMA," said a little child, "my Sunday school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live a while that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and aunt Eliza is preparing to come here. But I do not see anybody preparing to go there. Why don't they try to get ready?"

A WORTHY deacon in a town in Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The divine word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his swath, just in time to escape a wasps' nest. "What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon. "Wasps."—"Pooh," said the deacon, "'the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion.'" Taking the workman's place, he had moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting. "Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle, "'the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished.'" The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was never known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

LET us cherish good humor and Christian cheerfulness. Let us endeavor to shake off the dulness which makes us so uneasy to ourselves and to all who are near. Pythagoras quelled his perturbations by his harp, and David's music calmed the agitations of Saul, and banished the evil spirit from him. Anger, fretfulness, and peevishness prey upon the tender fibres of our frame, and injure our health.

A LITTLE boy, who loved the Saviour, was one Sabbath day passing by the shop of an infidel shoemaker, who, not content with breaking the rest of this holy day by his work, amused himself, as he sat at his bench, by singing profane and ribald songs. When the little boy went home he told his father, and asked for a tract to give the blasphemer; but the father replied that it would be of no use, as many efforts had already been put forth without the smallest success, and that the last time a tract had been offered him the shoemaker had attempted an assault upon the giver.

"Never mind, father," said the child, "give me a tract about Sabbath-breaking, and I will drop it at the door." It was done, and when sweeping out the shop the shoemaker picked up the tract, and, without looking at it, threw it, with other waste paper, under his counter. Another was put in the same place the next day and shared the same fate, and likewise a third and fourth also, not one of which had been even glanced at by him for whose benefit they were intended.

On the next Sabbath morning, in soling a pair of shoes, having occasion to use some paper for filling up the false soles, he drew from their hiding-place under the counter sundry refuse bits, among which were the tracts. As he spread them out on his last, his eyes fell on the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." With a gesture of impatience he turned the tract over, when lo, as if written with the point of a diamond, stood out in bold relief, the emphatic denunciation: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the words of the law to do them. I, the Lord, have spoken it."

"Pshaw," he exclaimed; "who is this Lord? I do not believe in his existence, and why should I obey his mandate?" Then wishing to shut out from sight the unpleasing words, he caught up another tract and spread it resolutely over the first; but now his eye fell on the startling passage: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" and, as by a strange impulse, he went on to read the reasons why men try to persuade themselves that there is no God. As he read, conscience whispered, "It is true," and the Spirit of God carried home to his heart its message of mingled wrath and mercy, till he was driven in anguish to the feet of Jesus, and found joy and peace in believing in him.

Who shall say that a child may not be useful; that "little ones" who love the Saviour may not be instrumental in winning others to his blessed service?

A LITTLE boy happening to hear an echo of his own voice, and thinking it another little boy mocking him, cried out: "Are you mocking me?" and the echo said: "Mocking me?"—"Stop!" said the boy, more angrily, "or I'll tell my mother of you." And the echo said: "Mother of ye." So the little boy went home and told his mother that a naughty, saucy little boy was lurking out in the trees mocking him. His mother knew it was an echo, and she told him that it was not another little boy, but an echo, and that if he would go out and speak pleasantly the echo would speak pleasantly too.

DANIEL WEBSTER said: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

A LADY, whose piety was more formal than real, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," says the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectionable than the artificial flowers in your bonnet?"—"Oh," replied the censorious disciple, "Christians must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at feathers."

VOLTAIRE, in the Philosophical Dictionary, remarks: "Where there is only one church, there is despotism; where there are only two, there is contention; but where there are thirty, there are peace and good will."

THERE are a great many people in this world who might apply the moral of the following anecdote to their own cases with great benefit: "A steamboat on the Mississippi passed a drowning man. The unfortunate man struggled, plashed, floundered, and screamed for dear life in the water. The pilot of the steamboat yelled to him to 'stand up!' He did so, and found the water scarcely knee deep. A more foolish, sheepish appearing fellow than he, as the ladies and gentlemen on the boat screamed with laughter at the ludicrous scene, it would be hard to meet." We don't like to make invidious distinctions, but we would particularly recommend the above paragraph to the consideration of despairing lovers and rash men of suicidal tendencies.

"MOTHER, who of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern after?" asked a little boy, who was looking around for a good example. "Who should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do." The little boy thought. Then he said: "There's Dan Parkes, he smokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he sprees it; Jim Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he's cross; Charlie Doe, he goes fishing Sunday; Gus Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I shouldn't copy a blot from."

A JUNIOR student at a university, in rendering an account to his father of his last term's expenses, entered an item, "charity, $30." His father wrote back: "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

TWO persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute; you know no more about it than they do."

A SHEPHERD was mourning over the death of his favorite child, and in passionate and rebellious feelings of his heart was bitterly complaining that what he had loved most lovely had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him:

"When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them. Why should you murmur because I, the Good Shepherd of sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for me the one that was most fitted for my eternal fold?"

The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." — "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."—"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

A FRENCH child asked the priest, the other day, "Why is it, father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for a week, or a month, or a whole year?" — "Why, you little goose, to have it fresh, to be sure," was the reply.

AT a church collection for missions the preacher feelingly said: "My good brethren, let me caution those of you who put in buttons not to break off the eye. It spoils them for use."

"WHAT church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"—"Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with."

"Sir," said an old Scotch woman to her minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon, yesterday."—"Indeed! what was it?"—"You said the apostle used the figure of circumlocution, and I dinna ken what it means."—"Is that all? It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." —"Oh! ah! is that all?" said the good woman; "what a puir fool I were not to understand that!"

Dr. Buzby, of Westminster, met one of his old pupils who had turned Romanist, and the latter accosted him. Buzby did not remember him, but when he named himself, replied, "You were of another faith, sir, when you were under me; how came you to change it?"—"The Lord had need of me," replied the convert. "Need of you, sir? Why I have read the Scriptures as much as any other man, and I never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was an ass."

"Those are not vulgar people," says Dante, "merely because they live in small cottages, lowly places; but those are vulgar who, by their thoughts and deeds, strive to shut out any view of beauty." There are vulgar rich men as well as vulgar poor men. Being poor is not of itself a disqualification for being a gentleman. To be a gentleman is to be elevated above others in sentiment rather than situation; and the poor man with an enlarged and pure mind, may be happier, too, than his rich neighbor without this elevation. Let the former only look at nature with an enlightened mind, "a mind that can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his truth; this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than the beast, the other but little lower than the angels."

Singular how pious new clothes make people. For a whole month after the Misses Flirt got new mantillas they were at church three times a day.

It is related that the Rev. Dr. Samuel West, of New Bedford, once reduced a refractory choir in the following way: It having been rumored that they would not sing a note on the next Sabbath, he commenced morning worship by giving out the hymn, "Come ye who love the Lord." After reading it through he looked up very emphatically at the choir, and said: "You begin at the second verse:"

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God.

It is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to abstract. Infancy or childhood can only be called vegetation; when you add to this sleep, dressing and undressing, to how little it is reduced! How important, then, to use that little.

Douglas Jerrold says: "I have seen mountains of cannon-balls, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceful habitations, breaking the china and nobody knows what; but there's not one of them (thinks the ill-used wife) can do half the mischief of a billiard-ball. That's a ball that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. When once a man is given to playing billiards, the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple."

Martin Luther one day heard a nightingale singing very sweetly near a pond of bull-frogs, who, by their croaking, seemed as though they wanted to silence the melodious bird. The doctor said: "Thus it is in the world. Jesus Christ is the nightingale making the gospel to be heard; the heretics and false prophets, the frogs, are trying to prevent his being heard."

At a religious meeting among the blacks, a colored preacher requested that some brother would pray. Thereupon half-witted Mose commenced a string of words entirely without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired: "Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Mose? You let somebody pray dat's better acquainted wid the Lord."

An old lady once triumphantly pointed to the "Epistle to the Romans," and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants? This was equalled by an old negro Baptist at the South, who said to his master, a Methodist: "You've read the Bible, I 'spose?"—"Yes."—"Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, havn't you?"—"Yes."—"Well, you never saw nothing about John the Methodist, did you?"—"No."—"Well, den, you see dare's Baptists in the Bible, but dare aint no Methodists, and de Bible's on my side."

A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife: "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you?"—"O no."—"Will the sheriff sell me?"—"O no."—"Will the sheriff sell our children?"—"O no."—"Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us, manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left to us."

A chaplain said that he was in a daily prayer-meeting in Chicago, when a young man came in, and, holding up a telegram in his fingers, said, "This telegram is from Philadelphia, and it says: 'Uncle Jack is dying. He wants you to come at once, and tell him how he can be saved.'" The speaker went on to say: "I have sent a telegram to Philadelphia. It says: 'I cannot come to Philadelphia; but tell Uncle Jack if he will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ he shall be saved.' Now," continued the young man who held the telegram in his hand, "I have come into this meeting to get you to pray for Uncle Jack, that he may be brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ at once, while we are here together. Cannot we reach heaven by way of Calvary, and get a telegram back that Uncle Jack is saved?" The brethren responded heartily and believingly for prayer. Oh, what prayer went up for the salvation of that man! We felt assured in our own souls that prayer would be answered. And prayer was answered. Before the meeting was out, a telegram came from Philadelphia that Uncle Jack had become a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was now humbly and joyfully trusting in him for salvation. Thus God fulfils his promise to his praying people: "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

We heard once a tolerably good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the memorable blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky riggings. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar; and, expecting instant destruction, the raftsman dropped on his knees, and commenced praying with a fervor equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft. "What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and Purgatory."—"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole, "be aisy, now, what's the use of praying when a fellow can tech the bottom with a pole?" Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech the bottom."

Said a preacher in a sermon: "A man is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence, just as he is in a ship; for though he may walk freely upon the decks, he must go whither the ship bear him."

God's family is mankind. There is no such thing as primogeniture in spiritual things. God will not give the whole estate to the oldest boy, and throw the rest of the children upon their own resources. He treats all alike.

THE Methodist church of Jeffersonville is the only church of that denomination in the State which has a cross on its steeple. Many people, of course, looked up at it as "something new in the history of Methodism." One of the old citizens, wishing, perhaps, to defend the "old style" of church building, looking at the big cross one day, remarked to a friend: "Do you see that great big cross on that church? Well, I remember when the Methodists were poor, each member bore his own cross; but now," he added, "they have become rich, and they have stuck their cross on the top of their church!"

A ROMISH priest was once talking to a clever boy belonging to his parish, who had been attending a Protestant school in the neighborhood. The priest tried to persuade him to give up his Testament, and pray to the Virgin to take care of him, and keep him from danger and harm. "Plase your riverince," said the boy, "I read in the gospel that when the Virgin was on earth, in going home from Jerusalem, she lost her son. She couldn't tell where he had gone, and was three days before she found him. Now, if she couldn't take better care than that of her own child, who was so near to her, I'm thinking it's little care she'll take of me, who am so far away from her."

ELDER KNAPP, speaking of long prayers, once said: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water."

A LITTLE boy once told a clergyman he was very sorry for his sin in breaking the sixth commandment—"Thou shalt do no murder."

"How do you know," replied the minister, "that you have committed murder?"

"Oh, sir," said he, "I was angry with my brother, and I read in the Bible that 'whoever hateth his brother is a murderer'"

THE way in which words are often divided when set to music sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, cry out:

O for a man!
O for a man!
O for a man—sion in the skies!

While on another occasion a choir sang out to the best of their ability:

We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee—ting hours!

It is hoped nobody was bitten.

TOWARDS the close of the revolution the owners of the North church in New Haven sent to Boston for nails to make repairs with, when one of the kegs sent in return for the order was found to contain Spanish dollars. The deacons wrote to the Boston merchant that there was an error in shipping goods; but he answered that the nails were sold as he bought them of a privateersman, and he couldn't rectify mistakes. So the silver was melted up and made into a service of plate for the church, where it is in use at the present day.

"JOHN," said a dry-goods dealer to one of his clerks, "you charged that man too much for the cloth you just sold. Did you not know the price?"

"Yes, sir; but he was a stranger, and I took him in. That's Bible."

A JOURNALIST tells a story of a certain deacon who was one of the best of men, but by nature very irascible. A cow was so exceedingly disorderly as the deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very undeaconish in their character. At this stage the good deacon's pastor appeared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying:

"Why, deacon! can it be? Are you swearing?"

"Well, parson," replied the deacon, "I didn't think of any one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow."

When Napoleon Bonaparte was Emperor of France he put a man by the name of Charney into prison. He thought Charney was an enemy of his government, and for that reason deprived him of his liberty. Charney was a learned and profound man, and as he walked to and fro in the small yard into which his prison opened, he looked up to the heavens, the work of God's fingers, and to the moon and stars which he ordained, and exclaimed: "All things come by chance!" One day, while pacing his yard, he saw a tiny plant just breaking the ground near the wall. The sight of it caused a pleasant diversion to his thoughts. No other green thing was within his inclosure. He watched its growth every day. "How came it here?" was his natural inquiry. As it grew, other inquiries were suggested. "How came these delicate little veins in its leaves? What made its proportions so perfect in every part, each new branch taking its exact place on the parent stock, neither too near one another, nor too much on one side?"

In his loneliness the plant became the prisoner's teacher and his valued friend. When the flower began to unfold he was filled with delight. It was white, purple, and rose-colored, with a fine, silvery fringe. Charney made a frame to support it, and did what his circumstances allowed to shelter it from pelting rains and violent winds.

"All things come by chance," had been written by him upon the wall just above where the flower grew. Its gentle reproof, as it whispered, "There is one who made me so wonderfully beautiful, and he it is who keeps me alive," shamed the proud man's unbelief. He brushed the lying words from the wall, while his heart felt that, "He who made all things is God."

But God had a further blessing for the erring man through the humble flower. There was an Italian prisoner in the same yard, whose little daughter was permitted to visit him. The girl was much pleased with Charney's love for his flower. She related what she saw to the wife of the jailor. The story of the poor prisoner and his flower passed from one to another until it reached the ears of the amiable Empress Josephine. The empress said: "The man who so devoutly loves and tends a flower cannot be a bad man." So she persuaded the emperor to set him at liberty.

Charney carried his flower home, and carefully tended it in his own green-house. It had taught him to believe in a God, and had delivered him from prison.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The good God made them all.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor, dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed, "If, now, I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number.

Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the fisherman said: "I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

"Are you a Christian, papa?"—"I hope so, my child."—"Then, don't you think that whiskey is your greatest enemy?"—"Perhaps it is, but why do you ask?"—"Because you love whiskey."—"Well, that is according to Scripture, for the Bible commands us to love our enemies."

The child had no more to say.

As Mr. Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of Hindoos, on the banks of the Ganges, he was accosted by a brahmin as follows: "Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?"—"Yes," answered the missionary. "Then," said the brahmin, "certainly, the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." Just then observing a boat descending the river, Mr. Thomas directed his attention to it, and said: "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?"—"Yes."—"Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them, or they for doing the wicked act?"—"Why," answered the brahmin, "you ought all to be put to death together."—"Ay," replied Mr. Thomas, "if you and the devil sin together, you and the devil will be punished together."

Dr. Chalmers instructs us to "Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the bow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven."

There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity that it ought to have; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and placing the boy at the other. He then said: "Pull, Adam, pull!" The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master again said: "Pull, Adam, pull!" The boy said: "I can't."—"Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer; but that boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principles of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

At the Sands Street Sunday School, in Brooklyn, a teacher asked one of the little boys: "My little bub, do you know what is the most beautiful verse in the Bible?" The little fellow was puzzled at first, and hung his head; but, on being pressed by the teacher and encouraged by an elder boy sitting next him, at length answered blushingly: "Yes, please, sir. It is, 'Whoever pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.'" The Sunday school in question was under the patronage and supervision of naval officer Odell, and the answer of the boy just quoted shows that the teachers were doing good.

In one of the Western States there was a certain Baptist church, whose members were not exactly a unit on the subject of immersion. At a meeting of church officers, on one occasion, a certain person, not remarkable for purity of life, sent in a request for admission into their fold. One of the committee—a rather rough man—on hearing the name of the individual, exclaimed: "That man! Well, if that man is to be admitted to the church, he ought to soak over night."

As an instance of inspection and criticism to which ministers are liable, the Christian Times relates that a minister once preached before a certain church as a "candidate," and the next day one of the members was asked what he thought of him. "O," said he, with a significant shake of the head, "I knew he wouldn't do, the moment I saw how he held his hymn-book!" Rather an oversight, is it not, that the Scriptures should utterly fail to indicate the true style of holding the hymn-book?

Quilp, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

"My dear friends," said a Quakeress, "there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit-trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them."

There is a great deal of theology in the idea of a little girl, who wished she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read her Bible and pray, but it was pretty hard to mind grandmother.

Near by a church lived a very wicked man, who seemed not to fear God or regard man. He despised all good things, and loved to do wrong rather than right. The only good thing he delighted in was music. It happened that the church near him was remodelled, and an organ was put in it, and there was to be some good playing on it, and excellent music by the choir at the "re-opening" of the church. This man wanted to hear the music, but he did not want to hear the sermon. He was puzzled for a time, but finally hit upon this plan; he would go into the church, take a seat in an obscure corner, and listen to the music, but stop his ears with his fingers when there was any preaching, praying, or talking.

So he went in and enjoyed the singing and the sound of the organ, but when the minister prayed he stopped his ears as tightly as possible. When the prayer was over, and singing commenced, he took his fingers from his ears, and stopped them as soon as the minister began reading a chapter in the Bible. While he sat thus, self-made deaf, a fly lit on his nose and began to run around, and occasionally it stopped and thrust down its bill as if to take a bite from the skin. The man bore it as long as he could, and then involuntarily brushed the fly off with his hand, leaving one ear unstopped while he did so. Just at that instant the minister read the verse, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The words struck him with peculiar force; he thought a moment, unstopped his other ear, and listened to the rest of the chapter, and to the sermon following.

He went from the church with a changed purpose, became a good man, and lived many years, trying all the time to do all the good he could to others, and to repair the mischief done by his former conduct. The improvement in the church, the organ, the attractive exercises, were all instrumental in drawing this man in where good seed might be dropped into the soil of his mind, but that little fly was also necessary to unstop his ears.

A respectably dressed woman, with an infant in her arms, entered the cathedral of Antwerp early one morning, when the priest was alone, busily engaged in making the altar neat and tidy, and scraping off some spots of wax which had fallen the preceding night. The woman addressed him in a most earnest and affecting manner, and, with due humility, unfolded her tale of sorrow. Her child, she said, was suffering under some mortal malady, the skill of the leech had been applied in vain, and she was at last convinced that nothing could save her beauteous babe from the jaws of death but being placed for a moment in the arms of her tutelary saint. The saint was stuck up in a niche of the wall, in the form of a goodly marble statue, with a neat balcony before him. The priest was at last moved by her entreaties. He procured a ladder and ascended to the sacred niche, entered the balcony, and placing the babe in the arms of the statue, he asked the grateful mother if she was satisfied. "Perfectly so," said the lady, and carefully putting the ladder out of his reach, she walked coolly out of the church, leaving her rosy infant, the astonished priest, and the unconscious saint, all equally elevated, there to remain till the next brother of the community should arrive.

THE power of Solomon having spread his wisdom to the utmost parts of the known world, Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, visited the poetical king at his own court. There, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each of her hands she held a wreath, one composed of natural flowers, the other of artificial. The florist, whoever he was, had so exquisitely imitated the real natives of the garden that at the distance it was held by the queen, for the king's inspection, it was deemed impossible for him to answer the question she put to him, which wreath was the production of nature and which of art? The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed. The honor of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the king, and it must be confessed worthy of the natural philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he had it opened; the bees rushed into the court, and immediately alighted on one of the wreaths, whilst not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

We have read of another test to which the queen put the wise man's discernment. She selected the most effeminate looking boys she could find, and intermingling them in female dresses with the same number of girls, asked him, as he sat at a distance, "which was which." Solomon ordered balls to be put into the hands of the young multitude, and that every individual should throw them at some object, one by one. The different manner in which this action was performed enabled him to pronounce on the sex.

AN Irishman in Rhode Island was about marrying a girl who had a pretty sum of money. Now the priest, hearing of this, desired a piece of this money, and told the bridegroom he would charge him twenty-five dollars for performing the ceremony. "It's rather high, your riverince," said the latter. "Then I'll not marry you," replied the priest. "Very well, your riverince; I'll go to some other priest."—"I will excommunicate you."—"I can go to another church."—"Then I'll not let the girl have you."—"There's plenty of others, your riverince; and I've been thinking, your riverince, the churches and girls are very much alike—if one won't have ye, another will."

"PAPA," said the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet in the Holy Scriptures?"—"Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word, signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge, and that the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God."—"I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph: for I would rather love God than know all things."

BORROWING is a bad thing at the best; but "borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most foolish investment of "foreign capital" that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of "operation" is set forth in a down-east newspaper, wherein a man thus related his experience, in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:

"As soon as I heerd of it my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I got any bills on that bank? I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact!' So I put on my coat, and I 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way. And when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills outer that bank—nor any other! Then I felt easier."

CHARLES DICKENS said there is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, a youth well taught, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and will play its part, though its body be turned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

JESUS, says a Persian story, arrived at a certain city and sent his disciples forward to prepare a supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground, and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt, and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eye of a man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pollutes the air."—"How long shall the foul beast offend our sight?" said another. "Look at his torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut a shoe out of it."—"And his ears," said a fourth, "all dragged and bleeding."—"No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for stealing." And Jesus heard them, and looking down on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve, even in a dead dog;" and, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and each went his way.

TIBERIUS II. was so liberal to the poor that his wife blamed him for it. Speaking to him once of his wasting his treasure by this means, he told her, "He should never want money so long as in obedience to Christ's command he supplied the necessities of the poor!" Shortly after this, he found a great treasure under a marble table which had been taken up, and news was also brought him of the death of a very rich man, who had left his whole estate to him.

A DEATH-BED repentance is a dangerous speculation. 'Tis true, the thief on the cross was forgiven at the last hour; but it was intended as a singular instance, that none might despair—a solitary one, that none might presume.

"I AM rich enough," said Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive and seeing another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument if a wanting friend was above ground." That speech of Pope is enough to immortalize him independently of his philosophic verses.

A PREACHER, being requested to perform the last sad office for a young woman at the point of death, pressed her to believe that flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of Heaven. "Then I am safe," said she, "for I am nothing but skin and bone."

LIFE is divided into three terms: that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit in the present, and from the present to live better in the future.

"MARY MAGDALENE had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled a cynical bachelor, in the course of the discussion on the woman question. "No, they are not cast out yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

"MY good woman," said an evangelist as he offered her a tract, "have you not the gospel here?"—"No, sir, we haven't," replied the old lady; "but they have got it woefully down to New Orleans."

WE saw a good anecdote about long preaching. A lady took her son, of some five or six years, to church. After the minister had been preaching about half an hour, the little fellow grew sleepy, and began to nod. The mother roused him into attention several times by pinching. But, as it seemed a hopeless case, she concluded to let him sleep undisturbed. After the little fellow had had his nap out he awoke, and saw the minister still holding forth. He looked up in his mother's face and innocently asked: "Mother, is it this Sunday night, or is it next Sunday night?"

In the State of Ohio there resided a family, consisting of an old man named Beaver and his three sons, all of whom were hard "pets," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious, though very eccentric, minister, who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival, he found the young man very penitent, and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise: "O Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam; and, O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but a rattlesnake will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

A VISITOR to Chicago writes to his home newspaper:—"I went to hear Dr. Hartfield preach and pray yesterday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would remove from Chicago all intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, licentiousness, fraud, profanity, cheating, and every form of vice; and then I didn't hear the next few sentences, because I was thinking what would be left of Chicago. I finally concluded that the Chicago river and some perfumery would be left, and so I gave attention to the rest of the prayer."

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

LONGFELLOW, in his beautiful story of "Kavanagh," calls Sunday "the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week." A pretty idea.

SPURGEON sometimes comes out with a good thing:

"Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the ark to a committee on Naval Affairs, it's my opinion it wouldn't have been built yet!"

JUDGE SEWALL, of Massachusetts, who died in 1760, went one day into a hatter's shop in order to purchase a pair of shoe brushes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple. "What is your price?" said the judge. "If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome." The judge, upon hearing this, laid them down, and bowing was leaving the shop, upon which the hatter said to him:—"Pray, sir, your honour has forgotten the principal object of your visit." —"By no means," answered the judge, "if you please set a price I am ready to purchase; but ever since it has fallen my lot to occupy a seat on the bench, I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgments."

A POOR blind girl in England brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, saying: "You are a poor blind girl and cannot afford to give so much."—"I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings, better perhaps than you suppose."—"How so?"—"I am, sir, by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure in the last winter it must have cost those girls thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

SOON after the Copernican system of astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry:—"Doctor T., do you believe in the new story they tell of the earth moving round the sun?"—"Yes, certainly."—"Do you think it is according to the Scriptures? If it's true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?"—"Umph!" quoth the doctor, scratching his head, "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"—"Yes."—"Well it stood still, did it not?"—"Yes."—"Very well. Now, did you ever hear that he set it a-going?"

THERE dwelt in Maine a good Methodist brother who was "blessed" with a wife of fretful disposition. Being at camp-meeting, they on one occasion knelt down together in a tent prayer meeting. The husband felt called upon to pray, which he did in a devout and proper manner. He was followed by his wife, who, among other things, said, "Thou knowest, Lord, that I am somewhat fretful and cross at home;" but before she could announce to the Lord another statement, the husband exclaimed, "Amen!—truth, Lord, every word of it." It would be revealing the secrets of domestic life to disclose the manner and spirit in which the conversation was resumed and ended at the home circle.

A GOOD deacon addressing a Sabbath-school made a point by the following anecdote: "Children," said the deacon, "you all know that I went to the Legislature. Well, the first day I got to Augusta I took dinner at a tavern, and right beside me, at the table, sat a member from one of the back towns that had never taken dinner in a tavern afore in his life. Before his plate was a dish of peppers, and he kept looking and looking at them; and finally, as the waiters were mighty slow bringing on things, he up with his fork, and in less than no time soused down on it. The tears came into his eyes, and he seemed hardly to know what to do. At last, spitting the pepper into his hands, he laid it down side of his plate, and, with a voice that set the whole table in a roar, exclaimed: 'Jist lay thar and cool.'"

DR. SOUTH says: "The tale-bearer and the tale-hearer should be hanged up both together—the former by the tongue, the latter by the ear."

JOHN ADAMS, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked: "I have nothing to give for that cause, but there are here, in this vicinity, six ministers; not one will preach in the other's pulpit. Now, I will give as much and more than any one else to civilize these clergymen."

THE following is a statement of a thousand conversions to Christianity which are said to take place at the different stages of life: Under 20 years, 550; between 20 and 30 years, 340; between 30 and 40 years, 89; between 40 and 50 years, 18; between 50 and 60 years, 3.

Of an examination and calculation made by a clergyman of 253 converts who came under his observation, the period of their conversion was as follows: Under 20 years of age, 138; between 20 and 30 years, 85; between 30 and 40 years, 22; between 40 and 50 years, 4; between 50 and 60 years, 3; between 60 and 70 years, 1; beyond 70, not one. What a lesson on the delay of conversion!

A MAGNIFICENTLY sublime thought was the determination that the first telegraphic message across the ocean should be the following: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will toward men."

THE Rev. Charles Shrome, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was stationed at New Lisbon, Ohio, and added to his clerical duties the agency for a certain magazine, which it is needless to name. One Sabbath day, at the close of the service, he requested the congregation to tarry a few minutes. He then held up the periodical to their gaze, displayed its varied attractions, and commenced an active canvass for subscribers on the spot. "The price," he said, "would be no object if you had the desire for knowledge that I had when a young man. Why, my brethren, I used to work all night to get money to buy books, and get up before daylight to read them!"

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be. "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply. "Why, don't you ever fret?"—"Yes; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."—"Why, then, there's no need to fret at all."—"True; that's the reason I put it off."

Somebody says the devil is a mean word, anyway you can fix. You can't make a respectable word of it anyhow. Remove the *d* and it is evil, remove the *e* and it is vile, remove the *v* and it is ill, remove the *i* and the *l* itself sounds like hell.

A lawyer of high reputation in the city of Philadelphia was travelling in one of the Southern States, and being belated one evening, after a long day's ride, he was compelled to turn into a house on a solitary plantation, and ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening he thought he observed something reserved in the master of the house, which awakened his suspicions. He was at length conducted to his chamber, which was adjoining the family room. There he dwelt on the circumstances which had alarmed him, till his excited imagination was filled with thoughts of nightly robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as well as he could. He fastened down the windows; against the doors he piled up tables, chairs, every thing that was movable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear and increased his alarm. He placed his ear at the keyhole. The man of the house was engaged in prayer—in family prayer. Among the objects of intercession, he was praying for "the stranger whom the providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath their roof that night." When he got through, our travelling friend arose from his stooping posture. Imagine the change in his feelings. All his fears had vanished. Though no Christian himself, he knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up, and went to bed and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house where God was feared and worshipped was a safe house to sleep in.

Some one truly says, the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way sometimes himself.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRUISMS AND WISE COUNSEL

(*Sub-headings Alphabetically Arranged.*)

AFFLICTION, MISFORTUNE, SORROW AND TROUBLE.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one.

Little troubles wear the heart out, and it is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather, even with artillery. Fifty little debts of one dollar each, will cause more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.—*W. A. Huntley.*

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by clouds of sorrow! So do stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Take all sorrow out of life, and you take all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.

Troubles are like hornets, the less ado you make about them the better, for your outcry will only bring the whole swarm upon you.

Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the compliment.

Troubles are like babies, they only grow bigger by nursing.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

WOULD you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table—they must go into deep water and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength, of what they are capable—throw them overboard! Over with them, and if they are worth saving they will swim ashore of themselves.

SORROWS gather round great souls as storms do round mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them.

AS we stand by the seashore and watch the huge tides come in we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

IT is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom ends the matter.

THE flowers that breathe the sweetest perfume into our hearts bloom upon the rod with which Providence chastises us.

A PLEASANT, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is dark with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torment lost spirits.

NO man can expect to avoid sickness and sorrow. These "twinklings of oblivion," and touches and misgivings of mortality are the unavoidable allotments of life—its portion and penalty.

One billow ebbs, another flows,
We only pass from woes to woes.—*Cicero.*

THE profoundest sorrow is not brought upon us by the world, by its bitterness, its malice, its injustice, or its persecutions. These indeed affect us, and make us wiser, more weak, or more brave. We can, if we choose, repel the world's wrongs. We can laugh at the injuries inflicted upon us and hurl defiance at them. But all these griefs and provocations are not true sorrow. That comes alone from within and not from without. It is not composed of rage, or vengeance, or resentment. It is subdued humility and unalloyed resignation. It communes with ourselves and with God, and its chief element is pity, and its most ardent desire is hope. It would not persecute and wound, it would reconcile and heal, it would not always remember in wrath, but it would forget and forgive in mercy, bestowing a free pardon for all offences, and maintaining a perfect submission under every affliction.

SORROW is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.—*Johnson.*

MAN is a child of sorrow, and this world
In which we breathe hath cares enough to plague
us;
But it hath means withal to soothe those cares;
And he who meditates on others' woes
Shall in that meditation lose his own.
Cumberland's Timocles.

THE path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in his road.
Cowper.

GIVE sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Shakspeare.

WE should value affliction as we do physic—not by its taste, but by its effects.

GOD lays us upon our backs, that we may look heavenwards.

PROSPERITY without God's presence is full of trouble; but trouble with the presence of God is full of comfort.

God doth distil out of the bitterest drink his glory and our salvation.

God brings men into deep waters, not to drown them, but to cleanse them.

We are not only to do what God commands, but submit to what God sends.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.
Burton.

It is only strong faith in God that can guide us aright through temptation and trouble.

Patient and submissive resignation of our souls to God is the certain means of a happy issue of all our troubles.—*Fletcher.*

It is more laudable to suffer great misfortunes than to do great things.

The furnace of affliction is only to refine us from our earthly dross, and to soften us for the impression of God's own image.

It is better to be the object of God's wounding mercy, than of his sparing clemency.

All our afflictions are but so many doors to let in Christ.

It is better to be a suffering saint on earth, than a suffering sinner in perdition.

It is not going into the furnace, but the coming out, which demonstrates the metal.

God strikes not as an enemy to destroy, but as a father to correct.

No affliction is so bad as no affliction.

Though a good man mourns under afflictions, he must not murmur.

The depths of man's misery are not so deep as God's mercy.

God's heart is full of love, whilst the face of his Providence is full of frowns.

A state of affliction is a school for virtue.

When he, God, strikes us, he means not to hurt us, but only to kill sin in our souls.

It matters not if we have the tokens of God's wrath upon our bodies, so that we have but the marks of his love upon our souls.

God's frowns are oft converted into smiles; and though he afflicts, it is but to bring us nearer to himself.

Afflictions are as Samson's lion; they afford the honey of instruction. These are the counsellors that tell us what we are.

Affliction is but our shepherd's dog; he comes not to devour us, but to drive us to the fold.

Affliction and grace oft go hand in hand.

Lazarus found the rich man's gate shut, but the kingdom of heaven was open.

Afflictions are but conductors to immortal life and glory.

Affliction abates our pride and vanity, tames the wildness of our spirits, and brings us to thought and reflection; it softens the heart and makes it impressible and ready to receive instruction.

Affliction is a school of virtue: it corrects levity and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—*Atterbury.*

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under affliction; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by it.
Confucius.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice,
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.
Havard.

I **pray** thee deal with men in misery
Like one who may himself be miserable.
Heywood.

In this wild world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.
Crabbe.

AROMATIC plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
Goldsmith.

ADVERSITY is of no use to some men, and prosperity is of no advantage to others. Experience is wanting to both, and the cloud and the rainbow are misconceived alike; the former is no token of darkness, the latter no covenant of peace.

THE good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are better still.—*Rogers.*

MISFORTUNES which place us beneath our condition, are the hardest of all to endure, because there comes with them a sense of degradation which diminishes fortitude but increases adversity.

◆

AVARICE AND COVETOUSNESS.

THE covetous man seeks to add to what he has.

The avaricious man only strives to retain what he has.

The covetous man sacrifices others to indulge himself.

The avaricious man will sometimes sacrifice himself to indulge others; for generosity, which is opposed to covetousness, is sometimes associated with avarice.

AT last Swift's avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse (his friends) a bottle of wine.—*Johnson.*

"AVARICE in old age," says Cicero, "is foolish; for what can be more absurd than to increase our provisions for the road, the nearer we approach our journey's end?"

Two things are difficult for man to do;
'Tis to be selfish and be honest, too.

MUCH wanted more, and lost all.

THE love of money and an indisposition to use what God has entrusted to our care for wise and good purposes, are often deepened and intensified as we increase our wealth and desert the path which leads to God and salvation.—*Alfred.*

IT may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil.—*Hughes.*

COVETOUSNESS is never content with any acquirement; never happy in any circumstances.

COVETOUS men are like the salt sea; though they drink many waters, yet they are still unsatisfied.

COVETOUSNESS grasps at everything, but is content with nothing.

A COVETOUS man is a stranger to content, and an enemy to himself.

A COVETOUS man lives without comfort, and dies without hope.

A COVETOUS man is terrified with the thoughts of poverty in the midst of riches, and when he hath bread, saith, Where is it? He is so troubled with suspected evils. He daily counts his treasures, and is constantly haunted with agonizing fears of being robbed, and takes no comfort in his possessions.

THE covetous are deaf to the voice of conscience and the dictates of reason; they are blind to everything except their own selfish ends. No misery, no agonizing pain, no object of distress, can move them; no piteous cries can pierce their adders' ears; no lamentation can reach their adamantine hearts.

'TIS strange the miser should his care employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.—*Pope.*

SOME, o'er-enamored of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Young.

OH cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.
Blair.

THE love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.—*Moore.*

The kindly throbs that other men control,
Ne'er melt the iron of the miser's soul.
Thro' life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.—*Sprague.*

WEALTH in the gross is death, but life diffused;
As poison heals, in just proportion used;
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispersed is incense to the skies.—*Pope.*

THE avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion and strengthened by age.—*Colton.*

THE first of the ten commandments prescribes the law of faith, the last forbids the practice of covetousness.

THE only avarice which is justifiable is that of love; the only ambition that is commendable is zeal in the cause of virtue and good actions.

FEW sins in the world are punished more constantly and more certainly than those of ambition and avarice.

THE avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground in the desert, which sucks up all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.—*Zeno.*

SOME men are called sagacious merely on account of their avarice, whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.—*Shenstone.*

AVARICE begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead, and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it.—*Colton.*

HOW vilely he has lost himself that becomes a slave to his servant, and exalts him to the dignity of his maker! Gold is the god, the wife, the friend of the moneymonger of the world.—*Penn.*

THAT man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot—creation's blank.

TANTALUS, it is said, was ready to perish with thirst, though up to the chin in water. Change but the name, and every rich man is the Tantalus in the fable. He sits gaping over his money, and dares no more touch it than he dares commit sacrilege.

THAT man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

MEAN souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good-looking frames.

A MAN who hoards riches and enjoys them not, is like the ass who carries gold and eats thistles.

A COVETOUS man is like a dog in a wheel, he roasts meat for others to eat.

IT is a miracle almost for a rich man not to be overrun with vice, having such strong inclinations to it from within, and such inducements and opportunities to it from without. To be rich in money and rich in good works too rarely occur.
South.

IT is an affliction to be poor for want of riches; but it is a curse to be poor in the possession of it.

IT is worthy of observation that the Latin word for miserable has been applied to designate an individual who possesses but cannot enjoy. And well may he be called a miser, for of all men he is the most mean and abject and comfortless.

UNRIGHTEOUS gain has destroyed millions, but has never made one man permanently prosperous and happy.

THE treasure of some men is gold, and the love of it grows so strong as to become idolatrous. Such men never rise above the merest drudgery in the world. There is not a noble sentiment or feeling can live in their heart, because the lust fills it so completely as to leave no room for anything else. They can do nothing but grovel like an earth-worm, eating dust and casting out their slime in order to form a pathway along which to crawl.

WHEN charity keeps apace with gain, industry is blessed; but to slave to get, and keep it sordidly, whilst others are in want around us, is a sin against Providence, a vice in government, and an injury against their neighbors. Such are they that spend not one-fifth of their income, and, it may be, give not one-tenth of what they spend to the needy.—*Seneca.*

AND again I say unto you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.—*Matthew.*

In commenting on this verse, Adam Clarke says: "Who is the rich man in our Lord's sense of the word? A rich man in my opinion is not one who has so many hundreds or thousands more than some of his neighbors, but is one who gets more than is necessary to supply all his own wants and those of his household, and keeps the residue still to himself, though the poor are starving through lack of the necessaries of life. In a word, he is a man who gets all he can, saves all he can, and keeps all he has gotten. Speak, reason! Speak, conscience! for God has already spoken. Can such a person enter into the kingdom of God? No. 'With men this is impossible.'" This distinguished divine, commenting on this part of the verse just quoted, says: "God alone can take the love of the world out of the human heart. Therefore the salvation of the rich is represented as possible only to him; and, indeed, the words seem to intimate that it requires more than common exertions of Omnipotence to save a rich man."

HE that giveth unto the poor shall not lack, but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.—*Proverbs.*

HE that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase.—*Ecclesiastes.*

WHOSO hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?
1 John.

FOR the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him: I hid me, and was wroth, and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart.—*Isaiah.*

WHOSO stoppeth his ear at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard.—*Proverbs.*

THE love of money is the root of all evil.—1 *Timothy.*

IN all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice:
It neither cares for food, nor clothing;
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.
Butler.

THE only gratification a covetous man gives his neighbors, is to let them see that he himself is as little better for what he has as they are.—*Penn.*

THE man who lives merely on this earth, who lives merely for the purpose of pumping gratification out of all the world into himself, and appropriating God Almighty's benefits without regard to others, he is the meanest creature in the world—nothing but a sponge with brains, sucking in everything and letting out nothing.

BEGGARS are troublesome even in the streets as we pass through them; but how much more when a man shall carry a perpetually clamorous beggar in his own breast, which shall never leave off crying, give, give, whether a man has anything to give or no.—*South.*

COVETOUS men are fools, miserable wretches, buzzards, madmen, who live by themselves in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, discontent, with more of gall than honey in their enjoyments; who are rather possessed by their money than possessors of it; *mancipati pecuniis*, bound prentices to their property; and *servi divitiarum*, mean slaves and drudges to their substance.—*Burton.*

EXTREME avarice almost always mistakes itself; there is no passion which more often deprives itself of its object, nor on which the present exercises so much power to the prejudice of the future.
Rochefoucauld.

The generality of misers are very good people; they do not cease to amass wealth for others that wish their death.

A miser sixty years old refuses himself necessaries that he may not want them when he is a hundred. Almost all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.—*Stanislaus.*

The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that may be said to possess him.
Lord Bacon.

Aristippus having demanded fifty drachmas (about twenty-five shillings) of a man for teaching his son. "How, fifty drachmas," cried the father, "why that's enough to buy a slave."—"Indeed," replied Aristippus, "buy him, then, and you'll have two."—*Rollin.*

Men are frequently forced to make their way to great possessions by the commission of great sins, and, therefore, the happiness of life cannot possibly consist in them. It has been a saying, and a remarkable one it is, that there is no man very rich, but is either an unjust person himself, or the heir of one or other who is so. I dare not pronounce so severe a sentence universally; for I question not but through the good providence of God, some are as innocently and with as good a conscience rich, as others can be poor; but the general baseness and corruption of men's practices has verified this harsh saying of too many; and it is every day seen how many serve the god of this world to obtain the riches of it.

One great evil which attends the possession of riches is an insatiable desire of getting more. "He who loves money shall not be satisfied with it," says Solomon. And I believe it would be no hard matter to assign more instances of such as riches have made covetous than such as covetousness has made rich. Upon which account a man can never truly enjoy what he actually has through the eager pursuit of what he has not; his heart is still running out; still upon the chase of a new game, and so never thinks of using what it has already acquired.

The covetous man lives as if the world was made altogether for him, and not he for the world, to take in everything and to part with nothing. The cries of the poor never enter into his ears; if they do he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in. Charity is accounted no grace with him, nor gratitude any virtue. In a word, he is a pest and a monster, greedier than the sea, and barrener than the shore; a scandal to religion, and an exception from the common humanity; and upon no other account fit to live in this word but to be made an example of God's justice in the next.

And as for covetousness we may truly say of it, that it makes the alpha and omega in the devil's alphabet, and that it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies.

Covetousness is a vice which no character can reach the compass, or fully express the baseness of holding fast all it can get in one hand, and reaching at all it can desire with the other. In a word, of so killing a malignity is it, that wheresoever it settles, it may be deservedly said of it, that it has enriched its thousands, it has damned its ten thousands. A hard saying, I confess; but it is the truth of it which makes it so.—*South's Sermons on Covetousness.*

Avarice is like a graveyard: it takes all that it can get and gives nothing back.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

A miser undertakes to make the most of everything, by making no use at all of anything.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

YOU see the miser on his death-bed lying on that heap of straw, the gray-haired old man, whose life has long been devoted to that one unhallowed object—the gathering of gold. He is dying. There is not one to stand beside his bed-side, and watch as the spark of life flickers away. There is not one to close his eyes, when his cold heart shall have stilled its beatings. Alas, there is not even one to weep when he is gone! There are none to miss him by the fireside—none to whom the world will seem less beautiful when he is laid aside—none to whom his bent form is an object of love and reverence—none to whom he has inspired other than one feeling, that of disgust and fear.

RICH people who are covetous are like the cypress tree: they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so; but they should consider that they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good, than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep their gains longer.

A RICH man who is not liberal resembles a tree without fruit.

GOLD glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
Young.

THE man whose heart is in his wealth, and not in the living God, is virtually as much an idolater as if he made an image of his gold, and fell down on his knees to an idol.—*Chalmers.*

CHARITY AND NOBLE DEEDS.

LET us never hear a good cause run down without vindicating it; nor see injustice committed without remonstrating against it.—*A. Fletcher.*

WE can in no way assimilate ourselves so much with the benign disposition of the Creator of all, as by contributing to the health, comfort, and happiness of our fellow-creature.—*Cicero.*

EVERY good deed is a benefit to the doer as sure as to the receiver.

THE more liberal we are to others from a principle of faith and love, the more liberal God will be to us.

MEN resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.—*Cicero.*

THE disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God.
Howell.

HE that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

YOU cannot injure any one by elevating poor fallen humanity. It is the noblest work man can engage in, not only to elevate himself, but to elevate others.

WHEN our cup runs over we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim; and we complacently call this charity.

SOME sort of charity will swallow the egg and give away the shell.

HE who wants benevolence has no pretensions to piety; and he who loves not his brother whom he hath seen, does not love God whom he hath not seen.

BENEVOLENCE may make some brilliant exhibitions of herself without the instigations of the religious principle. She may make some romantic sacrifices, and the quantity of money surrendered may be far beyond the average charities of the world; but give me a man who carries out benevolence in the whole extent of its sacrifices, who labors unknown in scenes where there is no billiancy to reward him.
Chalmers.

POSTHUMOUS charities are the very essence of selfishness when bequeathed by those who, when alive, would part with nothing.—*Colton.*

THE best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new.—*Cato.*

Secret pleasure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.—*Dryden.*

Good is no good, but if it be spend,
God giveth good for no other end.—*Spenser.*

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
Home.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing
good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors
Are barren in return.—*Rowe.*

It was sufficient that his wants were known:
True charity makes others' wants their own.
R. Dauborne.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.—*Pope.*

Those deeds of charity which we have done
Shall stay forever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestowed we only keep;
The other is not ours.—*Middleton.*

This little sentence, help one another, should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be a golden rule not only practised in every household but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from pathways and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to our fellow creatures. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet a benefit to others.

Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a hand on the shoulder and hear a kindly voice whisper,—"Do not be discouraged; I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty dissolved like dew beneath the sunshine.

Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen the weak and lift the burden from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? Because they did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their relief from distress; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will then never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

The heart of man is like a garden, capable of producing, under good culture, everything beautiful in humanity, while, if neglected, it is choked up with every kind of rank and poisonous weeds. The hand of a virtuous woman is best adapted to the task of sowing good seed and rearing beautiful flowers.

That tree which you see yonder, when very young was bent down to the earth and embedded there; but it shot up again, and now you see it is forever deformed. The sun may shine, the rain and dew may fall, but the tree will never be straight. So it is with bad habits, when once fixed, they are hard things to root out.

Nothing can excuse a want of charity to a fellow-creature in distress. He may perhaps be poor through his own folly or that of his ancestors, and we are, perhaps, rich through our own roguery or that of our ancestors.

WHAT a beautiful virtue is benevolence. It is a precious tie existing between man and man, as children of one common father—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a vain world have little power.

IF a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them.—*Bacon.*

THE purest joy that we can experience in one we love, is to see that person a source of happiness to others.

IT is true that every man has a right to live, and it is the duty of every man to let him live. Blessed be the day if it should ever come, when man will learn that his own true prosperity is essentially involved in the prosperity of his neighbor.

AS bees breed no poison, though they suck the deadliest juices, so the noble mind, though forced to drink the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

PEOPLE should remember that it is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

EVERY man can and should do something for the public, if it be only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement.

THERE is something so great in a single good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

WE should take the hand of the friendless, and smile on the sad and dejected, and sympathize with those in trouble. We should always strive to diffuse everywhere around us sunshine and joy. If we do this we will be sure to be loved.

CHARITY is never lost; it may be of no service to those it is bestowed upon, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

OF all the virtues relative to human happiness, charity is the one most desirable; for, from it spring all the lesser virtues which ennoble our natures, and make us glorified creatures as God intended us to be.

Charity promotes cheerfulness, and he who has once learned the luxury of doing good, carries in his heart enjoyment pure and unalloyed that never fails; as the poet says:

> The primal duties shine aloft like stars:
> The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

When we look around us, or even into the past and present of our own lives, we find that care and trouble are the lot of all mortals. But should we sit and repine over our troubles? By no means; the best remedy would be to visit the abodes of poverty and wretchedness: and if our means are so that we cannot contribute to their well being and comfort, let us speak some cheering word. Or, if we would not contribute because our neighbor contributed so much, and, as we cannot afford to be equal to our neighbor, we shall contribute nothing; let us do away with such nonsense, and contribute according to our means; for "the poor man, who gives to the thirsty a cup of cold water, and the widow who deposits her mite in the treasury," verily, they shall not lose their reward.

Charity should always hold a prominent position in our characters. We may be surrounded by the dark, lowering clouds of adversity, but, if we look up with a smile, and lend a helping hand to those below us, the dark clouds will all flee away, and the sunshine of happiness shall smile upon us, and gladden our hearts.

John Giles, jr.

GOD has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower upon its stem, upon the rain-drops that swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drops that refresh the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its channel, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light—upon all he has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

NIGHT kissed the rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came, with her dancing breezes; and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke, joyous and smiling. Then came the ardent sun god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft and it fainted. Deserted, and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now the gentle breeze, who had been gambolling over the sea, pushed on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and the still brook, fanning the fevered brow of disease, and the curl of innocent childhood, comes tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; and when she hasted to kiss it, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruby arms as if in gratitude to embrace the breeze. But she hurried quickly away when her generous task was performed, yet not without reward, for she perceived that the delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart, and went away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

IT is as easy for some people to be benevolent, as it is for others to be fat, or beautiful, or easy-tempered. One man is generous by nature, another avaricious, a third choleric and a fourth patient. We have various propensities, and we do not know that we deserve more credit for the good ones than for the bad ones. If we have strong feelings of justice, humanity, and affection, let us be thankful; they are the gifts of God; let us cultivate them; and, at the same time, let us remember in love those who have been less blessed.

One is born beautiful, another repulsive; one has wit, another none; one has great moral worth, another appears endowed with scarce a germ of conscience or principle. Who made us to differ? If a man robs you, who is the most to be pitied—you, who lose a few dollars, or he who is himself lost to a sense of honor and right? Had you been placed in his circumstances, with the same natural propensities, and no more power against temptation than he possessed, might you not have done the same wrong?

Lead, teach, develop the misled and erring. Treat them always with patience and tender concern. It is your good fortune rather than their fault, that has made you better than they. To be charitable from a natural impulse, to compassionate those who excite our compassion, to love those where we expect a return—this is well, although not much; but to be charitable from a diviner impulse, to compassionate those who wrong us, to love with self-sacrifice, forgiving our enemies, because they know not what they do, and working for the ignorant and ungrateful, with large and cheerful faith—this is the grace that surpasses all.

A WORD of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

BE not stingy of kind words and pleasing acts, for such are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them.

PHILANTHROPY differs from benevolence only in this; that benevolence extends to every being that has life and sense, and is, of course, susceptible of pain and pleasure; whereas philanthropy cannot comprehend more than the human race.

DEATH.

DEATH is no more than turning us over from time to time to eternity.

DEATH is the gate of eternity.

DEATH has nothing terrible in it, but what life has made so.

LIVING in the fear of God takes away the fear of death; for the sting of death is sin.

DEATH is another Moses unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and making brick in Egypt.

DEATH is a friend to the righteous, but an enemy to the wicked: to one he is an inlet to glory; but to the other a door to all misery.

DEATH puts an end to all the wicked man's comforts, and is the beginning of his miseries.

DEATH uses no civilities to princes more than peasants: the mortal scythe is master of the royal sceptre, and it mows down the lilies of the crown as well as the grass of the field. A bed of state will not deter his approach, nor embroidered curtains repel his shaft.

To neglect at any time preparation for death is to sleep on our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.
Johnson.

IT is no small reproach to a Christian, whose faith is in immortality and the blessedness of another life, much to fear death, which is the necessary passage thereto.—*Sir H. Vane.*

SEEK not consolation against death, but let death be your consolation.

A GOOD man, when dying, once said: "Formerly death appeared to me like a wide river, but now it has dwindled to a rill; and my comforts, which were as the rill, have become the broad and deep river."

THERE is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart betwixt this world and the next.

DEATH, says Lokman, is nearer to us than the eyelid to the eye.

THE sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.—*Shakespeare.*

DEATH, so called, is a thing that makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is passed in sleep.—*Byron.*

IN life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise;
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.—*Johnson.*

OH, that I less could fear to lose this being,
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasped the faster melts away.
Dryden.

IMAGINATION, fool and error, wretch;
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.
Young.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come?
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves around the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!

SURE, 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul;
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting.—*Blair.*

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Gray.*

MEN seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although his passages may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows.

THE sick bed is so like the grave, which it leads to, that it uses rich and poor, prince and peasant alike. Pain has no respect of persons, but strikes all with an equal and an impartial stroke.
Chalmers.

◆

ENVY AND SUSPICION.

ENVY is strongly characteristic of littleness of mind; a truly noble and generous man feels no enmity towards a successful rival. It is related of an Arabian king that when his architect had finished him a structure of passing magnificence and beauty, he ordered him to be thrown from its highest tower for fear that he might build a palace of equal or superior beauty for some rival king.

ALWAYS to think the worst is ever found to be the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.

◆

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY is a fathomless gulf, without bank or bottom.

ETERNITY is an endless, boundless, bottomless state, that admits of neither change, pause, nor period forever.

ETERNITY is a circle running into itself, whose centre is all ways, and circumference nowhere.

ETERNITY is an over-running fountain, whither the waters, after many turnings, flow back again that they may always flow.

ETERNITY is a beginning, continuing, never ending, always beginning.

ETERNITY to the godly is a day that hath no sun-setting; but eternity to the wicked is a night that hath no sun-rising.
Every Man's Monitor.

"ETERNITY has no gray hairs." The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but Time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity! Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present unborn, undecaying, but undying —the endless chain compassing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth hath its beauties, but time shrouds them from the grave; its honors, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are but toys of changing fortunes; its pleasures, they are bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwellings of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay.

Its days will know no darkening —eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its foundations will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

WHAT is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly among dreams and broken thoughts and wild imaginations.

Are not the capacities of man higher than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world, it is at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals, and if we succeed in our expectations we are eternally happy.
Burnet.

WHAT folly is it that with such care about the body which is dying, the world which is perishing before our eyes, time which is perpetually disappearing, we should so little care about that eternal state in which we are to live forever when this dream is over! When we shall have existed ten thousand years in another world, where will be all the cares and enjoyments of this? In what light shall we look upon her things which now transport us with joy, or overwhelm us with grief?

FRIENDSHIP.

HEALTH is disease,
Life death, without a friend.

FRIENDSHIP is supported by nothing artificial: it depends upon reciprocity of esteem.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in storms. Swarms of insects will surround you in sunshine.

FRIENDSHIP is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero.*

MAKE not a bosom friend of a melancholy soul; he'll be sure to aggravate thy adversity, and lessen thy prosperity. He goes always heavy loaded, and thou must bear half. He's never in a good humor, and may easily get into a bad one, and fall out with thee.

HOPE not to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee,
All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
Young.

HE who, malignant, tears an absent friend,
Or, when attacked by others, don't defend;
Who friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,
That man is vile.—*Horace.*

AND what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A sound that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep.—*Goldsmith.*

SAY not that friendship's but a name,
Sincere we none can find;
An empty bubble in the air,
A phantom of the mind.
What is this life without a friend?
A dreary race to run,
A desert where no water is,
A world without a sun.
. . . .
Oh, what is life without a friend
To dissipate our gloom?
A path where naught but briars grow,
Where flowers never bloom.
'Tis friends who make this desert world
To blossom as the rose,
Strew flowers o'er our rugged path,
Pour sunshine o'er our woes.—*Alfred.*

WISE were the kings who never chose a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmasked his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts.

AN act by which we make one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

IF a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Johnson.*

NOTHING is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable.—*La Fontaine.*

I HAVE too deeply read mankind
To be amused with friendship; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity;
'Tis intercourse of interest, not of souls.—*Havard.*

PURCHASE not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.—*Fuller.*

HE that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, powers, or energy.—*Lavater.*

THE friendship of some men is like the love of some women; it is variable and capricious, inconstant and uncertain, hard to win and to keep, and if won not worth having.

ALL men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—*Cyrus.*

FALSE friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—*Burton.*

LOVE and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.
Budgell.

A FAITHFUL and true friend is a living treasure, inestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought.

Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by doubling our joy and dividing our grief.—*Addison.*

Those friends are weak and worthless, that will not use the privileges of friendship, in admonishing their friends with freedom and confidence, as well of their errors as of their danger.—*Bacon.*

I had rather have one good friend, than all the delights and treasures of Darius. *Plato.*

Neither water, fire, nor the air we breathe, is more necessary to us than friendship.—*Cicero.*

The writings of Tully are full of expressions to the same purpose.

Zenophon pronounced of friendship's perfection, that it was above the reach of the highest human endowment.

That man has secured the greatest good of life, who has chosen a worthy friend.

Zeno being asked what is a friend? answered, he is another I.—*Bias.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.—*Shakspeare.*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

What men have given the name of friendship to, is nothing but an alliance, a reciprocal accommodation of interests, an exchange of good offices; in fact, it is nothing but a system of traffic, in which self-love always proposes to itself some advantage.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, while it is easy to know those of the head.

Rare as is true love, true friendship is still rarer.—*Rochefoucauld.*

A man in place has no more friends when he loses his post. It was not, therefore, him, but his place that had friends.

A real friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity. As friendship must be founded on mutual esteem, it cannot long exist among the vicious; for we soon find ill company to be like a dog, which dirts those the most whom it loves the best. A fashionable friend is one who will dine with you, game with you, walk or ride with you, borrow money of you, will stand by and see you fairly shot, if you happen to be engaged in a duel, and slink away and see you clapped in prison, if you experience a reverse of fortune. Such a man is like the shadow of the sun-dial, which appears in fine weather, and vanishes when there comes a rainy day.

Tin Trumpet.

The ties of friendship are at present so slight that they break of themselves; they only draw hearts near each other, but do not unite them.—*Stanislaus.*

Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

Better to be alone in the world and utterly friendless, than to have sham friends and no sympathy; ties of kindred which bind one as it were to the corpse of relationship, and oblige one to bear through life the weight and the embrace of this lifeless cold connection.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

He who never gives advice, and he who never takes it, are alike unworthy of friendship.

Without entire confidence friendship and love are but mockeries, and social intercourse a war in disguise.

Some author has beautifully said:—"The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity."

SEEK for friendship among the pure and good if you would yourself occupy an exalted position.

THOSE who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character.

HAPPINESS.

NONE are unhappy, all have cause to smile
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Young.

CROWNS and sceptres are but golden fetters and glaring miseries.

HAPPINESS is like wealth; as soon as we begin to nurse it and care for it, it is a sign of its being in a precarious state.

MAN courts happiness in a thousand shapes; and the faster he follows it the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promiseth happiness to us at a distance. Such a step of honor, such a pitch of estate, such a fortune or match for a child; but when we come nearer to it either we fall short of it, or it falls short of our expectation, and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment.—*Tillotson.*

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom—that he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton.*

ALAS, if the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.—*Sterne.*

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson.*

PHILOSOPHICAL happiness is to want little; civil or vulgar happiness is to want much and to enjoy much.—*Burke.*

HAPPINESS is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

THE great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for without finding it.—*Seneca.*

AS the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.

NOTHING hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

SIX things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day after day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.—*Hamilton.*

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases.—*Sharp.*

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators.—*Addison.*

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And our dear hut—our home.—*Colton.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.—*Cowper.*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing—
Bliss is the same in subject or in king;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Pope.

The spider's most attenuated web
Is cord—is cable to man's tender tie
Of earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
Young.

What is joy—a sunbeam between two clouds.

What makes man wretched? Happiness denied?
No, 'tis happiness disdained.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself Content, a homely name!
Our flame is Transport, and Content our scorn.
Ambition turns and shuts the door against her,
And weds a Toil, a Tempest, in her stead.
Young.

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain,
But these less taste them as they worse obtain.
Pope.

Hoot away despair, never live in sorrow;
Darkest clouds may wear a sunny face to-morrow.

Who will, may weep; who will, may sing for joy.

Happiness is not found in a palace, nor in a cottage, in riches nor in poverty, in learning nor in ignorance, nor in any sphere of life, but in doing right from right motives.

Happiness is that single and glorious thing, which is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe, and where she is not, it were better that nothing should be. Without her, wisdom is but a shadow and virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress.—*Colton.*

Happiness consists in doing one's whole duty to God and man.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavors to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing anything of his own.—*Budgell.*

There is nothing substantial and satisfactory but the supreme good; in it, the deeper we go and the more largely we drink, the better and happier we are: whereas in outward acquirements, if we could attain to the summit and perfection of them, the very possession with the enjoyment palls.

There are thousands of gems along the wayside of life, all entirely unnoticed, or if noticed, still unappreciated. Every passing cloud, however tiny, seems to have its errand of sunshine and shadow. Every zephyr comes to us laden with a sweet perfume. The morrow seems all the brighter for the rude storm that has played about us to-day. Every dew-drop is heavy with its sparkling gems. There is joy and beauty all around us if we can trace it midst familiar things, and not neglect the opportunity of basking in the sunshine of life when there is not a cloud to hide from us its enjoyment.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another, without a few drops falling on oneself.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise purchase.

The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are offsprings of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents they are invulnerable to injury, and incapable of decay.

Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure house, and with "godliness is great gain."

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of everything that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of everything that the world can take away.

One's happiness depends greatly upon the feeling of the heart. If sunshine is there, it will radiate out and make everything in the external world beautiful, or, at least, it will give the surrounding objects a bright side that they may be contemplated with pleasure.

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may come and alight on you.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the bright side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks:—"For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck. When Fenelon's library was on fire, 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, 'that it is not the dwelling of some poor man.' This is the true spirit of cheerfulness and submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see the world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and, perhaps, it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyments he can within and without him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.

Let us try to be like the sunny member of the family, who has the inestimable care of making all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable; even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you feel cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything. We do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent, not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift.

It is much easier to go through the world cheerfully and pleasantly than with a frown upon your brow, and a morose feeling in your heart, as though the east wind were always blowing, and you feel as though every man you meet were little better than a bandit, ready to cut your throat. And, not only cultivate good nature and an even disposition, but don't be afraid of laughing once in a while. If you see anything amusing laugh at it; if very amusing, laugh loudly and heartily. Nothing makes a man go backward and downward as speedily as lack of laughter. Wanting it his blood thickens, he gets dull and gloomy, and goes straightway into misery. The only true way is to cultivate laughter. Get the good of it in present feeling and future philosophy. You will not only live longer but better for it.

The happiness derived from doing deeds of kindness is the highest, the purest, and the most lasting of all human enjoyments. The vilest sinner breathing, if he has ever performed a benevolent act in the course of his life, knows this to be true. How strange, then, that so many thousands should ruin health, fortune and reputation, in pursuit of pleasures that turn to ashes in the end, while they utterly neglect this source of enjoyment, accessible to all, and which not only brightens life, but softens the sting of death.

◆

HONOR AND GREATNESS.

True greatness is personal, and does not depend on power, titles, or wealth. Is a man the more valued of God because he has a large field or a larger purse than his neighbor? Does it give him more virtue or understanding?—*Jay.*

Mind constitutes the majesty of man—virtue his true nobility.

He that is good is always great; but he that is great is not always good.

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few that are both great and good.

Colton.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.

Channing.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Shakspeare.

A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from heaven, and to heaven it must return, and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

However brilliant an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the result of a great design.

La Rochefoucauld.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men.

The great in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

Sir Philip Sidney.

There never was a great man, unless through divine inspiration.—*Cicero.*

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what not one in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on, like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it."—*Lavater.*

Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Young.

O greatness! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watery bubble, lighter than the air.—*Tracy.*

People should remember that it is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

THE little mind who loves itself will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.—*Goldsmith.*

THEY are only truly great whose power and dignity are employed for the public good.

IN what shame, disgrace, and misery do unsanctified honors terminate. And fearful is the fate of those who court the devil's friendship and direction.—*Fletcher.*

NO man is great till he sees that everything in the world is little.

HOPE.

DON'T live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

HUMILITY.

LOWLINESS of heart is real dignity, and humility is the brightest jewel in the Christian's crown.

THE more a man grows in religion and true goodness, the more he grows in humility.

THE more humble you are, the more precious you are in God's sight.

A CHRISTIAN is never so amiable in the eyes of Christ, as when he is clothed with humility.

THE way to be honorable is to be humble.

WHEN the low violet of humility withers, all our other flowers will die.

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.
Selden.

HUMILITY is the beauty of life, and the chief grace and protection of the soul.

HUMILITY is the greatest virtue, for all others follow where this is found, and fly where it is not. It was a plant that was but little known among the ancients, and first grew to perfection, violet-like, in the retired and shady hills of Judæa.

SENSE shines with a double lustre when set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—*Penn.*

HUMANITY cannot be degraded by humiliation. It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.—*Burke.*

BE wise,
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
Massinger.

HUMILITY is the eldest born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.
Murphy.

FROM the walks of humble life have risen those who are the lights and landmarks of mankind.

THE more a man grows in religion and true goodness, the more he grows in humility.

'TIS better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up with a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

LOWLINESS is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.—*Shakespeare.*

HEAVEN'S gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.
Webster.

BY humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches and honor and life.—*Proverbs.*

WHOSOEVER shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—*Matthew.*

GOD resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble.—*James.*

Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—*Matthew.*

He shall save the humble person.—*Job.*

He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly, but the proud he knoweth afar off.—*Psalms.*

Surely he scorneth the scorners, but he giveth grace unto the lowly.

Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility.

Better it is to be of a humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom.
Proverbs.

"**He** who has other graces, without humility, is like one who carries a box of precious powder without a cover on a windy day."

Humility is the low but broad and deep foundation of every virtue.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

I **never** found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees observe that God has chosen the vine, a lowly plant that creeps upon the hopeful wall; of all the fowls, the mild and guileless dove; of all the beasts, the soft and patient lamb. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor the spreading palm, but a bush—an humble, abject bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it the most splendid natural acquisitions lose half their charms.

We never see ourselves as we ought, until we are instructed in lessons of humility and repentance.—*Fletcher.*

◆

LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE.

Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning. He replied: "It is an ornament to a man in prosperity, and a refuge to him in adversity."

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

Learning is like mercury—one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.—*Pope.*

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.
Milton.

Works of fiction are the ornamental parts of literature and learning. They are agreeable embellishments of the edifice, but unsolid foundations to rest upon.

Learning is diffused over a large surface; wisdom is condensed to a small compass. Learning collects materials; wisdom applies them to some use.

The light of learning should be the light of truth. It should illumine the darkness of error, and be a certain beacon to conduct us through the concealed, the rough and intricate ways of the world.

Learning is the foliage of the tree. Knowledge is the fruit. The tree of knowledge was a fruit-bearing tree. When the fruit was seen, then arose the temptation. When plucked and tasted, then came the knowledge of good and evil,—the starting-point in human attainments, the beginning and the end of all wisdom, the first lesson that was learned, and the last that should be forgotten in the career of life.

Learning gives us a discovery of our ignorance, and keeps us from being peremptory and dogmatical in our determinations.—*Collier.*

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
These shallow drops intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.—*Pope.*

Knowledge without a corresponding moral elevation of character, is but the power of doing harm.—*Knox.*

No man is the wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man. Most men's learning is nothing but history duly taken up. If I quote Thomas Aquinas for some tenet, and believe it because the schoolmen say so, that is but history. Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak.
Table Talk (Edinburgh).

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life and guides the heart.
Young.

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entailed from sire to son.—*Gay.*

Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most,
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth;
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.—*Byron.*

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre.

Everything we add to our knowledge adds to our means of usefulness.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in its home in the old ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

◆

LIFE.

Our life is a dying life: we are continually gliding down the stream of time, into the ocean of eternity.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

Life is a journey to death.

Our life is like a bubble, that rises, soon disappears, and traces of it can no more be found: or like a flower in the field, which cometh up and looks gay in the morning, but in the evening is cut down and withered. No glass more brittle, no bubble more vanishing, no ice more dissolving, no flower more fading.

Live the man that you may die the Christian; and live on earth that you may live in heaven.

Alas, how many go through life, possessed of riches, and endowed with talents, yet die without an effort to sweeten the bitter waters of affliction and want, without the world having been made wiser, better, or happier, without ever writing their name in kindly acts on the homes and hearts of the destitute around them, and, what is supremely saddening, without an attempt to take the first step in the glorious march towards their heavenly home.—*Alfred.*

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—*Clarendon.*

If this life is unhappy, it is a burden to us which it is difficult to bear; if it is in every respect happy, it is dreadful to be deprived of it; so that in either case the result is the same, for we must exist in anxiety and apprehension.—*La Bruyère.*

Life may be one great blank, which, though not blotted with sin, is yet without any character of grace and beauty.

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas how soon he dies!
Johnson.

Ten thousand contingencies ever float on the current of life, the smallest of which if they meet our bark in the passing is sufficient to dash it into pieces.

Blair.

As the rose is composed of the sweetest flowers and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene, so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

Burton.

Ask what is human life. The sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good.

Cowper.

What is life? 'Tis like the ocean,
In its placid hours of rest,
Sleeping calmly—no emotion
Rising in its tranquil breast.
But too soon, the heavenly sky
Is obscured by nature's hand,
And the whirlwind passing by
Leaves a wreck upon the strand.

Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die.

Pope.

You'll tell me man ne'er dies, but changeth life;
And haply, for a better. He's happiest
That goes the right way soonest. Nature sent us
All naked hither, and all the goods we had
We only took on credit with the world;
And that the best of men are but mere borrowers;
Though some take longer day.—*Richard Browne.*

I've tried this world in all its changes,
States and conditions; have been great and happy,
Wretched, and low, and passed through all its stages.
And oh, believe me, who have known it best,
It is not worth the bustle that it cost;
'Tis but a medley of all idle hopes
And abject childish fears.

Madden's Themistocles.

There is not a day but to the man of thought
Betrays some secret that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery;
The longer life the greater choice of evil;
The happiest man is a wretched thing
That steals poor comfort from comparison.

Young.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and so away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed.
The deepest age but sups, and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day,
And who betimes has less and less to pay.

Quarles.

Out, out, brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely 'twere too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forget'st.
If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee.—*Shakspeare.*

Life is a waste of wearisome hours
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Moore.

Hope and fear, peace and strife,
Make up the troubled web of life.

The universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

Sprague.

The human race are sons of sorrow born,
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse to crouch beneath their load; the brave
Bear theirs without repining.—*Thomson.*

It is not easy to surround life with any circumstances in which youth will not be delighted; and I am afraid that, whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous the longer it is worn.

Steele.

To discover what is true, and to practise what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

There are some people that live without any design at all, and pass through the world like straws on a river—they do not go, but are carried.

THE life of nine-tenths of mankind is a gross error of calculation, since they attach themselves to the evanescent and neglect the permanent, accumulating riches in a world from which they are constantly running away, and laying up no treasures in that eternity to which every day, hour, minute brings them nearer and nearer.

WE should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

LIFE is fading tint and fading form. It is the blue on the grape, the blush on the rose, the foam on the wave, the beam on the cloud, the smoke on the wind, or the arrow in the air.

THE difficulties of life teach us wisdom, its vanities humility, its calumnies pity, its hopes resignation, its sufferings charity, its afflictions fortitude, its necessities prudence, its brevity the value of time, and its dangers and uncertainties a constant dependence upon a higher and all-protecting power.

HUMAN life, what is it? It is a vapor gilded by a sunbeam, the reflection of heaven in the waters of the earth, an echo between two worlds.

IT is not strange that existence is a problem and life a burden. Experience decides these points; but it is somewhat remarkable that the verb which expresses existence, to be, is defective in some, if not in all, languages.

STRENGTH, bravery, dexterity, and unfaltering nerve and resolution must be the portion and attributes of those who pursue their fortunes amidst the stormy waves of life. It is a crowning triumph or a disastrous defeat, garlands or chains, a prison or a prize. We need the eloquence of Ulysses to plead in our behalf, the arrows of Hercules to do battle on our side.

Acton.

WHEN a Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and the ocean is so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us, as we sail with frail boat on life's broad sea?

WE must take the rough and thorny as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity.

THE duties and burdens of life should be met with courage and determination. No one has a right to be a wart on the fair face of nature, doing nothing useful, producing nothing of utility or value. It is a gross and fatal error to suppose that life is to be enjoyed in idleness. It can never be.

THE law of the wise is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

Proverbs.

FOR life in general there is but one degree; youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.

GIVE a man the necessaries of life and he wants the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

DAY begins in darkness, grows bright, strong and glorious, and in darkness closes; and so man begins life in weak childhood, attains to the meridian of manhood, and second childhood ends his day career.

LIFE appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to character.

WE go up the hill of life like a boy with his sled after him, and go down it like a boy with his sled under him.

SORROW'S best antidote is employment. Beauty devoid of grace is like a hook without a bait. Confine your expenses, or they will confine you. If you cannot do as well as you wish, do as well as you can. Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess. When you hear a man say life is but a dream, tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real. Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

LIFE has some blessing for every one—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. Every heart has a fountain of pure waters, which all men at some time or other taste their sweetness. Is there a man who has not found on his path of life some fragrant rose-bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume?

LIFE has its hours of bitterness,
Its joys, its hopes and fears;
Our way is sometimes wreathed with smiles,
And then baptized with tears.

I AM sent to the ant to learn industry, to the dove to learn innocence, to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to the robin-redbreast, who chants as delightfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

LIFE is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day sufficient to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding the truth is so probably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors die; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell may next give the warning to the world.

IN the sinner's life the roses perish and the thorns are left; in the good man's, the thorns die and the roses live.

LIFE is short. The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time, a vast desert lies upon the retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further, where you will have eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

A PERSON who led an aimless life writes thus:

I committed the fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I expiated it. I started in life without an object, even without ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease and to the full I indulged the disposition; I said to myself: "I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?" I knew not the course that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literature, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and overcome, I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late. The power has gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel sometimes as if there was nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man.

LIFE has its moments of strength and bloom; its bright moments of inspirations, in which the human artist (the painter of earthly life) seizes on and utters the supremely pure, the supremely beautiful. If in such moments everything in human life were executed; if then sacrifices were made, work accomplished, victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve, through a long course of years, the flame which has been kindled by inspiration; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust-rain of the moment falls and falls; to preserve it still and uniform amid the uniform days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required—repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration, both for the great and small, for all labors on earth.

THE bright spots of a man's life are few enough without blotting any out; and since, for a moment of mirth, we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless but for the sunshine of smiles.

THE banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance—not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the virtues; and where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.

THE great controlling purpose of a life is the true test of its value. Men who have low and unworthy aims, who are content to grovel in sensual pursuits, never rise above the level of their lowest desires. This is what degrades or elevates a life—its aim. This is law.

IT is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the houseless wanderers, that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say two dollars in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no bourn to which you can draw nigher, except that bourn which, in such circumstances, the traveller must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity cannot attune itself. Men can live upon poison, can learn to endure absolute solitude, can bear contumely, scorn and shame, and never show it.

A CHILD is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to have that. We are most of us children through life, and only change one toy for another from the cradle to the grave.

THE birds of the air die to sustain thee; the beasts of the fields die to nourish thee; the fishes of the sea die to feed thee; our stomachs are their common sepulchre, with how many deaths are our poor lives patched up; how full of death is the life of momentary man.—*Quarles.*

LET us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

Most of the shadows that cross our pathway through life are caused by our standing in our own way.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful, which begins here and passes before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

From the walks of humble life have risen those who are the lights and landmarks of manhood.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground, and in the school-room there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around, rather than come against another; to take an ill word or cross look, rather than resent or return it. These are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and pleasant, smiling sunshine secured, even in the humble home, among very poor people, as in families in higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

Life is a monstrous disappointment, and death the only portal to peace. There is not a day that passes in which virtue does not sell itself for bread; in which some poor, harassed, or frenzied creature does not rush madly upon death; in which the good are not persecuted and the weak trampled upon. Behind windows you look heedlessly upon tragedies red as any history or fiction ever painted that are being played, and faces you admire mask with smiles an inward torture worse than the agony of the rack. Who, among our readers, has realized the fulfilment of his early hope? Whose life has not its mortifications, its bitter concealments, its studied evasions, its poignant humiliations, its wild uneasiness, its wrestling and defeat? But we do not represent life. We represent the fairest portion and the highest level of it. Beneath us is the great mass of humanity, and they writhe and moan and weep; they toil and starve and curse and fight and die. The world goes roaring on as heedless of those who fall as the gale in autumn is heedless of the leaves it strips from the trees, or the branches it wrenches away.

Life is full of thorns, cries one and another, but on they rush with the crowd, seeming to care but little what seed each word and action sows—whether thistles or lilies of the valley—in its broad paths. Yes, life is full of thorns, but those which wound sharpest and oftenest are the ones our own hands have planted along the wayside of our pilgrimage — thorns we plant in carelessness, in selfishness, in pride and passion; and if in after years we come into sharp and painful contact with them, let us not blame the world so much as ourselves.

Many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those who have the misfortune to be their friends with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not born into a world of trouble; and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood, who has not been ground, as it were, to powder by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling. Therefore, do not grumble, but conquer your troubles.

The great business of life is to make ready for death.—*Fletcher.*

The righteous and sober have the promise of this life; but the wicked and impenitent shall have their days shortened.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when I read the dates of the tombs of some that died but yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Live to be useful; live to give light; live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do good.

For what is life? At best a brief delight,
A sun, scarce bright'ning ere it sinks in night;
A flower, at morning fresh, at noon decayed;
A still, swift river, gliding into shade.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
  'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
  Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
  Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
  Bid me good-morning.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

Man that is born of a woman is full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.—*Job.*

LOVE AND KINDNESS.

Solid love whose root is virtue can no more die than virtue itself.—*Erasmus.*

Love is the strongest hold-fast in the world; it is stronger than death.

If we be destitute of the love of men, the love of God is not in us.

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill—the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have stood at the mountain passes of trouble and conflict; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths—not until then can you know what love is. It is something grander than enters into the imaginations of unsubdued men that yet all believe earthly and sensuous. When two souls come together, each seeking to magnify the other, each, in a subordinate sense, worshipping the other; each helping the other; the two flying together so that each wing-beat of the one helps each wing-beat of the other—when two souls come together thus, they are lovers. They who unitedly move themselves away from grossness and from earth, toward the throne crystalline and the pavement golden, are indeed true lovers.

Father and mother, do you love each other so? Brother and sister, have you Christian love? Newly come and newly found, is this your ideal of love? Is it some romance of imagined excellence? True love carries self-denial, labor-pain for another. True love pivots on honor and respect—both self-respect and respect for another. True love thinks; true love feels; true love strives; true love pleases; true love improves; true love creates in the soul of the one loved a higher life. And so, beginning in this world, and loving little and low, men rise up through intermediate stages, until they touch the higher flights. Old age often sees the flame burned out: but the coals that remain are warmer than all the flames were. There is no loving like that which experience is ministered by the instruction and wisdom and purification of the Holy Ghost.

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no winter of age can freeze it.

The love of the brethren is one of the great universal symptoms of man's regeneration; it is the privy seal of God on the soul.

Some one has remarked, The heart of a woman draws to itself the love of others, as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays, only to return them with a tenfold strength and tenderness of beauty.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

A few kind words, or a little forbearance, will often open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

There is a chord of love running through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

This may be said of love, that if you strike it out of the soul life would be insipid, and our being but half animated.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

Love is often but a solitary leaf, but neither storm nor blight can fade it; like the perfume that a dead flower sends forth, it is sweet when all the gay sunshine has departed; when all its bloom is past, it has the fragrancy of memory; it is the last lingering beam that glows long after sun and star have set—a refuge from the tempestuous and bereaving storms of life.

Love, and faith, and patience bring all things to a right issue in God's good time.

Horace Mann, we think it was, who wrote: You are made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there's a boy in school with ragged clothes, don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there's a dull one, help him to get his lessons.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL GREATNESS AND TRUE HEROISM.

Lord Carnarvon, in addressing the people of Birmingham, used the following illustration:

"Travellers tell us that in some of the Eastern seas, where those wonderful coral islands exist, the insects that form the coral within the reefs, where they are under shelter of rocks, out of the reach of wind and wave, work quicker, and their work is apparently to the eye, sound and good. But on the other hand, those little workers who work outside those reefs in the foam and dash of the waves, are fortified and hardened, and their work is firmer and more enduring. And so I believe it is with men. The more their minds are braced up by conflict, by the necessity of forming opinions upon difficult subjects, the better they will be qualified to go through the hard wear and tear of the world, the better they will be able to hold their own in that conflict of opinion which, after all, it is man's duty to meet."

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without: who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on faith and virtue, and on God is the most unfaltering.

The man who walks the street with unruffled brow and peaceful heart, though his business is ruined, his prospects beclouded, and his family reduced to want, who maintains his integrity amid the perilous temptations of the hour, and bravely, hopefully struggles against these stern adversities, upborne by an unyielding faith in Providence, is a hero. And in yonder room, where that poor, pale-faced girl, through long weary days and dreary nights, with aching eyes and wasting frame, bravely battles off gaunt starvation, or flaunting infamy, with no other weapons than a trusting heart and a little needle—there is one of God's great heroines.

Moral greatness includes in its grasp all excellences, and virtually fosters and forever dignifies all intellectual wealth. A man may acquire intellectual distinction, yet fall far short of moral greatness. But he who aims at this sublime goal, may reap on his way thither all the fields of intellectual wealth, and carry as trophies and adornments all his sheaves with him.

Men are not really noble or made worthy of the homage of our highest esteem and respect on account of the position they occupy, or the wealth they possess, but from the purity of their lives, the loftiness of their aims, and the good the world derives from their many virtues and noble example.—*Alfred.*

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, and not by the power of those which subdue him, and hence composure is very often the highest result of strength.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and, doing this, never reckon the cost.

NOBILITY, ANCESTRY AND ARISTOCRACY.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating.—*Thomson.*

Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke
Because its owner is a duke?—*Swift.*

How shall we call those noble who disgrace
Their lineage, proud of an illustrious race?
Who seek to shine by borrowed lights alone,
Nor with their father's glories blind their own.

Fond man, though all the honors of your life
Bedeck your halls, and round your galleries shine
In proud display, yet take this truth from me—
Virtue alone is true nobility.—*Gifford.*

How poor are all hereditary honors,
Those poor possessions from another's deeds
Unless our own just virtues form our title
And give a sanction to our fond assumption.
Shirley.

The origin of all mankind was the same. It is only a clear conscience that makes a man noble, for that is derived from heaven itself. For a man to spend his time in pursuit of a title that serves only when he dies to finish out an epitaph, is below a wise man's business.—*Seneca.*

Nobility of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions, but it sometimes acts as a clog, rather than a spur.

Men high in rank are sometimes low in acquirement, not so much from want of ability as from want of application; for it is the nature of man not to expend labor on those things that he can have without it, nor to sink a well if he happen to be born upon the banks of a river. But we might as well expect the elastic muscularity of a gladiator without training, as the vigorous intellect of a Newton without toil.—*Colton.*

Of all vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.—*Burton.*

Diogenes being asked who were the noblest men in the world, replied, those who despise riches, glory, pleasures, and lastly, life, who overcome the contrary of all those things, viz.: poverty, infamy, pain and death, bearing them with an undaunted mind.

Better not be at all, than not be noble.

Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility. Knowledge and goodness—these make degrees in heaven, and must be the graduating scale of a true democracy.—*Sedgwick.*

SOCRATES being asked what true nobility was, answered, temperance of mind and body.

THE man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato, the only good belonging to him is under ground.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

HE who has virtue of his own need not boast of his ancestors.

BUT they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity;
In the eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry:
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.
Spenser.

NOBILITY is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific ocean of Time; but, unlike other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.

To recognize the seeds of virtue in the hearts of others, and to aid in their development, is one of the noblest objects in human life.

I CAN respect the aristocracy of family, the consciousness of blood that has flowed through historic veins, and throbbed under blazoned shields on fields of renown. I can respect the aristocracy of talent, arising above all material conditions in its splendor and its power. I can respect the aristocracy of enterprise, that bursts all obstacles, and itself earns and holds with a modest self assertion. But of all aristocracy, the aristocracy of mere vulgar, flaring wealth, and nothing else, is the emptiest and the silliest.—*Chapin.*

THERE is just as much virtue in a pedigree as there is in handing down from father to son ten thousand dollars in continental money.

IN proportion as we ascend the social scale we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

IT is dangerous for one to climb his family-tree too high, for he is very apt to get among dead and decayed branches.

WE inherit nothing truly
But what our actions make us worthy of.

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PLEASURE.

THE finest joys grow nauseous to the taste when the cup of pleasure is drained to its dregs.—*Zimmerman.*

WHO can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

PLEASURE is the death of reason.

PLEASURE as pleasure is not to be condemned, but only sinful pleasure; such as injures another is unjust, such as hurts ourselves is imprudent.

PLEASURE is a boundless ocean, calm and smooth near the shore, but at a distance ever agitated with outrageous storms. He that keeps within sight of land may be safe and happy, but he that ventures further is in danger of being lost.

PLEASURES have honey in the mouth, but a sting in the tail, and often perish in the budding.

PLEASURES are Junos in the pursuit, but clouds in the enjoyment.

THE garden of pleasure is beautiful, but it bears aconite intermixed with roses.

HE that follows pleasure instead of business will in a little time have no business to follow.

TRUE pleasure consists in serving the true God.

THERE is no living all our lives long in a Delilah's lap, and then go to Abraham's bosom when we die.

WHERE pleasure reigns, knowledge, learning, and goodness soon decay.

WICKED men may dance to the timbrel and harp, but suddenly they turn into hell, and their merry dance ends in a miserable downfall.

EXCESSES in our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable, with interest, about thirty years after date.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shadow.—*Colton.*

Indulging in dangerous pleasures, saith a Burmese proverb, is like licking honey from a knife and cutting the tongue with the edge.

Beware of pleasure, should be the perpetual lesson inculcated upon youth. This it is which corrupts, enfeebles, and destroys the mind as well as the body. It is the parent of vice and the promoter of exhaustion and premature decay.

The pleasure which is generally esteemed as such is, in fact, the antagonist of all true and positive pleasure, and is nothing else than misery and wretchedness in the alluring disguise of temptation and folly.—*Acton.*

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.—*Blair.*

No state can be more destitute than that of a person who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasure of the mind.—*Burgh.*

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still;
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins.
Young.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form—
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide.—*Burns.*

It is a difficult thing for a man to swim chin-deep in the stream of creature-comforts, and not forsake the fountain of living waters.

There are no pleasures so delighting, so satisfying, so ravishing, so engaging, and so abiding as those that spring from union and communion with God, and that flow from a sense of interest in God, and from an humble and holy walking with God.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good.
Tillotson.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of him who gave the rose to blow.

Pleasure is sometimes only a change of pain. A man who has had the gout feels first-rate when he gets down to only rheumatism.

Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, and power a pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment, perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration.

Mutability is written with the iron pen of fate, upon all the joys of human life.

Society is not, and ought not to be, exclusively devoted to serious concerns. The beneficent Creator of the universe would not have adapted human beings to the enjoyment of his gifts unless he intended that they should be enjoyed. With the law which enjoins industry, comes the law of fruition. Why should the eye be formed to perceive natural and artificial beauty, if it is not to be used for that purpose? Why has the capacity to make instruments capable of emitting sweet sounds been given, if such sounds are not to be heard? Why should the human structure be capable of the sweetest melody, and of graceful action, and of the delightful expression beaming from innocent and heavenly countenances, if pleasure from such sources were forbidden us? Why does the grape ripen, the silkworm toil, the annual fleece return, the diamond sparkle, the marble yield to the chisel, and the canvas catch and preserve the inspiration of genius, but to awaken human desire, animate industry, and reward with fruition? It is the excess, and the abuse, that are forbidden.

In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls.

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POVERTY AND ADVERSITY.

It is much better to have sanctified poverty than ensnaring prosperity, and to beg our bread with Lazarus on earth, than to beg our water with Dives in hell.

The poor and pious are God's jewels, but the rich and profane are the devil's firebrands.

He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—*Sir. P. Sidney.*

In proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty, and more respect to wealth.

Who hath not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue.

O grant me heav'n a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
Mallet.

The most affluent may be stript of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.
Sterne.

Poverty has in large cities very different appearances. It is often concealed in splendor and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest.—*Johnson.*

Poverty may pinch us, but it is only sin that can destroy us.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism, worth a lifetime of softness and security.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding.*

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends, who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom only we can learn our defects.
Colton.

Though you be penniless, you need not be comfortless; for God is a present help in every time of trouble.

Prosperity is not without its trouble, nor adversity without its comfort.

It is better to be poor, with a good heart, than rich, with a bad conscience.

Have courage to own that you are poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

POVERTY eclipses the brightest virtues and is the very sepulchre of brave designs, depriving a man of the means to accomplish what nature has fitted him for, and stifling the noblest thoughts in their embryo. Many illustrious souls may be said to have been dead among the living, or buried alive in the obscurity of their condition, whose perfections have rendered them the darlings of Providence and companions of angels.

AY, idleness—the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries.—*Southey.*

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
Which like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

ALLOW not nature more than nature needs;
Man's life is cheap as beasts'.—*Shakespeare.*

MISFORTUNE does not always wait on vice,
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.
Havard.

AND mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more:
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks and passes by;
Condemned on penury's barren path to roam,
Scorned by the world, and left without a home.
Campbell.

THERE is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.
Proverbs.

I AM not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor,
For few do write that were not so before;
And those that have writ best, had they been rich
Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch;
Had loved their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.—*Butler.*

BY adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.
Daniel.

BETTER poor and have God's smiles, than rich with his frown.

THE power of diffusing happiness, says Dr. Chalmers, is not the exclusive power of the rich. All are capable of it. The poorest man can cheer me by his affection, or distress me by his hatred or contempt. Every man is dependent on another. A piece of neglect even from the lowest and most contemptible of men, is fit to ruffle the serenity of my happiness; and a civil attention, even from the humblest of our kind, carries a gratified and exhilarating influence along with it. The meanest have it in their power to give or withhold kind, obliging expressions. They have it in their power to give or withhold the smiles of affection, the sincerity of a tender attachment. Let not the cruel sufferings of poverty be disregarded. The man of sentiment knows how to value them.

THERE is a tree in Sumatra that puts forth its leaves and flowers, fraught with the richest fragrance, only in the night. Day sees it robbed of its breath and stripped of its blossoms and its green. So the darkness of adverse fate draws the brightest and sweetest virtues from the same soul that in the sunshine of prosperity shows but a scentless barrenness of good.

SYDNEY SMITH once said, at an aristocratic party, that "a man, to know how bad he is, must become poor; to know how bad other people are, he must become rich. Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles."

IN any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter as for a life without trouble.

PROSPERITY is no just scale, adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

BETTER be upright with poverty, than unprincipled with plenty.

Poverty wouldn't be so much of a misfortune, if the world didn't treat it so much as a crime.

PRAYER.

Prayer has locked up the clouds and opened them again; made the earth as iron, and the heavens as brass. Prayer has arrested the sun in his race, and made the moon stand still in her march. Prayer has fetched down angels from above, and raised the dead from beneath, and done many wonderful works.

Prayer reminds us of our poverty, keeps up a sense of our dependence upon God, honors his promises, while it pleads his fulfilment of them.

The hand of prayer never knocked in vain at the door of heaven.

Thy will be done is the best prayer for us to utter, or God to answer.

Prayers and tears are the only weapons to fight Satan with.

Prayer blunts the fiery darts of Satan, and draws down the blessings of heaven; it sheathes the sword of the Almighty's vengeance, and procures a blessing instead of a curse—witness Nineveh.

Prayer is as much the instinct of my nature as a Christian as it is a duty enjoined by the command of God. It is my language of worship as a man, of dependence as a creature, of submission as a subject, of confession as a sinner, of thankfulness as the recipient of mercies, of supplication as a needy being.—*Edwards.*

Prayer in the morning is the key that opens to us the treasures of God's mercies and blessings; in the evening it is the key that shuts us up under his protection and safeguard.

We should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God; we should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves.—*Colton.*

By prayer the soul empties his complaints in God's bosom, and finds ease by telling him of all the trouble and grief that attended his state.

Prayer can obtain everything; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in its course and send the winds upon errands.

J. Taylor.

PRIDE AND AMBITION.

Pride never received a deadlier stab, nor ambition a deeper grave, than when Haman was compelled to lead poor Mordecai through the streets seated upon the king's horse and arrayed in the king's apparel.—*Alfred.*

We rise in glory as we sink in pride, where boasting ends there dignity begins.

Pride is the devil's badge, and those that wear his livery are certainly his servants.

Pride is the source of most of our misfortunes, it is a canker that preys on the very bud of happiness, and often makes those who have great possessions as miserable as the meanest beggar.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Every one who is proud in heart, is an abomination to the Lord.

A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.

A high look and a proud heart and the ploughing of the wicked is sin.

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil, pride and arrogancy, and the evil way and the froward mouth do I hate.

By pride cometh contention; but with the well advised is wisdom.—*Proverbs.*

How debasing to proud men are death and the grave.—*Fletcher.*

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud.—*Psalms.*

So pride by ignorance is increased,
Those most assume who know the least.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and mislead the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride—that never-failing vice of fools.
Pope.

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Shakspeare.

There is this paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—*Colton.*

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; 'tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that must be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.—*Selden.*

Without the sovereign influence of God's extraordinary and immediate grace, men do very rarely put off all the trappings of their pride till they are about to put on their winding-sheet.—*Clarendon.*

We hear much of a decent pride, a becoming pride, a noble pride, a laudable pride. Can that be decent of which we ought to be ashamed? Can that be becoming of which God has set forth the deformity? Can that be noble which God resists and is determined to abase? Can that be laudable which God calls abominable?—*Cecil.*

False pride and an overweening desire for display, are sure to entail a condition filled with regrets and disappointments.

As thou desirest the love of God and man, beware of pride. It is a tumor in the mind, that breaks and ruins all thine actions; a worm in thy treasury, that eats and ruins thine estate. It loves no man, and is beloved of none; it disparages another's virtues by detraction, and thine own by vain glory. It is the friend of the flatterer, the mother of envy, the nurse of fury, the sin of devils, the devil of mankind. It hates superiors, scorns inferiors, and owns no equal. In short, till thou hate it, God hates thee.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Ambition climbs till its head is giddy and its heart is sick.

The most laudable ambition is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

Zeal for the public welfare, and care to redress grievances, are the ordinary cloaks of the vilest ambition and treachery.
Fletcher.

After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a little speck of universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coolness of death; his soul fleets from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the systems and creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory? to deny his own flesh, and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

It is easier to dig up a rooted mountain with a needle, than to pluck pride from a human heart.

Pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities. It is like roasting the root of a tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

The road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.

Ambition is a fierce and unconquerable steed, that bears its rider onward in the high road to preferment; but it oftentimes throws him such a fall that he rarely ever recovers.

We should be proud of what? Ancestors? They were expelled from Paradise.

Patrimony? It is a sad inheritance.

Wisdom? "God hath made the wisdom of this world foolishness."

Wealth? It is not current in another world.

Earthly honors? They die in their birth-place.

Worldly influence? The prince of this world hath more.

Virtues? They cannot atone for one sin.

Our mansions? They point to a cold grave.

Relatives? The worm is our mother and sister.

Power? Death laughs at it.

Immortality? Without Christ it is most dreadful.

Arrogance is a weed that grows mostly on a dunghill.

Vain glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm hath at sea on a Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.

Dillwyn.

God chastises some people under an appearance of blessing them, turning their prosperity to their ruin as a punishment for abusing his goodness.

The good things which belong to prosperity may be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.—*Seneca.*

When fortune smiles and all's serene and gay,
Do not forget that there's a dying day.
The world's a dream, and vanity at best,
And he's the wisest man that seeks in heaven a rest.

Prosperity makes a man a stranger to himself and proves the bane of many a soul.

Prosperity without God's presence is full of trouble, but trouble with the presence of God is full of comfort.

The soul is more endangered by the sweetness of prosperity, than by the brine of adversity.

Prosperity and plenty are creature-comforts and the Creator's blessings, but if not made a right use of, they will add to our misery, and sink us deeper into perdition.

Prosperity has this property, it puffs up narrow souls, makes them imagine themselves high and mighty, and look down upon the world with contempt; but a truly noble and resolved spirit appears greatest in distress, and then becomes more bright and conspicuous.—*Plutarch.*

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

Bruyère.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance, but the virtue of adversity is fortitude; and the last is the more sublime attainment. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity of the New, which therefore carrieth the greater benediction and clearer revelation of God's favor.—*Bacon.*

Whom he hates, he prospers to their ruin, and whom he loves, he corrects and scourges for their profit.—*Fletcher.*

All things here come alike to all, but eternity will make up the difference.

The worst that a good man hath is better than the prosperity of many wicked, which but ripens them for everlasting ruin, and hastens them into it. *Fletcher.*

The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness is an atrophy. Whatever body and whatever society wastes more than it acquires must gradually decay, and every being that continues to be fed and ceases to labor takes away something from the public stock.—*Johnson.*

How often do we discover minds that only wanted a little of the sunshine of prosperity to develop the choicest endowments of heaven?

Prosperity is but a bad nurse to virtue; a nurse which is like to starve it in its infancy and to spoil it in its growth.

Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified, impure heart is like the sunbeams upon a dung-hill, it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations.

Let him seriously consider upon what weak hinges his prosperity and felicity hangs. Perhaps the cross falling of a little accident, the omission of a ceremony, or the misplacing of a circumstance may determine all his fortunes forever. And shall a man forget God and eternity for that which cannot secure him the reversion of a day's happiness? Can any favorite bear himself high and insolent upon the stock of the largest fortune imaginable who has read the story of Wolsey and Sejanus.

We know when Hezekiah's treasuries were full, his armories replenished, and the pomp of his court rich and splendid, how his heart was lifted up, and what vaunts he made of all to the Babylonish ambassador (Isa. xxxix. 2), though in the end, as most proud fools do, he smarted himself for his ostentation. See Nebuchadnezzar also strutting himself upon the survey of that mass of riches and settled grandeur that Providence had blessed his court with. It swelled his heart till it broke out of his mouth in that rhodomontade (Dan. iv. 30), "Is this not great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"—*South.*

But as for me, my feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

They are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.

Their eyes stand out with fatness; they have more than heart can wish.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Behold these are the ungodly who prosper in the world, they increase in riches.

When I thought to know this, it was painful to me:

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places; thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment they are utterly consumed with terrors.

As in a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.—*Psalms.*

RELIGION AND SALVATION.

There is a sorrow in the heart of man which nothing but religion can alleviate—a trouble that can find no refuge but in the consolations of piety.

Make it manifest as day that the righteousness of the people is the only effectual antidote to a country's ruin, the only path to a country's glory.

Might not a sense of honor elevate that heart which is totally unfurnished with a sense of God?—*Chalmers.*

Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. *James.*

THAT if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.
Romans.

ENVY nobody, covet nothing worldly, go quietly about your work, and believe that a man may work at an anvil and be as religious as if it were his office to stand at the altar.

RELIGION is mainly and chiefly the glorification of God amid the duties and trials of the world — the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptations by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth.

MEN will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it, anything but live for it.—*Colton.*

MORAL virtues themselves, without religion, are but cold, lifeless and insipid ; it is religion only which opens the mind to great conceptions, fills it with the most sublime ideas, and warms the soul more than sensual pleasures.—*Addison.*

ONE drop of spiritual joy is better than an ocean of carnal mirth.

IT is better to swim in tears to heaven, than to be drawn in pomp to perdition.

FASHIONABLE Christianity is not spiritual piety.

RELIGION is the life of God in the soul of man, purifying and renewing all his affections, charming them into order, peace and love ; to holy hopes, heavenly aspiration, and a blissful expectation and longing for the vision and enjoyment of God in glory.

RELIGION teaches the rich humility, and the poor contentment.

A HOLY life is the main of religion ; for whatever is in the brain, if this be not in the heart, all is worth nothing.

RELIGION is the fear of God, and its demonstration good works.

RELIGION is our truest wisdom ; every precept it gives is wise and salutary ; every reflection it furnishes is joyous and grateful ; and every prospect it yields is reviving and glorious.

TRUE religion is the foundation of true joy ; it is no enemy to innocent mirth and cheerfulness ; it does not extirpate the affections of the mind, but regulates them, and cheers and composes the soul.

THE only religious man is the only rich man.

IF religion is worth anything, it is worth everything.

THE devil is never so pleased as when we serve him in a cloak of religion.

IT is not the name of religion, but the love of God and a holy life, that will yield us comfort at the last day.

IT is vain to profess Christ in words and deny him in works, or to be hot for ceremonies without minding the substance of religion.

CEREMONIES, circumcision or uncircumcision, avail nothing, but a new creature.

PROFESSING, without practising, will bring neither glory to God nor comfort to ourselves.

THE greatest actions, when they are not animated by religion, have no other principle than pride, and consequently they are poisoned by the root which produces them.—*Marquis of Halifax.*

RELIGION is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. It is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future but darkness, desolation and death.—*Daniel Webster.*

HER ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.—*Solomon.*

If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man, and this is forever true, whether wits and rakes allow it or not.—*Lord Chatham.*

Religion in its purity is not so much a purpose as a temper; or rather, it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aims, obedience to God in improvement of self, and benevolence to men.-*Edwards.*

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.—*Tillotson.*

We are safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends, than in a calm when we are befriended by the world.—*Taylor.*

To belong to the kingdom of God is infinitely more honorable, than to occupy the first place in the mightiest empires of the world.

There is a day fast approaching, when all the dark clouds and shadows that obscured our feeble minds in relation to the mysteries of God shall be forever removed.
Fletcher.

Men are often more eager to get rid of God's judgments than to get rid of their sins; more anxious to save their money than to save their souls.

Those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happiness of others (and none but the virtuous can so be, and so do), answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honor to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.—*Addison.*

To love an enemy is the distinguished characteristic of a religion which is not of man but of God; it could be delivered as a precept only by him who lived and died to establish it by his example.

There is nothing truly great, good, ennobling in this world but what tends to the glory of God, the promotion of virtue, and the welfare and happiness of the whole human family.—*Alfred.*

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

Whatever definitions men may have given of religion, I find none so accurately descriptive of it as this: That it is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart.

Every true Christian is a traveller; his life is his walk, Christ his way, and heaven his home.

The sum and substance of the preparation needed for a coming eternity is that you believe what the Bible tells you, and do what the Bible bids you.—*Chalmers.*

Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.
Solomon.

He that in youth thinks it too early to be good, will, in old age, find it too late to be saved.

It is not a fit time to prepare to die when it is a burden to live.

A good man shall have what he needs, not what he thinks he needs.

It matters not whether you be rich or poor, so that you have but an interest in Christ and God.

Natural blindness is bad, but spiritual blindness is much worse.

If laid aside from Christian life, we can equally glorify God by passive endurance. "Who am I?" said Luther, when he witnessed the patience of a great sufferer, "who am I? a wordy preacher in comparison with this great doer."
Rev. J. R. Macduff.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

CLEAR views of Jehovah's perfections effectually humble the very best of men, and make them to look on themselves and all around them as inexpressibly mean, loathsome, and guilty.

NOT the best of gospel ministrations can avail with sinners without the blessing of God and the almighty operation of his Spirit.

DESPERATE is their case who are hardened by both mercies and judgments, and to whom God ceases to be a reprover.

HOWEVER sincere our hearts, blameless our lives, or fervent our prayers, not these, but Jesus' righteousness and Jehovah's grace, must found our title to eternal felicity.

HANDSOME persons and flourishing families are to little purpose while sin reigns in our hearts, and the curse of God hovers over our heads.

WHAT great and glorious things God has done for his church. He has arrested the course of nature, made the sun and moon to stand still, and commanded seas and rivers to open a passage for their safety, deliverance, and triumph.

Fletcher.

WORLDLINGS may take away a good man's head, but they cannot take away his crown.

RELIGION is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances. These are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. Religion is the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great leader, in the conflict of life.

THE greatest sinner, who trusts only in Christ's blood, will assuredly be saved. The best man in the world, who trusts in his own goodness, will as certainly be lost.—*Hewitson.*

NO cloud can overshadow a Christian but the eye of his faith will discern a rainbow in it.

IT is a poor thing to have man your friend and God your enemy.

THE whole body of gospel duty moves upon two feet—faith and repentance.

MORE persons fall out concerning the right road to heaven than ever get to the end of their journey.

THE depths of misery are never beyond the depths of divine mercy.

RELIGION is not the speciality of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well ranked faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping tune.

THE depths of the soul are a labyrinth, and dark without the torch of religion. Left to ourselves, we are like subterranean waters—we reflect only the gloomy vault of human destiny.

EVIL thoughts are compared to the proverb: "We cannot keep the crows from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building their nests in our hair."

MAN without religion is the creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

TAKE care how you trifle with the mercies of God, and trample upon the privileges of salvation.

PRECEPT without example is like a waterman who looks one way and rows another.

CHRISTIAN graces are like perfumes—the more they are pressed the sweeter they smell; like stars, they shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

A MAN may see the figures upon a dial, but he cannot tell how the day goes unless the sun shines. We may read many truths in the Bible, but we cannot know them savingly till God by his Spirit shine upon our soul.

THERE is no prison so deep, or dark, but God can bring us out of it, no enemy so strong but God can destroy, and no request of faith so silent but he will hear it for our good.

THE sun is a spark from the light of God's wisdom.

◆

REVENGE.

HE that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds open.

BY taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it he is superior.—*Bacon.*

REVENGE at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.
Milton.

IT wounds, indeed,
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not to have the power to punish.
Dryden.

THE best revenge is to reform our crimes;
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.
Middleton.

OH that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

IT is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.
Shakspeare.

REVENGE we find
The abject pleasure of an abject mind.
Gifford.

THE fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie;
And 'tis a finer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.
Lady E. Carew.

HE that hath revenge in his power and does not use it, is the great man; it is for low and vulgar spirits to transport themselves with vengeance. Subdue your affections. To endure injuries with a brave mind is one half the conquest.

GOOD nature, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

THE noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness; for to return malice for malice, and injury for injury, will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil passions, and our enemies will only be rendered the more bitter against us. But, to take the first opportunity of showing them how superior we are to them, by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, the sting of reproach will enter deeply into their soul; and while unto us it will be a noble retaliation, our triumph will not unfrequently be rendered complete, not only by blotting out the malice that had otherwise stood against us, but by bringing repentant hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of friendship.

WHEN you bury animosity don't set up a stone over its grave.

HOW many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark after its first wrong act, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, the savage charity of the unforgiving spirit.

◆

RICHES.

RICHES are either an honor or a disgrace to those who possess them.

RICHES may entitle a man to honor, but it is only grace that will entitle him to glory.

THEY who seek happiness in riches, seek the living among the dead.

THOSE who have most of the world, have frequently the least of heaven; wealth many times swells men into a tympany not easily cured.

THOSE that are expecting happiness in riches, are seeking honey from a wasps' nest, and ease and rest in a thorn hedge.

BRASS and steel have slain their thousands of bodies, but gold and silver their ten thousands of souls.

MONEY is a bottomless sea, in which honor and conscience may be drowned.

Gold and silver are the universal deceivers of mankind, the inlet of all evil, the bane of life and the destruction of the soul.

Wealth without happiness, is worse than poverty with all its ills.

What has not man sacrificed upon the altar of Moloch ? his time, his health, his friendship, his reputation, his conscience, and even life itself, and all its great issues.

Mammon is the largest slave-holder in the world ; it is a composition for taking stains out of character ; it is an altar on which self sacrifices to self.

Old Burton quaintly, but forcibly observes: Worldly wealth is the devil's bait, and those whose minds feed upon riches, recede in general from real happiness, in proportion as their stores increase ; as the moon when she is fullest of light is furthest from the sun.

I cannot call riches by a better name than the baggage of virtue ; the Roman word is better—impedimenta. For as baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. *Bacon.*

The world caresses the rich, however deficient in morals, and avoids the poor man of merit in the threadbare coat.

Misery assails riches as lightning does the highest towers ; or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.—*Burton.*

The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of God.

Enjoy what little you have while the fool is looking for more.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Do good and spend, and the Lord will send.

One sun is better than a thousand stars ; the riches of Christ are realities, the riches of the world are phantoms.

Crowns and sceptres are but golden fetters and glaring miseries.

Unrighteous gain has destroyed millions, but has never made one man permanently prosperous and happy.

A great fortune is a great slavery, and even thrones are but uneasy seats.

Solomon got more hurt by his wealth, than ever he got good by wisdom.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies people will say: "What property has he left behind him." But the angel who examines will ask: "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee ?"

There are more poor willing to give charity from their necessity than rich from their superfluities.

It is an affliction to be poor for want of riches, but it is a curse to be poor in the possession of riches.

Give a man brains and riches and he is a king ; give him brains without riches and he is a slave ; give him riches without brains and he is a fool.

If thou art rich then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul. In the meekness of thy conversation condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected. Be great.—*Sterne.*

The rich are hated, the great persecuted, the good vilified, and the poor despised.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy;
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see:
Thus men in shining riches see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish and wonder it is absent still.—*Young.*

Riches serve wise men, and govern fools.

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities.
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.
Dekker.

It is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the worthless persons on whom she showers her most valuable gifts she would immediately scratch her eyes out.

The poor support a yoke of iron, the rich a yoke of gold. The latter is the most costly and showy, but sometimes the most galling.

The Chinese proverb saith that the rich is like a pig that is choked by its own fat—fit only for the shambles.

Whithersoever we shall go under the talismanic influence of wealth we shall find love and service freely offered at our disposal. We shall encounter troops of friends among every people, and in every land shall we be able to sit under our own vine and fig-tree.

Prefer loss to unjust gain.

Praise not the unworthy on account of their wealth.—*Bias.*

If thou knowest how to use money it will become thy handmaid; if not, it will become thy master.—*Diodorus.*

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may, by chance, be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.—*Selden.*

Riches and true excellence are seldom found together.

It is not wealth, but wisdom that makes a man rich.

The most foolish thing in the world is said to be, "to bow to the rich until you are unable to stand erect in the presence of an honest man."

Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside;
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Gay.

No man holds the abundance of wealth, power, and honor that heaven has blessed him with, as a proprietor, but as a steward, as the trustee of Providence, to use and dispense it for the good of those whom he converses with.

God bids a great and rich person rise and shine, as he bids the sun; that is, not for himself, but for the necessities of the world.

When God makes a man wealthy and potent, he passes a double obligation upon him; one, that he gives him riches: the other, that he gives him an opportunity of exercising a great virtue.—*South.*

We should enjoy our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

Gold is an idol worshipped in all climates, without a single temple; and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

Gold is worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than any mortal drug.—*Shakspeare.*

Give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses, why nothing comes amiss so money comes withal.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest heart.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have had the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist between herds and horses. Education may do much good to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to begin with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do. A man of fortune on the brink of the grave, would gladly part with every dollar to obtain a longer lease of life.

Of a rich man it was said: "Poor man, he toiled day and night until he was forty, to gain wealth, and has been watching over it ever since for his victuals and clothes."

The founders of large fortunes are generally themselves too mean to enjoy them.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worth-less.

It is the fashion with those who are bountifully supplied with the world's goods, to put off the exercise of benevolence until death summons them to shuffle off this mortal coil. It has been well said that a generous, upright, liberal, patriotic and useful life, proves a greater benefit to the community than testamentary bequests of hoarded gold, however large. Therefore, it is best to spend intelligence, time, and as far and fast as one can afford to do so, gains of all kinds as you go. The harvest sowed by the wayside as you travel on will be a cheerful sight, seen even from the edge of the grave. Grateful society is courteous enough to eulogize gifts made at the last moment, and to attribute to the givers the finest of motives; and yet it would not harm the possessors of fortunes to ask themselves wherein lies the merit of parting with the surplus earnings that cannot be kept. A wise beneficence will prefer to purchase the blessings of mankind by manifesting itself whilst free from the compulsion of necessity.

An old proverb says, "Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter." Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and in transmitting; they curse his children in their father's memory. All wealth that is accumulated by meanness and the denial of reasonable comforts and enjoyments to family or children, may be classed among those that are gotten by unfair means. Those who thus hoard money are deaf to all the appeals of the homeless, the friendless, and the orphan. They take no part in works of charity and good-will to their fellow-mortals. We never see them aiding or countenancing the establishment of orphan asylums or homes for the sick and destitute. And when they die, the curse that has fallen upon their hoarded riches very often makes it only the means for riotous living and the ultimate degradation of those who might otherwise have become good and useful citizens.

Be not proud of riches, but afraid of them, lest they be a silver bar to cross the way to heaven. You must answer for riches, but riches cannot answer for you.

I begin to think that man was not made to enjoy life, but to keep himself miserable in the pursuit and possession of riches.

The man whose soul lives in the thoughts of wealth, can never become the possessor of that inestimable jewel—content.

Care attends accumulated wealth, and a thirst for still greater riches. They who require much are always in want of much. Happy is he to whom God has given a sufficiency with a sparing hand.

He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.

Proverbs.

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men:

A man to whom God hath given riches, wealth and honor, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth, yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof; but a stranger eateth it. This is vanity, and it is an evil disease.

Ecclesiastes.

He is a rich man who has God for his friend.

Supposing men to live forever in this world, I can't reflect how it is possible for them to do more towards their establishment here than they do now.

La Bruyère.

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave, than to expend it like a gentleman.—*Colton.*

A competence is vital to content,
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick or encumbered is our happiness.

Who lives to nature rarely can be poor,
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.

No smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys.—*Young.*

No possessions are good but by the good use we make of them; without which, wealth, power, friends, servants, do but help to make our lives more unhappy.

Sir William Temple.

Great wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

The path that leads to fortune too often passes through the narrow defiles of meanness, which a man of an exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.

Agar said: "Give me neither poverty nor riches," and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes; if too small they will gall and pinch us; but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.—*Lacon.*

Sinners who are living in the enjoyment of the glittering splendor of rank, who are clothed with purple, and who fare sumptuously every day, they are so far from being the objects of envy, that they are the objects of pity.

Affluence abused is the ready way to pining want, and cruel oppression of others prepares the like misery for ourselves.—*Fletcher.*

Gold banished honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sowed the world with ev'ry ill,
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill.—*Gay*

Go to now, ye rich men, weep and how. for your miseries that shall come upon you.

Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.

Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

James.

Money being the common scale
Of things by measure, weight and tale,
In all the affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight;
Money is the sovereign power
That all mankind fall down before:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call;
For what's the worth of anything
But so much money as 'twill bring?—*Butler.*

WEALTH gotten by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathered by labor shall increase.

Better is a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

He who oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.

Remove from me vanity and lies, give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall, but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.

The righteous considereth the cause of the poor, but the wicked regardeth not to know it.

Riches profit not in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth from death.

Proverbs.

◆

SIN.

SIN is a transgression of the divine law, and a rebellion against the sovereign majesty of God.

SINNING is like drinking poison from a golden cup.

SIN allures by fair baits, and kills by a sharp hook; it tempts by its sweets, and destroys by its snares.

THOUGH sin be a desperate disease, yet it is never deadly where the patient is ready to use God's medicines.

No sin will be your ruin which drives you to Christ for salvation.

IF sin dies while our bodies live, while our bodies die our souls shall live.

A LITTLE skin-deep beauty, or a little earthly wealth or honor, is often preferred to the image of Jesus Christ.—*Fletcher.*

HE who robs God of his first fruits, forfeits the whole crop to the devil.

HE that swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

MANY small leaks may sink a ship, and many small sins may drown a soul in perdition.

HE who smarts not for sin on earth, will eternally smart for it in perdition.

HUMAN frailty is no excuse for criminal immorality.

NEVER consider yourselves as persons that are to be seen, admired, and courted by men; but as poor sinners that are to save yourselves from the vanities and follies of a miserable world by humility, devotion, and self-denial.—*Law.*

SIN darkens the mind with a cloud of corruptions, and depraves the will and vitiates the affections. It is a pollution so deep and permanent that the deluge that swept away a world of sinners did not wash away their sins.

NIP sin in the bud. It is easier blowing out a candle than a house on fire.

HE that now winks at sin will one day blush for shame.

SIN bringeth shame in this world and sorrow in the next.

FLOODS of blood and wrath hang over the head of a wicked man, and he is heir to all the plagues written in the book of God.

THOUGH the sinner's path should seem to be strewed with riches, there is a burning Tophet beneath his feet.

As sins proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

Sir T. Brown.

IT is not the greatness or number of my sins that can ruin me, but my obstinate impenitence and unbelief.—*Fletcher.*

SIN is as much a forerunner of misery as the forward wheels of a coach are of the hind ones.

DID sin bring sorrow into the world? Then let sorrow carry sin out of the world.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never attain real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor.

SLANDER.

Slanders issuing from beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the blushing heart of the rose.

Slander is a vice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits, and him against whom it is committed.

The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbor with like passions, and by general frailty hides his own.—*E. Moore.*

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the lie is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.—*Sheridan.*

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.
Scott.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Hervey.

The man that dares traduce because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man.
Cowper.

The jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed when once it gets possession.
Shakespeare.

The whispered tale
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows;
Fair-faced deceit, whose wily, conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.
Thompson.

The fangs of a bear, and the tusks of a wild boar, do not bite worse and make deeper gashes than a goose quill sometimes; no, not even the badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his bite, that he will not give over his hold till he feels his teeth and the bones crack.
Howell.

Slander crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts, with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.
Colton.

The delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment, whether oftener out of principle of levelling from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others; thus much is certain, from whatever seed it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming, a civilized people.
Sterne.

The worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Swift.*

Scoffs, calumnies, and jests are frequently the causes of melancholy. It is said that "a blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword," and certainly, there are many men whose feelings are more galled by a calumny, a bitter jest, a libel, a pasquil, a squib, a satire, or an epigram, than by any misfortune whatsoever.—*Burton.*

Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts, to light only on his sores.

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, are the best answers to calumny.

TIME.

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mis-spend it are the greatest of all prodigals.

I SAW a temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The storm beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as adamant. Revelry was in its hall—the gay were there. I returned, and the temple was no more; its high walls lay scattered ruins, moss and wild grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry succeeded the young and gay who revelled there, and had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in its youth—the idol of its father; I returned, and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amid desolation all around him.

I saw the oak stand in all its pride on the mountain; the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned, the oak was leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together, with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the earth and heavens away like a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven and heaven's Eternal, and say, 'Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer.'"

* * *

TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? That question which was propounded by Pilate, had already been answered by Plato. "Truth," says the Grecian philosopher, "is the body of the Divinity, and light is its shadow." We know what is the quality of truth. It is that which is most acceptable to God and to man. It is the mastery of knowledge and intelligence over error and ignorance. We seek it at every step of our lives. All the operations of the understanding aim at its possession. It is the perfection of the soul, the essence of wisdom, the basis of every science. And without it, learning is but a profitless pastime and religion itself only a fable and a song.

TRUTH is the firm basis of honor and of every fundamental principle of morality. It is, says Pindar, the beginning of virtue. As all things have their opposites, from which they are removed by contrary principles and antagonistic extremes, so the zenith and nadir, the positive and negative poles of no two things are more remote than truth and falsehood, for they are as far from each other as light is from darkness.—*Acton.*

TRUTH is a mighty weapon when wielded by the weakest arm.—*Fletcher.*

WEIGH not so much what men say, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple, and naked, and needs not invective to apparel her comeliness.

HE that finds truth without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath so evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun.
Sidney.

I HAVE seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles, that could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

IT is dangerous for mortal beauty or terrestrial virtue to be examined by too strong a light. The torch of truth shows much that we can not, and all that we would not see. In a face dimpled with smiles it has often discovered malevolence and envy, and detected, under jewels and brocade, the frightful forms of poverty. A fine hand of cards have changed before it into a thousand spectres of sickness, misery and vexation; and immense sums of money, while the winner counted them with transport, have, at the first glimpse of this unwelcome lustre, vanished from before him.

GENERAL, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind: it is the eye of reason.
Rousseau.

THE greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—*Colton.*

AFTER all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—*Shaftesbury.*

THE maxim, *In vino veritas*—a man who is well warmed with wine will speak truth—may be an argument for drinking, if you suppose men in general to be liars; but, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out, it is always near at hand and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.—*Johnson.*

TRUTH is the first principle of duty, and the basis of honor, knowledge, virtue and religion. If we abandon it we are false to ourselves, and alien to the Creator. We are lamps without oil, ships without compass; we are lost and bewildered travellers in a benighted wilderness, without pathway or guide. Or we no longer tread on a rock, where the foothold is firm, but rather in the slippery road of infamy and error.—*Acton.*

WE find but few historians of all ages who have been diligent enough in their search for truth; it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.
Dryden.

TRUTH will be uppermost, one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.—*Sir W. Temple.*

THE study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there's no virtue which derives not its original from truth, as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.—*Casaubon.*

THE affairs of this world are kept together by what little truth and integrity still remain amongst us; and yet I much question whether the absolute dominion of truth would be compatible with the existence of any society now existing upon the face of the earth. Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves. They will not advance their minds to the standard, therefore they lower the standard to their minds.

THE temple of truth is built indeed of stones of crystal, but inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials.—*Colton.*

TRUTH is to be sought only by slow and painful progress. Error is, in its nature, flippant and compendious; it hops with airy and fastidious levity over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion.—*Curran.*

TRUTH is simple, requiring neither study nor art.—*Ammian.*

VICE for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal,
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal.

OH, truth,
Thou art whilst tenant in a noble breast
A crown of crystal in an ivory chest.
Davenport.

THE dignity of truth is lost,
With much protesting.—*Jonson.*

SCORN the prison and the rack;
If you have truth to utter, speak, and leave
The rest to God.—*Acton.*

TRUTH crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.—*Bryant.*

For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Butler.

To be indifferent whether we embrace falsehood or truth, is the great road to error and ruin.

All kinds of truth should be held subordinate to the great truths inculcated by the gospel of Christ.

Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, of whom we read in the Bible, was once asked what was the first thing he learned. "To tell the truth," was the reply.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the exact truth for the sake of apparent good. To speak the truth is useful to him to whom it is spoken, but sadly the reverse to him who speaks it, for it makes him hated.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt—one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations, you cause its fall.

Some persons seem to obey literally the injunction, "hold fast the truth;" they never allow it to escape them.

You may outlaw the friend of truth, but truth remains; you may humble the poet, the artist, and the Christian, but you cannot debase poetry, or art, or Christianity.

Truth is robed in white; falsehood flaunts in the seven primitive colors, and all their combinations.

Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it.

The consciousness of truth nerves the timid, and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an eternal principle of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

The best truths are often perverted to the worst purposes.

More persons perhaps have been persecuted for telling the truth and advocating the right, than for propagating falsehoods and defending the wrong.—*Alfred.*

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms, and hypocrites.

Truth is not a salad that it must be served with vinegar.

◆

VICE.

Our errors arise from imperfections, our vices from corrupt principles. The most exemplary people are subject to errors. The depraved only are addicted to vices, and revel in that fatal pleasure which Rousseau calls the delight of the heart, but the poison of the soul.

We outlive most of our pleasures, and very often most of our friendships. But it would be fortunate for us if we could outlive our vices and enmities, which too often remain, or do not abandon us so readily and so abruptly as more precious things which we would prefer to retain.
Acton.

He who lies under the dominion of any vice must expect the common effects of it; if lazy, to be poor; if intemperate, to be diseased; if luxurious, to die betimes.

A SOCIETY composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and without a flood would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its iniquity. The moral cement of all society is virtue; it unites and preserves, while vice separates and destroys. The good may well be termed the salt of the earth, for where there is no integrity, there can be no confidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity.—*Colton.*

NO vassalage so ignoble, no servitude so miserable as that of vice; mines and galleys, mills and dungeons, are works of ease, to the service of sin; therefore, the bringing sinners to repentance is so noble, so tempting a design, that it drew even God himself from heaven to prosecute it.
Palmer.

HE that has energy enough to root out a vice, should go a little further, and try to plant a virtue there.

WE do not despise all those who have vices, but we despise all those who have not a single virtue.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

VICE stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

NO man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

THE horrible catastrophes that sometimes happen to the vicious are as salutary to others by their warning, as the most brilliant rewards of the virtuous are by their example.—*Colton.*

VICE has more martyrs than virtue, and it often happens that men suffer more to be lost than to be saved.

IT is a short step from modesty to humility; but a shorter one from vanity to folly, and from weakness to falsehood.

I KNOW no friends more faithful, more inseparable, than hard-heartedness and pride, humility and love, lies and impudence.—*Lavater.*

FALSEHOOD and fraud grow up in every soil the product of all climes.—*Addison.*

IF we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.—*Clarendon.*

THE heart never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one, and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older.—*Chesterfield.*

THERE is about as much affinity between roses and onions as there is between virtues of a sweet-smelling savor and vices of a bad odor. It is said that when satan first touched the earth after his expulsion from Paradise, garlic sprung up under one foot, and onions under the other.—*Acton.*

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar to the face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.—*Pope.*

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads.—*Byron.*

VICE grows rapidly, but virtue is a plant of tardy production. The virtues are, in fact, the flowers, more or less beautiful, which grow in the moral garden of the human heart; but the vices are the weeds, which, owing to a man's innate depravity, spring up spontaneously, and if not suppressed or controlled, soon leave their nobler rivals no room to exist in the same vicinity.

WICKED men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

AS the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in the hour of prosperity.

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VIRTUE.

THE only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.

A HORSE is not known by his furniture, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.—*Socrates.*

A TRULY virtuous man is he who prides himself upon nothing.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

No man is born wise, but wisdom and virtue require a tutor; though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

THE more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

AMONG the ancients the only access to the temple of honor was by the road of virtue:

"As the ancients heretofore
To honor's temple had no door
But that which through virtue's lay."
Byron.

BEAUTY unaccompanied by virtue is a flower without perfume.

VIRTUE, like a rich stone, looks best when plainest set.

'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be a fool no more;
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.—*Pope.*

VIRTUE without talent is a coat of mail without a sword; it may, indeed, defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.—*Colton.*

EVERY man of virtue ought to feel what is due to his own character, and support properly his own rights. Resentment of wrong is a useful principle in human nature, and for the wisest purpose was implanted in our frame.—*Blair.*

IT requires greater virtues to support good than bad fortune.

THE virtues are lost in interest as rivers are lost in the sea.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

THERE is no merit in being virtuous when we are out of the way of temptation to commit evil, or where there is no bias to wander from the path of rectitude and virtue.—*Alfred.*

IT is not the painting, gilding, or carving that makes a good ship, but if she be a nimble sailer, tight and strong, to endure the seas, that is her excellency. It is the edge and temper of the blade that makes a good sword, not the richness of the scabbard. And so it is not money or possessions that make a man considerable, but his virtue.—*Seneca.*

IT is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Bacon.*

IN nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be called deformed but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the devil.
Shakspeare.

VIRTUE, like a dowerless beauty, has more admirers than followers.

EVERY virtue gives a man a degree of felicity in some kind: honesty gives a man a good report; justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health; fortitude, a quiet mind, not to be moved by any adversity.—*Walsingham.*

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

VIRTUE seems to be nothing more than a motion consonant to the system of things: were a planet to fly from its orbit, it would represent a vicious man.
Shenstone.

TITLE and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.—*Addison.*

EACH must, in virtue, strive for to excel;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Herrick.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still.
Colton.

I had rather live in a narrow circle, united with a man distinguished by feeling, virtue, and truth, than be the ornament of courts and the envy of kingdoms.
Julian.

Nothing is more unjust, however common, than to charge with hypocrisy him that expresses zeal for those virtues which he neglects to practise; since he may be sincerely convinced of the advantages of conquering his passions, without having yet obtained the victory, as a man may be confident of the advantages of a voyage or a journey, without having courage or industry to undertake it, and may honestly recommend to others those attempts which he neglected himself.—*Johnson.*

Virtue alone unchangeable and wise,
Secure above the reach of fortune lies;
Tho' doomed to meanness, poverty, or scorn,
Whilst fools and tyrants are to empire born;
Blest in a humble, but a peaceful state,
She feels no envy, and she fears no hate.
Pope.

Virtue alone can give true joy,
The sweets of virtue never cloy.
To take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude,
In aiding those whom cares oppress,
Administering comfort to distress;
These are the joys which all who prove
Anticipate the bliss above,
These are the joys, and these alone,
We ne'er repent or wish undone.—*Dodsley.*

We rarely like the virtues we have not.
Shakspeare.

Remember that true fortitude surmounts all difficulties, and that you cannot pass into the temple of honor but through virtue.

It is a common mistake to account those things necessary which are superfluous, and to depend upon fortune for the felicity of life, which arises only from virtue

Never expecting to find perfection in men, and not looking for divine attributes in created beings, in my commerce with my contemporaries I have found much human virtue. I have seen not a little public spirit; a real subordination of interest to duty; and a decent and regulated sensibility to honest fame and reputation.
Burke.

Prosperity is the touchstone of virtue; it is less difficult to bear misfortune than to remain uncorrupted by pleasure.
Tacitus.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor is a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.—*Ben Jonson.*

I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigree; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues.—*P. Sidney.*

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Little souls fall down and worship grandeur, without reflecting that admiration is due to virtue and goodness.

However wicked men may be, they dare not appear to be enemies of virtue; and when they wish to persecute it, they pretend to believe that it is false, or suppose it capable of crimes.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night or they cannot shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

Stupid gravity is not virtue, else the ass and the owl, the most portentously grave of all animals, were our models of manhood. True virtue is genial and joyous, walking earth in bright raiment and with bounding footsteps. And the nervous, restless, unreposing, devouring intensity of purpose wherewith our men follow their business, is as disastrous to the nobler moral bloom and aroma of the heart as a roaring hurricane to a garden of roses.

Virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers are lost in the sea.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

What a virtue we should distil from frailty—what a world of pain we should save our brethren—if we would suffer our own weakness to be the measure of theirs.

Human virtues are like flowers that thrive best in the sunshine. Plato, the philosophic moralist, encouraged in his disciples moods of exuberant gayety, checking their joyous impulses only at the approach of some grave formalist; saying: "Silence now, my friends, let us be wise—there is a fool coming."

WISDOM.

All the wisdom of man consists in this alone—to know and worship God. This is our doctrine, this is our opinion, and this, with as loud voice as we can, we testify, profess, and proclaim. This is what all the philosophers during their whole life sought, but could never find out, comprehend, nor attain to, because they either retained a corrupt religion, or had none at all. Let them all then be gone who do not instruct, but disturb human life. How can they teach others who are not instructed themselves? How can they heal the sick or guide the blind?

Whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered.

A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed.

Wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence; but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.—*Ecclesiastes.*

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.

The wise shall understand.—*Daniel.*

There is no true wisdom but in the way of religion, and no true happiness but in the end of that way.

It is more easy to be wise for others, than for ourselves.

Wisdom is to the mind, what health is to the body.—*Rochefoucauld.*

The strongest symptoms of wisdom in a man, is his being sensible of his own follies.

Wisdom consists, not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.

Terence.

The wise man has his follies, no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference,—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but hidden from the world. A harmless hilarity and buoyant cheerfulness are not unfrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.—*Colton.*

The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so.—*Boileau.*

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller.*

It is usually seen that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.

Gibson.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

A wise man looks upon men, as he does on horses; all their caparisons of title, wealth and place, he considers but as harness.

Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for the day when it comes.—*Cecil.*

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly his worst enemy.—*W. Temple.*

Honors, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition are demolished and destroyed by time, but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity.

Let wisdom be the offspring of reflection now, rather than the fruit of bitter experience hereafter.—*Blair.*

When wisdom enlightens the mind, happiness dwells in the soul.

A wise man knows his own ignorance; a fool thinks he knows everything.

The wise man does three things: he abandons the world, before it abandons him; prepares his sepulchre before entering it; and does all with the design of pleasing God before entering into his presence.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults and feel our own.
Pope.

The best wisdom is to know God and ourselves.

That wisdom which enlightens the understanding and reforms the life is most valuable.

Religious wisdom is true riches; and he that is wise for eternity is an heir of glory.

The good man that is truly wise, though he be buried here in obscurity, will one day shine forth as the sun in his meridian glory; but the wicked, with all his craft and cunning, though he be caressed by princes and adored by the multitude as the only wise and happy man, will in a little time be stripped of all his tinsel glory, and his eternal residence be fixed in the depths of misery.

A wise man desires no more than what he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

Wisdom is an ocean that has no shore. Its prospect is not terminated by an horizon; its centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

He who is never wise can never be good; and he who is never good can never be happy.

The difference between the wise and unwise man is, the one governs his passions, the other's passions govern him.

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WOMEN.

A bad wife is a shackle on her husband's feet, a burden on his shoulder, a palsy to his hands, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one's a jewel, and the other a treasure.

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular north-easter.

It is not the lustre of gold, the sparkling of diamonds and emeralds, nor the splendor of the purple tincture, that adorns or embellishes a woman; but gravity, discretion, humility and modesty.

"**Trust** the first thought of a woman, not the second," is an old proverb: and Montaigne says that "any truth which may be attained at one bound woman will reach; but that which needs patient climbing is the prize of man."

A German writer compares the different stages in the life of woman to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese. All three may be very excellent in their kind."

Sheridan said beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

WORLD.

THE world is a map of man.

HE who takes up with this world as his portion, is not convinced there is another.

THE men of the world would have their portion here and heaven into the bargain, but it will not be; they would carry the world upon their backs to heaven, but it is too great a burden to carry up the hill, and too big to enter with at the strait gate.

THE world is a circle and the heart of man is a triangle, and no triangle can fill a circle. Some good or other will be always wanting to that man that hath only outward good to live upon. Absalom's beauty could not satisfy him, nor Haman's honor could not satisfy him, nor Ahab's kingdom could not satisfy him, nor Balaam's gold could not satisfy him, nor Ahitophel's policy could not satisfy him, nor the scribes' and pharisees' learning could not satisfy them, nor Dives' riches could not satisfy him, nor Alexander's conquests could not satisfy him, for when, as he thought, he had conquered one world, he sits down and wishes for another world to conquer; and Cyrus the Persian was wont to say, "Did men but know the cares which he sustained under his imperial crown, he thought no man would stoop to take it up." And it hath long since been said of King Henry II.,

He whom, alive, the world could scarce suffice,
When dead, in eight foot earth contented lies.

THE world is full of questions; but the best question is, What shall I do to be saved?

THE frowns of the world make us reflect upon ourselves, but its flatteries corrupt and blind.

THE joy of the world may make you gay; but the joy of religion will make you happy.

THE joy of the world is a troubled, shallow, noisy brook; the joy of religion is a stream, deep, serene, and clear, delightful to the taste, and sweet to the soul.

THE joy of the world transports for a moment, and is extinguished for ever; the joy of religion spreads and improves more and more unto a perfect and eternal day.

IT is not what the world thinks of us should make us either miserable or happy, but what we think of ourselves.

TAKE this as a most certain expedient to prevent many afflictions, and to be delivered from them: meddle as little with the world, and the honors, places and advantages of them, as thou canst. And extricate thyself from them as much and as quickly as possible.—*Fuller.*

NO man can serve God and the world, but he may serve God with the world.

THE world and all its glittering grandeur should be looked upon as things of indifference by a true Christian. It has delusive charms; it flatters with a face of substantial bliss, when, in reality, it is a fleeting nothing.

THE great see the world at one end by flattery, the little at the other end by neglect; the meanness which both discover is the same, but how different, alas, are the mediums through which it is seen.
Greville.

IT was a custom in Rome that when the emperor went by, upon some great day, in all his imperial pomp, there was an officer appointed to burn flax before him, and to cry out, *Sic transit gloria mundi* (So the glory of this world passeth away); and this was purposely done to put him in mind that his honor, pomp, glory, and grandeur, should pass and vanish away as the flax did that he saw burnt before his eyes.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
Shakspeare.

THE world's a wood, in which all lose their way,
Though by a different path each goes astray.
Buckingham.

'Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in,
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.

The world's a stormy sea
Whose every breath is strewed with wrecks of wretches
That daily perish in it.—*Rowe.*

The world is a well-furnished table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
Where all fare as well as they're able,
And scramble for what they can get.
Bickerstaff.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heaven.
Moore.

We wonder what this world would be to us if throughout our lives we reposed on a bed of roses. Should we, in reality, feel more happy than when, under the present social dispensation, we frequently feel a sharp thorn in our sides, and a score of their keen biting points starting up against our heads in the night-time, as if so many little imps were holding a carnival among the feathers of our pillow? We have often asked the question both of ourselves and of others, but have never obtained a satisfactory answer, and being obliged to take refuge in the court of experience, we very soon discovered that appearances were invariably deceptive, and that the roses and thorns of life mingled promiscuously together; that they were inseparably united—one for a stimulant to man, the other as a reward to him during the natural pauses between his exertions.

Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, we know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then comes the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows.

MUSICAL MEN.

A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing to the company, replied: "Permit me to imitate the nightingale, which never sings after he has made his nest."

A bass singer, with a bad voice, was corrected by the conductor of a choir, who said to him: "Sir, you are murdering the music."—"My dear sir," was the reply, "it is better to murder it outright than to keep on beating it as you do."

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?"—"Between the bars," replied the friend.

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady "if her grandson had any ear for music?"—"Wa'al," said the old woman, "I raaly don't know; won't you just take the candle and see."

At one of the rehearsals of Otho, Cuzzonia, the famous singer, insolently refused to sing the beautiful air, "Falsa Imagine." Handel, who was presiding at the performance, instantly became enraged. "Vat!" said he, "you vill not sing my mooshic? I vill trow you out te vindow if you vil not sing te mooshic."—"You shall not vex me, Mr. Handel. I will raise de dev-vel when I sal be vexed," returned Cuzzonia. "You are te tevil," said Handel; "but, madame, I am Beelzebub, te brince of te tevils, and (seizing her by the waist) I vill trow you out te vindow if you vill not sing te mooshic."

In treating disease of the mind music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

A gentleman thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes. The one is 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the other isn't. I always sing the latter."

Never set yourself up for a musician just because you got a drum in your ear; nor believe you are cut out for a school teacher merely because you have a pupil in your eye.

Madame Polko, in her reminiscences of Mendelssohn, has much to say of the extraordinary nervous excitability and consequent early decay of the great composer, who never would give himself quiet and repose. His nervousness showed itself even when he was listening to music, so that he would then grow pale.

One day, after playing a good deal with Moscheles and David, his friend Madame Frege sung to him a song with the words:

> Time marches on by night as well as day,
> And many march by night who fain would stay.

"Oh, that has a dreary sound," he cried with a shudder; "but it is just what I feel." He then suddenly rose, as pale as death, and paced the room hurriedly, complaining that his hands were as cold as ice. Within a month he was no more. In the space of eight and thirty years he had done the brainwork of a life of fourscore.

Beethoven was noted for his carelessness. On one occasion when composing his grand mass, he missed the score of the "Kyrie Eleison," but after several days found he had wrapped it around a package containing old boots and kitchen utensils.

An editor tells the story of a man who was found on a Sunday morning without a hat, sitting on a block of granite with his bare feet in a brook, trying to catch a bad cold, so as to sing bass at church.

A gentleman being pressed to sing in company, said he wished to tell them a short story first. When he was young he took a few lessons in singing, and being somewhat pressed for time, he went up into the attic one Sunday to practise. Soon after he commenced his father hailed and wished to know if he was not old enough to know better than to saw wood on Sunday. The gentleman wasn't "pressed" any more that evening.

A fellow was invited to a party one evening where there was music. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said: "Well, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?"—"Well, really, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste them; but the pork-chops were the finest I ever ate!"

Foote being once annoyed by a poor fiddler "straining harsh discords" under his window, sent him a shilling, with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one scraper at the door was sufficient.

Two young ladies were singing a duet. A stranger turned to his neighbor, saying: "Does not the lady in white sing wretchedly?"—"Excuse me, sir," replied he, "I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments; she is my sister."—"I beg your pardon, sir," answered the other, in much confusion, "I mean the lady in blue."—"You are perfectly right there," replied the neighbor. "I have often told her so myself; she is my wife."

Foote once asked a man without a sense of tune or music in him, "Why are you forever humming that tune?"—"Because it haunts me," was the reply. "No wonder," said Foote, "you are continually murdering it."

Music rather unfits a man for wrestling with the world. It softens the heart and robs him of suspicion. Show us a flageolet-player and we will show you a man who is "cheated in his change" every time he goes to market.

Here is a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near as they drove along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and then on the other, listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy, and quickly, as though she was before a severely critical audience at Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that sent the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up and sang and trilled till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcarolled the Swedish Nightingale.

It is well known that music often exerts a powerful influence over the lower animals. A good story is told of its effect on a bull. A fiddler in Liverpool who had been out late at night on a professional engagement, in returning, had occasion to cross a field where some cows and a bull were kept. The bull came at him full of fight, when the fiddler ran and attempted to climb a tree. He was too late, and had to dodge behind it to save his life. The fiddler had heard of the effect of music on animals, and as soon as he could get a chance struck up a tune. This calmed the enraged animal at once, and he appeared delighted with it. After awhile, finding the bull quite pacified he stopped playing, and started off on the run, but the bull would not let him off so, and put after him with such rage and energy that he feared for his life. He stopped and began to fiddle again with all his might, and the animal was instantly pacified again. Not being accustomed to fiddle without pay, and his arm beginning to ache, he determined to make another effort to escape, satisfied that his customer meant to get his music for nothing. He made another dash, but it was of no use. The fury of the bull returned as soon as the music ceased, and this time the poor fiddler had a narrow escape. He made another trial of music, and actually had to play till six oclock in the morning, over three hours in all, when some of the neighbors came to his relief. He made up his mind from that day that—

Music had charms to soothe the savage breast.

THE following anecdote is related of Dr. Arne, the celebrated music composer of the last century. Two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sung: "Sir, without offence, you are the worst singer I ever heard in all my life."—"There! there!" exclaimed the other, exultingly, "I told you so."—"Sir," said the doctor, "you must not say a word, for you cannot sing at all."

NATURAL HISTORY AND GENERAL SCIENCE.

D. W. TINDALL, writing of Aeriform Bodies, makes the following remarks:

All bodies of an aeriform nature are divided into vapors or gases. Vapors are elastic fluids, and are formed from liquids or solids by the application of heat, and will return to their original form when the influence of cold is brought to bear upon them; a familiar example of which is steam, formed from water, and easily condensed by cold to its liquid form.

Gases, in their natural state, never exist as liquids or solids. Some of them, by artificial means, can be brought to resemble the form of liquid bodies. Of the gaseous bodies, our common atmospheric air furnishes a convenient example. It is to the consideration of the facts that pertain to the atmospheric air that we would more particularly invite the reader's attention.

With not less than fifteen pounds of pressure upon every inch of surface, it is but natural to suppose that the atmospheric air insinuates itself into the minute pores and cells that exist in all liquid and solid bodies. Within our bodies, in every piece of wood, and in every drop of water, a certain amount of air is always found to exist. It permeates all forms of matter. By ascending high mountains, this pressure of the air is removed to a certain extent, and a new state of affairs exists. Water at the level of the sea boils at two hundred and twelve degrees, while at the top of several mountains in Europe it readily boils at seventy-two degrees; a temperature that would not boil eggs. In these high altitudes, alcohol, ether and chloroform would exist only as aeriform bodies.

Heat applied to the atmospheric air causes it to expand, and hot air will rise from the earth's surface, while that of a colder temperature will sink. Herein lies the theory of storms, the formation of clouds, and the cause of rain and snow. The least change of temperature sets the air in motion. As soon as a portion of air is heated it immediately ascends, while that of colder temperature rushes in to take its place ; this establishes a current of air, or, in other words, forms wind.

Land absorbs heat, and parts with it more readily than does water. Near large bodies of water the land in the daytime becomes much warmer than the water ; this causes the contiguous air to become rarified, and it then rises, while that of a lower temperature from off the water rushes in to take its place, and thus the well-known sea-breeze is formed. During the night the land becomes cooler than the water ; the cold air rushes seaward, and thus forms the land breeze.

By the action of the sun's heat upon the surface of land and water, the heated ascending currents of air carry immense volumes of watery vapor into the more elevated regions of the atmosphere. Warm air, thus charged with moisture, meeting with that of a different degree of coldness, the vapor is condensed, becomes visible, and thus are clouds formed. Heated air coming in contact with a surface a certain degree colder than itself, forms dew. Often, during the hot summer days, a vessel filled with cold water soon has its outside surface bathed in moisture that could come from no other source than from the surrounding air. Dew is deposited most copiously of a clear night in warm weather, when the earth is colder than the atmospheric air. Under the same circumstances more dew will be deposited on plants than on a dry or metallic surface, while on large bodies of matter no dew is formed. Thus does nature show partiality to the growing flowers, and carefully

Hangs a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

It is by the sudden cooling of the air containing large quantities of aqueous vapor in the upper region that rain is produced. Moist and hot air much resemble a sponge charged with water, which, when compressed, allows the water contained in its pores to escape. Cold acts in the same manner on humid and heated air ; condenses the atmospheric air, and, sponge-like, it is compelled to give up a portion of its aqueous contents. Water thus set free in the upper regions by the air being condensed, falls to the earth in the form of rain.

Changeable winds are always favorable for the production of rain or snow, while a wind constantly blowing from the same point of the compass is a reliable sign of fair weather. A wind that is of the changeable kind is constantly at work, mixing currents of air, differing in their temperature, and this is the prime cause of "falling weather."

A body of exceedingly cold air, meeting a current of very hot and moist air in the upper regions, mingles with it, and the result is the formation of hail. To precipitate hail instead of rain it only requires that one of the bodies of air be very hot, while the other is extremely cold. In the Torrid Zone or in the Arctic region, it is almost impossible for a hail storm to occur. In the former, no cold current of air could exist, while, in the latter, no warm one could be. In the absence of either, no hail can be formed.

THE following are Herschel's statements respecting the wonders of the universe :—What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 152,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids. and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride ? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth ? and that, although so remote from us, a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an appreciable instant of time ? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color? That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

SOUND moves about thirteen miles in a minute, so that if we hear a clap of thunder half a minute after the flash, we may calculate that the discharge of electricity is six and a half miles off.

THE following account of the minute shells, common during the eocene period (the earliest period of the tertiary strata), is very curious:—These little creatures appear to be very numerous during this period; for, in the formation of the Paris basin, which corresponds to the London clay, a kind of rock or stone occurs, called nummulitic limestone, which is used in building, and which is almost entirely composed of millions of shells no larger than a small grain of sand. Yet these are by no means the most minute creatures whose remains have been discovered. A peculiar kind of stone has been found in Tuscany, in an ounce of which 10,400 microscopic chambered shells have been found. Of these species a thousand would nearly weigh a grain, and even these are large compared with the infusoria which Professor Ehrenberg has discovered.

THERE exists in the vicinity of Cairo a petrified forest, which presents features of great attraction. The term "petrified forest" may, perhaps, seem a misnaming when it is stated that there are neither trees nor leaves. The fragments, to all appearance, are stones, only outwardly resembling wood, and in myriads of places are scattered, half buried in the sand. One of the most remarkable circumstances is, that the most accurate search, the most rigid scrutiny, fails to detect the least vestige of tillable land, the smallest oasis which could have afforded an origin to the mutilated relics of timber. Occasionally a trunk is found riven in two, as if split by the heat. The largest of these specimens measures ten feet in length, and has a diameter of twelve inches. The oak, the beech, the chestnut, and others, are distinctly recognizable, but scarcely a single specimen can be discovered of the palm, the sycamore, or the fig-tree. The original color is well preserved. All the tints are plainly perceptible, from the light Naples yellow to the deep red, brown, or even black. The perforations produced by the passage of insects through the bark are clearly visible. It would be idle to attempt to offer an explanation of this curious phenomenon.

SOMERVILLE, in his "Physical Geography," states that the sea is supposed to have acquired its saline principle when the globe was in the act of subsiding from a gaseous state. The density of sea water depends upon the quantity of saline matter it contains. The proportion is generally about three or four per cent., though it varies in different places; the ocean contains more salt in the southern than in the northern hemisphere, the Atlantic more than the Pacific. The greatest proportion of salt in the Pacific is in the parallels of 20° N. L., and 17° S. L.; near the equator it is less, and in the Polar seas it is least, from the melting of the ice. The saltness varies with the seasons in these regions, and the fresh water, being lighter, is uppermost. Rain makes the surface of the sea fresher than the interior parts, and the influx of rivers renders the ocean less salt at their estuaries. The Atlantic is brackish 300 miles from the mouth of the Amazon. Deep seas are more saline than those that are shallow, and inland seas communicating with the main are less salt, from the rivers that flow into them; to this, however, the Mediterranean is an exception, occasioned by the great evaporation and the influx of salt currents from the Black Sea and the Atlantic. The water in the Straits of Gibraltar, at the depth of 670 fathoms, is four times as salt as that at the surface. Fresh water freezes at the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, the point of congelation of salt water is much heavier. The healthfulness of the sea is ascribed to the mixing of the water by tides and currents, which prevents the accumulation of putrescent matter.

THE following is taken from Notes and Queries:

The vegetating insects are not uncommon both in New South Wales and New Zealand. The insect is the caterpillar of a large brown moth, and in New South Wales is sometimes found six inches long, buried in the ground, and the plant above ground about the same length; the top, expanded like a flower, has a brown, velvety texture. In New Zealand the plant is different, being a single stem from six to ten inches high; its apex, when in a state of fructification, resembles the club-headed bulrush in miniature. When newly dug up and divided longitudinally, the intestinal canal is distinctly visible, and frequently the hairs, legs and mandibles. Vegetation invariably proceeds from the nape of the neck; from which it may be inferred that the insect in crawling to the place where it inhumes itself, prior to its metamorphosis while burrowing in the light vegetable soil, gets some of the minute seeds of the fungus between the scales of its neck, from which, in its sickening state, it is unable to free itself, and which consequently being nourished by the warmth and moisture of the insect's body then lying motionless, vegetates, and chrysalises, but likewise occasions the death of the insect. The New South Wales specimen is called *Sphæria innominata*, that of New Zealand *Sphæria Robertsii*. In some specimens of the New Zealand kind now before me, the bodies of the insect are in their normal state, but the legs, etc., are gone.

There is in the Brazils a popular superstition to this effect. There is a tree called Japecarga, which is said to grow out of the body of the insect called Cigara. This is a very large tree, and as the Cigara is an insect which makes an incessant chirping on the tree, and as the saying goes, chirps till it bursts. When the insect dies, the tree is said to grow out of it, the roots growing down the legs. My explanation is this: The insect feeds on the seeds of the Japecarga, and occasionally under advantageous circumstances, some of the seeds germinate and cause the death of the insect, the tree shooting up through the softest part, the back, and the rootlets making their way down the only outlets, the legs. I wish to know whether any similar fact in natural history has been noticed, and, if not, how is it accounted for, since I can vouch for the skin of the insect having been found with the tree growing out of its back, and roots growing down through the legs.

WHY is the blue sky so grandly arched above our heads? The ancient Greeks supposed it to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon, and stars were set like diamonds in a ring. The upper surface was laid with gold—the pavement of the gods. In pagan countries somewhat similar notions still prevail. A converted heathen said he thought the sun, moon, and stars were holes in the solid sky, through which came streaming down to earth the brightness and glory of the heavenly world. But, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the air we breathe. Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousand miles above us, where our childish fancy put it, the blue sky is nothing but the color of the ocean of air in which we live and move. And, as to the distance from us, it is all within three or four miles. For travellers, who go upon high mountain tops, tell us that they no longer see any blue sky above them there, where the air is so thin that they pant for breath, but only the blackness of empty space. But, it may be asked, why do we not see the blue color of the air when we look up to the ceiling of our rooms? Why do we not have a blue sky in the house as well as out of doors? The answer is, that some substances, of which air is one, do not show their color except in the mass. Take a piece of glass, pour upon it a single drop of ink; now press upon it another piece of glass, and hold them both, pressed together, up to the light. Scarcely any color of the ink can be seen. The poet says:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain with its azure hue.

But philosophy, that great enemy to poetry, steps up and tells us that it is not the mountain's blue we see, but only the air, which, like a misty curtain, hangs between us and the mountains.

MAN is a wonderful creature, but if he equalled the beasts, birds, and insects in their own peculiar powers, how much more wonderful would he be. If, for instance, he could swim like a fish, run like an antelope, glide like a serpent, gallop like a horse, climb like a monkey, spring like a tiger, and fly like an eagle; or if he could roar like a lion, sing like a nightingale, scent like a hound, hear like a rabbit, hold on like a leech, persevere like an ant, see as far as a bird, guide himself like a bee, jump like a grasshopper, sleep like a toad, and diet like an anaconda, what a marvel would he appear. But taking his shortcomings into consideration, he is not so much after all. Think of it. If a man's voice bore the same proportion to his own weight that a canary bird's does, his lightest word would be heard at a distance of eight hundred miles; and if, at the same time, he had, relatively to his bulk, the same jumping power as the tiniest flee, he could spring from New York City to China at a single bound. Ah! that would be something like.

THE soap plant is a peculiar plant which grows in Mexico and also in Colorado, in great profusion, and takes its name from the root, which is white, and in shape similar to that of the beet, and is very long, extending into the earth to the depth of six to eight feet. Placed in water, it forms suds like soap, and is used in washing. The Mexican women use it in washing the most delicate silks, which are thereby neither injured nor discolored. The leaves of the plant are from six to fourteen inches in length, and sometimes even more, and half an inch in width, and of fibre so strong that a man of ordinary strength cannot break it with his hands; and much of the paper used in that state is made from them, being very fine and white. The plant looks like a clump of coarse grass, each blade being finished at the end with a hard, sharp point. Fine, thread-like tendrils shoot out from the blades, and curl among them. The blossom is described as being a spike of large white flowers, resembling those of the mandrake.

IN a paper on the causes of the Gulf Stream, read before the Polytechnic Club of the American Institute, the author made the singular statement, speaking of the effects of the earth's rotation, that a railroad train, upon a track running north and south—as, for instance, the Hudson River Railroad—will, in case of running from the track, always run off at the west or right side when going south, and at the east or again the right side, when north.

"AMONG the many curious phenomena which presented themselves to me in the course of my travels," says Humboldt, "I confess there were few by which my imagination was so powerfully affected as by the cow tree. On the parched side of a rock on the mountain of Venezuela, grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock."

A TRAVELLER describes the Dead Sea and surrounding district as follows:

Turning south an hour's ride over a sandy loam—without a shrub, or leaf, or blade of grass, nothing but the bare earth under our horses' feet or around us, over hundreds of acres—brings us to the Dead Sea. I have read wonderful accounts of this body of water—that its waters were always calm, no ripple on its surface; that no bird could fly across it; that nothing green could flourish on its shores, that over it was ever an atmosphere of gloom. Not quite thus was the picture to our eyes. Waves were rolling on the beach. Reeds and canes grow wherever their roots can reach the moisture beneath the soil. The plain over which we rode was verdureless, because rainless, except at this season of the year. A few showers fall in the winter, but not in sufficient quantity to support vegetable life. Fish are brought down from Jordan. we saw one near the entrance of the river, but the water is too salt and contains too much asphaltum to support life. There is an air of gloom, but it arises from the calmness and stillness. No sound breaks upon the ear except the splashing of the waves and the chafing of the pebbles upon the beach. The gorges and defiles of the mountains are dark and gloomy. The mountains themselves are bleak, bare, desolate, and we gaze upon them through a hazy light, with dim shadows flitting past, thrown down to earth by passing clouds. Besides these, no one standing on its shore can forget the destruction of the cities of the plain. Up through this atmosphere rose the smoke of the burning. This was the scene where divine justice could no longer put up with human wickedness. And so the dreariness and desolation, the absence of life, the aspect of nature and the facts of history combine to give it a gloom peculiarly its own.

THE Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles in that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to 120° in July, and approaches 90° in early spring.

AMONG the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called the itch, is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye.

When Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean, preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger, it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing the dust under the microscope it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, in each of which there was a living animal.

A WATER-SPOUT is the effect of a whirlwind or tornado sweeping over the surface of a large body of water. The water is gathered by the rapid whirling and upward current of wind into a cone, extending from a few yards in diameter to many hundred feet, and rising upwards, widening and scattering a spray until it apparently reaches the clouds. Out at sea five or six of these spouts may be seen at one time moving swiftly in different directions. The surface of the ocean is heaved and lashed as they pass over it. As whirlwinds do not extend far until the current becomes exhausted, when the winds relax the water raised is as rapidly let down again, and will pour into the sea in a continuous stream many feet in diameter. Around the centre or spout there is a spray that sometimes almost obscures it from observation.

Rain clouds are sometimes overtaken by whirlwinds and gathered into spouts, moving with astonishing rapidity. Fresh water has fallen on the deck of vessels out at sea from these spouts. The sands on the deserts are often gathered up in the same way, sweeping over many miles, and carrying devastation in its route.

IN many parts of the sea-shore the rise and fall of the tides is considerable: In the Bay of Fundy, 70 feet; at the mouth of the Severn and at St. Malo, France, 46 feet; at Guernsey and Jersey, 32 to 38 feet; at the mouth of the Scheldt, 20 feet; and along the coast of Holland, from 10 to 16 feet; in the Adriatic, only 2½ feet; while in the rest of the Mediterranean the tides are scarcely perceptible. Along the east coast of the United States the tides vary from 4 feet to 10 and 20.

As the original tide-wave is generated in the Pacific ocean, and moves westward with the apparent motion of sun and moon, it is clear that gulfs having their mouths tunnel-shaped, and opposed to the direction of the tide-wave, like the Red Sea, will have a strong tide. As the tide-wave moves from the Pacific Ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, and then northward in the Atlantic Ocean, the same peculiarities are observed. Any gulf having its mouth towards the south and funnel-shaped, like the Bay of Fundy, will have a strong tide; and where the mouth is narrow, like that of Chesapeake Bay, the tide-wave will be less high than in the free ocean. When the tide-wave reaches any place on the coast from two sides, as is often the case behind large islands, the effect will be to increase or diminish its height according as the high tides coincide, or the high and low tides neutralize one another. The power exerted by the tides every day along thousands of miles of sea coast is especially remarkable, as it is the only natural force directly dependent on gravitation, and in its turn the cause of all other forces on the surface of our planet.

IF we bury a thermometer fifty feet below the surface of the earth the mercury will remain at the same point the year round, in winter and summer, showing that the influence of the sun does not reach below that depth. If we carry the thermometer fifty feet lower the mercury will rise one degree, and will rise in the same ratio for every fifty feet we go down.

It can be calculated at what depth all known substances will melt. This would not exceed fifty miles. It will thus be seen that the crust or solid part of the earth is not so thick as an egg-shell in proportion to the size of the egg. With a crust so thin constantly cooling and producing a pressure upon the internal masses, it is not strange that the beds of oceans should be elevated and form dry land, and continents should sink and form beds of oceans. Large mountains have been elevated in a single day, and whole cities have been sunk in the same space of time. The side of a volcanic mountain once broke away, and the livid masses flowed out, forming a river twelve miles wide, which, in its course, melted down six hills six hundred feet high, filling up valleys six hundred feet deep, and spreading over a surface of eleven hundred square miles.

THE little fish-like animals that swim about in vessels of stagnant water, and devour the living atoms that swarm in the same situation, soon come to maturity, cast their skins, and take another form, wherein they remain rolled up like a ball, and either float at the surface of the water for the purpose of breathing through the two funnel-shaped tubes on the top of their backs, or, if disturbed, suddenly uncurl their bodies, and whirl over and over from one side of the vessel to the other. In the course of a few days these little water tumblers are ready for another transformation. The skin splits on the back between the breathing tubes, the head, body, and limbs of a mosquito suddenly burst from the opening, the slender legs rest on the empty skin till the latter fills with water and sinks, when the insect abandons its native element, spreads its tiny wings, and flies away piping its war note, and thirsting for the blood which its natural weapons enable it to draw from its unlucky victims.

The full-fed maggot, that has rioted in filth till its tender skin seems ready to burst with repletion, when the appointed time arrives, leaves the offensive matters it was ordained to assist in removing, and gets into some convenient hole or crevice; then its body contracts or shortens, and becomes egg-shaped, while the skin hardens and turns brown and dry, so that, under this form, the creature appears more like a seed than a living animal. After some time passed in this inactive and equivocal form, during which wonderful changes have taken place within the seed-like shell, one end of the shell is forced off, and from the inside comes forth a buzzing fly, that drops its former habits with its cast-off dress, and now, with a more refined taste, seeks only to eat the solid viands of our tables, or sip the liquid contents of our cups.

FROM "Recreative Science" we take the following:—The rate of increase of heat is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is easy to see that at 7290 feet from the surface the heat will reach 212°, the boiling point of water. At 25,500 feet it will melt lead; at 7 miles it will maintain a glowing red heat; at 21 miles melt gold; at 74 miles cast-iron; at 97 miles soften iron; and at 100 miles from the surface all will be fluid as water—a mass of seething and boiling rock in a perpetually molten state, doomed, possibly, never to be cooled or crystallized. The heat here will exceed any with which man is acquainted; it will exceed the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax is as ice to it. Could we visually observe its effects our intellect would afford no means of measuring its intensity. Here is the region of perpetual fire, the source of earthquake and volcanic power.

A QUERY has been started in scientific circles as to whether our earth may not become, at some distant day, like the moon, in this wise: At high tide there are 5000 cubic miles more of water heaped up than in those parts of the ocean which have low tide, and movement of this mighty wave must, it is contended, exercise a retarding influence on the earth's rotation by reason of its friction. The amount of retardation would be appreciable only after the lapse of ages, and this may now be the case as regards the moon; hence its slow rotation on its axis only once in twenty-nine days.

A SINGULAR phenomenon was witnessed in Carlisle, England, consisting of a shower of spiders resembling the ant in form, but of much smaller dimensions. They were of dark mahogany color and bright surface, and came down in countless numbers in the forenoon. Spinning upon extensive scale was instantaneously set about, and in a wonderfully short time the railings in front of houses and all similar projections were festooned with glittering lines of web arranged all horizontally and of many yards in length, and without the transverse lines usually seen upon spiders' webs. The threads appeared whiter and more visible than the ordinary spider's web.

A DAILY paper had quite an interesting statement of the singular invasion of a sewer by the root of a tree on its search for moisture during a drought, which brings to remembrance a case which happened in 1864, the summer of which was also very dry. The roots of a silver-leaf poplar tree, in Medford, ran in the ground fifty feet, then up a four-foot bank, made their way through a cellar wall, then down eight feet to the cellar-floor, passing on the surface some fifteen feet, making altogether a distance of seventy-eight feet, in search of moisture.

PROFESSOR BESSEL, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars, a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used in connection with a powerful telescope in his experiments was called a Heliometer (sun measurer). After three years of hard labor he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials, and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the distance of the nearest fixed star. We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us! Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; one year then—8760 hours—gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Prof. Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. All astronomors confirm the correctness of Prof. Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebulæ, five hundred times more remote. Now, make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it; it is too vast even for comprehension. David says: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom (or government) ruleth over all."

A MOST singular discovery is that of the antennal language of insects. Bees and other insects are provided, as everybody knows, with feelers or antennæ. These are, in fact, most delicate organs of touch, warning of dangers, and serving the animals to hold a sort of conversation with each other, and to communicate their desires and wants. A strong hive of bees will contain thirty-six thousand workers. Each of these, in order to be assured of the presence of their queen, touches her every day with its antennæ. Should the queen die or be removed, the whole colony disperse themselves, and are seen in the hive no more, perishing every one, and quitting all the stores of now useless honey, which they had labored so industriously to collect for the use of themselves and of the larvæ. On the contrary, should the queen be put into a wire cage, placed at the bottom of the hive, so that her subjects can touch and feed her, they are contented, and the business of the hive proceeds as usual. This antennal power of communication is not confined to bees. Wasps and ants, and probably other insects, exercise it. If a caterpillar is placed near an ants' nest, a most curious scene will often arise. A solitary ant will perhaps discover it, and eagerly attempt to draw it away. Not being able to accomplish this, it will go up to another ant, and, by means of the antennal language, bring it to the caterpillar. Still these two are, perhaps, unable to perform the task of moving it. They will separate and bring up reinforcements of the community by the same means, till a sufficient number is collected to enable them to drag the caterpillar to their nest.

AT the intersection of the Yampa and Green Rivers, in Colorado, the river runs along a rock about 700 feet high and a mile long, then turns sharply around to the right, and runs back parallel to its former course for another mile, with the opposite side of this long narrow rock for its bank. On the east side of the river, opposite the rock and below the Yampa, is a little park just large enough for a farm. The river has worn out hollow domes in this sandstone rock, and, standing opposite, words are repeated with a strange clearness, but in a softened mellow tone. Conversation in a loud key is transformed into magical music. One can hardly believe that it is the echo of his own voice. In some places two or three echoes come back, in others the echoes themselves are repeated, passing forth and back across the river; for there is another rock making the eastern wall of the little park. Some thought they could count ten or twelve echoes.

SOME years ago, being a school-boy at the time, I spent my Christmas holidays at my grandfather's house in Somersetshire. The members of the family were assembled for evening prayer, when suddenly music, resembling that of an Æolian harp, was heard, produced apparently by some person upon the lawn immediately beneath the window. As soon as the prayers were concluded, I opened the hall door and was greatly surprised to find the musician had departed. On returning to the drawing-room I was informed that the moment I had left the room the music ceased. Believing that some village friend had come to serenade us, we drew our chairs around the fire in expectation of his return. A few minutes only elapsed when the music was again distinctly heard. A second visit was made to the hall door, but with no better success. It was then resolved to open the shutters, which was no sooner done than the mystery was explained. During the day a pane of glass had been cracked, and the music was produced by the two pieces of glass vibrating against each other. We found from repeated experiments, that it required the atmosphere of the room to be rather a high temperature to produce the effect; for the moment the door, or one of the other windows was opened, the vibration ceased. I have only to add that the music was very pleasing to the ear, and consisted of rapid cadences.

THE Government survey of the great lakes, gives the following measurements: Lake Superior—greatest length 355 miles, greatest breadth 160 miles, mean depth 988 feet, height above the sea 627 feet, area 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan—greatest length 360 miles, greatest breadth 108 miles, mean depth 900 feet, height above the sea, 587 feet, area 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron—greatest length 200 miles, greatest breadth 160 miles, mean depth 300 feet, height above sea 574 feet, area 20,000 miles. Lake Erie—greatest length 250 miles, greatest breadth 80 miles, mean depth 200 feet, height above sea 262 feet, area 6000 miles. Lake Ontario—length 180 miles, mean breadth 65 miles, mean depth 500 feet, height above sea 262 feet, area 6000 square miles. Total length of five lakes, 1345 miles; total area, 84,000 square miles.

VERY many astronomers are comparatively neglecting their ordinary work with the ponderous telescope, and devoting themselves enthusiastically to the use of the smaller instrument, by the aid of which they hope to achieve so much. The new instrument is called a spectroscope, from two Greek words, signifying "to inspect the image." Its use is to find out the composition of bodies or substances by means of an analysis of the light emitted by them. We will explain briefly how this is accomplished.

Sir Isaac Newton discovered that the sunlight may be artificially split up into the seven colors of the rainbow by receiving a ray through a small hole in a shutter upon one face of a triangular bar of solid glass, and catching the refracted ray upon the white screen placed in the darkened room. The several constituents of the whole ray are bent in different angles by passing through the prism, the red portion being bent the least from its former course, while the violet is most highly refracted.

It was for a long time thought that these seven colors were integral, the well-known fading of one into the other in the spectrum being caused by overlapping. Still later it was maintained that there are but three primary colors—the red, yellow, and blue; and that all other colors and shades are produced by the admixture of these in varying proportions. Both of these theories are untenable in the light of more recent discoveries. There are, in fact, thousands of colors, each shade being distinct in itself from all the rest, and produced by a light wave, the length of which is measurably different from that of all its fellows. The blending of all produces white light; the union of many contiguous waves gives one of the seven prismatic colors. If the linear inch be supposed to be divided into ten millions of equal parts the length of each undulation of the integral ray is about two hundred and eleven of those parts, and the ray has been computed to make 560,000,000,000,000 vibrations in each second of time.

THE spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fifteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of his web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to be settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.

THE gray-hound runs by sight only. The carrier-pigeon flies his 250 miles homeward, by eye-sight, viz.: from point to point, of objects which he has marked; but this is only one conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of the flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back—not returning in the air, but with a clash, reversing the action of his wing—the only creature that possesses this faculty. His sight, then, both forward and backward, must be proportionally rapid with his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of his eyes does this consist? No one can answer. A cloud of 10,000 gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered vicious gnat, with long, pale, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? No man knows.

A four-horse coach comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet, somehow, they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency. Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree, and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black or negro-ant? No one knows.

A large species of star-fish possesses the power of breaking itself into fragments, under the influence of terror and despair. "As it does not generally break up," says Professor Forbes, "before it is raised above the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sunk my bucket, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce *Ludia* to pure element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not, but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mess of the dredge, his fragments were seen escaping. In despair, I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm, with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something like a wink of derision." These exquisite specimens of natural history wonders prove the naturalists can only vouch that "such is the fact" of the various phenomena, and admit that they know no more.

MEERSCHAUM, of which many tobacco smoking pipes are made, is a hydrated silicate of magnesia. When pure it is white; but when it contains silicate of iron, it is yellow. Good meerschaum can be indented with the thumb-nail, and is easily cut with a knife. It is found of different degrees of density—some kinds will float on water, while others will sink. Those of medium density are preferred by pipe-makers. Most of the genuine meerschaum obtained comes from Asia, but it is also found in Greece, Spain and Moravia. It is exported in the form of irregular blocks. In some cases meerschaum is fashioned into rough pipe-bowls where it is dug, but is mostly sent to Europe. The cities of Pesth and Vienna were formerly celebrated for their meerschaum manufactories. In forming a pipe-bowl, the material is prepared for the operation by soaking it in a composition of beeswax and olive oil. The wax and oil absorbed by the merschaum are the cause of the color produced in such pipes by smoking. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the oil of the tobacco to mix with the wax and olive oil in the meerschaum, and these gradually assume the dark tints so much prized by inveterate smokers. In some cases, the bowls of these pipes are stained artificially, by soaking them in a solution of iron mixed with dragon's blood. The white meerschaums, however, should always be preferred. The scrapings of the blocks of which the solid pipes are made are triturated and reduced to powder, then boiled in soft water until a thick paste is formed, which is moulded into blocks that are dried, then cut out into pipes as from natural blocks. There are very many pipes sold under the name of meerschaum which are spurious compositions, but it is very difficult to detect the false from the true by mere inspection. Some fancy meerschaum pipes are very costly. These are mostly to be found in Austria. They are furnished with amber mouth-pieces, and studded with silver.

THE tallow tree is a native of China, and gives rise to a vast trade in the northern parts of that empire, and has been introduced into India. It grows with great luxuriance in the north-western provinces and the Punjaub. There are tens of thousands of trees in the government plantations, from which tons of seeds are available for distribution. Dr. Jameson prepared from the seed one hundred pounds of tallow, and sent fifty pounds to the Punjaub railway, in order to have its properties as an oil for railway wheels tested. For burning, the tallow is excellent; it gives a clear, bright, and inodorous flame.

AT the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected by neither rains nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, doors, and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet large trees entire, such as walnut trees with the walnuts still stuck to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation.

At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again.

The curvature of the earth amounts to seven inches per mile. A man six feet high cannot be seen ten miles.

For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth the temperature falls 5 degrees. At forty-five miles' distance from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225° below zero; and here cold reigns in all its power. Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed in the Arctic Circle is from 40° to 60° below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150° below zero. At this temperature carbonic gas becomes a solid substance, like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder—it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver freezes at 40° below zero, that is, 72° below the temperature at which water freezes.

During a great storm in Illinois, the startling phenomenon of a shower of nondescript reptiles, bearing some resemblance to snakes, was witnessed at Taylorville. Millions of them fell, and the whole country about there was alive with them. They are described as from one and a half to two feet in length and about an inch in diameter. Their heads resembled eels' heads.

It is said that the thread of a certain species of spider, found in the south, supports a weight of 54 grains. As this fibre is only the one-four-thousandth of an inch in diameter, this is at the rate of 123,427 pounds, or 61½ tons per square inch. Good iron wire sustains 57 tons per inch, good steel, 66 tons, good gun-metal, 80 tons.

Some years ago the Astronomer Royal proved, by the evidence of many years' observations at Greenwich Observatory, that there was no foundation for the popular belief that the changes of the moon produce a change in the wind. But the mass of mankind, and sailors especially, are still quite sure that the wind changes when the moon changes. Many persons have remarked that the sky is clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporates more freely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from the moon is two degrees and a fraction, only; yet, small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere.

It is generally supposed that the blue color of the sky is due to moisture in our atmosphere, and the idea seems to be confirmed by the intensity of the color during the moist weather of summer, when compared with the sky of the more dry weather of winter. It has been shown by Prof. Cook, of Cambridge, in a paper read to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, that this view is correct. He found by means of the spectroscope, a very delicate instrument of analysis, by which the most minute substances, even when at a distance, can be detected, that the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere absorbs most powerfully the yellow and red rays emanating from the sun, leaving the blue rays to be transmitted, and thus accounting for the color of the sky. The instrument also proves that the color is due to simple absorption of these rays by the water, and not to repeated reflections from the surface of an infinity of drops, as has been supposed.

Eighteen million suns furnish the light for the milky way, which is the grandest feature of our heavens. How far separated these suns may be we know not, but they are so distant from us, that light, travelling with its incredible speed, is ages in reaching the earth. One astronomer said he had gone back in the milky way so far as would require three hundred and thirty thousand years for the transmission of its light. Whether the telescope has allowed the human eye to gauge it more or less, the fact stands that the bounds of creation are as immeasurable as their eternal Creator.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti:

"The banks of coral on which my divings were made, are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight. The bottom of the ocean in many places on these banks is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of the more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of a water nymph. In other places the pendant forms arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep, winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath 'old ocean's wave.' Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate on dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

"The fish which inhabited those Silver Banks I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globelike sunfish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a bull-terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, sawfish, starfish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovelnose shark, were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they posessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were ribbonfish, from four or five inches to three feet in length. Their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet long. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds."

The instinct of animals is sometimes really surprising. There was once in the possession of a farmer in Clonmel a goose that by accident was left without mate or offspring, male or female. Now it chanced that the good wife had set a number of ducks' eggs under a hen, which in due time incubated, and, of course, the ducklings took to water, at which the motherly old hen was in sad pucker—her maternity urged her to follow the brood, and her selfishness to remain on dry land. In the meantime up sailed the goose with clack and clatter, which interpreted "Let me take care of them." She swam up and down with the youngsters, and when they were wearied with their aquatic excursions, recommitted them to the guardianship of the hen. In the morning down came the ducks, there was the goose, and the hen in great flustration. On this occasion we do not know if the goose invited the hen for a friendly sail, but it is a fact that, being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and in company they cruised up and down, as it were, convoying the feathered flotilla. Day by day the hen, on board the goose, might be seen in perfect content and good humor. Numbers of people came to visit this extraordinary occurrence, which happened day after day, until the juvenile excursionists arrived at the days of discretion, and no longer needed the services of "goose and hen pilots, instructors," etc.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Glasgow Herald is the voucher for the following: "One Sunday morning, whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing betwixt them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for a minute to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away."

J. T. BUCKLER, in his Notes and Queries, writes:—Whilst the name of dog varies in every language, thereby indicating that he is indigenous or coeval or prior to the formation of such language, the name of the cat is identical with slight dialectical variation in almost all known languages, thereby indicating its foreign origin. What, then, is the natural habit of this feline animal? The language, as far as I can ascertain, in which the word is significant, is the Zend, where the word Gato means a place (Bopp. 1. 3); a word peculiarly significant in reference to this animal, whose attachment is peculiar to place, and not to the person, so strikingly indicated by the dog. The inference is that Persia is the original habitation of the cat, where that animal exists in its most perfect state. Pallas has a colored plate, the portrait of a very fine animal, in the Crimea, of that species in his travels. It may be, probably, inferred that it was introduced from Asia into Spain, because the Spanish word is almost identical with the Zend, whilst a greater variation is found in other European dialects: for example, Catus in Latin; Chat in French; Katze in German; Cat in English; Kate in Lithuanian; Kot in Russia; Cat in Gaelic; and Cath in Celtic. The probable inference is, that the cat had been domesticated in Europe prior to the seventh century.

IT is certainly a curious chemical fact that the substances required to form salt are both of them poisonous—chlorine and sodium. No one can use either of those articles separately with safety, and yet combine them, and they form a substance necessary to health, and one in daily use, and no table is set without it.

THE root constitutes the plant's mouth. It terminates in a little sponge. The sponge drinks up the moisture from the surrounding earth. Every boy has seen in the woods the roots of some tree planted by the birds or the winds in the crevices of a rock, wandering down the sides of the great boulder in search of nourishment. Dr. Davy tells of a case in which a horse-chestnut growing on a flat stone, sent out its roots thus to forage for food. They passed seven feet up a contiguous wall, turned at the top, and passing down seven feet on the other side, found the needed nourishment there, which their own barren home denied them. A yet more singular instance of this search for food is related:

A seed had been dropped by one of nature's husbandmen, a bird, in the decaying trunk of an old tree. It sprouted, put forth roots, branches, and a little stem. But its roots in vain sought nourishment at the breasts of its dying foster-mother. At length, abandoning all hope of support from her, they pushed out from home to seek a living. They dropped to the ground, a distance of sixty or seventy feet, and fastening there, succeeded in securing an independent livelihood. As time passed on, the old trunk died, decayed, and disappeared. The new tree remained suspended, as it were, in mid-air, the roots proceeding downward, and the branches upward from a point about equi-distant between the two.

GARDINER, in his "Music of Nature," states that "dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated." Sonnine speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America to have lost their propensity to barking. The barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak, which he derives from his association with man.

IN "Stories of Inventions and Discoveries" there is a tale of a cat, which shows that an animal may sometimes outwit a *savant*.

De la Croix relates the following instance of sagacity in a cat, which, under the receiver of an air-pump, discovered the means of escaping a death which seemed to all inevitable. "I once saw," he relates, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump for the purpose of demonstrating that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the cat, who began to feel herself very uncomfortable in the rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more air from passing out of the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were now unavailing. In vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. In trying to effect his purpose, he again let air into the receiver, which as soon as the cat perceived she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver she applied her paw as before. The spectators clapped their hands in admiration of the cat's sagacity, and the lecturer was compelled to remove her and substitute another cat that possessed less penetration for the cruel experiment."

THIS world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is so much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation of number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are 4041 muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect respiration of a carp 13,300 arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4000 united. Leuwenhoek, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than the grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took 4000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

THE highest mine in the world is the Potosi silver mine, in the Andes of Peru, which is 11,375 feet above the level of the sea. The deepest mine is the new Salz Work, a salt mine in Westphalia. It is 2050 feet below the surface of the ocean. The average depths of the coal mines of Great Britain greatly exceed that of a like number of any other kind of mines in the world.

REV. T. STARR writes to the Boston Transcript from California the following interesting description of one of the most remarkable of the natural pheuomena of that State:

The Yo-Semite cataract is the highest in the world yet known. The portion of the granite wall of the valley which rises opposite the hotel is more than three thousand feet high. In a superbly arranged nook or bend in the precipitous rampart the cataract is framed. Mr. Greeley, in the account of his very hurried September visit to the valley, calls it a "tape-line of water dropped from the sky." Perhaps it is so toward the close of the dry season; but as we saw it, the blended majesty and beauty of it, apart from the general sublimities of the Yo-Semite gorge, would repay a journey of a thousand miles. There was no deficiency of water. It was a powerful stream, thirty-five feet broad, fresh from the Nevada, that made the plunge from the brow of the awful precipice; and as the valley is only a mile in width, our delightful resting-place, on the southerly bank of the Merced, in the pass, afforded us the most favorable angle for enjoying its exhaustless charms.

At the first leap the water clears 1497 feet; then it tumbles down a series of steep stairways 402 feet; and then makes a jump to the meadows 518 feet more. The three pitches are in full view, making a fall of more than 2,400 feet.

But it is the upper and highest cataract that is most wonderful to the eye, as well as most musical. The cliff is so sheer, that there is no break in the body of water during the whole of its descent of more than a quarter of a mile. It pours in a curve from the summit, fifteen hundred feet, to the basin that hoards it but a moment for the cascades that follow. And what endless complexities and opulence of beauty in the forms and motions of the cataract! It is comparatively narrow at the top of the precipice, although, as we said, the tide that pours over is thirty-five feet broad. But it widens as it descends, and curves a little on one side as it widens, so that it shapes itself, before it reaches its first bowl of granite, into the figure of the comet that glowed on our sky a few years ago. More beautiful than the comet, however, we can see the substance of this watery loveliness ever renew itself, and ever pour itself away. Our readers have seen the splendid rockets, on Fourth of July nights, that burst into serpents of fire. This cataract seems to shoot out a thousand serpentine heads or knots of water, which wriggle down deliberately through the air, and expend themselves in mist before half the descent is over. Then a new set bursts from the body and sides of the fall, with the same fortune on the remaining distance; and thus the most charming fretwork of watery nodules, each trailing its vapory chain for a hundred feet or more, is woven all over the cascade, which swings, now and then, thirty feet each way on the mountain side, as if it were a pendulum of watery lace. Once in a while, too, the wind manages to get back of the fall between it and the cliff, and then it will whirl it round and round for two or three hundred feet, as if it were determined to try the experiment of twisting it to wring it dry. We could lie for hours before Mr. Peck's door, never tired of gazing on that cataract, but ever hungry for more of the witcheries of motion and grace that refine and soften its grandeur.

A CODFISH has been found to produce 3,686,760 eggs or spawn; a ling, 19,248,625; herrings weighing from four ounces to five and three-quarters, from 21,285 to 36,960; mackerel, 20 ounces, 454,061; soles of five ounces, 38,772; one of fourteen ounces and a half, 100,362; a flounder of two ounces, 133,307; one of twenty-four ounces, 1,357,403; lobsters from fourteen to thirty-six ounces, 21,699; a prawn about 3800; and a shrimp from 2800 to 6800.

THE primary forms, colors, and sounds of nature are but few, and yet their modifications and combinations are infinite. So far as human knowledge and research extend, the changes of time have never produced two forms exactly alike, whether in the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom. No two grains of sand on the seashore, to say nothing of larger objects, natural divisions, and portions of the earth's surface, are precisely alike. There are no two plants, flowers, seeds, or even leaves, in the whole universe allotted to man that exactly resemble each other in form, size, weight, and color. No two animal creations, no two voices are identical among all the living works of God. Human ingenuity has constructed no two musical instruments that gave forth the same identical sound; and the microscope detects a marked difference of color in every leaf of every flower, and every thread of the finest fabric produced and colored by human skill. In short, the dissimilarities of similarity in all things natural or artificial is the most mysterious of all the hidden and yet clearly visible mysteries.

A PERSON who has been at considerable pains in taking observations himself, and noting those of others, says that the greatest distance at which thunder has been known to have been heard appears to have been six leagues, or thirteen geographical miles; and the greatest ordinary distances scarcely more than four leagues, or about nine geographical miles.

BEFORE Mr. Thompson's discoveries, the small animals which are now proved to be young crabs were regarded as a separate family, and placed in a quite different order of crustaceans under the name of *Zoea*.

On crawling out of the egg, the larva appears in a very strange shape. Picture a clumsily, large, helmet-shaped head, terminating at the rear in a long point, and having on either side an enormous eye. By the help of a long, pointed, natatory tail, the animal is continually turning head over heels. The claws are absent; while the old crabs have eight toes, the young ones have only four, which are provided at the end with long bristles, and convey food with great speed to the incessantly active fringed mouth.

Who would believe that such a being could ever be converted into a crab, to which it doesn't bear the slightest resemblance? But allow omnipotent Time to do its work. Immediately after the first change of skin the body begins to assume something of its future permanent shape; the eyes already project on foot-stalks; claws and feet are developed; but the metamorphosis is still imperfect, for the tail remains long like that of the lobster, and the young crab revolves rapidly in the water.

D. W. TINDALL writes as follows: Every grain of matter is susceptible of being divided beyond any known limit of mathematical calculation. A single grain of musk it is said will perfume a room containing three million cubic inches of air, for several years. And this air, too, is constantly being changed, yet so minutely divided is the musk that every particle of air contains an atom of the perfume. And after many millions of cubic inches of air have been daily impregnated for years, yet the weight of the grain of musk has not sensibly grown less.

Newton tells us that the thickness of a soap bubble at the moment of bursting is only the four-millionth part of an inch in thickness.

Nothing connected with the material world is destroyed. By the learned it is affirmed that not an atom of matter has been lost from the earth since its creation up to the present day. Not the fractional part of a grain does our globe weigh more or less now than when it was "without form and void." Changes in form are constantly in progress, but no particle of matter is destroyed. Apply heat to ice, and water is the result; still more heat converts the water into steam or aerial vapor, speedily condenses to form clouds, and soon returns to earth in the shape of rain, or gathers at night as heaven's dew. Fire applied to wood and other combustible matter, converts the solid mass of which it is composed into ashes, smoke, gases and steam, the weight of which when collected and weighed, is found to be the same as was that of the original substance.

When the bodies of animals die and undergo decomposition, it must not be inferred that anything is lost. Carbonic acid, ammonia, and other substances are thereby generated which soon reappear in the blooming rose, majestic oak, or the modest violet. With Nature nothing is lost; a greater economist than she cannot exist.

With the exception of glass, all other known substances contain pores or vacant spaces between the different particles of matter. In wood, sponge and in the most varieties of stone, these pores are plainly detected by the unaided eye. With metals it is different. In some of them the highest magnifying powers of the microscope fail to detect traces of porosity. But by other mechanical means it is proven that even in the metals pores do exist. If a hollow globe of silver or gold, or other metallic substance, be filled with water, and then compressed with much force in an iron vice, the water will exude through the walls of the globe.

THE flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder-cloud beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, states that on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder-storm then raging two hundred and fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.

THE whole universe is a thought, and that thought is the thought of God. The foundation of all things is intelligent force and goodness; these are found acting in every department of nature, in the rocks, fluids, gases, animated bodies, and every thing that has being. The same expression exists everywhere, and we are therefore obliged to acknowledge a Lawgiver; a design, hence a Designer. If we examine the crystal, we find it is the result of force. We may destroy its organization, but can never destroy the force that gave it that organization. The world invisible is the most substantial of all. We can continue to take up plants. The seed always proclaims the tree and the fruit; even the leaves conform to the impress of the original seed. No seed will transfer its fruit to another kind; each bears fruit after its own. The pear-tree does not grow from the seed of the apple, nor is the gosling hatched from the crow's egg.

The microscope discovers matters, until it dwindles almost to nothing; and we find utility in every thing. All this is not the result of chance, but shows a beautiful Lawgiver. Force is the only substantial thing found in nature. It lies in its fossil state in the coal. When coal is put in the furnace of the engine, it generates steam, but it is only the force of the sunshine which came from heaven millions of years ago. The same is the case with gas; it is the same light which was absorbed ages ago. By the power of chemistry we extract and use it again. Force and matter can never be destroyed. In force we find the infinite power of the goodness of the Almighty.

On the leaf of the maple we find the buds are exactly opposite each other, and so in pairs, one above the other along the entire stem. In others they differ; in going round the stem once, we will find two, three and so on up, which will be illustrated by numbers.

We find this same plan in the solar system, which is formed of planets placed in the same manner as the leaves on the trees. He who placed the leaves also causes the planets to revolve.

They are held by the cohesive and centrifugal force, which is found everywhere. The force which organizes our own bodies is imponderable and invisible, surrounded by matter.

The sun is a mass of matter in a highly expanded condition. Sometimes the spots on the surface go out and after a while reappear. These spots are breaks in the volume of gas surrounding it. Some of them are so large that three worlds like ours could pass abreast through them, and yet leave 34,000 miles to spare.

Our sunshine is caused by the reflection of the heat of the gas around the sun.

There is no doubt but that the sun is a mass of liquid fire. The time will come when it will burn out, and then our solar system will also go out.

The fixed stars are other suns constantly in motion, which move through space as we do.

The crust of the earth was made by liquid cooling; and strange as it may seem, the highest mountains are the newest. The Himalaya mountains are a good example.

NEGROES.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place. "I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer. "No, sah—not at all."—"What! are you not a member of the African church?"—"Not dis year, sah."—"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"—"Why, I tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, strapping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis—I jined that church in good faif. I gin ten dollars towards the stated preaching of de gospil de fuss year, and the church pepill all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business was not good, and I only gib five dollars. Dat year the church pepill call me Mister Dickson—dis razor hurt you, sah?"—"No, —razor tol'bul well."—"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in me family—and I didn't gib nuffin for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me Ole Nigger Dickson, an' I leff em."

A colored man, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a fine rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities.

"Oh, how berry fat. De fattest I ever did see. Let us see how me cook him. Me roast him. No; he so berry fat he lose all de fat. Me fry him. Ah, he so berry fat he fry himself. Golly, how fat he be! Den me stew him."

The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast to the imagination his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, eyed his late owner with great composure. The negro knew there was an end of the matter, so, summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit: "You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat, you not so berry fat arter all!"

A minister, at a colored wedding, wishing to make some humorous remarks, said: "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To this unclerical remark the indignant bridegroom, very pertinently replied: "On such occasions as this it is customary to give the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

The wife of a black man had presented her husband with male twin children. Meeting a friend, Sambo was asked if they looked like each other. "Yes, by golly," replied he, "so much that you can't tell them apart, 'specially Pomp."

While a regiment was stationed in Maryland during the late war, a number of negroes came into camp, where they found encouragement enough to remain as long as the officers in command could make it appear that they were innocent of any knowledge of them. Among the number, at one time, was one of a very religious turn of mind, being a member of the Methodists. On being asked by one of the officers if he could read, he said: "No, I can't read; but I knows a heap mo' ob de Bible than some as can." —"What do you know, Bill?" inquired the officer. "You brag a good deal; I'm afraid you are something of a humbug. Let us hear something you know."— "Well," said Bill, "don't you find dis yer in de book: 'Bressed am de peace makers!' 'Servants obey your masters!' 'Let ebery man 'bide in de same callin' he was called in?' I knows a heap mo' ob de same sort."—"Pretty well done."

said the officer, 'but how is this, Bill? You say you believe the Bible is the book of God?"—"Sartin sure I does. Der aint no mistake 'bout dat."—"Well, you repeat from it, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called.' How do you reconcile that with your running away and hiding in camp? How do you explain this, I want to know?"—"Well," said Bill, after a moment's pause, "I'll tell you what I b'leve 'bout dat. I b'leve now some Secesh wrote dat are passage, and kind o' smuggled it in when de boss wasn't lookin'."

"JULIUS, why didn't you oblong your stay at the seaside?"—"Kase, Mr. Smith, they charge too much."—"How so, Julius?"—"Why, de landlord charge this individual wid stealing de silver spoons."

A BLACK footman was one day accosted by a fellow, "Well, Blackee, when did you see the devil last?" upon which Blackee, turning suddenly round, gave him a severe blow, which staggered him, with this appropriate answer, "When I saw him last he sent you dat—how you like it?"

"GOOD-MORNING, Pompey," said the lawyer. "Good-morning, massa."—"What makes you carry your head down so, Pompey? Why don't you walk with your head erect, like me?"—"Massa, you ever been tro' a field of wheat when he ripe?" — "Yes, Pompey."—"Well, you take notice some of de heads stand up, and some hang down; dem dat stand up got no grain in 'em."

SAMBO bought a patriarchal turkey. "I took him home," says he, "my wife bile him tree hours, and den him crow! My wife den pop him into de pot with six pounds o' taters, and he kicks 'em all out; he mus a been as old as dad Mefooslum."

"JIM, I believe that Sam's got no truth in him."—"You don't know, nigga; dare's more truth in dat nigga than all the rest in the plantation."—"How do you make dat?"—"Why, he never let any out."

A NEGRO orator thus concludes an account of the death of a colored brother: "De last word he was heard to say, de last word he was heard to utter, de last word he was heard to speak, de last word he eber pronounced, de last syllable he eber spoke, de last idea he eber ejaculated; yes, my bredren, de bery last word he eber was known to breave forth, sound or articulate, was Glory!"

CUFFY said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat bust up for this reason—"If you gits off and smashed up, dar you is; but if you gits blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

A COLORED sentinel was marching on his beat in the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, when a white man, passing by, shouldered him insolently off the sidewalk quite into the street. The soldier, on recovering himself, called out:—"White man, halt!" The white man, Southern-like, went straight on. The sentinel brought his musket to a present, cocked it, and hailed again. "White man, halt, or I'll fire!" The white man, hearing shoot in the tone, halted, and faced about. "White man," continued the sentry, peremptorily, "come here!" He did so. "White man," said the soldier again, "me no care one cent 'bout this partiklar Cuffee; but white man bound to respeck dis uniform (striking his breast). White man, move on."

CAPTAIN WINNER once received a sharp answer from a negro, which will bear repeating. The black man had long been acquainted with him, generally helping him to load his vessel. In the course of a conversation one day Winner accidentally remarked that he was a Christian. "You a Christian!" said the darkey in astonishment, "laws a mighty, massy, I'd never found it out in the world if you hadn't told me!"

"LOOK here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de railroad!"—"Why, Joe?"—"Kase if de cars see dat mouf of yours, dey tink it am de depot and run right in."

"DEY may rail against women as much as dey like," says Sambo, "dey can't set me against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in a dance, fust in de ice cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick room. What would we do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receibe us. She am it who gubs us our fust dose ob castor oil, and puts close upon our helplessly naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, fills our dinner-basket wid doughnuts and apples as we start for school, and licks us when we tears our trowsirs."

"WELL, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" — "Yes, sah, he berry good farmer; he make two crops in one year." —"How is that, Sambo?"—"Why, he sell his hay in the fall and makes money once; den in the spring he sell all the hides of the cattle that die for want of hay, and dus make money twice."

A NEGRO in North Carolina, on being examined as to the nature of an oath, was asked if he knew what would be the consequence here and hereafter if he swore to a lie. "Yes," said he, "ears off, and no share in the kingdom."

COULD anything be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I'se used to liftin' barrels o' sugar!"

"SAMBO, are you posted in natural sciences?"—"Ob course I is, sartingly." —"Then you can tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes."—"Oh, dat's easy enough. It's all owing to de rottatering motion ob de earth."

"I SAY, Clem," cried two disputing darkies, appealing for decision to a sable umpire, "which word is right—dizactly or dezactly?" The sable umpire reflected a moment, and then, with a look of wisdom, said: "I can't tell perzactly."

A WHITE boy met a little colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I spects so 'twont poke itself in other folk's business," was the reply.

ON the occasion of an eclipse, a colored individual in Norfolk, Virginia, became greatly elated. "Bress de Lord," said he, "niggers' time hab come at last—and now we're gwine to hab a black sun."

THE following conversation occurred between a colored prisoner and a temperance lecturer, who was in search of facts to fortify his positions and illustrate his subject: "What brought you to prison, my colored friend?"—"Two constables, sah."—"Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?"—"Yes, sah, they wuz bofe uv 'em drunk, sah."

A GENTLEMAN who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction and rode her home. "Well, Cæsar," said he to his sable coachman, "what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars." — "Dunno, master." — "Yes, but what do you think?"— "Well, massa, it makes me tink of what the preacher said yesterday—something about his money is soon parted. I disremember de fust part."

AN African preacher, speaking from the words, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" mentioned, among other things, that many lose their souls by being too charitable. Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying it, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, and hear the sermon; and when it is over they proceed to divide it out among the congregation; this part was for that man, and that part for that woman, and such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves."

A NEGRO preacher said to his congregation: "My brethren, when the first man, Adam, was made, he was made ob wet clay, and set up agin the palin's to dry."—"Do you say," said one present, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay and set up agin de palin's to dry?"—"Yes, sah, I do."—"Who, den, made the palin's?"—"Sit down, sah," said the preacher, sternly; "sich questions as dat would upset any system of theology."

AN old farmer—one who neither feared God nor man—had hired a devout negro, and to get Sunday work out of him, would always plan "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the darkey's conscience. One morning, however, Sambo proved rambunctious, and told him:—"Me never no more workee for you on Sunday, massa." The farmer argued with him that it was a case of necessity; that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," replied Sambo, "but not if he used Saturday in diggin' the pit for the beast to fall in." This was a clincher. The farmer caved at nigger's logic, and Sambo retained Sunday for himself.

LIEUTENANT K., a gallant and dashing officer in the Federal army, who prided himself not a little on his fine penmanship, had with him a colored servant answering to the name of Moses. Now, Moses adored a fair African at Nashville. Lieuteuant K. often wrote letters for him to her. On closing one for him to her one day, he asked: "Well, Moses, anything more you wish me to add?" Moses scratched his head, and, with a grin, replied: "Yes, massa, tell Rosa to excuse the bad spelling and bad writing."

IT is the fashion in "Ole Virginny" for the negroes to wear long trails of crape tied round their hats and allowed to fall down their backs. A planter one day met a strange "nigger" on the road decked out with a superabundant amount of crape that reached almost to his heels. "Whom do you belong to?" asked the planter. "Mrs. ——, of Albemarle," replied Cæsar. "Where are you going?"—"To Massa ——'s furnace. Ize been hired out to work dar."—"You have lost some of your friends, I see."—"Yes, massa."—"Was it a near or a distant relative?"—"Wa'al, putty distant—'bout twenty-five miles."

AN Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied, "No."—"When will he return?"—"Oh, when master gives orders to say he is not at home we never know when he will come in."

AN old freedman in Texas was asked if he was not going to register. He wished to know how he would have to proceed. On being told that he had to swear to support the Constitution, his eyes widened, and, drawing a long breath, he said he couldn't do it, because he couldn't support himself.

"SAMBO, what's yer up to now-a-days?"—"Oh, Ise a carpenter and jiner."—"Ho, guess yer is. What department does yer perform, Sambo?"—"What department? I does de cir'lar work."—"What's dat?"—"Why, I turns de grindstone."

A DUTCHMAN turned to a negro boy and asked him: "Boy, do you think a nigger has got a soul?"—"O yes," said the boy; "I reckon they've got souls."—"Well, boy, do you think you would be allowed to go to heaven?"—"Yes, sir, I 'spec I will. I 'lows to git in."—"Now, boy, whereabouts do you think they'd put a fellow like you in heaven?"—"I dunno, sir," said the boy; "but I reckon I'll git in somewhar 'tween de white people and de Dutch."

"TAIN'T de white nor yet de black folks what hab de most influence in dis world, but de yaller boys," said old Aunt Chloe, as she jingled a few gold coins that had come down from a former generation.

"JULIUS, was you ever in business?"—"In course I was?"—"What was that?"—"A sugar planter."—"When was that, my colored friend?"—"Der day I buried dat old sweetheart of mine."

GOING down the street one evening we overheard the following conversation between two negro boys, "aged respectfully ten and fifteen years." The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "jes one bite of it."

"Well," said the younger one, finally, "I'll give you jes one bite, but don't you take no mor'n jes one bite."

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound catfish, and brought it down on the fruit, leaving a very small share on the other side.

"Good gracious, Jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple and give me the bite!"

THE happy character of the negro is illustrated in the following anecdote, told by a Port Royal writer: Going into a rough-looking negro cabin to escape a shower of rain, I found the occupant sitting in the only dry spot playing on his banjo. The roof leaked in torrents. "Is this your house?" I inquired. "Yaas, masser."—"Why don't you mend the roof, then?"—"O, cos er rain so hard I can't."—"But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?"—"Wah, wah, masser, when er don't rain roof don't want fixin'."

A NEGRO boy being sent by his master to borrow a pound of lard from his neighbor, thus delivered his message: "Missus Thompson, massa sen' me over to borrow or beg a pound of hog-tallow; he says he got de old sow up in de pen fatten 'em, he gwine to kill her day before yesterday, and he come over week 'fore last and pay all you owe us."

A NEGRO at the Phœnix Hall in Kentucky, describes his notion of rebel finance thus: "Eb'ry one ov dem rebels make his own money, and dey was berry free with it, coz dey knowed it didn't cost nuffin. One gentleman gin me five dollars for brackin' his boots, and I tole him he was berry kine, but if it was all the same to him I'd rather hab a dime. He tole me den dat I was a Yankee nigger, and didn't give me nuffin'."

"MASSA," said a darkey to his master, "dat hoss came very near being mine."—"How so, Sambo?"—"De hoss come near being mine in dis wise: I axed de owner to gib him to me; he said no. If he had only said yes, he would be mine, by golly."

"GUM," asked a darkey, "do you know how dey make de hoss fast in Virginny?"—"Yes, ob course; dey tie him to de post."—"Ah, Gum, dat am one fast, but gib him nothing to eat am de other."

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?"—"O berry well, massa."—"Well, what did you have for breakfast this morning?"—"Why, you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."

"SAM, why am de lawyers like de fishes?"—"I don't meddle wid de subjec, Pomp."—"Why, don't you see, nigga, because dey am so fond ob debate."

WENDELL PHILLIPS was riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of such rotundity that he seemed to carry everything before him. The man asked Mr. Phillips what was the object of his life. "To benefit the negro," was the bland reply. "Then why don't you go down South to do it?"—"That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat around your neck; pray what is the object of your life?"—"To save souls from hell."—"May I ask whether you propose to go there to do it?"

AT a church of color one evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, white and colored, standing upon the seats during singing service, called out in a loud voice: "Git down off dem seats, both white man and color; I care no more for de one dan I do for de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing, in short metre:

Git down off dem seats,
  Both white men and color;
I care no more for one man
  Dan I does for de odder.

"NIGGER, who am de fuss man dat interduced salt perwishuns into the navy?" —"Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored indiwidual."—"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham 'board his ark."

"CROW, I want to ask you a conunderdum."—"Well, Julius, succeed; Ise open for the queshun."—"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like de riber at low tide?"—"No, Julius, I don't see no similarity in the two subjects, so, darfor, I guvs um up."—"Well, den, I tell you—it is simply bekase it developes de muscles. You is de most ignamous nigger I nebber seed."—"Yah, yah, I knowed all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin—jiss ax me agin and see if I can't told you."

"SAM, why don't you talk to massa and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?" —"What's de use ob laying treasures dar, whar he neber see um again?"

GENEVA, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling:—"In the fairest village of western New York, the colored persons, in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was:—'Which am de mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out;' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

A GENTLEMAN in Alabama, exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who had made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who, on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded, "Rosin and alum, sir!"—"What did you give them for?" continued the doctor.—"Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw de parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder um!" The patient recovered accordingly.

THE late Chief Justice Marshall, while riding one morning to court in his single carriage, his horse fell and broke a shaft. He was puzzled what to do. Tom, a neighboring negro waggoner, happening to drive up, he asked him if he could help him out of his difficulty. "O yes, massa, if you'll lend me your knife?" Tom took the knife and cut a sapling pole and a grape vine from a neighboring thicket, with which he speedily spliced up the broken shaft. "Now, Tom," said the judge, "why didn't I think of that?"—"O massa," replied Tom, "you know dat some people will have more sense den oders!"

A MISSISSIPPI freedman worked on shares. When asked the amount of his profits, he said, "Nuffin; I worked for de fifth; de boss only made a fourth of a crop, darfor, I got nuffin."

"JULIUS, can you tell me how Adam got out of Eden?"—"Well, I s'pose he climbed ober de fence."—"No, dat aint it."—"Well, den, he borrowed a wheelbarrow and walked out."—"No."—"I gubs it up, den."—"He got snaked out. Yah!"

A NEGRO preacher holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the command of God, says: "Bredren, whatever God tells me to do in dis book (holding up the Bible), dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it 'longs to God, jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

"WHAT'S your name?" said an officer to a young colored lad, who joined the ship at the Cape. "Algoa Bay, sir."—"Where were you born?"—"Wasn't born at all, sir."—"Wasn't born at all?"—"No, sir! Was washed ashore in a storm!"

A VIRGINIA negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and there was found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "To pray."—"But," said the overseer, "how is it that you went to sleep?"—"Don't know, massa, 'zactly," responded the negro; "but 'spect must have overprayed myself."

A DARKEY was examined in a Washington court, to prove the identity of a white man. "Did you see the man?" asked the attorney. "Yes, sah, I seed him."—"Was he a white man?"—"Dunno, sah."—"Do you say you saw the man and can't say whether he was white or black?"—"Yes, sah, I seed him, but dere's so many white fellers callin' derselfs niggers round here I can't tell one from toder!"

SAID Dinah to Sambo, as they were taking a loving promenade:—"What your 'pinion 'bout de married life? tink it be de most happy?"—"Well, I'll tell you, dat ar 'pend altogedder how dey enjoy themselves."

A NEGRO, undergoing an examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied: "No, sir, he is a member of Congress."

DURING a thunder storm at Greenville, S. C., the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two negroes who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them, in great surprise, was: "Who fire dat gun?"

"I TELL you wat, Sam, I hab a monstus 'spute wid massa dis morning, down in de cotton patch."—"You don't sez so, Cæsar; wat, you 'spute wid massa?"—"Yes, I tell you, for one hour we 'spute togeder, down in de cotton patch."—"Wa, wa, wat you 'spute 'bout?"—"Why, you see, Sam, massa come down dar whar I was hoein', and massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, and I say so too, and dar we 'spute 'bout it for mor'n one hour."

"SAY, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?"—"Why, at de shop, ob course."—"What is de price of such an article as dat?"—"I don't know, nigger—I don't know; de shop keeper wasn't dar."

DURING the war a "contraband" came into the Federal lines in North Carolina, and was marched up to the officer of the day to give an account of himself, whereupon the following colloquy ensued: "What's your name?"—"My name's Sam."—"Sam what?"—"No, sah; not Sam Watt. I'se jist Sam."—"What's your other name?"—"I hasn't got no other name, sah. Ise Sam, dat's all."—"What's your master's name?"—"Ise got no massa; massa runned away, yah! yah! Ise free nigger now."—"Now, what's your father's and mother's name?"—"Ise got none, sah; neber had none. Ise jist Sam—aint nobody else."—"Haven't you any brothers and sisters?"—"No, sah. Neber had none. No brudder, no sister, no farder, no mudder, no massa, nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam you see all dere is of us."

The darkies of a colored regiment were being instructed by their chaplain in Biblical history, of which they showed a desire to have a knowledge, and the question was asked: "Who was the oldest man?"—"Adam, I s'pose," was the reply of a venturesome darkey. "Well, no, Adam was not the oldest man. He was the first man."—"Please, sah, will you tell us who de oldest man was?"—"The oldest man was Methuselah, who lived to the age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years." The audience had barely finished their expressions of wonder, when a great lubberly, overgrown field hand in the outermost circle, in a loud whisper, ejaculated: "Mister, sah, did old Misses Mumthuselum lib to be dat old too?"

"**Cato**, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter?" said a gentleman to his confidential servant. "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de 'clemency ob de norf, and so am 'bliged to go souf, where he speriences warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

Pompey says that he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could not reach them but once in two years.

Julius. "Sam, you're a drunkard; you're allers drunk, and your habits is loose, nigga, your habits is loose."

Sam. "Well, ax me dis—how de debble am my habits loose when I is 'tight' all de time?"

Two darkies had bought a quantity of pickled pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius's keeping. The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good mornin', Julius. Anything happen strange or mysterious down in your wicinity lately?"—"Yaas, Sam, most strange thing happen at my house yesterlastnight. All mystery—all mystery to me."—"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"—"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' I went down into de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down into de brine an' felt round, but no pork dare—all gone, couldn't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up de barl, an' Sam, true as preachin', de rats eat a hole clar froo de bottom ob de barl and dragged de pork all out!" Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said: "Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"—"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

A **story** is told of Dick, a darkey in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief—so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged upon him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick had stolen all his (Mr. Jones's) turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft. "You stole Mr. Jones's turkeys," said the master. "No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick. The master persisted. "Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you, massa. I didn't steal dem turkeys; but last night when I went across Mr. Jones's pasture, I saw one of our rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail."

"**Why**, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman to a negro waiter at a hotel; "how in the world did you get so black?"—"Why, look a here, massa, de reason am dis—de day dis chile was born dar was an eclipse."

"**Sambo**, whar you get dat watch you wear to meeting last Sunday?"—"How you know I hab a watch?"—"Bekase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front."—"Go 'way, nigger! 'Spose you see halter round my neck, you think dar is horse inside of me?"

"I **say**, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catsolepy dat befel Phillise?"—"O' course I didn't; what was it?"—"You see, de doctur ordered a blister on her chist; well, she had no chist, no how, so she put um on de bandbox, and it drawed her new pink bonnet out ob shape and spile um entirely."

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the old darkey: "Well, what is your name, my friend?"—"Harry, sir; ole Harry," said the other, touching his sleepy hat. "Old Harry," said Biddle, "why that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"—"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

"I knew a gal so modest, Sam, dat she ordered her beau out ob de house."—"What for, Pompey?"—"Bekase, in a conversation on de subjec' ob de wedder, he said de wind had 'shifted.'"

A gentleman out West riding a very ordinary-looking horse, asked a negro whom he met how far it was to a neighboring town, whither he was going. The negro, looking at the animal under the rider with a broad grin of contempt, replied: "Wid dat ar hoss, massa, it's jus' fo'teen miles. Wid a good chunk ob a hoss, seben miles; but if you jist had Master Simmy's hoss, you're dar now!"

A black minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill-manners to laugh so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly,—"Bless all dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "Amen," the pious old negro said: "O Lord, we are not in the habit of adding postscripts to our prayers; but if de 'spression, 'Bless all dat is human,' won't take in dese wicked white fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bless some dat aint human, also, beside. Amen."

An old negro, named Pete, was much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "Oh, massa, I am sich a great sinner!"—"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never saw me troubled about my sins."—"I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duck shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?"—"Yes, Pete."—and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me, de debil has got you sure, but as he am not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time."

"Well," said his honor to an old negro, who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say for yourself?"—"Nuffing but dis, boss—I was crazy as a bedbug when I stole dat ar' pullet, cos I might hab stole de big rooster—and I neber done it. Dat shows 'clusively dat I was laboring under delirium tremendous."

Somebody writing to the West Chester Examiner, relates the following sell of a wag, who, for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a scriptural confab with a colored divine. "Why, Charley, you can't even tell me who made the monkey."—"Oh, yes I can, massy."—"Well, who made the monkey?"—"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you."

A negro in Boston had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, stuck it out, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed: "Ache away, then, ole feller, ache away; I shan't do nuffin more for yer—dis chile can stan' it as long as you can, so ache away."

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a sable porter, at a country boarding-house the other day. "No, sah," exclaimed the darkey, "dat am de secon' ringin' ob de fust bell—we has but one bell in dis house."

"Julius, what part ob de cemomonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?"—"Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat—what is it?"—"Why, ob course, de hims."

"How old are you, Pete?" said a Southern planter to one of his gray-headed negroes one day. "I dunno, massa—I feels bery 'old; 'spect I'se about five or six hundred."

NOBLE ACTS, MORAL AND PHYSICAL ENDURANCE, AND BEAUTIFUL REPLIES.

WHEN Demetrius took Athens by assault, he found the inhabitants in extreme distress for want of corn. He called the principal citizens before him, and announced to them in a speech full of humanity and conciliation, that he had ordered a large supply of grain to be placed at their free disposal. In the course of speaking, he chanced to commit an error in grammar, on which one of the Athenians immediately corrected him, by pronouncing aloud the phrase as it ought to have been given. "For the correction of this one solecism," said he, "I give, besides my former gift, five thousand measures of corn more."

WHEN Bernard Tasso remonstrated with his son, the immortal Torquato, on his indiscreet preference of philosophy to jurisprudence, and angrily demanded, "What has philosophy done for you?" Torquato nobly replied, "It has taught me to hear with meekness the reproofs of a father."

To ease melancholy set about doing good. One act of kindness will have more influence on the spirit than all the salt-water baths that ever were invented.

THERE is a world of beautiful meaning in the following rather liberal translation from Freville:

As the clock strikes the hour, how often we say—
Time flies; when 'tis we that are passing away.

A VENERABLE American judge relates the following anecdote: "The morning following the battle of Yorktown, I had the curiosity to attend the dressing of the wounded. Among others whose limbs were so much injured as to require amputation was a musician, who had received a musket ball in the knee. As was usual in such cases, preparations were making to lash him down to the table, to prevent the possibility of his moving. Says the sufferer, "Now, doctor, what would you be at?"—"My lad, I am going to take off your leg, and it is necessary you should be lashed down."—"I'll consent to no such thing. You may pluck the heart from my bosom, but you'll not confine me. Is there a fiddle in the camp? If so, bring it to me." A violin was furnished, and after tuning it, he said: "Now, doctor, begin." And he continued to play until the operation, which took about forty minutes, was completed, without missing a note or moving a muscle."

ARISTOTLE, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following reply: "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

THE following beautiful extract is from "The Carpenter of Rouen."

The mechanic, sir, is God's nobleman. What have mechanics not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures and made the raging billows their highway, on which they ride as a tame steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding, compelled to turn it? Have not mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made the products contribute to their wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphantly on the wings of the mighty winds. To the wise they are the floodgates of knowledge, and kings and queens are decorated with their handiworks.

WELL might Coleridge say, that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible he saw lying within.

IT is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well: "It lightens the stroke," he said, "to draw nearer to Him who handles the rod."

A LITTLE boy called upon a citizen, and offered some raspberries for sale. "Well, my son," said the citizen, "are there not worms in them?" The little boy frankly replied, "I think there are some." Our citizen then said, "I don't want the berries, but as you are an honest boy and tell the truth, I will give you a dime." The boy retorted, "I don't sell my honesty."

WHEN some of his courtiers endeavored to excite Philip the Good to punish a prelate who had used him ill:—"I know," said he, "that I can revenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have a revenge in one's power and not use it."

A LITTLE school-girl in Norwich gave as the definition of the word happy: "To feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

DR. P , who was attached to a Parisian theatre in the capacity of a physician, expressed his astonishment that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from a rib of our first parent. A young actress standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gave to the expression of her ideas, immediately said: "Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

A POOR Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use, the beast being so tired that it was not able either to go or sustain the load. The mule-driver took it off and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander, seeing him just sinking under the burden and about to throw it on the ground, cried out, "Friend, do not be weary yet: try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thy own."

As one of the Scottish kings was dying, an attendant heard his last sentence: "Lord, I restore thee the kingdom wherewith thou didst trust me. Put me in possession of that whereof the inhabitants are all kings."

ONE morning, on entering Mr. Thackeray's bed-room in Paris, I found him placing some Napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written, "One to be taken occasionally." "What are you doing?" said I. "Well," he replied, "there is an old person here who says she is very ill and in distress, and I strongly suspect that this is the sort of medicine she wants."

A VERY learned man said: "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick the Great wrote to the senate, "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

A MAN'S true wealth hereafter, is the good he does in this world to his fellowman. When he dies, people will say: "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him will ask: "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

"WHY," says Ossian, "shouldst thou build thy hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from the tower to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the tempest comes—it howls in the empty court, and whistles around the half-worn shield!" Then why should man look forth, as he fondly hopes, upon the sunny future with the eye of fancy, and lie upon the golden visions which have passed like sunbeams in his pilgrimage, in the hopes of brighter ones yet to come, when to-morrow the clods may be heaped on his coffin, and above his dust the sepulchral yews tremble in the wind. Alas, if there is aught on earth which should subdue pride—which should make man feel that the rich and poor meet together, and that the Lord is maker of them all—it is the grave. It is there resentment dies—revenge and ambition are satisfied. It is there, above the urn of sorrow, man must learn that

Life is a torrid day,
  Parched by the wind and sun,
And death the calm, cool night,
  When the weary day is gone.

When the Emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interests of his country and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile: "Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in yours; you do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all your laurels."

De Quincey being asked why there were more women than men, replied: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied: "I give it up; the question is too hard for me. But ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in the ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are all alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over the remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trumpet.

During the American revolution, while General Reed was President of Congress, the British commissioners offered him a bribe of 10,000 guineas to desert the cause of his country. His reply was: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor; but your king is not rich enough to buy me."

Soladin, a sultan of Egypt, having seized the estates, and confiscated them to his own use, of Nasia Eddeir, on some trumped-up pretext, thought that he could do no less than educate the heir whose property they had been. One day he ordered the young prince into his presence and demanded of him what progress he had made in his Koran. "I am come," replied the youth, boldly, to the surprise of all who were present, "to that verse which informs me that he who devours the estates of the orphan is not a king but a tyrant." The sultan was much startled by the spirit of this repartee, but, after some pause and recollection, returned this generous answer: "He who would speak with so much resolution, would act with as much courage. I restore to you your father's possessions, lest I should be thought to stand in fear of a virtue which I only reverence."

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost branch the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

"**I never** complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."

When the British soldiers were about to march out and lay down their arms at Yorktown, Washington said to the American army: "My boys, let there be no rejoicing over a conquered foe. When they lay down their arms don't huzza; posterity will huzza for you."

In an article in Frazer's Magazine this brief, but beautiful extract occurs: "Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's smile of approbation, or sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with birds' nests admired and not touched; with creeping ants and almost impossible emmets; with humming bees and great bee-hives; with pleasant walks and shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself."

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of winds and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

True worth consists in the amount of goodness which fills the souls of men, and makes life radiant with its celestial sunbeams. Fashion, rank, splendor, worldly riches, fame; these can never impart value to the immortal soul. They may serve to show the want of true worth, but of themselves can never create it. Soul-purity constitutes the only reliable scale by which true worth is measured. Ardent affections, warm impulses, high aspirations and desires for perfection, intellectual and moral developments, tinctured with the aroma of goodness, will always be counted in the estimate of our real value by the great soul-measurer—God. This pearl of great price, which constitutes the only really valuable jewel in the crown of humanity, should be sought after by all men, women, and children throughout the length and breadth of our earth, for it is a jewel whose diamond lustre will continue to glow throughout all the ages of eternity.

The Rev. Albert Barnes says:—"It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God as he pours it from the hollow of his hand; but one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

Greatness consists in this: in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see in looking in history that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out, set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark which has been worthy the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the actions of men—their feelings and sentiments, even if treated as apparently far-off themes.

"WHEN a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosophical poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which to say the truth have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

A LITTLE girl in Yorkshire once, when water was scarce, saved as much rainwater as she could, and sold it to the washerwoman for a cent a bucket, and in this way cleared nearly five dollars for the missionary society. When she brought it to the secretary she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."

WHEN God formed the rose, he said: "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When he commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, he added: "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When he gave life to the lark, he enjoined upon it to soar in the air. Finally, he created man and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odors, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?

THERE is more sunshine than rain, more joy than pain, more love than hate, more smiles than tears in the world. Those who say to the contrary we would not choose for our companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and pleasant disposition make smiles, love, and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart, and who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the breaking up of the sun behind a dark cloud to him who has no friend in the world. The tear of affection, how brilliantly it shines along the pathway of life. A thousand gems make a milky way on earth more glorious than the glorious cluster above our heads.

A YOUNG man once ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and get refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner—their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of door, because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and my little children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide them." The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said: "I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"—"Forty francs," answered the father. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."—"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing." The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office. Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was a comparatively small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half of his term, ordered his release.

THE following characteristic anecdote is told of the famous Prince of Conde:—He left his son, aged nine years, fifty louis d'or to spend while he himself was absent in Paris. On his return, the boy came to him triumphantly, saying: "Papa, here is all the money safe; I have never touched it once." The prince, without making any reply, took his son to the window, and quietly emptied all the money out of the purse into the street. Then he said:—"If you have neither virtue enough to give away your money, nor spirit to spend it, always do this for the future, that the poor may have a chance of it."

ODDS AND ENDS.

DENTIST—a person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of others.

IF you wish to be praised—die.

A SOBER color—the blues.

A HARMLESS death—drowning in tears.

SANGUINARY revolution—circulation of the blood.

CIRCULATING medium—an itinerant spiritualist.

"CAPITAL punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls.

DESPERATE game—a stag at bay.

A SAWYER, after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed: "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

HOPE—a sentiment in the wag of a dog's tail when he is waiting for a bone.

THE most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

WHAT is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

What is wit?—That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads.

What is idleness?—Working yellow mountains on pink subsoil; or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

What is joy?—To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars.

What is conscience?—Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

What is knowledge?—To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas.

GENTILITY is to be defined in the next edition of the "American Dictionary"—"Eating meat with a silver fork, neither being paid for."

MISERABLE PEOPLE:—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays.

A witness in a bribery case.

A printer who publishes a paper for nothing and finds himself.

A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt.

A star actress with her name in small letters on the bill.

An editor with nothing but a few cold potatoes for a Christmas dinner.

PRENTICE defines what man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

THE tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

ELEGANT extracts—in a dentist's window.

AN agricultural angle—a wheat corner.

"**What** makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?"—"Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

To become a complete book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose? Because it is read to the very end.

The follies of youth are drafts on old age, payable forty years after date, with interest.

A cynic by the name of Wright, in Wrightville, Wright county, out West, recently writing on Woman's rights, said: "That it is so seldom that women do what is right, that it is no more than right that when they do what is right that it should be rightly done." Now, if Mr. Wright is not right, then he had no right to write the above.

Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They are a mean lot, always wanting to screw you down.

The Esquimaux say a man who has three wives in this world is sure of heaven in the next. He ought to find peace somewhere.

A sensible physician says that because a man is given to liquor, it is no reason why liquor should be given to the man.

If you have no patrimony, you have a poor chance for matrimony.

The definition of a gentleman—one who has no business in this world.

One of the best sorts of minds is that which minds its own business.

A New York auctioneer announces for sale "oil paintings by some of the ancient masters of the day."

To make hens lay perpetually—hit them a well-directed blow on the head.

One of the teeth of a biting frost was recently picked up in the town of Hull.

"**This** is a grate prospect," as the prisoner said in peeping out of his cell window.

A lady must think she has something very valuable in her head, if we judge from the number of locks she has upon it.

Smokers allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume, the less they fret.

When a little man grows jealous we know of nothing to compare him to, unless it is a bottle of ginger pop in a state of rebellion.

Woman, with her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the creation. She was only a side-issue.

When you pass a door after nine o'clock at night, and see a young man and woman, and hear a smack, you may bet your bottom dollar that the young man don't live there.

Only bachelors should belong to clubs. Hercules gave up his club when he married Dejanira, and all good husbands should follow his example.

Smith (to bookseller). "It's no use bringing me these books to look at; I know nothing about them. Just measure and see how many it will take to fill the shelves. You may scatter some Bibles and Testaments among 'em, just to give a moral tone to the affair. And be sure and have plenty of gilding on the backs."

"**Habits** are as easily caught as yaller birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys will be throwing somersaults and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

A raving lunatic in an asylum in California was restored to reason by seeing her father, from whom she had long been separated. We know a man who was brought to reason by hearing his wife's voice in an adjoining room.

Mr. Dubois is so skeptical that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

PRENTICE says: "An eastern editor, undertaking to describe us personally, says our nose is not intellectual. We don't suppose it is. Our brains are not in it."

SOME seem to act upon the assumption that, if they cheat a poor fellow out of his farm, he has no ground for complaint.

THE man who is without an idea has generally the greatest idea of himself.

"I SEE through it," as the old woman said, when the bottom of her tub fell out.

THERE never yet lived that young lady who did not like to be told she was pretty.

MISTAKE—to suppose a clock strikes with its hands.

IT is currently reported and generally believed of the female sex, that they do not scruple to hook each other's frocks.

TOM HOOD said that he could write as well as Shakspeare if he had a mind to; but the fact was, he had not got the mind.

THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird an owl, the gravest fish an oyster, and the gravest man a fool.

THE most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

SOME of our practical diners have been greatly mystified, of late, at seeing, on bills-of-fare, "Fillet de bœuf et pommes de terre hachis à l'Hibernais." Their curiosity was satisfied on ordering it, and finding it was only Irish stew.

A "BIG INDIAN" strayed away from his camp and got lost. Inquiring the way back, he was asked: "Indian lost?"—"No," said he, disdainfully, "Indian no lost—wigwam lost." Striking his breast, he exclaimed, "Indian here!"

CLEOPATRA dissolved a fortune in a glass of wine. We've known of several fortunes being dissolved the same way.

WELL "posted"—the telegraph.

IF you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-beings as you are to a picture.

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring, but accidentally tread on her tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

THERE is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

PRESSING business—that of an editor.

To gain time—steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering—don't talk.

"COME, get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

"BEWARE!" said a potter to the clay, and it became ware.

AN editor noticing the appointment of a friend as postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does the females, he will do."

A FRIEND of ours is in search of a coffin to bury "the dead of winter" in.

"MAN," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

WHAT is a patriot? A fellow who loves his country, and wants to make as much out of it as possible.

A SAN FRANCISCO editor says that when he thinks of Ireland's woes his heart goes "pity Pat."

IN a committee of ladies, whatever is voted, is, no doubt, always carried by a handsome majority.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, on being asked what was meant by dogmatism, answered. "Puppyism come to maturity."

MRS. PARTINGTON says, "It is better to speak paragorical of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

MRS. PARTINGTON says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions, is to make the engineer bile the water on shore. In her opinion all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board..

IF a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.

A LADY who sings in a choir, says she will marry a small man, because short metre hims are the easiest to get along with.

"YOU look," said an Irishman to a pale haggard smoker, "as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar and couldn't find your way back again."

WE went out clean—we came home dirty; we went out sober—we came home drunk; we went out well—we came home sick; we went out laughing—we came home crying; we went out with cash—we came home moneyless; we went out for air—we came home full of dust. Such is the description of a party of pleasure.

NOBODY likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself to be somebody; but the worst of the matter is, that when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

SUPPOSE a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns round and eats the rope; the skiff thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now, has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

A PROMINENT journalist in New York, who is perfectly bald, has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end.

"SUFFERING from wet groceries," is the polite name for drunk in Chicago.

"IT is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all curious.

A CONNECTICUT man is so punctual in his habits, that he carries his watch in his coat-tail pocket, so as to be ahead of time.

A PAPER, in announcing the fact that a colored boy had been appointed as page to the New York Legislature, says: "It is not the first dark page in the history of the Legislature."

IF you want cowslips in winter, drive your cattle on ice.

A WAG tells of a boarding-house keeper whose tea was so weak that it couldn't get up to the spout of the tea-pot.

NATURALISTS have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting to his fellow squirrel in the woods. This, we have every reason to suppose, arises from the animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest tail bearers among his tribe.

IN walking, always turn your toes outward and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent your falling into the cellars, and the latter will prevent your falling into iniquity.

A LADY at Williamsport, Pa., has not been able to sleep a wink in a month. Examination into the cause by eminent physicians revealed the terrible truth that her night gown was out of fashion.

AN Irishman was called up in a case of assault and battery, and when asked by the magistrate what he said to the complainant, remarked: "I said to him wid the toe of my boot, go home."

"WHATEVER you undertake, go into it all over." Suppose you undertake to stir a tub full of treacle, how then?

THE best board of health—a light diet.

A MAN in Rhode Island was sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman.

IN Chicago husbands are said to be so fearful of curtain lectures, that they add to their announcement of future movements the letters "W. P.," which mean "wife permitting."

ALWAYS catch a woman when she faints, but don't rumple her hair, it makes her "come to" before she is fairly ready.

CHARLES LAMB is reported to have said: "The water cure is neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

FRANKLIN says: "A poor man must work to find meat for his stomach, a rich one to find stomach for meat."

THEY have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry that look at him, and when little children meet him in the streets they run home and cry for bread.

"I WAS very near being offended with that man," said A. to B., pointing to C. as he spoke. "Why?"—"Because he called me a liar, and knocked me down stairs. It wouldn't have taken much more to have made me real mad."

A TRUE picture of despair, is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

THE woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

AN English missionary in Sumatra, wrote home that he "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

THE book whose contents rule the world—pocket-book.

MOVING for another trial—courting a second wife.

A BUSINESS man is so scrupulously exact in all his doings that, whenever he pays a visit, he will insist upon taking a receipt.

A FRENCH traveller puts us down for the cleanest people upon the face of the earth, "For," said he, "their very capital is called Washingtown."

AN imposing sight—the sight of your bill, at nine-tenths, at least, of our "first-rate" hotels.

THE Comic Almanac says, "it takes three springs to make one leap year."

NEVER be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

STRANGE as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that if you cut off your left hand, your right hand becomes your left hand.

THE Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

AN Irishman sent to the Wisconsin state prison was asked what trade he preferred to learn. He said that if it was all the same to them, he preferred to be a sailor.

MR. GREELEY says that the solution of the question whether woman is equal to man, depends upon who the woman is, and who the man is.

A LADY wants some one to invent a machine which will tell how far husbands go in the evening, when they "just step down to the post office."

"DOING as the roses do; red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair will find them where the roses do—out of doors."—"Will they, indeed?" remarked Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the Saturday Night containing the above extract. "Well, if doing as the roses do will help a lady to color, one might as well never get up at all—for I'm sure that the roses stay in their beds all day."

A PAIR of tights—two drunkards.

STIGGINS, the newly married man, says his wife is a perfect rose. The only drawback to his happiness is, that she "blows out" a little too often.

To attempt to reason a girl out of love is as absurd as it would be to undertake to extinguish Vesuvius with a tumbler of water.

THE only blusterer from whom a brave man will take a blow is the wind.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says that to love he must have something to put his arms around.

THE most difficult thing to remember—the poor.

THE greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

A LADY, describing an ill-tempered man, says: "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

THE farmer whose pigs got so lean that they would crawl through the cracks of their pen, stopped their "fun" by tying knots in their tails.

A RASCALLY bachelor says: "The friendship of two women is always a plot against a third."

IT makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

"How changeable the wind is," said Mrs. Partington, on her return from a walk in the city: "it is the changeablest thing I ever did see. When I went up Cannon-street it was a blowin' in my face, and when I turned to go down, it went blowin' on my back!"

DOBBS thinks that the tree of knowledge was the birch tree, the twigs of which have done more to make man acquainted with arithmetic than all the other members of the vegetable kingdom combined.

A DANGEROUS character—a man who "takes life" cheerfully.

WHY can't the captain of a ship keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

UNBLEACHED domestics — negro servants.

THE question was proposed to a down East editor: "Are hoop skirts dangerous?" He immediately answered that they are always very dangerous when they have anything in them.

THE difference between a coat of arms and an arm full of coats is apparent to the most casual observer.

THE woman who "burst her sides a laughing," had them mended by her husband coming in her parlor with muddy boots.

THE man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman that keeps up with the fashions.

THE reason why a sailor is called a tar is because he is constantly pitched about by the ocean.

"LOOK here, Jem, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me."

"Why," said Jem, "here's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there now?"

WHEN Adam got tired naming his descendants, he said, "Let all the rest be called Smith."

MR. SMITH said his aunt visited him but twice a year, and stayed six months each time.

PUTTING a stop to a woman's tongue is said to be "a difficult punctuation."

A WAVE on which many a poor fellow has been carried away, is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

A WESTERN farmer hung up a hoop-skirt in his corn-field to frighten away the crows. The crows went off, but the field was full of boys.

A TRICKY witness in a trial at the Tombs declared that he had never attended a dog-fight but once, and that was for the benefit of a poor widow, whose husband was on a spree.

SPEAKING of the imaginative nature of woman, a certain writer says: the only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she is talking of her own age.

THE manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

AN official, of delicate feelings, wrote on the passport of a man blind of one eye: "Black eyes, one of which is absent."

SNOOKS says the prettiest sewing machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low-neck dress, and gaiter boots.

"HALLO, Mr. Engineman, can't you stop your steamboat a minute or two?"—"Stop the boat, what for?"—"Wife wants to look at your biler, she's afraid of its bustin'."

IT is generally considered that a man has a right to steal a kiss or an umbrella whenever he has a chance.

"I'M writing to Clara Smith, aunt, shall I say anything from you?"—"Yes," replied the aunt, "you may give her my best love, dear. How I do dislike that brat, to be sure."

PLEASANT—to open your wife's jewel box and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake.

A COQUETTE is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

THE young lady who was "buried in grief," is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

POOR whiskey is called "Fifteenth Amendment" in the South, because it is hard to swallow.

BETTER bow your head than break you neck.

THE young lady who was quite thunderstruck by hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

PROFOUND silence in a public assemblage has been thus neatly described:—"One might have heard the stealing of a pocket-handkerchief."

MRS. SMITH says that "a lady can show anger as well by her back in leaving a room as by her face." This must be when her "back is up."

THE man who tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue, says it took off a little of the roughness, but it made it run much faster.

A GERMAN being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following:—"I ish full. I wants no more money.—John Swackhammer."

THE lady who was injured by "the discharge of her duty," it is thought will recover.

A GIRL that has lost her beau may as well hang up her fiddle.

THERE are more lies told in the brief sentence, "glad to see you," than in any other in the English language.

THE young lady who let down the window curtain to keep the man in the moon from seeing her in her night-clothes, has been seen at church with a hole in her stocking.

A WAG, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

SHORT-SIGHTED people are generally close observers.

A FLAT contradiction—self-denial.

To be seen for nothing—the play of the features.

Man is like a potatoe, never knowing when he will get into hot water.

Waves that are harmless—the waves of ladies' handkerchiefs.

You can't get along in the world with a homely wife. She'll spend half her time in looking in the glass, and turn, and twist, and brush, and fix, till she gets completely vexed with her own ugliness, and she'll go right off and spank the baby.

The young fellow who makes engagements with the ladies only to break them off, is a beau of promise.

"I can't bear a fool," said a lawyer to a farmer. "Your mother could," said the farmer.

Little fish have a proper idea of business. Not being able to do better, they start on a small scale.

Hobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

A wife asked her husband if druggists kept dye-stuffs for sale. He replied: "Most druggists keep little else but die stuffs."

We have often wondered where all the blind people in the world came from, until we learned that there is a "blind factory" somewhere north, where thousands are turned out every year.

New Hampshire had a Congressman who used to open his speeches with: "Fellow-citizens, I was born in Portsmouth; I was always born in Portsmouth."

"Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell me what is meant by a miracle?"—"Yes, teacher, mother says if you don't marry the new deputy sheriff it will be a miracle."

A sound judge—a musical critic.

"It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon," says Dickens, "and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last."

A farmer in Pennsylvania, whose sheep had been stolen for many years, offered a notorious sheep-stealer $100 a year to let his flocks alone. The worthy, however, only smiled and said, "No, thank you, I think I can do better."

Josh Billings says that "one ov the hardest things for enny man to do is tew fall down on the ice when it is wet, and then get up and praise the Lord."

The young lady who was "lost in thought," has been found. She was "hugging an idea." It looked like a man.

Sally Jones says that when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel with a train of cars coming in both ways.

A servant maid, who was occupied in pickling her mistress' cabbages, took the opportunity of cabbaging her mistress' pickles, saying it made no difference.

Snooks says that ladies no longer "set their caps" to catch beaux—they spread their skirts.

Unpleasant—a first-rate appetite and nothing to eat.

Quite as agreeable—plenty to eat and no appetite.

The man who was hemmed in by a crowd, has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

Ground rents—the effects of an earthquake.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good-humored face.

The mitten that never fits—the one you get from a lady.

Men of mark—those who can't write their own names.

DEAN SWIFT said, with much truth:—"It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

FAST men, like fast rivers, are generally shallow.

CAN any civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

A GENTLEMAN having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the "piano" was her "forte."

WANTED—a small phial of tears of the weeping willow; a few coppers from the change of time; a feather from the wing of the dog that flew at the burglar the other night.

THE earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman, and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another he pulls her ears.

A CELEBRATED London tailor being asked the meaning of tic douloureux, said nothing, but pointed with a melancholy countenance at a voluminous account book which was lying on the counter.

"DID you know I was there?" said the bellows to the fire. "O yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

THERE are two directly opposite reasons why a man sometimes cannot get credit; one is, because he is not known; the other, because he is.

IT is a good thing to have utility and beauty combined, as the washerwoman said when she used her thirteen children for clothes-pins.

PUT a good face upon everything, unless you are so ugly you can't.

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

AN architect has proposed to build a "Bachelors' Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

"I SAY, Mister," said one cross-eyed individual to another, "how came your eyes so crooked?"—"Through sitting between two girls and trying to make love to both at the same time," replied the other.

"WHY, Tom, my dear boy, how old you look."—"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old in all my life."

THERE are two kinds of cats—one with nine lives, the other with nine tails; the former always fall upon their own feet, the latter upon others' backs.

AN old bachelor thinks the trails of ladies' dresses infernal machines, from the fact that a blow-up took place directly after he had put his foot on one.

WHAT is that which, when thrown out, may be caught without hands? A hint.

AN old lady being at a loss for a pincushion, made one of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

A WESTERN paper, speaking of the sudden death of a man, says: "It was a dreadful blow to the family, which consisted of a wife, an adopted son, and a few boarders."

SOME one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

A RELIABLE Western paper says:—"There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, then another commences where he left off."

DON'T be too anxious to solve a conundrum. We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out the difference between a man and a woman fighting in the street.

It is stated by scientific men that lightning strikes more women than men every year. This is a complimentary fact, for it implies that women are more attractive.

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap, I won't higgle about the price at all."

The "Litery Siety" is now in full blast. Question for next week: "If a man builds a corn-crib, does that give him the privilege to crib corn?"

"That was greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your sister's share of cake."—"You told me, ma, that I was to always take her part," said Tommy.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of neighbors. Seven per cent. will do.

At a debating club the question was discussed whether there was more happiness in the possession or pursuit of an object? "Mr. President," said an orator, "suppose I was courtin' a girl, and she was to run away, and I was to run after her, wouldn't I be happier when I catched her than when I was running after her?"

People live uncommon long at Brighton. There are two men there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

"Conscience!" said Mr. Hopkins, indignantly, "do you suppose nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—ay, and better, too—for it has never been used in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out."

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed her sunken eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

Spurgeon thinks some ministers would make good martyrs—they are so dry they would burn well.

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was taken up. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the constable. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the officer over and bolted.

At a debating society at Schenectady the other night the subject was: "Which was the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry?" After conducting the argument for two nights, the meeting adjourned without coming to a conclusion, the old folks going for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

The Home Journal is responsible for the latest definition of beauty—that which has puzzled the brain of the wisest philosophers. It says: "Beauty, dear reader, is the woman you love—whatever she may seem to others."

A preacher said in his sermon: "Let women remember, while putting on their profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from freezing by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

A man in Kentucky killed a cow, in whose stomach were found a large brass ring, a hair-pin, breast-pin, and a quantity of hooks and eyes. "Brindle" had probably swallowed the milkmaid.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Trimmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek."—"Ah!" said the lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

Fanny Fern, in a newspaper article, says that men are frequently like tea—the strength and goodness is not drawn from them till they have been a short time in hot water. Fanny is an observing woman.

An old maid, over-nice in regard to cleanliness, once scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through into the cellar.

A writer, speaking of the characteristics of different races of people, says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "keep dark."

It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing-machine near a window when there is a thunder-storm; but it is also no less very dangerous to sit near some sewing-machines when there is no thunder-storm.

"If ever you have a dispute with any one about money," said a seedy fellow to a rich friend, "just leave it to me."

It is estimated that over one hundred young ladies are at present studying law in this country. Probably they all hope to become mothers-in-law one of these days.

A gentleman in Texas went into a blacksmith's shop with his coat-tail full of powder. He came out through the roof.

A man called another an extortioner for suing him. "Why, my friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you."—"To oblige me, indeed—how so?"—"Why, to oblige you to pay me."

"I will lay you a wager," said one sportsman to another, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you."—"O yes, you could always beat me crowing."

A grate menny ov our people go abroad tew improve their minds who hadn't got enny minds when they were at home; knowledge, like charity, shud begin at home, then spread.

A wag appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati: "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

Well-handled subjects—street organs.

An Alabama young lady caught smoking a cigar, gave as her reason that "it made it smell as though there was a man around."

The following pretty maxim was found attached to a milliner's bill: "Milliners' bills are the tax which the male sex have to pay for the beauty of the female."

The editor of a Yankee newspaper says that he never dotted an i but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

Says John to Tom: "Tom, are you in for the Maine Liquor Law?"—"Yes; in for the liker, but not for de law."

Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

A little girl who was sent out to hunt eggs, thought it strange that she did not find any, as there were several hens "standing round doing nothing."

A newsboy was heard to say that he had given up selling newspapers and gone into the mesmerizing business. "I get five dollars per week," said he, "for playing."—"Playing what?" asked one of his comrades. "Possum," replied the boy.

"Pete," said a mother to her son, "are you into them sweetmeats again?"—"No, ma, them sweetmeats is into me."

A wag said that "once while on a journey he was put into a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew, but on turning a short corner the sleigh upset, and he found them all out."

Some crusty old bachelor in Congress proposed to levy a tax of twenty-five per cent. on corsets, whereupon a down East paper remarked: "Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not the ladies have the same privilege?"

A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is a woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

Fanny Fern wishes this sentence of hers put into the crowns of the gentlemen's hats: "A fool of either sex is the hardest animal to drive that ever required a bit. Better one who jumps a fence now and then than your sulky, stupid donkey, whose rhinoceros back feels neither pat nor goad."

Dobbs says if marriages are made in heaven, he is sorry for it—for that very many alliances reflect no great credit on the place. Dobbs was locked out, the other night, during "that rain."

Mock no man for his snub nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.

A bird that always faces the storm—the weathercock.

Two girls of fashion entered an assembly room, at a time when a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. "Oh," said one of them, "there's beef *à-la-mode* going out." "Yes," answered the object of ridicule, "and game coming in."

"I see you're on the watch," as the thief said to the guard-chain.

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

Model wives formerly took a stitch in time, but now with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

An Ohio journal pointedly remarks that "every cord of wood given to the poor will be so much fuel saved from use in the next world."

Saw-dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own saw-dust.

The children are said to be so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.

"Union is not always strength, as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum with water.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, dress to death, and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife.

The Scripture says, "The glory of woman is her hair." But it nowhere says that the glory of woman is any other woman's hair.

Large men are less quarrelsome than little ones. The largest of all oceans is Pacific.

"If you wish to appear agreeable in society," says Talleyrand, "you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."

The "Last Sensation"—a tight shoe.

OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? She will certainly be an old maid. Is she particularly reserved toward the other sex? She has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? She is cut out for an old maid. And if she is humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an 'old maid.'"

In China, if a man is not married by twenty, he is drummed out of the town. No place for bachelors among the fum-fums.

An old bachelor left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of the miserable "fair" set before him at table.

An old bachelor says he used to be terribly bitten by mosquitoes until he got married, when the blood-thirsty villains found out that his wife was much the tenderest, and he hasn't been troubled since. Talk of the selfishness of old bachelors.

A confirmed bachelor says the reason women so seldom stammer is because they talk so fast—a stammer has got no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

A bachelor sea captain, who was remarking one day that he wanted a good chief officer, was promptly informed by a young lady present that she had no objection to be his first mate. He took the hint—and the lady.

I never recollect my uncle being more delighted by the accidental confirmation of his expressed opinion on matrimony than on one occasion when he happened to be at dinner in the north country with a number of middle-aged married men. My uncle boasted his freedom — they theirs. My uncle was nowhere against such a cloud of witnesses—a cloud for, in proof of, their freedom; they were all smoking, and moreover did not spare the wine. As the bottle passed, so they grew more quart-valiant in their assertions of domestic liberty.

"As for me," said the master of the house loudly and boldly, "in my own house I'm an autocrat—a perfect Julius Cæsar."

His wife opened the door. "Look here, gentlemen," said she in her northern sharp manner, "you'd better all go home. And as for Julius Cæsar," turning to her discomfited husband, "he'll just walk up stairs with me!"

My uncle chuckled, and wished them good-night.

"Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely at a table to an ancient maiden. "I am no waiter, sir."—"Well, I think you have been waiting a long time."

Mrs. Tucker says: "It is with bachelors as with old wood, it's hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously."

Say what you will of old maids, their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk-and-water creatures whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball-room. Until the heart of the young lady is capable of sitting firmly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

The fellow who took the mantilla from the boudoir of a pretty girl in Fifth avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" and the owner of the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some forty or fifty old bachelors.

"You bachelors ought to be heavily taxed," said a lady to an old 'un. "True, ma'am," said the fogy, "bachelorism is undoubtedly a great luxury."

An inveterate bachelor being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied,—"I would, if I were sure such an ocean would be Pacific."

An acidious old bachelor of our acquaintance says that he never hears a place called "Rose Cottage," without thinking of the lots of thorns that there must be inside.

"Alas," said a moralizing bachelor, within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!"—"Yes," sighed the merciless minx; "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the next most treacherous animals," was the reply.

MANY years ago, at a dinner party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of rather sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle had gone round once or twice, the ladies withdrew to the lighter pleasures of the drawing-room—all but one very plain old maid. She remained behind, and as the conversation began to get a little masculine, our friend of the long robe was anxious to get rid of the "ancient," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked Thrumbs the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he rose and gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonny lasses." The toast was drunk with all honor, when the dame, who was sitting next the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and after having said, "Mr. ——, that toast applies neither to you nor me," left the room.

NOTHING, in my opinion (says Dean Ramsay), comes up to the originality and point of the Montrose old maiden lady's most "exquisite reason" for not subscribing to the proposed fund for organizing a volunteer corps in that town. It was at the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, and some of the town magistrates called upon her and solicited her subscription to raise men for the service of the king. "Indeed," she answered, right sturdily, "I'll dae nae sic thing; I never could raise a man for mysel', and I'm no ga'en to raise men for King George."

IN a town in the goodly state of Massachusetts, did one time reside a little lass of six years old, whose name was Martha. In the same house with this little lass lived a maiden lady of very unpleasant ways, whose delight it was to "pester" the same Martha with questions, by which means Martha had come to much dislike Miss Pump. Once Martha had made a visit to Boston. When she returned, Miss Pump set upon her. Whereat this colloquy: "Where ye been, Marthy?"—"To Boston, Miss Pump."—"La! And what'd the angel say, Marthy?"—"He said, how do you do, pretty little girl?"—"Sakes! And who else d'ye see, Marthy?"—"O, I saw—I saw—the old 'un."—"Marcy! And what'd he say, Marthy?"—"He said, how's my good friend, Miss Pump?" The pump became suddenly dry.

AN old maid, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a pretty young lady, her friend, observed, with a deep and sentimental sigh, "Well, I suppose 'tis what we must all come too."

ORIGIN OF WORDS, PHRASES AND THINGS.

(*Arranged Alphabetically.*)

"ALBUM."—The origin and the earliest notice of this kind of friendly memorial-book is to be traced to the registers of the deceased that were formerly kept in every church and monastery. Such a book was called the album—*i. e.* the blank-book in which the names of the friends and benefactors to the monastery were recorded, that they may be prayed for at their decease and on their anniversaries. The earliest writer belonging to England who uses the word is the venerable Bede, who, in his preface to his prose life of St. Cuthbert, written previous to the year 721, reminds Bishop Eadfrik that his name was registered in the album at Lindisfarne.

"ALL FOOLS' DAY."—Some antiquaries suppose that All Fools' Day derives its origin from a religious source. They assert that as our year formerly began on the 25th of March, on which day we commemorate the Incarnation of our Lord, and as all great festivals were attended with octaves, the first and last days of which were considered the most important, consequently the first of April closed the octave of a double feast. Bellingen, in his "Etymology of French Proverbs," also maintains that the "Poisson d'Avril," or All Fools' Day of the French, may be traced to an event in our Saviour's life which all Christendom devoutly honors. "Poisson," he contends, is a vulgar corruption of the word "passion," the original intention being that the Passion of our Lord occurred about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backward and forward, to mock him, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, our present ridiculous, if not impious, custom took its rise from thence. Douce, however, an eminent authority, is of opinion that the phrase "Poissons d'Avril," simply means "simpletons," or "silly mackerel," who allow themselves to become "guys" in this month; and that, as with us April is not the season of that fish, the word "fools" has been very properly substituted.

There is a humorous Jewish origin of the custom of making "fools" on the first of April, which deserves to be mentioned, if only for its singular absurdity. It is said to have arisen from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove forth from the ark before the water had abated on the first day of the month, which, among the Hebrews, answers to our April. In order to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper to punish people who forgot so remarkable a circumstance by sending them upon some foolish errand similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch.

"ALL IN MY EYE" — "OVER THE LEFT."—"What benefit a Popish successor can reap from lives and fortunes spent in defence of the Protestant religion he may put in his eye; and what Protestant religion gets by lives and fortunes spent in the service of a Popish successor will be over the left shoulder."—Preface to "Julian the Apostate." This may likely be the origin of the above expressions.

ALMANAC AND WOODEN CLOCK, THE FIRST MADE IN UNITED STATES.—The first almanac made in this country was undoubtedly by Benjamin Banneker, a colored man, born at Ellicott's Mills, in the State of Maryland, in 1732. When thirty years of age he made the first wooden clock known to be manufactured in the United States. He made calculations about the eclipses, tides, etc., and was never known to make a mistake. He corresponded with Thomas Jefferson, and was even consulted by men of science.

ALMANAC, THE FIRST IN ENGLAND.—The first almanac in England was printed in Oxford in 1673. There were nearly thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanac for twopence, that was printed for that year, and because of the novelty of said almanac, and its title, they were all vended.

AMERICAN FLAG.—The stars of the new flag represent the constellation of States rising in the west. The idea was taken from the constellation Lyra, which in the hand of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter's banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the circling serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag, viz.: the red flag of the armies and the white of floating batteries. The red color, which, in the Roman day, was the signal of defiance, denotes daring, the blue, fidelity, and the white, purity. The first instances when the Stars and Stripes were unfurled were at the siege of Fort Schuyler, August 17, 1777, and upon an occasion just about one year prior to that time; the brig Nancy was chartered by the Continental Congress, to procure military stores in the West Indies, during the latter part of 1775. While at Porto Rico in July of the ensuing year, the information came that the colonies had declared their independence, and with this information came the description of the flag that had been accepted as the national banner. A young man, Captain Thomas Manden ville, set to work to make one, and successfully accomplished it. The flag was unfurled and saluted with thirteen guns. When the brig Nancy was upon her return voyage, she was hemmed in by British vessels off Cape May. Her officers succeeded in removing all the munitions to the shore, and when the last boat put off, a young man in it, John Hancock, jumped into the sea, swam to the vessel, ran up the shrouds of the mast, and securing the flag, brought it triumphantly to the shore, through a hot fire from the British men-of-war.

The first American flag, however, according to the design and approval of Congress, was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. The fact is not generally known that to Philadelphia not only belongs the honor of flinging the first Star-spangled Banner to the breeze, but to a Philadelphia lady belongs the honor of having made it.

The house in which it was made still stands—No. 239 Arch-street (the old number being 80), the last of an old row. It is related that when Congress had decided upon the design, Col. George Ross and General Washington visited Mrs. Ross, and asked her to make it. She said, "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try," and directly suggested to the gentlemen that the design was wrong, in that the stars were six-cornered and not five-cornered as they should be. This was corrected, she made the flag, Congress accepted it, and for half a dozen years this lady furnished the government with all its national flags, having, of course, a large assistance. This lady was also the wife of Claypole, one of the lineal descendants of Oliver Cromwell.

ANCIENT FIREARMS.—Portable guns were probably invented about the year 1430, and rifled guns about 1450. The pistol takes its name from Pistola, in Tuscany, where, it is stated, pistols were first made. Mention is made of their use in 1544, in the reign of Francis I., of France, and in the time of his successor, Henry II., the horsemen who carried them were called pistollers. A Spanish revolving pistol, made about the end of the seventeenth century, was a very complete instrument. By moving a lever towards the butt end while the muzzle was depressed the lock was primed, half-cocked, and the hammer shut down. By returning the lever, the powder was placed in the breech, and the ball before it. It has been known to fire twenty-six shots without a failure, and with one supply of ammunition. The magazine was in two tubes in the stock. It is a singular fact that in the museum of artillery in Paris, there are revolving rifles, and swords, and revolving pistols combined in one, which were produced more than two hundred years ago. These revolving instruments would have prevented the establishment of Colt's patent (which was issued in 1835, when he was but twenty-one years old), had not his invention been based on his causing the chambers to revolve in the act of cocking the lock. At the time that Colt invented the revolver he was not aware that any person before himself had ever conceived the idea of a firearm with a rotating chamber.

"APPLE-PIE ORDER."—There is a children's story beginning: "A was an apple-pie; B bit it; C cut it; D divided it; F fought for it; G got it; H had it," etc., to the end of the alphabet. This is likely the origin of the expression, "Apple-pie order," the reference being to the regular order in which the letters follow each other.

"ASSASSIN."—This word is derived from a Syrian sect of that name, which rose in the twelfth century, and held possession of many hill forts in that country. They were bound by the most solemn of oaths to execute whatever their sheikh ordered; these commands were always of a secret nature, hence secret murders are called assassinations. Some say that the word is derived from the devotees of this sect being addicted to haschash, a well-known intoxicating preparation of hemp; hence they were called Haschashins, corrupted to assassins. As a proof how words lose their original signification, what we apply to "a secret murderer," Easterns call "an habitual drunkard."

"ATTORNEY."—This word is a relic of ancient customs. It seems to have primarily signified one who appeared at the *tourney* and did battle in the place of another. Those *tourneys*, or minor tournaments, often consisted of single combats to support or rebut charges, civil or criminal; and where a lady, or a minor, or a very aged person, was a party in the business, some capable individual usually came forward as a substitute.

"AUCTIONS."—The name "auction," as well as the thing, comes originally from the Romans, who, during their warlike prosperities, established the custom of selling military spoils with no more ceremony than that of merely sticking a spear in the ground, under which the sales immediately took place, and as each bidder increased his bidding on the one before him, the descriptive appellation of auction, an increase, was given to them. At one time during the decay of the Roman Empire, the sovereign power itself was sold at auction by the soldiers from the walls of the city, and purchased by Pertinax, a wealthy citizen, who, however, was allowed to retain the empty honor of being called emperor for only a few weeks, when he was assassinated, like many of his predecessors.

BALL, THE FIRST.—Balls originated in France. The first great one mentioned in history was given in honor of the marriage of Charles VI. to Isabella of Bavaria, at Amiens, in 1385. Catharine de Medicis gave the first *bal masque*, and Henry VII., of England, liked the fashion so well that he transferred the novelty to his realm.

BALLOONS.—It is a singular fact that the invention of balloons was brought about by a crinoline skirt. A washerwoman, of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais, placed a petticoat on a basket-work frame over a stove to dry. In order to concentrate all the heat, and to prevent its escaping by the aperture at the top, she drew the strings closely together, which are used to tie it round the waist. By degrees the stuff dried, became lighter, and the stove, continuing to heat and rarify the air, concentrated under the framework, the petticoat began to move, and finally rose in the air. Astonished, and, to a certain extent, alarmed, she ran out to call her neighbors, and they, seeing it suspended in air, were amazed. But one of the spectators drawn thither by the excitement was a paper-maker from Annoray, named Montgolfier, who was as much astonished as the others, but not frightened at all, and returned home, and, without loss of time, studied the works of Priestley on different kinds of atmospheres. The result was the discovery of the first balloon, called Montgolfier's, of which he was the inventor.

"BANKRUPT."—Few words have so remarkable a history as the familiar word "bankrupt." The money-changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times, and at these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world, and became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench or *banco rotto* was given to him. When the word was adopted into English it was nearer the Italian than it now is, being "bankerout," instead of bankrupt.

BARBER'S POLE, THE.—The striped pole used by barbers as a sign owes its origin to the fact that, some centuries ago, it was customary for barbers to bleed people, and the pole, with alternate windings of red and white, represented the bandaged arm of the phlebotomized victim. In course of time the apothecary succeeded the barber as a blood-letter; but the old sign of the craft was retained by the latter after the function that gave it significance had ceased.

BELLS.—It is curious to trace the history of bells from their origin down to the present time. The first time they are mentioned in history is in the time of Moses, when we are informed, in Ex. xxviii. 32, that "a golden bell" was on the hem of the robe of Aaron, in order that "his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord." They are also mentioned in Zachariah xii 20, as being upon the horses; and it is not improbable that Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," may have known something of the art of making them. The early historians inform us that the Greek warriors had small bells concealed within their shields, and when the captains went their rounds of the camp at night each soldier was required to ring his bell, in order to show that he was watchful at his post. Plutarch also mentions that nets, with small bells attached, were spread across the stream to prevent the inhabitants of Xanthus from escaping by swimming the river when the city was besieged. Church bells originated in Italy, being formed, by degrees, out of the cymbals and small tinkling bells used in the religious ceremonies of the East, as a means of honoring the gods. Pliny states that bells were invented long before his time. They were called *tintinnabula*. Among Christians they were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. Although introduced in the fourth century, it was not until the sixth century that they were suspended on the roof of the church in a frame. The hours of the day were first ordered to be struck by Pope Sebastian in 1605 to announce to the people the time for singing and praying.

"BIGOT."—Camden relates that when Rolla, duke of Normandy, received Gisla, the daughter of Charles the Foolish, in marriage, he would not submit to kiss Charles's foot; and when his friends urged him by all means to comply with that ceremony, he made answer in the English tongue—"Ne se, by God"—*i. e.* —Not so, by God. Upon which the king and courtiers deriding him, and corruptly repeating his answer, called him "bigot," which is the origin of the term.

"BLACK BOOK."—This was a book kept by the English monasteries, in which a detail of the scandalous enormities practised in religious houses were entered, for the inspection of visitors under Henry VIII., in order to blacken them, and hasten their dissolution. Hence the vulgar phrase, "I'll set you down in my black book."

"BLACKGUARD."—In the 2d vol. of Ben Jonson's works, by Gifford, page 169, there is the following note on this word: "In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there are a number of mean, dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, etc.; of these, the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, etc. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, the people in derision gave the name of "blackguard."

"BLUE" WHITE LETTER PAPER.—The practice of blueing the paper pulp had its origin in a singularly accidental circumstance, which not merely as an historical fact, but as forming an amusing anecdote, is perhaps worth mentioning. It occurred about the year 1790, at a paper-mill belonging to Mr. Buttonshaw, whose wife, on the occasion in question, was superintending the washing of some linen, when accidentally she dropped her bag of powdered blue into the midst of some pulp, in a forward state of preparation, and so great was the fear she entertained of the mischief she had done, seeing the blue rapidly amalgamating with the pulp, that allusion to it was studiously avoided; until on Mr. Buttonshaw's inquiring in great astonishment what it was that had imparted that peculiar color to the pulp, his wife, perceiving that no great damage had been done, took courage and at once disclosed the secret, for which she was afterward rewarded in a remarkable manner by her husband, who being naturally pleased with an advance of so much as four shillings per bundle, upon submitting the "improved" make to the London market, immediately presented a costly scarlet cloak (somewhat more congenial to taste in those days, it is presumed, than it would be now) with much satisfaction to the sharer of his joys.

BOARDS OF TRADE.—Cromwell seems, says "Commercial and Business Anecdotes," according to the best accounts, to have given the first notions of a board of trade. In 1665, he appointed his son Richard, with many lords of his council, judges and gentlemen, and about twenty merchants of London, York, Newcastle, Yarmouth, Dover, etc., to meet and consider by what means the trade and navigation of the republic might best be promoted. Charles II., on his restoration, established a council of trade, for keeping a control over the whole commerce of the nation; he afterward instituted a board of trade and plantations, which was afterward re-modelled by William III. This board of commercial superinspection was abolished in 1772, and a new council for the affairs of trade, on its present plan, was appointed in 1786.

"BOOK."—The word "book" we do not owe to the Romans, but to our Saxon or Danish ancestors. Long, long before these wondrous days of ours, when a bundle of rags introduced at one end of a machine issues from the other in the shape of snow-white paper, our worthy Teutonic forefathers were content to write their letters, calendars and accounts upon wood. Being close-grained, and besides plentiful in the north, the *boc* or beech, was the tree generally employed for this purpose; and hence came our word *book*. From the same fashion of writing on timber arose the pretty delicate word *billet-doux*.

BOOK AUCTION, THE FIRST, IN ENGLAND.—The first book auction in England of which there is any record, is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address which thus commences: "Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give the most for them, but it having been practised in other countries to the advantages of both buyer and seller, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

BRIDE'S VEIL, THE, originated in the Anglo-Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner by a tall man over the bridegroom and the bride to conceal her virgin blushes; but if the bride was a widow, the veil was dispensed with.

BRIDGES.—When bridges were first built, they were called bows. The first bridge built in England was Stratford Bow, hence that part of Stratford on this side of the river Lea is called Bow.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is said to be as follows:—When General Washington, after being appointed general commander of the army of the revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparations as were necessary. His excellency Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then governor of the state of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the general placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation of the whole country, as "John Bull" has for England.

"BUNKUM."—A grave member of the lower house of Congress from the venerable state of North Carolina, and from a district which included the county of Buncombe, in which county he resided, whose style of speaking produced the very common effect of driving the members from the hall, and all that, was one day addressing the house, when, as usual, the coughing and sneezing commenced, and the members began leaving. He paused a while and assured the house that there need be no uneasiness on their part, and that, for himself, it mattered not how many left, for he was not speaking to the house, but to Bunkum. It was now understood to mean the constituent body in congressional parlance.

"CANADA."—According to Jesuit Hennepin, the name of Canada was derived from a corruption of the Spanish words Capo da Nada, or Cape of Nothing, which they gave to the scene of their early discoveries, when, under a conviction of its utter barrenness and inutility, they were about abandoning it in disgust. The main-spring of Spanish, and, indeed, of all European enterprise in those days was the hope of gold, and as the Spaniards discovered no traces of this commodity, they concluded it did not exist. It has been conjectured, with greater appearance of probability, that Canada is a modification of the Spanish word signifying "a passage," because the Spaniards thought they could find a passage to India through Canada. Others, with greater reason, believe there may yet be found a permanent practical way to the shores of the Pacific through its wide expanse of lake and mountain.

CANALS.—These means of travel are of very ancient origin in Egypt and other Eastern countries. During the reign of Menes, the founder of Egyptian monarchy, who flourished 2500 B. C., works of this kind were executed, and traces of them are still extant. In the eighth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, seventeenth and eighteenth verses, we read that "Solomon went to Eziongeber, and to Eloth, at the sea-side" (the Red Sea); "and Huram" (then king of Tyre, on the Mediterranean) "sent him ships." Now, this most probably was done by the ships entering one of the mouths of the Nile, and making their way towards Cairo, thence by a canal somewhere about the line of the present railway to Suez. It is also known that Sesostris, a later king of Egypt, did considerable work in the opening of canals from one portion of his kingdom to another. But to the modern spirit of mercantile enterprise must be attributed the greatest achievement in this line ever known in that country—the Suez Canal, recently opened with such parade. It is also the first direct line from sea to sea. It has been constructed by manual labor and machinery, equal to the daily employment of one hundred thousand men for twelve years, at a cost of seventy-five million dollars.

"CASH."—This term is derived from the Italian word *casa*, the chest, in which the Italian merchants kept their money.

CENT.—The cent was proposed in 1782 by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years later. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore then the head of Washington on one side, and a chain of thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon after created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on this cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the goddess of liberty—a French liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The present staid classic dame, with a fillet round her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely-chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time. Previous to the adoption of out Federal currency, pounds, shillings and pence were used.

"CHURCH."—The "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" states:—Church (Scottish *kirk*, Danish, etc., *kirke*, German *kirche*) is generally derived from the Greek *kuriakon*, what belongs or is appropriated to the Lord (*Kurios*); though some think it is from the German *kuren*, to elect, choose out, and so corresponding to the Greek *ekklesia*, from *ek*, out of, and *kalo*, I call. The Greek word *ekklesia* properly denotes any assembly called together. (Acts xix. 32, 39.)

It is understood of the collective body of Christians, or all those over the face of the earth who profess to believe in Christ, and acknowledge him to be the Saviour of mankind.

COLORS.—The reason why bodies have different colors, some black, some red, etc., is as follows:—The rays of light are divided into seven primitive colors—namely, violet, orange, red, blue, green, yellow and indigo. When light strikes on a body, if this body be of a nature to reflect the whole of the rays without decomposing them, it will appear white; for white is an assemblage of all the colors. If it reflect the red rays, and absorb all the others, it will be red; if it absorb all the rays except green, it will appear green; if it absorb all the rays without exception it will be black; for black arises from an absence of light.

"**COLUMBIA.**"—The etymology of Columbia is from Columbus, the first discoverer of America. Such, in justice, ought to have been the name given to the whole of that vast continent, instead of America. Columbus, however, was no courtier, but Amerigo, an after-discoverer, was, and Ferdinand and Isabella gave him the honor instead of Columbus; hence the term America.

"**COTTON.**".— The word "cotton," which is adopted in all modern languages of Europe, is an Arab word. The origin of the use of fabrics made from this article dates very far back. In the time of Herodotus all the Indians wore them. In the first centuries before Christ there were manufactories of cotton tissues in Egypt and Arabia, but the Greeks and Romans do not appear to have used them much. The Chinese did not commence cultivating the cotton-plant until after the conquest of the Tartars, in the thirteenth century, and at that period cotton tissues formed an important article of commerce in the Crimea and Southern Russia, whither they were brought from Turkistan. From the tenth century the Arabs had naturalized the cotton plant in Spain; and in the fourteenth the cottonades of Granada surpassed in reputation those of the East. The manufacture of cotton goods in Italy dates as far back as the commencement of the fourteenth century, the first establishments being at Milan and Venice. It is presumed that there were at that period manufactories for cotton goods in England, as Leland, who lived in the time of Henry VIII., speaks of some being at Bolton-on-the-Moor; and an act of Parliament of 1552, under Edward VI., mentions the cotton tissues of Manchester, Lancashire, and Cheshire. The cotton manufacture did not acquire any importance in France until 1787, when the French government established spinning machines at Rouen. It was not. however, until under the emperor, that, thanks to the efforts of Richard Lenoir, this branch of industry became flourishing.

CRESTS.—Crests were first introduced during the Crusades. Richard I. adopted three lions passant, which are still emblazoned on the royal shield of England. The harp for Ireland was fixed on in the reign of Henry VIII. James I. introduced the Scotch lion rampant, and fixed on the lion and unicorn for its spiritual significance—Christ and Antichrist—as the cognizance of the empire.

"**DEVIL TO PAY, THE.**"—This phrase, doubtless, originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of wages.

"John," says the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the cash account?"

"Small balance on hand, sir."

"Let's see," rejoined the publisher, "how far that will go toward satisfying the hands."

John begins to figure arithmetically; so much due to Potkins, so much to Typus, so much to Grubble, and so on, through a dozen dittos.

The publisher stands aghast.

"There is not money enough, by a jug full."

"No, sir, and besides, there is the 'devil (printer's) to pay.'"

"DOG LATIN."—Many things, low and vulgar, are marked with the prefix "dog," as dog-rose, dog-trick, dog-hole, as also dog-gerel. When the great mortar was set up in St. James's Park, some one asked, "Why the carriage was ornamented with dogs' heads?"—"To justify the Latin inscription," said Jekyl.

DOLLAR MARK.—The origin of the symbol used to indicate dollars ($) is a matter of considerable dispute. It is commonly believed to be an abbreviation of the letters U. S., which have, in the hurry of business, been run into each other until the original form was lost sight of. It is believed, however, by some antiquarians to have been a contraction of a Spanish word; but those who hold this opinion differ in their views about the precise word from which it is derived. Some say it is *fuertes*, hard, and others that it is *pesos*, dollars. The dictionary of Americanisms gives the explanation, that it is a modification of the figure 8, denoting a piece of eight reals, or, as a dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight. It was then symbolized by 88.

"DOMINOES."—Several hundred years ago, two monks confined in prison, invented a game, for their own amusement, of bits of bread with colored spots upon them. Being watched by the gaoler of the monastery, they would break out into singing the psalm, "Dixit Dominus Domino"—"The Lord said unto my Lord"—as soon as they heard the gaoler coming. After they were released, they made sets of the game and sold them over the country, calling it "Domino," after the psalm they sung while playing in prison.

DRINKING HEALTH.—Health drinking, according to history, claims an antiquity of more than 1400 years, the first instance occurring of its observance having taken place about the middle of the fifth century, under the following somewhat singular circumstances: Hengist, a noble Saxon leader, having had the Isle of Thanet given to him by King Vortigern, for his services against the Picts and Scots, erected a castle thereon, in which, on being finished, he invited the king to supper. After the repast Hengist called for his daughter, Rowena, who, richly attired, and with a graceful mien, entered the banqueting hall with a golden bowl of wine in her hand, and in the Saxon language drank to King Vortigern, saying: "Be of health, Lord King." To which he replied, in the same tongue: "Drink health." King Vortigern, enamored of Rowena's beauty, afterward married her, and gave her and her father all Kent.

DUEL, THE FIRST, IN AMERICA.—The first duel fought in New England, North America, was in the year 1630, upon a challenge at single combat with sword and dagger, between Edward Doty and Edward Leister, servants of a Mr. Hopkins. Both were wounded, the one in the hand and the other in the thigh. As it was deemed necessary to repress as much as possible such affairs of honor, the two men were sentenced to have their head and feet tied together, and to lie in that condition for twenty-four hours, without either meat or drink. This punishment was begun to be inflicted; but in an hour, on account of the pain they felt, and at their own and their master's request, and promise of good behavior, they were released by Governor Bradford, who relates this anecdote.

"DUKE."—The "History of Origins" says:—About a year before Edward III. assumed the title of King of France, in order to inflame the military ardor, and to gratify the ambition of his earls and barons, he introduced a new order of nobility by creating his eldest son Edward, Duke of Cornwall. This was done with great solemnity, in full parliament, at Westminster, upon the 17th of March, 1337, by girding a sword upon the young prince, and giving him a patent containing a grant of the name, title and dignity of a duke, and of several large estates, in order to enable him to support his dignity.

"DUN."—Some erroneously suppose that it comes from the French word *donner*, to give, implying a demand; but the true origin of this word, too frequently used, is from one John Dunn, a famous bailiff or sheriff's officer, of the town of Lincoln; so extremely active and dexterous at the management of his business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused or perhaps could not pay his debts, "Why don't you Dunn him?" that is, why don't you send Dunn to arrest him? Hence it became a custom and a proverb, and is as old as the days of Henry VII.

EAR-RINGS.—Julius Cæsar, in his youth, set the fashion of wearing ear-rings, which had before that time been confined to females and to slaves, who were chiefly distinguished in that manner from freedmen. The custom once introduced, continued to be general among young men of family, until the time of Alexander Severus, who, adhering closely to a manly simplicity of dress, abolished this effeminate foppery. Ear-rings have at various periods been fashionable in France with gentlemen even so late as the revolution, when wearing of golden rings was prohibited.

EARTHENWARE. — The invention of earthenware is of very ancient origin, for it is certain that, both in China and Japan, earthenware and porcelain of excellent quality were made long before the commencement of the Christian era; and numerous specimens, in a perfect state, were found in the excavations of the cities destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in the first year of the Emperor Titus. The art of making earthenware was introduced into England by the Romans, sufficient evidence of which was found in the establishment of the Staffordshire potteries. China-ware was common in England in the reign of Elizabeth, and was imported by the East India Company in 1631. It was first manufactured in Worcester, in 1751; and the method of transferring impressions from engraved copper-plates, was there discovered.

EASTER EGGS.—Notes and Queries states that Sir R. K. Porter ("Travels," i. 316) mentions that, at a period of the year corresponding to Easter, "The Feast of Noovoose, or, of the waters," is held, and seems to have had its origin prior to Mahometanism. It lasts for six days, and is supposed to be kept in commemoration of the creation and the deluge—events constantly synchronized and confounded in pagan cosmogonies. At this feast eggs are presented to friends in obvious allusion to the mundane egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahriman were to contend till the consummation of all things. When the many identities which existed between Druidism and Magianism are considered, we can hardly doubt that this Persian commemoration of the creation originated our Easter Eggs.

EMBLEM OF FLORENCE.—A legend says that the lily, as the emblem of Florence, was adopted by reason that the city was built upon a field of lilies by refugees from persecution, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. Under the small stone arches which form the eaves of the Palazzo Vecchio, lilies, white and red, shine in heraldic blossomry as escutcheons of powerful Florentine families. But in the sleepy condition of that and other Italian cities, of late years the poppy would be a much more fit exponent of her present life, or rather, want of life; for a spell of sleep is upon her politics, her religion, her industry, her modern art. The driver lies asleep upon his load; the huckster nods upon a bench outside his little shop in the drowsy morning. Indeed it is no uncommon sight to see a bare-footed boy enjoying his siesta stretched on the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare, and another throws down his cap for a pillow in the public street, with that careless grace which belongs to this people, preparing for a similar slumber.

"EVERYBODY KNOWS BEST WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES."—A great many years ago a man, a warm and intimate friend of the alcade, went to him and desired to obtain a divorce from his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. The alcade was overwhelmed with surprise, and turning to his friend, exclaimed, "Is not your wife beautiful?"—"Yes."—"Is she not wealthy?"—"Yes."—"Is she not of good family, and to all appearances possessed of every grace that could possibly adorn the female character ?" to which he again replied in the affirmative. "Why, then, do you persist in having a divorce from one possessing so many attractive charms ?" asked the alcade, with considerable emotion. Without replying, the husband calmly pulled off his shoe and handed it to the alcade, who, after having scrupulously examined its workmanship, his friend quietly asked him: "Is this shoe not made of the best material ?"—"Yes."—"Is it not finely stitched ?"—"Yes."—"Is it not handsomely finished ?"—"Yes."—"Is it not beautifully shaped, and apparently a perfect fit ?"—"Yes."—"Ah, my friend, while this indeed is all so, I alone best know where the shoe pinches."

Fans.—Fans have become, in many countries, a necessary appendage of the toilet. The use of them was first discovered in the East, where the heat suggested their utility. In the Greek Church a fan is placed in the hands of the deacons, in the ceremony of their ordination, in allusion to a part of their office in that church, which is to keep the flies off the priest during the celebration of the sacrament. In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or girdle of most every inhabitant. Visitors receive dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out his fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. In England, this seemingly indispensable article was almost unknown till the age of Elizabeth. During the reign of Charles II. they became pretty generally used. At the present day they are in universal requisition.

Fire Insurance Companies.—It is amusing to trace the incidents which attended the introduction of fire insurance companies. The basis of a plan of this sort appears to have been suggested as early as two hundred and fifty years ago. At that time a person proposed to Count Anthony Gunther Von Oldenburg that, as a new species of finance, he should insure houses of all his subjects against fire on their paying so much per cent. annually, according to their value; but the prospect of gain, so tempting to most persons, could not induce the count to adopt the plan. He thought it good if a company was formed of individuals to insure each other's houses, but he doubted that it could by him be "honorably, justly, and irreproachably instituted without tempting Providence, without incurring censure of neighbors, and without disgracing one's name and dignity," adding that God had, without such means, preserved and blessed for many centuries the ancient house of Oldenburg. This plan appears not to have been again thought of until the great fire of 1661 had laid the city of London in ashes.

Various proposals were accordingly submitted to the court of common council of the city of London between the years 1669 and 1680, for the mutual relief of such as might have their houses destroyed by fire. The most notable and acceptable of which was by one of the members of the court of common council, Mr. Deputy Newbold. During the period between the first presentation of Mr. Newbold's proposal to the lord mayor and the final report of the committee, to whom the matter was referred by the court of common council, several private individuals associated themselves together and submitted to the good citizens of London a "design for insuring houses from fire," and on the 16th September, 1681, a notice or advertisement was issued from their "office on the back side of the Royal Exchange," offering to insure brick houses against fire for six pence, and timber houses for twelve pence in the pound—being at the rate of £2. 10s. per cent. for brick houses, and of £5 per cent. for timber.

Subsequently, on the 13th October, 1681, the court of common council did "agree and resolve to undertake insuring all houses within this city and libertyes from fire, and execute ye same with all expedicion," and therefore "resolved forthwith to engage a sufficient fund and undoubted security by the Chamber of London in lands and good ground rents for the performance thereof."

First Gold Mine.—The first piece of gold found in the United States is said to have been found in Cabarras county, North Carolina, in 1779. It seems, from the account furnished Mr. Wheeler by Colonel Burnbaudt, that a boy named Conrad Reed went with his sister and younger brother to a small stream called Meadow Creek on Sunday, and while engaged along the banks shooting fish he saw a yellow substance shining in the water, which he picked up and found to be a metal. His father carried it to Concord and showed it to Wm. Atkinson, the silversmith of the town, who was unable to tell what it was. It was taken home by Mr. Reed, and being the size of a small shutting-iron, it was used as a weight against the door to keep it from shutting. In 1802 he carried it to market at Fayetteville, where a jeweller pronounced it to be gold, and melted it, producing a bar six or eight inches long. It was sold to the jeweller for $350, a "big price," as Mr. Reed thought. Upon subsequent examination, gold was found upon the surface along Meadow Creek, and in 1803 a piece was found in the stream that weighed twenty-eight pounds. Several other pieces were found, varying from sixteen pounds to the smallest particles. The vein of this mine was discovered in 1831. The annual products of the gold mines of North Carolina are stated at $500,000. The product of the Cabarras mine in 1840 is estimated at $3500.

Flags.—T. Westcott, in Notes and Queries, says there were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans. In March, 1775, "a Union flag with a red field" was hoisted at New York upon the liberty pole, bearing the inscription, "George Rex and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse, "No Popery." On the 18th of July, 1778, General Putnam raised at Prospect Hill a flag bearing on one side the Massachusetts motto, "Qui transtulit sustinet," on the other, "An appeal to heaven." In October of the same year the floating batteries at Boston had a flag with the latter motto, the field white, with a pine-tree upon it. This was the Massachusetts emblem. Another flag, used during 1775 in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattlesnake, coiled as if about to strike, with the motto, "Don't tread on me." The grand Union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the heights near Boston January 2, 1776. Letters from there say that the regulars in Boston did not understand it; and as the king's speech had just been sent to the Americans, they thought the new flag was a token of submission. The British Annual Register of 1776 says: "They burnt the king's speech and changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston about the same time, published in the Pennsylvania Gazette for January, 1776, says: "The grand Union flag was raised on the 2d in compliment to the united colonies." The idea of making each stripe for a State was adopted from the first, and the fact goes far to negative the supposition that the private arms of General Washington had anything to do with the subject. The pine-tree, rattlesnake, and striped flag were used indiscriminately until July 1777, when the blue with the stars was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law. Formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union until the flag became too large, when, by Act of Congress, the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen, and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new State.

"**Foolscap.**"—The origin of this term, as applied to a certain size of writing-paper, came about in this way:—When Oliver Cromwell became Protector he caused the stamp of the "Cap of Liberty" to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., he (the king) had occasion to write certain dispatches, and some of the government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he said, "Take it away; I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Friday an Unlucky Day.—Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on a Friday, and died on a Friday. See Soames' Anglo-Saxon Church, p. 255.

Generation.—A generation is the interval of time that elapses between the birth of a father and the birth of his son, and was generally used in computing considerable periods of time, both in sacred and profane history. The interval of a generation is consequently of uncertain length, depends on the standard of human life, and whether the generations are reckoned by eldest, middle or youngest sons. Thirty-three years have usually been allowed as the mean length of a generation, or three generations for every hundred years. In compiling pedigree, great attention is necessary to the number of generations in any given period, as they form a guide to the probability of persons having sprung from any particular individual.

"**Give me a Bone to Pick,**" probably took its rise from a custom at marriage feasts among the poor in Sicily, when, after dinner, the bride's father gives the bridegroom a bone, saying: "Pick this bone, for you have undertaken to pick one more difficult."

Giving Quarter.—This phrase originated from an agreement between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of an officer or soldier should be a quarter of his pay; hence, "to beg quarter" was to offer a quarter of their pay for their safety; and "to refuse quarter," was not to accept that compensation as a ransom.

Glass.—According to Pliny, we are indebted for the invention of glass to some merchants who were travelling with nitre, and who stopped near a river called Belus, flowing from Mount Carmel. As they could find no stones to support their cooking-pot, they made use of some pieces of the nitre. The action of the fire mixing the nitre with sand produced a transparent substance, which was, in fact, glass.

"**Going the Whole Hog.**"—This, says Notes and Queries, is the American popular phrase for radical reform or democratical principle, and that it is derived from the phrase used by butchers in Virginia, who asked their customers whether he will go the whole hog, or deal only in joints or portions of it.

Others think this expression to have originated in Ireland, where "a hog" is still the synonym for a shilling. Previously to the assimilation of the currency of the two countries, in 1825, "a white hog" meant the English shilling, or twelve pence, and "a black hog" the Irish shilling, or thirteen pence. "To go the whole hog" is a convivial determination "to spend the whole shilling," and the occasional use of the expression in this country can, of course, be readily traced to its importation by the multitude of immigrants from Ireland.

"**Grain,**" **as a Measure of Weight.**—A grain of corn or wheat, gathered out of the middle of the ear, was the origin of all the weights used in England. Of these grains thirty-two well-dried were to make one pennyweight; but, in later times, it was thought sufficient to divide the same pennyweight into twenty-four equal parts, still called grains—being the least weight now in use—from which the rest are computed.

"**Grog,**" which means spirits and water, is derived from Lord Vernon, the celebrated admiral of England, being the first to order rum and water to be issued to the sailors. As he went under the nickname of Old Grog, from the fact of his walking the deck in a rough grogram cloak, as a mark of faithful recognition of his merits, they called the pleasant beverage "grog."

Guinea, the English.—This piece of money obtained its name from the fact that the gold with which it was first coined came from the Guinea coast in Africa. The first notice of this gold was in 1649, during the Commonwealth; but it was in the reign of Charles II. that the name was first given to this coin. It is among things not generally known that when the guinea was originally coined, the intention was to make it current as a twenty-shilling piece; but from an error, or rather a series of errors, in calculating the exact proportion of the value of gold and silver, it never circulated for that value. Sir Isaac Newton, in his time, fixed the true value of the guinea, in relation to silver, at twenty shillings eight pence, and by his advice the crown proclaimed that for the future it should be current at twenty-one shillings.

GUNPOWDER.—The origin of gunpowder is unknown, although its invention is popularly attributed to Schwarts, a German monk and alchemist of the fourteenth century, and also to Roger Bacon, an English monk, who described it in his writings about 1270. Tradition makes it known to the Hindoos at a very early period—according to some versed in their annals, as far back as the time of Moses. Through the Arabs, it is supposed, gunpowder was brought to the knowledge of Europe. In the life of Apollonius Tyanæneus, written by Philostratus, is a passage referring to some explosive material which was used as a means of defence by the Oxydracæ, a people living between the Hyphasis and Ganges, and whom Alexander is supposed to have declined attacking in consequence: "For they come not out to fight those who attack them, but those holy men, beloved of the gods, with tempests and thunderbolts hot from their walls."

GUTTA PERCHA.—This tree, which is more correctly called the gutta-tuban, grows luxuriantly in indigenous forests of Singapore. The sap of this product which quickly inspissates on being exposed to the atmosphere, has been used for ages by the natives of some parts of the southeast of Asia. It was, however, not largely employed, and was not known to commerce until some time subsequent to the Indian war of 1840, at which period a learned physician recommended it, in a letter to the Medical Board of Bengal, as a substance that might possibly be made useful for surgical purposes. In 1843, specimens of gutta percha were taken to England and presented to the Royal Society of Arts of London. As an article of commerce, however, it was first introduced by the Malays, who manufactured whip-handles of it, and offered them for sale in the town of Singapore.

"HE'S CAUGHT A TARTAR."—In some battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out "Captain, hallo there, I've caught a Tartar!"—"Fetch him along, then," said the captain. "Ah, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to take another in and gets bit himself, they say, "He's caught a Tartar."

"HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY."—An old farmer in Staffordshire sent for a lawyer to make his will. Upon the legal gentleman inquiring for some preliminary instruction how the property was to be distributed, the old man replied that he meant to leave it Higgledy Piggledy. The lawyer observed that he did not understand what he meant, and begged him to explain, which elicited this ungracious rejoinder: "If you dunna what higgledy piggledy means, you bayn't fit to be a lawyer." Now the honest farmer intended, as he proceeded to explain, that his property should be equally divided among his children, which shows the use of the term in the very sense of *tantum quantum.*

HISSING.—Formerly there was no hissing in the theatre. The benevolent audience were contented to yawn and fall asleep. The invention of hissing is no older than 1680, and took place at the first representation of Aspar, a tragedy of Fontenelle. So we are told by the poet Roi, in his "Brevet de la Carotte."

HOAXING.—The first hoax on record was practised by a wag in the reign of Queen Anne, and is thus noticed in the newspapers of that period: "A well-dressed man rode down the King's road from Fulham at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike to be immediately thrown open, as he was a messenger, conveying the news of the queen's sudden death; the alarm instantly spread into every corner of the city; the trained bands, who were on their parade, furled their colors, and returned home with their arms reversed; the shopkeepers displayed their sables; and many were desirous of purchasing mourning before the news should become more known." The author of the hoax was never discovered.

"HOCUS POCUS" is a corruption of the *Hoc est corpus*, used by priests in the mass.

"HONEY-MOON."—It was the custom of the high orders of Teutones, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression "to spend the honey-moon."

"HORSE-CHESTNUT."—A great many people have wondered why horse-chestnut, horse-radish, etc., are so called. A Scotch work says that the original word was "harsh"—harsh-chestnut, harsh-radish, and that the French and Swedes translated it "horse"—hence the common error.

"HUMBUG."—The derivation of this word, now in such common use, is not generally known, but it is of Scotch origin. There was, in former years, residing in the neighborhood of the Mearns, in Scotland, a gentleman of landed property, whose name was Hume, or Home; and his estate was known as the Bogue. From the great falsehoods that "Hume of the Bogue" was in the habit of relating about himself, his family, and everything connected with him, it soon became customary when persons heard anything that was remarkably extravagant to say, that is a "Hume o' the Bogue." The expression spread like wildfire over the whole country; and by those who did not understand the origin of the phrase, and applied it only to any extravagant action or saying, contracted it into one word, and corrupted it to "humbug."

Another definition is thus given: Everybody, perhaps, is not acquainted with the etymology of the word "humbug." It is a corruption of Hamburg, and originated in the following manner: During a period when war prevailed on the continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated at Hamburg, that, at length, when any one would signify his disbelief in a statement, he would say, "You had that from Hamburg," and thus, "that is Humburg," or "humbug," became a common expression of incredulity.

"HURRAH."—This word, used as an exclamation which naturally springs to the lips whenever bravery, courageous audacity, and energy are intended to be praised, is a Slavonic term, meaning, in English, "to the Paradise." The origin of the word is from the primeval idea that every man who dies as a hero for his country will forthwith be transferred to heaven. During the heat of fighting and the struggle of a battle the combatants will sing out this call with the same religious feelings as the Turks cry their "Allah." The "hurrah" will fill every warrior with enthusiasm, inspiring him with the hope of instantly receiving the heavenly reward for his bravery.

"HUSBAND."—The English term "husband" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *hus* and *band*, which signify the "bond of the house," and it was anciently spelt "houseband," and continued to be spelt thus in some editions of the English Bible after the introduction of printing. A husband, then, is a house bond—the bond of a house—that which engirdles the family into the union of openness of love.

"INDIANS."—H. Kersley, in Notes and Queries, says:—I believe the reason why the American Aborigines were called Indians is that the continent in which they lived passed under the name of India with the whole of the New World, discovered at the close of the 15th century, Columbus believing that he had discovered a new route to India by sailing due west; or upon the acquiescence of the whole world in that idea, the effects of which have not yet passed away, for we not only hear in Seville, even now, of the "India House," meaning house of management of affairs for the "New World;" but even retain ourselves the name of the West Indies, given as unwarrantably to the islands of the Caribbean Sea. On the discovery of America by Columbus, when he landed at Guanahani (now called Cat Island), he thought, in conformity with his theory of the spherical shape of the earth, that he had landed on one of the islands lying at the eastern extremity of India, and with this belief he gave the inhabitants the name of Indians. It is almost needless to mention that India receives its name from the river Indus, and that *Indus* and *Inoos* are the Roman and Greek forms of Indo, the name it was known by among the natives.

"IN SPITE OF YOUR TEETH."—The origin of this phrase is as follows: King John, of England, once demanded of a Jew ten thousand marks, on the refusal of which he ordered one of the Jew's teeth to be drawn every day till he consented. He lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase.

"INTEREST."—The word interest was first used in an Act of Parliament of James the First, in 1623, wherein it was made to signify a lawful increase by way of compensation for the use of money lent; the rate fixed was 8*l*. for the use of 100*l*. for a year, in place of usury at 10*l*. before taken. The Commonwealth lowered the rate to 6*l*. in 1650, and in 1713 it was reduced to 5*l*. The restraint having been found prejudicial to commerce, it was totally removed in 1854.

"JACK KETCH."—In Lloyd's MS. collection of English pedigrees (British Museum) occurs the origin of this celebrated cognomen:—The manor of Tyburn was formerly held by Richard Jaquett, where felons were for a long time executed; from whence we have Jack Ketch.

"KEYSTONE STATE."—This term, as applied to Pennsylvania, took its rise from several incidents in our early history. Long before the Revolutionary era, the arch and its keystone were symbols of strength. Hence, the idea fastened itself upon the minds of the Pennsylvanians that their state occupied the position of keystone to the Union. At the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, Pennsylvania was the dividing state between North and South, there being six on each side of her. In the Congress of Independence, the representatives of the colonies sat in a semicircle round the speaker's chair, Pennsylvania occupying the centre of the arch; she was also the last or thirteenth state to vote, and thus resembled the keystone of an arch, which is always inserted last, and without which the arch could not stand. These well-known facts undoubtedly presented themselves to the minds of many, and the title of "Keystone" gradually worked its way among the people until it finally became an acknowledged title by every one.

"LADY."—It was the custom of the time of the Plantagenets, and previously, for ladies of distinction and wealth regularly to distribute money or food to the poor. The title of Lady is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and literally signifies giver of bread. The purse with similar meaning, was named as a receptacle for alms, and not as an invention for the preservation of money.

LEFT HAND, THE.—In French's "Study of Words," the following passage occurs: "The left hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand we 'leave,' inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ it, and it obtains its name from being 'left' unused so often." I would ask whether it is quite impossible that "left" should be a corruption of *lævus*. We have at all events adopted *dexter*, the "right" hand and the rest of its family.

LOTTERY.—The lottery originated in England in the year 1567, during the reign of Elizabeth, under the special auspices and personal superintendence of the queen herself, ostensibly for the purpose of raising funds for the repair of the harbors and fortifications of the kingdom, and other public works. Thus started, lotteries were taken up by successive sovereigns and increased in number, until such a rage for speculation was thereby created throughout England as amounted to a public madness. At the close of the last century lotteries had become established by Acts of Parliament, and being considered as a means of increasing the revenue by Chancellors of the Exchequer they were conducted upon a regular business footing by contractors in town and country. But, looking at the rage for speculation a lottery upheld by government induced, Parliament determined to abolish them, and the last "State Lottery" was drawn on the 18th of October, 1826.

This abolition of lotteries deprived the English government of an annual revenue equal to a million and a half dollars; but it was very wisely felt that the inducement to gambling held out by them was a great moral evil, helping to impoverish many, and diverting attention from the more legitimate industrial modes of money-making.

"LULLABY."—The term lullaby, L'Elaby, is taken from a supposed fairy called Elaby Gathan, whom nurses invited to watch their sleeping babes, that they might not be changed for others. Hence changling, or infant changed.

MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—About the eighteenth century a West India captain brought some mahogany logs as ballast for his ship, and gave them to his brother, Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, who was then building a house. The wood was thrown aside as too hard for the workmen's tools. Some time afterward his wife wanted a candle box. The doctor thought of the West India wood, and out of that the box was made. Its color and polish tempted the doctor to have a bureau made of the same material, and this was thought so beautiful that it was shown to all his friends. The Duchess of Buckingham, who came to look at it, begged wood enough to make another bureau for herself. Then the demand arose for more articles of the same material, and Honduras mahogany became a common article of trade.

MARINE INSURANCE.—From the bes authorities that can be found, says "Commercial and Business Anecdotes," it would appear that the contract of Insurance was first invented by the Lombards in the thirteenth century; and as the Italians were at that time engaged in an extensive trade with foreign countries, and carried on a rich traffic with India, it is but reasonable to suppose that in order to support so extensive a commerce, they would introduce insurance into their system of mercantile affairs. It is true there is no positive and conclusive evidence that they were the originators of this kind of contract, but it is certain that the knowledge of it came with them into the different maritime states of Europe in which parties of them settled, and in view of the fact that they were the merchants, bankers and carriers of Europe, it is quite reasonable to presume that they led the way in a matter which is so important. It is certain, also, that the Lombards were the first who introduced this contract into England, by a clause inserted in all policies of insurance made in that country, that the policy shall be of as much force and effect as any before made in Lombard street, the place where these Italians are known to have first taken up their residence.

"MILLINER" is a word corrupted, or at least altered, from "Milaner," which signified a person from Milan in Italy. Certain fashions of female dress, that first prevailed in that city, were introduced by natives of it into England, and hence arose the word Milliner.

MONEY, WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Throughout the early parts of Scripture, as well as through the poems of Homer, not a single passage occurs, from which we can infer either the use or the existence of stamped money. It is now agreed that the Egyptians had no coined money. Herodotus states the Lydians to have been the first people who coined gold and silver. The Parian Chronicle, however, ascribes the first coinage of copper and silver money to Pheidon, king of Argos, 895 B. C., in Ægina, which Ælian corroborates, and our best numismatic antiquaries agree in considering the coins of Ægina, from their archaic form and appearance, as the most ancient known. They are silver, and bear on the upper side the figure of a turtle, and on the under an indented mark. Pheidon also first established a scale of weights and measures which M. Boeckh considers to have been borrowed immediately from the Phœnicians, and by them originally from the Babylonians, the common origin being the Chaldæan priesthood. Coins are among the most certain evidences of history. In the later part of the Greek series they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roman series, they fix the dates and succession of events. Gibbon observes that if all our histories were lost, medals, inscriptions and other monuments, would be sufficient to record the travels of Hadrian. The reign of Probus might be written from his coins.

"MONTH."—The word "month" is from the Saxon word "monath," from *mona*, the moon.. "Monath" signifies a period of time required for one revolution of the moon around the earth, and hence equal to twenty-nine days, twelve hours, forty-four minutes, and three seconds. This division of time, now known as the lunar month, was used by most of the ancient nations. But if the year be made to comprise twelve of these months, the seasons will be found to fall back so that in thirty-four years the change would be complete from summer to winter. Accordingly, the period of a month was changed to embrace the time which it now does. January, the first month in our present calendar, takes its name from the Roman divinity, Janus, who presides over the beginning of everything. He opened the seasons and the years; he was the janitor of heaven, and on earth the guardian of doors and gates. In time of war he went to battle with the Romans, and aided them against the foe, while in time of peace he abode in his temple and watched over the safety of the city. Janus was sometimes represented with two faces and sometimes with four, and he carried a sceptre in his right hand and a key in his left. January was not universally adopted as the beginning of the year by Christian nations till the middle of the 18th century, the year being reckoned from March 1 and other dates. February takes its name from the funeral purifications which were performed in Rome in that month. The word is from the Latin *februarius*, which means "purification." March takes its name from the Latin *martius* (Mars, the god of war). This was the first month of the ancient Roman calendar, and the English legal year began on the 25th of March up to 1752. April is supposed to be derived from *aperire* (to open), because the buds open themselves at this period. On antique monuments Aprilis is represented as a dancing youth with a rattle in his hand. May takes its name, according to some authorities, from *majores*, in honor of the Roman senators and nobles; while other etymologists say it is derived from Maia, the mother of Mercury, to whom the Romans offer sacrifices in that month. June is variously derived from *juniores* (the young men), to whom Romulus is said to have assigned the month, from Juno, from Junius Brutus, the first consul, and from *jungo* (to join), with reference to the union of the Romans and Sabines.

July was so named, at the instigation of Marc Antony, in honor of Julius Cæsar, who was born on the 12th of the month Quintilis (from *Quintus*, the fifth), as the month was anciently called. August was so named by the Roman Senate to flatter Augustus Cæsar, as it was in that month he entered upon his first consulship, celebrated three triumphs, received the allegiance of the soldiers who occupied the Janiculum, subdued Egypt, and put an end to the civil war. September is from the Latin *septem* (seven). October is from the Latin *octo* (eight). November is from the Latin *novem* (nine). December is from the Latin *decem* (ten). These last four months are inappropriately named, according to our present calendar, as, instead of being the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months, they are now the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth months.

MOSQUITOS.—The eggs of the mosquitos are laid in a bowl-shaped mass upon the surface of stagnant water by the mother fly. After hatching out they finally become the "wiggle-tails," or wriggling worms that may be seen in the summer in any barrel of water that is exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time. Finally the "wiggle-tails" come to the surface, and the full-fledged mosquitos burst out of them, at first with very short, limp wings, which in a very short time grow both in length and stiffness. The sexes then couple, and the above process is repeated again and again, probably several times in the course of the season. It is a curious fact that the male mosquito, which may be known by its feathered antennæ, is physically incapable of sucking blood. The mosquito is not an unmitigated pest. Although, in the winged state, the female sucks our blood and disturbs our rest, in the larva state the insect is decidedly beneficial in purifying stagnant water, that would otherwise breed malarious diseases. Linnæus long ago showed that if you place two barrels full of stagnant water side by side, neither of them containing any "wiggle-tails" or other living animals, and cover one of them over with gauze, leaving the other one uncovered so that it will soon become full of "wiggle-tails" hatched out from the eggs deposited by the female mosquito, then the covered barrel will in a few weeks become very offensive, and the uncovered barrel will emit no impure and unsavory vapors.

"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS."—This term is said to have been originally bestowed upon Stormy Petrels by Captain Carteret's sailors, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name. As these birds are supposed to be seen only before stormy weather, they are not welcome visitors.

NATIONAL AIRS.—Not one of the three national airs of the United States is strictly an original American composition. Their history is not, in every case, fully ascertained, but is somewhat as follows:

"Yankee Doodle" is said by most critics to have been the composition of an English physician, and to date back to the French wars, when it was composed in derision of the appearance of the volunteers from the colonies, who assisted the British regulars. By others it is said to date as far back as the time of Cromwell. It was certainly known in England before the American Revolution, and was sung in derision of the Bostonians by the soldiers who garrisoned that city. But the laugh turning to the other side at the retreat of Concord and Lexington, the people thus inaugurating the revolt made the troops dance their way back to the same tune their bands had played as they marched. Since that time the air has been a national one, and American hearts have exultingly responded to it in every age and in all lands.

The music of the "Star-spangled Banner" is an old English air, once bearing the title, we believe, of "Anacreon in Heaven."

Robert Treat Paine adapted to this air one of his popular songs, "Adams and Liberty," during the life of Washington, one verse of which was in praise of the Father of his Country. But it was not until 1811 that Francis Scott Key, then a young lawyer, composed the present words in remembrance of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, when Baltimore was besieged by the British fleet—the sight of the national banner, floating amid the carnage and destruction of the attack, inspiring the refrain which has given the title to the song.

The words of "Hail Columbia" were written in 1798, by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to what was called the "President's March," an air composed by a German named Foyles, on the occasion of a visit from the President to one of the New York theatres.

"NEWS."—Notes and Queries says we shall assume, if no better informed, that it has no other authority than the subjoined epigram in "Wit's Recreations," first published in 1640, and said to contain the finest fancies of the muses of those times:

When news doth come if any would discuss
The letter of the word resolve it thus,
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from North, East, West, and South.

"NOT FIT TO HOLD A CANDLE TO HIM."—This phrase arose from an early custom of candles being held by domestics, and not placed on the table.

"ODD FELLOWS."—It has been supposed by many that the origin of the society of Odd Fellows, or rather the organization of that association, was of comparatively modern date. They will be somewhat surprised, however, to learn that its origin dates as far back as Nero, and was established by the Roman soldiers in the year 55. At that time they were called "Fellow Citizens." The present name was given to them by Titus Cæsar, twenty-four years afterward; and they were so called from the singular character of their meetings, and from their knowing each other by means of mysterious signs and language. At the same time he presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems of morality. In the fifth century the order was established in the Spanish dominions, and in Portugal in the sixth century. It did not reach France and England until the eleventh century. It was then established in the latter country by John de Nille, who, assisted by five knights from France, formed a Grand Lodge in London. This ancient fraternity has now its lodges in every quarter of the globe, and by its usefulness and benevolent character, commands the respect and countenance of all who are acquainted with its nature and purpose.

Those upon whose information reliance may be placed, give credit to Baltimore for first introducing Odd Fellowship into the United States, and to Grand Sire Thomas Wilde, still living among us, belongs the honor.

"OLD FOGIES."—This term is derived from a peculiar body of men, who, at the end of the last century, existed in Edinburgh Castle, and were called fogies. They were old men dressed in red coats, and were a sort of invalid corps, who performed various trifling duties.

"OLD SCRATCH."—This old gentleman, always considered rather sharp than otherwise, has been served some very cute tricks. Among the rest, we have heard a poor cobbler who made a league with him, and after enjoying every earthly blessing, he was waited upon at the end of the term by his brimstone majesty, who demanded his soul. The cobbler took a sharp knife and ripped off the sole of his shoe, threw it at the feet of his illustrious guest. "What does this mean?" cried the latter. "Look at the contract," cried the shoemaker. Satan examined the contract, and found that the word was spelt *sole*, which only entitled him to a piece of leather. He turned on his heel, and went of scratching his head, and he has been called "Old Scratch" ever since.

"PAID DOWN UPON THE NAIL."— This phrase is stated to have originated in Bristol, when it was common for the merchants to buy and sell at the bronze pillars (four) in front of the exchange—the pillars being commonly called nails.

"PANIC."—This word is derived from the French *panique*, or the Latin *panicus*, as panic, fear, or fright, a sudden and distracting fear without known cause, so called because anciently said to be inflicted by the god Pan; or as others say, it had its origin from the stratagem of a great general named Pan, who, with a few men, ordered such shouts to be made, when the rocks and country so favored the sound, as to make their numbers appear to their enemies so large as to affright them from an advantageous encampment; whence a fear is called a panic.

"PAPER."—Whether a product is indigenous or foreign may generally be determined by the rule in linguistics, that similarity of name in different languages denotes foreign extraction, and variety of name indigenous production. The dog, whose name is different in most languages, shows that he is indigenous to most countries. The cat, on the contrary, having almost the same in many languages, is therefore of foreign extraction in nearly all countries. The word paper is common to many tongues, the moderns having adopted it from the Greek; in which language, however, the root of the word is not significant. In Coptic the word *bavir* means a plant suitable for wearing, and is derived from the Egyptian roots *ba*, fit, proper; and *vir*, to weave. The art of paper-making may, therefore, be inferred to be the invention of the Egyptians; and further, that paper was made by them as by us, from materials previously woven. This inference would be either confirmatory or corrective of history, in case the history were doubtful, which it is not.

PAPER MONEY, THE FIRST, OF EUROPE.—The following account of the first issue of paper money in Europe is taken from Washington Irving's "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada:"—"After the city of Alhambra was taken from the Moors, the veteran Count de Tendilla was left governor, and we are informed this cavalier was at one time destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay the wages of his troops, and the soldiers murmured greatly, seeing they had not the means of purchasing necessaries from the people of the town. In this dilemma what does this most sagacious commander? He takes him a number of little morsels of paper, upon which he inscribes various sums, large and small, according to the nature of the case, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiery in earnest of their pay. How, you will say, are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper? Even so, I answer, and well paid too, as I will presently make manifest; for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants of Alhambra to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with silver and gold, and threatening severe punishment to all who should refuse. The people having full confidence in his words, and trusting that he would be as willing to perform the one promise as he was certainly able to perform the other, took those curious morsels of paper without hesitation or demur. Thus, by a subtle and most mysterious kind of alchemy, did this cavalier turn a useless paper into precious gold, and make his impoverished garrison abound in money. It is but just to add that the Count of Tendilla redeemed his promise like a loyal knight; and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Antonio Agrepidea, is the first instance on record in Europe of paper money, which has since inundated the civilized world with unbounded opulence."

"**PENNY.**"—Akerman's "Numismatic Manual" (p. 228) has, under the head of "Penny," the following remarks: "The penny is of great antiquity. It is first mentioned in the laws of Ina. The term has been derived by various writers from almost every European language, but the conjecture of Wachter, as noticed by Lye, seems the most reasonable. This writer derives it from the Celtic word *pen*, head; the heads of the Saxon princes being stamped on the earliest pennies. The fact of the testoon of later times having been so named adds weight to the opinion of Wachter."

PEW SYSTEM.—This originated from sheer pride and Pharisaism; a desire to be thought a little better than others. About the year 1750, in Asherton, England, an elderly lady concluded that she did not want to enter the church "in a mass like a flock of sheep," and take the first seat she came to, and thought it exceedingly unpleasant that anybody should be placed beside her. She accordingly begged to be allowed to put up a piece of boarding to screen herself off from the rest of the world. No sooner did this appear than another wanted a partition to enable her to enjoy as her own some particular spot. Then an old gentleman thought he would like to have some accommodation reserved for him. This closing in the church for private purposes gave its interior such an irregular and patchy appearance, that it was presently resolved to pew the whole building, which was accordingly done, a large share of the expenses being defrayed by a family well known in the neighborhood. And so this pew system has grown and grown on, until it has become ingrained in English church life.

PINS, as now used, are of comparatively modern invention. Iron wire pins were first introduced into England in 1460; finer ones, of brass, being first brought from France by the beautiful Catherine Howard, one of his wives whom the "great" Henry VIII. beheaded. But though introduced by a queen, and doubtless at first an article exclusively applied to aristocratic uses, they soon became a measure of value for things not valued at all, as "Not worth a pin" is a proverb which we find in use soon after their introduction. Thomas Tusser, who wrote about 1550, writing of a not very reputable character, says:

His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can,
His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee then.

And Shakspeare makes Hamlet show his utter indifference to life by saying:

I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

Pins were first mentioned as an article of commerce in a statute of 1483. From a law passed in the reign of Henry VIII., we find it decreed that "no person shall put to sale any pins but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shanks of the pins, well smoothed, the shanks well shapen, the points well and round filed, canted and sharpened." A pin possessing these qualities would not be a bad pin even now.

"PIPE-LAYING."—This term was derived from an accusation brought against prominent members of the Whig party of New York of being engaged in a gigantic scheme to bring voters thither from Philadelphia. As the work of laying down pipes for the Croton water was in progress at that time, it gave the popular catchword. Log-rolling, another political term, comes from the practice of the lumbermen in Maine waiting to help each other roll their logs to the river, which is the most difficult part of the undertaking.

"PLANTAGENET." — The etymology of this name, which has been borne by the English kings of the house of York, will not perhaps be unacceptable. It is derived from the two words *planta genesta* or *genista*, that is, the plant broom. It was first given to Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who lived a hundred years before the conquest. He, having been guilty of some enormous crimes, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land and submit to a severe castigation: he readily acquiesced, dressed himself in lowly attire and, as a mark of humility, wore a piece of broom in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol in the hieroglyphic language, and Virgil seems to confirm it by calling it *humilis genista*, the humble broom. This expiation finished, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantagenist, and lived many years in honor and happiness. His descendants accordingly inherited the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a sprig of broom in their bonnets.

"POLTROON."—This word is derived from *polex truncatus*; the inhabitants of France in former days cut off their thumbs to avoid serving in the army, hence the French used *poltron* for coward.

"PORCELAIN." — This is said to be derived from *pour cent annees*, it being formerly believed that the materials of porcelain were matured under ground one hundred years. It is not known who first discovered the art of making porcelain, but the manufacture has been carried on in China, at King-te-Ching, ever since A. D. 442, and in this place the finest porcelain is still made. We first hear of it in Europe in 1581, and soon after that time it was known in England.

The finest porcelain ware, known as Dresden china, was discovered by M. Boeticher in 1700, who was at the time only an apothecary's boy; and services of this ware have sometimes cost many thousand pounds each. Among the many magnificent gifts bestowed on the Duke of Wellington was a costly service of Dresden china, each piece exquisitely painted, representing various battle and other scenes of interest in which he had been engaged. It was presented to him by the king of Prussia, and it is said to be the finest thing of its kind in England.

POTATO.—The common potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) was found growing wild in Virginia at the time of its first settlement, and was introduced into Europe in the year 1545 by Sir John Hawkins. Gerarde, an old English botanist, mentions in his "Herbal," published in the year 1597, the fact of his having planted in his garden a potato, which did as well there as in its native soil. Queen Anne, wife of James I., in a manuscript account of family expenses, mentions the purchase of "a few pounds of potatoes at two shillings a pound." In 1663 the Royal Society recommended their cultivation as a means of preventing famine. Previous to the year 1624 they were only planted in the gardens of the nobility; but during this year a small portion was planted in an open field in Lancashire. The potato will not thrive within the tropics, except at an elevation of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea; their natural climate is the temperate zone.

"PRUSSIA."—This word is traced by different authors to "Po Russia," meaning, in the Slavonic tongue, "near or adjacent to Russia," or to "Prusi," "Pruczi," or "Bourissi," the name of a Slavonian tribe; but Malte Brun thinks it more probable that the name sprang from some Wendish word allied to "Prusznika," signifying "hard and clayey land." The kingdom of Prussia owes its name to the province of East Prussia, or Prussia proper, but the electorate of Brandenburg formed the nucleus of the present nation.

"P's AND Q's." — This much-used phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's," originated in an ale-house, where chalk scores were formerly marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room. It was customary to put these initial letters at the head of every man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have exclaimed, as he pointed to the score: "Giles, mind your P's and Q's."

"QUACK."—Why are certain members of the medical profession so called? I have seen, says a writer in Notes and Queries, "in print," that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for a doctor was a duck. Does this afford a clue?

"QUIZ."—The following is the origin of this word, now in such general use:

When Mr. Richard Daly was patentee of the Dublin theatre, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager offered a large bet that he would cause to be spoken through all the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour the next day, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language.

The stakes were deposited; and Daly, hurrying off to the theatre, dispatched all the servants and supernumeraries of the establishment, with the word "quiz," which they wrote upon every wall and shop-window in town. The next day everybody in going to or coming from church saw and spoke of this new word to his neighbor. So Daly won his bet, and the anecdote being made public, the word has been adopted, and is now in universal use to express the act of "coming it over" any one.

"RHYMING."—One may find the origin of *bouts-rimes*, or "rhyming ends," in Goujet's "Bib. Fr." One Dulot, a foolish poet, when sonnets were in demand, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems, to be filled up at his leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he regretted most the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets," he replied, and explained the mystery by describing his *bouts-rimes*. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became fashionable to collect the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines.

RING-FINGER.—On this subject Notes and Queries states: The two questions mooted concerning the ring-finger, *i. e.*, why the third finger is the ring-finger, and why the wedding-ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand? have not yet been satisfactorily answered. The third finger is the only recognized ring-finger. Hence all who wear rings *ex-officio*, wear them on that finger. Cardinals, bishops, doctors, abbots, etc., wear their ring on the third finger. The reason is that it is the first vacant finger. The thumb and the first two fingers have always been reserved as symbols of the three persons of the Blessed Trinity. When a bishop gives a blessing, he blesses with the thumb and first two fingers. And at the marriage ceremony the ring is put on to the thumb and the first two fingers whilst the names of "Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost" are pronounced. Thus the third is the first vacant finger, and the ring-finger. The wedding-ring is worn on the left hand to signify the subjection of the wife to her husband. The right hand signifies power, independence, authority, according to the words: "The salvation of his right hand is in power." "The change of the right hand of the Most High." The left hand signifies dependence or subjection. Married women, then, wear the wedding-ring on the third finger of the left hand, because they are subject to their husbands.

"ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL."—In the time of Edward VI. much of the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were seized by his majesty's ministers and courtiers, but in order to reconcile the people to that robbery, they allowed a portion of the lands to be appropriated towards the repairs of St. Paul's church, hence the phrase, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"SCHOONER."—Mr. Andrew Robinson of Gloucester, September 8, 1790, constructed a vessel which he masted and rigged in the same manner as schooners are at this day. On her going off the stocks and passing into the water, a bystander cried out, "O, how she *scoons*." Robinson instantly replied, "a schconer let her be." From this time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of schooners. "This account was confirmed to me," says C. Tufts, "by a great number of persons in Gloucester. I made particular inquiry of an aged sea captain, who informed me that he had not in any of his voyages to Europe or America seen any of these vessels prior to Robinson's construction."

SEALS.—The seals of deeds, those important etiquettes which give validity and effect to the parchment, were in the beginning cyphers, cut for the use of those who could not write their names, or badges of cognizance to identify the unlettered individual, the prototypes of coats of arms which were but hieroglyphics standing in the place of cyphers, such as the North American savages still employ for the same purpose. The placing both seal and signature to a deed is the consequence of that tendency to surplusage which is the besetting sin of lawyers.

SHEEP.—Professor Beckman's "Inventions and Discoveries," states that sheep came originally from Africa; but in that country the animal bears hair instead of wool, and it is only in colder climates that its covering gradually acquires a woolly texture. It may also be imagined that many centuries must have elapsed before sheep could have been conveyed to the northern countries, and before the inhabitants—thinly scattered, subsisting by chance, and surrounded, as they were, by immense forests, that produced in abundance all those animals which supplied the finest furs—could have been reduced to the necessity of employing artificial means to supply themselves with clothing. The northern tribes, therefore, continued to dress themselves in skins until a very late period of ancient history, and for ages after the arts of civilized life had been introduced among the inhabitants of the south.

"SHILLING."—Tax money was gathered into a brass shield, and the jingling (*schel*) noise it produced gave to the pieces of silver the name of *schellingen*(shilling).

"SHOEMAKER, THE, SHOULD NOT GO BEYOND HIS LAST." — This phrase originated with Apelles, the celebrated French painter, who, upon a shoemaker pointing out to him a defect in the drawing of a shoe, altered it. Encouraged by this condescension, the cobbler commenced to criticise the leg of a figure, whereupon Apelles curtly told him "to stick to his trade."

"SIRLOIN."—It is said that the name "sirloin" was given by Charles II., of England. Having dined from loin one day, and being particularly pleased with it, he asked what that piece of beef was called. On being told that it was a loin, he said jocosely, that it should be knighted for its merit, and called it Sir Loin—hence its present name.

"SOAP."—The application of soap as a detergent is not of high antiquity. Like other useful things, it seems to have been known for a considerable time before it was turned to its most serviceable account. Soap, at first, was merely a cosmetic for smoothing the hair and brightening the complexion. When once its valuable detersive powers were discovered its use spread rapidly. Numerous soap manufactories sprung up in Italy, notably in the little seaport town of Savona, near Genoa, hence the French name of soap—*savon*.

"SOLDIER."—This word is derived from *solidus*, a piece of money with which the Roman soldiers were paid. A *solidus* was a coin weighing about seventy grains, having on the obverse a bust with full face, and on the reverse a cross within a wreath. One of these was sold in London in 1848 for three hundred dollars.

SPECTACLES.—In Notes and Queries it is stated that most authorities give the latter part of the 13th century as the period of their invention, and popular opinion has pronounced in favor of Alexander de Spina, a native of Pisa, who died in the year 1313. In the "Italian Dictionary" by Della Crusca, under the head of "Occhiale," or spectacles, it is stated that Friar Jordan de Rivalto tells his audience in a sermon published in 1305, that "it is not twenty years since the art of making spectacles was found out, and is, indeed, one of the best and most necessary inventions in the world." This would place the invention in the year 1285. On the authority of various passages in the writings of Friar Bacon, Mr. Molyneux is of opinion that he was acquainted with the use of spectacles ; and when Bacon ("Orpus Majus") says that "this instrument (a plano-convex glass, or large segment of a sphere) is useful to old men and to those who have weak eyes, for they may see the smallest letters sufficiently magnified," we may conclude that the particular way of assisting sight was known to him. It is quite certain that they were known and used about the time of his death, A. D. 1292.

"SPINSTER."—Among our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, bed, or table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

STEAMBOAT.—The earliest steamboat upon our western rivers was launched in the Ohio, at Pittsburgh in 1811. The first to ascend the Missouri were three little government boats in 1819. A party of engineers and naturalists kept along near them on the shore. The Pawnees, who can yet almost steal the boots from a man's feet without his knowing it, pilfered the horses, provisions, and apparatus of the unfortunate savans, and left them to wander hungry and half naked, till they found refuge among the friendly Kaws. These early steamers stemmed the current with difficulty, and were greatly delayed by sand-bars ; for this was before steamboats were educated up to walking off on their spars, as a boy walks on his stilts. And they dropped down the river stern foremost, as they were more manageable in that position.

Even in civilized communities the introduction of the steamboat excited superstitious dread. When Robert Fulton's

Clermont appeared on the Hudson, ships' crews who saw her approaching at night against wind and tide, with machinery clanking, paddles clattering, and showers of sparks and volumes of flame streaming from her chimneys, jumped overboard, and swam ashore in terror. Three years later, when Nicholas Rooseveltt's Orleans first descended the Ohio, she approached Louisville at midnight. Hundreds of Kentuckians, awakened by her demoniac screechings, rushed down to the bank, and at first believed that the great comet of that year had fallen into the Ohio. One of the first boats to ascend the Missouri, as if her normal terrors were not enough, carried a figurehead at her prow in the form of a huge serpent. Through the reptile's mouth steam escaped, and the savages who saw it fled in the wildest alarm, fancying that the spirit of evil was coming bodily to devour them.

"STERLING."—The word "sterling" is said to be an abbreviation of Easterling. In the time of Richard I., money coined in the eastern parts of Germany was much esteemed in England on account of its purity, and was called Easterlings. Some of these men, skilled in alloys and in coining, were sent for to bring English coin to perfection; and since that time that coin has been called for them "sterling."

SUPERSTITION.—A London magazine says that the silly superstition as to the unluckiness of being the thirteenth guest at dinner may be traced to religious prejudice against Judas, who was the thirteenth at the Last Supper.

TEA.—"That excellent and by all physicians approved China drink, called by the Chineans Tcha, by other nations Tay, *alias* Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Cophee House in Sweetings Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London." (Mercurius Politicus, Sept. 30, 1658.) This is undoubtedly the earliest authentic announcement, yet made known, of the public sale in England of this now universal beverage. The mention of "cophee house" proves that the sister stimulant had already got a start. Tea, or Chaa, as it is called in China, was first brought to England from Holland, by Lord Arlington, in 1666. It is supposed to have been first brought to Europe by the Portuguese, and, not understanding its qualities, the leaves were boiled, served up as greens, and eaten with melted butter, the water in which they were boiled being thrown away.

"TEETOTAL."—The word "teetotal' originated with a Lancashire workingman who, being unaccustomed to public speaking and wishing to pronounce the word "total" in connection with abstinence from intoxicating liquors, hesitated and pronounced the first letter by itself and the word after it, making altogether t-total. This fact it is well to be acquainted with, because it sufficiently refutes the vulgar notion that "tee" has reference to tea.

TELEGRAPH, THE.—The electric telegraph, like many other great inventions, is not the offspring of any one brain. It has reached its present perfections through many gradations, and by many different minds, who gave much time to it. Among master minds the most prominent are furnished by America in the persons of Benjamin Franklin and Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse. The rude couplet well expresses it:

'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse;
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse.

In 1748 Benjamin Franklin, by means of electric wires under water, fired alcohol across the Schuylkill River. Signals were communicated by means of electric shocks from one apartment to another by Lesage, at Geneva, and Lomond, in France, between 1774 and 1787; and in 1794 Reizen employed the electric spark for telegraphing, making use of an ingenious arrangement of lines and interrupted spaces upon strips of tin-foil, so arranged that when these spaces were illuminated by the spark the form of a letter or figure was exhibited. In 1816 Mr. Ronald made attempts with a friction machine at Hammersmith, England, on a line of eight miles; and in 1827 Harrison G. Dyer, at the race course on Long Island, New York, made use of iron wires, glass insulators and wooden posts for supporting the wire on a line of two miles. The "voltaic pile," which was developed in 1800, added much to the chances of success in electric telegraphy, and from that time scientific men approached nearer and nearer to its realization, until Prof. A. C. Steinheil, of Munich, in 1836, succeeded with a single wire twelve miles long, using the earth to complete the circuit, in making signals upon bells; and the same movements that caused the sounds upon the bells were also made to trace lines and dots upon a ribbon of paper. In 1837 Prof. Morse filed a caveat in the patent office to secure his invention, and in 1840 he received a patent covering the improvements made in the meantime. The electric telegraph was first brought into practical use on the 27th of May, 1844, between Washington and Baltimore. The system of Professor Morse has continued to be recognized throughout the world as the most efficient and simple; consequently he is entitled to the credit of first practically applying electricity to the telegraph, and making that which was known but to scientific men of use to all mankind.

"TEXAS."—It has exceedingly puzzled many persons to determine the real meaning of the word "Texas." It originated in a couplet used by the earlier emigrants to that "land of promise."

When every other land rejects us
This is the soil that freely *takes us.*

The word "Texas" is a corruption of the phrase used in the last line.

"THAT'S MY THUNDER."—The origin of this phrase was in this wise:—In the reign of Queen Anne there was a sage and grave critic of the name of Dennis, who, in his old age, got it into his head that he had written all the good plays that were acted at that time. At last a tragedy came forth with a most imposing display of hail and thunder. At the first piece Dennis exclaimed, "That's my thunder."

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."—This phrase arose thus:—A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he (the king) should never taste the wine produced by it. The king disregarded his prophecy, and when, at an entertainment, he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for his slave, and asked him insultingly what he thought of his prophecy? The slave only answered "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Scarcely had he spoken, when the news was brought that a large bear was laying his vineyard waste. The king arose in a fury, attacked the bear, and was killed without ever tasting the wine.

"THIMBLE."—This is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1305. The name is said to have been derived from "thumbell," being at first thumble, and then thimble. Formerly iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver, and gold have taken their places. In the ordinary manufacture, thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape. Gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent in Paris; but they are not so durable as gold plated ones, which are made by taking thin strips of sheet-iron, which are cut into dies of about two inches in diameter, which, being heated red hot, are struck with a punch into a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth, to give them shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured, and brought into a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior, and fastened to the steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use.

THISTLE OF SCOTLAND, THE.—In the year 1010, during the reign of Malcolm I., Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, selecting the still hour of midnight as the time to make a descent on Staines Castle. When all were ready, and there was a reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes, to prevent their footsteps being heard. They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating in joyous anticipation of victory. Not a sound was heard from within, and they could scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they had but to swim across the moat, and place scaling ladders, and the castle was theirs. But in another moment a cry from themselves aroused the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards flew to their posts, and pursued the now trembling Danes, who fled before them, and the invaders were repulsed. The cause was that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had alarmed the inmates of the castle; and from that day the thistle has been the national emblem.

TITLES.—Titles had their origin with the Goths, after they had overrun and conquered a part of Europe, who rewarded their best military men with titles. The right of peerage seems to have been a territorial one at first. Patents to persons having no estates were first granted by Philip the Fair of France, in 1005. William Fitz Osborne was the first peer of England, 1066.

TURKISH CRESCENT.—When Philip of Macedon approached by night with his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the moon shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium they found the crescent in every public place, and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves. The origin of the crescent as a religious emblem is vastly older than the time of Philip of Macedon, and dates from the beginning of history.

UMBRELLA, THE.—The umbrella is an older invention than many persons think. At Persepolis, in Persia, are sculptures, supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great, and on one of these is represented a chief or king over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a boar hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer. Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there, it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases preserved in the British Museum. In many Chinese drawings, ladies are attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

Jonas Hanway was probably the first person ever seen carrying an umbrella in London, although the usually entertained notion that he introduced the umbrella into England in 1752 is proved to be false by evidence that can be cited. Ben Jonson refers to it by name in a comedy produced in 1660; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Swift, in the "Tattler" of October 17, 1710, says, in "The City Shower:"

> The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
> While streams run down her umbrella's sides.

The following couplet also occurs in a poem written by Gay in 1612:

> Housewives underneath th' umbrella's oily shed
> Safe through the wet in clinking patterns tread.

WATCH, THE FIRST.—This useful companion, which we find it almost impossible to live without, was invented and first made about three hundred and fifty years ago in Nuremburg, Bavaria, by one Peter Hele. The first record of watch-making is found in the works of Johannes Cocclæus, who, in 1511, wrote the following: "Ingenious things are just now being ininvented; for Peter Hele, as yet but a young man, hath made works which even the most learned mathematicians admire; for he fabricates small horologues of iron filled with many wheels, which, whithersoever they are turned, and without any weights, both show and strike forty hours, whether carried in bosom or pocket."

WATER-PROOF GOODS.—These fabrics are made by the cloth being first submitted to the action of moderately strong sulphuric acid, the time of such action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing follows, and when dried the material is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into a glutinous material, the gum filling up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the passage of water.

"WE."—The plural style of speaking ("we") among kings was begun by King John, of England, A. D. 1119. Before that time sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and French sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200. When editors began to say "we" is not known.

WHERE WE GET THE NAMES.—Few of us are perhaps aware of the extent to which remnants of the old Northern mythology still linger in the language. "Old Nick" is but an abbreviation of Nicka, the Gothic demon, who inhabited the element of water, and strangled drowning persons. "Nightmare" is derived from Mara, who, in the Runic theology, was a spirit or spectre of the night, that seized men in their sleep, and suddenly deprived them of speech and motion. "Boh," whose name is still used in our nurseries, was one of the fiercest and most formidable of the Gothic heroes, insomuch that the mere mention of his name was sufficient to spread panic among his enemies.

"WHIG."—In the sixteenth century there arose in England a party opposed to the king, and in favor of a republican form of government in which the people would have a voice. This party adopted as their motto, "We hope in God." The initials or first letter of each word combined read "Whig," and were used to name or designate the party. Thus the word whig originally meant opposition to kings and monarchies, and friendship for the very form of government under which we exist. It originated in England a century and a half before our revolution.

"WILD-GOOSE CHASE."—This phrase, used now to denote a fruitless attempt, or an enterprise undertaken with no probability of success, was originally used to express a sort of racing on horseback formerly practised in England and other countries, resembling the flying of wild geese; these birds generally going in a train one after another, not in confused flocks as other birds do. In this sort of race, the two horses, after running twelve score yards, had liberty, which horse soever could get the lead, to take what ground the jockey pleased, the hindermost horse being bound to follow him within a certain distance agreed on by the articles, or else to be whipped in by the triers and judges who rode by; and whichever horse could distance the other won the race. This sort of racing was not long in common use; for it was found inhuman and destructive of good horses when two such were matched together. For in this case neither was able to distance the other till they were both ready to sink under their riders; and often two very good horses were both spoiled, and the wagers forced to be drawn at last. The mischief of this sort of racing soon brought in the method now in use of only running over a certain quantity of ground, and determining the plate or wager by coming in first at the winning post.

"WINDFALL."—The origin of this term is said to be the following:—Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates were forbidden felling any of the trees in the forests upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees as fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado was therefore a perfect godsend in every sense of the term, to those who had occupancy of extensive forests, and the windfall was sometimes of very great value.

"YANKEE."—Notes and Queries states that when the New England colonies were first settled, the inhabitants were obliged to fight their way against many nations of Indians. They found but little difficulty in subduing them all, except one tribe, who were known by the name of Yankoos, which signifies invincible. After a waste of much blood and treasure, the Yankoos were at last subdued by the New Englandmen. The remains of this nation (agreeably to the Indian custom) transferred their name to their conquerors. For a while they were called Yankoos; but from a corruption common to names in all languages, they got through time the name of Yankee.

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS.

PLINY, the elder, bestowed upon Zeuxis that extraordinary and judicious praise which conveys to us a high idea of his talents. Speaking of the picture which Zeuxis painted of Penelope, Pliny says: "He painted the manners of that queen." Zeuxis never attempted to finish his work with rapidity, and when a person reproached him for his tardiness, he said the reason of his slow progress was, "that he painted for immortality." His last picture was an old woman; it was so comical and ridiculous, that he is said to have died with laughing at it.

WHEN the bacchanalian propensities of Jarvis the painter had rendered him rather an unequal, if not an unsafe artist, he was employed by a gentleman to paint his wife—a miracle of plainness—under the stipulation that a pint of wine at a sitting must be the extent of his potations. Jarvis assented, and in a short time produced a perfect *fac simile* of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband, he seemed disappointed. "Couldn't you have given it," said he to the painter, "a little less—that is, couldn't you give it now a little more—" "If you expect me," said Jarvis, seeing the husband's drift at once, "if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagination to make her even good looking, under a quart at the very least!"

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?"—"By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this limb."—"Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles."—"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

SIR GODFREY KNELLER, the painter, and Dr. Ratcliffe had a garden in common, but with one gate. Sir Godfrey, on some occasion ordered it to be nailed. When the doctor heard of it he said he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told to Sir Godfrey:—"Well," replied he, "I can take that or any thing else but physic from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe."

A FAMOUS artist made a painting in which all the different nations of the earth were represented in the peculiar dress of their country. Instead, however, of clothing the Frenchman, he drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of cloth under his arm. Being asked the reason, he replied: "The French dress themselves so many different ways, and change their fashions so often, that whatever dress I should put on him, in a short time he would not be known; having the stuff, he may cut it to his liking."

GILBERT STUART, the celebrated portrait painter, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with—"Ah, Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and kissed it, because it was so much like you."—"And did it kiss you in return?"—"Why, no."—"Then," said Stuart, "it was not like me."

ONE of the most marvellous pictures ever painted—the Birth of Christ, by Correggio—was given to an apothecary in payment of a paltry bill amounting to four or five scudi. This exchange was brought about by the then pressing poverty of the gifted artist. The picture was afterwards sold for a hundred scudi to Count Pirro Visconti. Subsequently it got into possession of the King of Spain, but after the battle of Vittoria it was discovered with other valuable paintings in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte by an officer of Lord Wellington's staff. Some state that it was presented to the duke by Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain. In the British National Gallery there is a *replica* of this wonderful work, which a celebrated writer thus describes:—

"The light emanating from the countenance of the Saviour illuminates all the scene, he himself receiving his light from above, or directly from heaven, and reflecting it on the angel who receives it from his person." Montani describes it as "truly poetical—nay, sublime."

A PAINTER, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason for it. "In painting," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic, they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily."

A MAN said of a painter he knew, that "he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank."

AT the time when the beautiful picture of the Court of Death was exhibited in Boston, the painter sent the late Dr. Osgood a ticket, on which was written, "Admit the bearer to the Court of Death." The old gentleman having never heard of the picture, was utterly confounded. "I expected to go before long," said he, "but I was not prepared for so abrupt a summons."

A STORY is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist with simplicity. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture! We need hardly say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist, who deceived the birds by skill in painting fruit, manifested great power of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil, as to deceive a skilful master, was surely the greater artist.

A STORY is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite. "Ah," said Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."—"Oh, oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?"—"Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it's full of ivory."

ONE of the most celebrated Italian artists was employed in painting the Last Supper of our Lord. One by one he studied the characters of the apostles, and then settled in his own mind and painted on canvas a form and countenance in which any beholder might see character expressed. He then applied himself to the character of our Saviour. He studied the attributes of his mind and heart. He sought all the stores of his own inventive fancy for a combination of features and complexion which should express these attributes—the conscious power, the wisdom, the holiness, the love, the mercy, the meekness, the patience, the whole character of the Divine Redeemer. He sought long, intensely, but in vain. Every countenance he could imagine fell evidently far below; and at last he threw down his pencil in despair, declaring that the "face of Christ could not be painted."

"WHAT do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." —"Twenty pence, I suppose you mean." —"No, sir; it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning; but if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him his price.

HOGARTH was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms. Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvas was painted all over red. "Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."—"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued. "But, where are the Israelites?"—"They are all gone over."—"And where are the Egyptians?"—"They are all drowned." The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

A CONNOISSEUR happening to be in a celebrated artist's studio, an animated discussion arose as to the color of immaterial objects. "Thus," said the one, "how would you color a tempest, supposing there were no clouds?"—"Why," replied the artist, promptly, "I should say—the storm rose and the wind blue!"

ELLIOTT TUCKERMAN tells this very amusing anecdote. It seems the jovial artist was painting some divine, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously, but as Elliott painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, and confessed afterward that he never felt so insignificant in his life as when the artist, in the positive authority of his profession, merely said: "Turn your head a little to the right and shut your mouth."

ONE of the manuscripts brought by the British from Abyssinia is illustrated with a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea armed with muskets.

AN artist painted a cannon so naturally the other day that when he finished the touch-hole it went off. A friend accounts for it by saying that it was taken by the sheriff.

VAN MANDER relates that Anne Smyters, the wife of John de Heere, a Flemish sculptor, painted a landscape representing a mill with the sails bent, and the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs, laden with a sack; upon the terrace, where the mill was fixed, were seen a cart and horse, and on the road several peasants. The whole was highly finished and pencilled with wonderful delicacy and neatness, and also accurately distinct; yet the painting was so amazingly minute that the surface of it might be covered with one grain of corn.

PAT MOODY ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

SIR JOSHUA once hearing of a young artist who had become embarrassed by an injudicious marriage, and was on the point of being arrested, immediately hurried to his residence to inquire into the case. The unfortunate artist told the melancholy particulars of his situation, adding, that 40*l.* would enable him to compound with his creditors. After some further conversation, Sir Joshua took his leave, telling the distressed painter he would do something for him. When bidding him adieu at the door, Sir Joshua took him by the hand, and, after squeezing it cordially, hurried off with a benevolent triumph in his heart—while the astonished and relieved artist found in his hand a bank-note for 100*l.*

BARRY, the painter, was with Nollekens at Rome, in 1760, and they were extremely intimate. Barry took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him, Barry's being edged with lace, and Nollekens's a very shabby, plain one. Upon his returning the hat next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. "Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey," answered Barry, "I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat." Nollekens often used to relate the story, adding: "It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem."

ONE day when Giotto, the painter, was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing: "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice; for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life."

SAINSBOROUGH was making a sketch of his father's garden when he observed a country fellow looking over the wall at a pear-tree; he immediately sketched him in, and the likeness was so striking that it was recognized by several neighboring farmers who had their orchards robbed, and upon the countryman being taxed with being the depredator, he admitted the fact, and to avoid a prosecution, at once enlisted in the army.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS at an early period of his life made some trifling attempts at drawing from common prints, but they were not such as to give much promise of future excellence. There is now one of these very early essays in the possession of his family. It is a perspective view of a book-case, under which his father has written, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness."

"REPRESENT me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

"I DO not approve of shades in painting," said Queen Elizabeth to Daniel Myers, "you must strike off my likeness without shadows." Her majesty, when she spoke thus, was near sixty, and the "shadows," as she humanely called them, were wrinkles big enough to have laid a straw in them.

AT the period of Wilkes' popularity, every wall bore his name and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-piece of half the houses of the metropolis. He swung upon the sign post of every village, and every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell with much glee of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up murmuring within his hearing in much spleen, "He swings everywhere but where he ought." Wilkes passed on, and turning round, politely bowed.

A GENTLEMAN informing Fuseli, the painter, that he had purchased his celebrated picture of Satan, the artist replied: "Well, you have got him now, and only take care that he does not one day get you."

A PAINTER, in giving his reasons why he flattered the portrait which he drew, said, "That no person could expect a handsome price for an ugly picture."

A **PAINTER** announces that among other portraits he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

MICHAEL ANGELO, the famous painter, in order to be revenged on a cardinal who had vexed him, bethought himself to draw his picture to the life, and to be put among the damned in the representation on the last day, to be seen in the chapel of Pope Sixtus V., in St. Peter's Church, Rome. The cardinal, nettled at this grievous affront, complained of it to his holiness, who, having a greater esteem for the painter than for the prelate, gravely answered him: "Sir, if you were in purgatory, I might, indeed, take you from thence; but as you are, unfortunately, in hell, you know my power does not reach that place." So the poor cardinal was forced to be in hell before his death, and there to remain.

WHILE Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and found fault without understanding it. "The apostle Paul has too red a face," said one. "He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen," said the indignant artist.

A FEW months before the ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things."—"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."—"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things, a broken bottle, an old broom worn to the stump, the butt end of an old fire-lock, a cracked bell, a bow unstrung, crown tumbling in pieces, towers in ruins, the sign-post of a tavern called the world's end tumbling, the moon in her wane, the map of the globe burning, a gibbet falling, the body gone and chains which held it falling down, Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds, a vessel wrecked, Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play book open, with "exeunt omnes" stamped in the corner, an empty purse, and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well-known fact that he never again took the pallet in his hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.

CAMPBELL relates:—"Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain. The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper-stainers."

AN eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

WHEN Holbein determined to quit Basel, in order to enhance the value of his works, which were becoming too numerous there, he intimated that he would leave a specimen of the power of his abilities. He had still at his house a portrait of one of his patrons, which he had just finished. On the forehead he painted a fly, and sent the picture to the person for whom it was intended. The gentleman, struck with the beauty of the piece, went eagerly to brush off the fly, but soon found, very much to his surprise, that it was only an admirable representation. The story soon spread, and made more impression than efforts of greater excellence. Orders were immediately given to prevent the city being deprived of so wonderful an artist, but Holbein had already gone.

HOLBEIN on one occasion applied to Van Dyke for employment. Van Dyke, to whom Holbein was unknown, except by reputation, promptly refused him, as his general appearance had made an unfavorable impression on his brother artist. Van Dyke then, without any ceremony, stretched himself upon his sofa, and was soon fast asleep. Holbein seized the opportunity to gratify his revenge ; and, removing his slippers, which then lay near him, painted their exact resemblance on the very spot they occupied. Van Dyke awoke, and made several vain attempts to slip them on his feet. After rubbing his eyes, as if he had some misgiving of being entirely awake, he fruitlessly attempted to pick them up, when, to his utter astonishment, he discovered he had been trying to cover his feet with the painted shadows upon the floor. Eyeing them very closely, and at the same time smarting not a little from the stratagem that had just so successfully been played upon him, he very good-naturedly exclaimed :—" Well, this must be the work of either the devil or Holbein."

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse fell upon Sir Joshua Reynolds' painting. One of them said that "his tints were admirable, but the colors flew." It happened, unluckily, that Joshua was in the next stall, and he, taking up his hat, accosted them thus, with a low bow :—" Gentlemen, I return you my thanks for bringing me off with flying colors."

AN eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mix them with brains, sir," was the answer.

SWARTZ was a drunkard. He was once engaged to ornament the ceiling of a public building, and was to be paid so much per day for the work, but he was so fond of tippling that his employers were obliged to hire another man to watch the tipsy painter. Finding he could not go to the tavern as often as he wished, he resolved upon practising a little piece of deception. He stuffed a pair of stockings and shoes similar to those he was in the habit of wearing, and hung them down from his staging whenever he left his work. The watchman called in two or three times every day, but seeing a pair of legs hanging down, suspected nothing, and reported to his employers that Swartz had reformed. The roguish painter did not go near his work for a fortnight.

PHYSICIANS.

WHEN Dr. Dodge, an eclectic physician, was lecturing through the States on the laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet, one morning, at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class. Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject ; he addressed our Irish friend as follows : "Perhaps you think that I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee."—"I don't know," said Erin, "I'd like to be there when you did it." —"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use ?" —"Sure and I will, sir."—"How often do you use coffee and tea ?" asked the doctor. "Morning and night, sir."— "Well," said the doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on retiring at night ?"—"I do ; indeed I do," replied Erin. "And a sharp pain through the temples, in and about the eyes, in the morning ?"—"Troth I do, sir."—"Well," said the doctor, with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is tea and coffee."—"Is it, indeed ? Faith and I always thought it was the whiskey I drank." The company roared with laughter, and the doctor quietly retired. He was beaten.

"WELL, how did your wife manage her shower bath, deacon?"—"She had real good luck. Madam Moody told her how she managed. She said she had a large oiled silk cap, with a cape to it, like a fireman's, that came all over her shoulders, and—." —"She's a fool for her pains — that's not the way."—"So my wife thought." —"Your wife did nothing of the sort, I hope."—"O, no, doctor, she used an umbrella."—"What! used an umbrella; what the mischief good did the shower bath do her?"—"She said she felt better. Her clothes wasn't wet a mite. She sot under the umbrella for half an hour, till all the water had trickled off, and said 'twas cool and delightful, and just like a leetle shower bath in summer. Then she took off her things, and rubbed herself dry arter."

A LADY brought a child to a physician to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I haven't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy the better."—"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"—"Upon my word it's the best remedy I know of."—"What springs would you recommend, doctor?"—"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."

A POOR country doctor was called from his bed on a stormy night with the stirring summons: "Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."—"Then why do you come?"—"He's p'isoned. They gave him laud'num for paregorick."—"How much have they given him?" "Do'no. A great deal. Think he won't get over it." The doctor pushes off through the storm, meets with divers mishaps by the way, and at length arrives at the house of his poisoned patient. He finds all closed—not a light to be seen. He knocked at the door, but no answer. He knocked furiously, and at last a nightcap appeared from the chamber window, and a woman's voice squeaked out—"Who's there?"—"The doctor, to be sure; you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?"—"Oh, it's no matter doctor. Ephraim is better. We got a little skeered kinder. Gin him laud'num, and he slep' kind o' sound, but he's woke up now."—"How much laudanum did he swallow?"—"Only two drops. 'Taint hurt him none. Wonderful bad storm to-night." The doctor turns away, buttoning up his overcoat under his throat, to seek his home again, and tries to whistle away mortification and anger, when the voice calls: "Doctor, doctor!"—"What do you want?"—"You won't charge nothing for this visit, will yer?"

ABERNETHY, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by having a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said: "A burn."—"A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned and said: "Better."—"Continue poultices," replied Dr. A. In a week she made her last call and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well — your fee?" — "Nothing," said the gratified physician, "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

DR. RUSH, when quite a young man, was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent. Rush afterward left the school and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate a married woman. Many years after she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility, apparently lost to all surrounding objects. In this state, Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, "The Eagle's

Nest!" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly.

THE latest and most wonderful cure effected by a patent medicine is said to be the following: "A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour after he threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally five cent pieces."

THE private secretary of a cabinet minister is a wag. A young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber, and asked for the governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure."—"Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water cure." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

A GENTLEMAN called some time since to consult a physician with regard to a severe rheumatic attack, which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away, the doctor called him back. "By the way, sir, should my prescription happen to afford you any relief please let me know it, as I am suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."

A PHYSICIAN, after listening with torture to a pressing account of "symptoms" from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to hear Grisi that evening, happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs again; it was to ask him whether, on her return, she might eat some oysters. "Yes, ma'am," said the physician, "shells and all!"

"DOCTOR, that ere ratsbane of yours is first-rate," said a Yankee to an apothecary. "Know'd it, know'd it," said the vender of drugs, evidently well pleased with the flattering remark of his customer. "Don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor stuff; everything is prime."—"And, doctor," said the other, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."—"Another pound!" ejaculated the doctor, with his eyes almost ready to start from their sockets. "What, another pound?"—"Yes, sir; I gin the whole of that pound I bought the other day to a pesky old mouse, and made it awful sick, and I am sure another pound would kill him right out."

A LAD swallowed a small lead bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. His father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post haste to a surgeon of skill, directing his messenger to tell him of the circumstance, and urge his coming without delay. The doctor heard the dismal tale, and with as much concern as he would manifest in a common headache, wrote the following laconic note: "Don't be alarmed. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

"WELL, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt."—"O yes, surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."—"I thought so," continued the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course."—"O yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."—"Take them all! Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?"—"O, I managed it nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. "For variety sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance; "for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."—"Umph," said the doctor, with a sapient shake of his head, "if they have cured him that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally." The woman replied that she would do so the next time; and I doubt not that if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

"DOCTOR," said an old lady to her family physician, "will you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"—"Why, hem! why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor, "it is owing to the fact that they come into the world without the power of speech."—"La me!" remarked the old lady, "now jest see what it is to have a physic edication; I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ere same thing, and all I could ever get out of him was, 'kase they is.' Well, I'm glad I axed you, for I never should a died satisfied without knowing it."

AN Irishman refused to pay his doctor's bill, when he was asked the reason. "What for shall I pay?" said Pat. "Sure he didn't give me anything but some emetics, and niver a one could I keep on my stomach at all, at all."

QUITE a joke happened to one of the doctor craft some time ago. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No; we did not give it to him."—"Good heaven!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"—"Yes, but the cat aint—we gave it to her." The doctor sloped.

A SON of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from railery by saying: "I defy any person that I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect."—"That you may do safely," replied a wag; "for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales."

A DOCTOR in Nashville gave the following prescription for a sick lady: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, a pair of gaiter boots!" The lady recovered immediately.

AN Englishman once fell from his horse and injured his thumb. The pain increasing, he was obliged to send for a surgeon. One day the doctor was unable to visit his patient and sent his son instead. "Have you visited the Englishman?" said his father in the evening. "Yes," replied the young man. "I have drawn out a thorn, which I ascertained to be the chief cause of his agony."—"Fool," exclaimed the father, "I trusted you had more sense; now there is an end of the job."

"DOCTOR, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor felt her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest."—"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue; just look at it; look at it now. Say, what does it mean?"—"I think," replied the doctor, "that needs rest too."

A PERSON who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether the doctor did make several visits after the patient was out of danger? "No," replied the witness, "I considered him in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

DR. RADCLIFFE observed, a short period before his death, "When I was young and yet unskilled in medicine, I possessed at least twenty remedies for every disease; but now, since I have grown old in the art of healing, I know more than twenty diseases for which I have not even a single remedy."

DR. THOMPSON, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things, viz., the slovenliness of his person, and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins being introduced, the doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently exclaimed: "Take away the muffins!"—"No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking significantly at the doctor, "take away the ragamuffins."

"I AM glad to find you better," said John Hunter, the famous surgeon, to Foote, the equally famous actor, one morning. "You followed my prescriptions, of course?"—"Indeed I did not, doctor," replied Sam, "for I should have broken my neck."—"Broken your neck!" exclaimed Hunter, in amazement. "Yes," said Foote, "for I threw your prescriptions out of a three-story window."

ONE night, when Sir Richard Steele pressed Dr. Garth to stay and drink with him, the doctor consented; "for," said he, "I have but fourteen patients that I ought to see to-night, and of these five are so bad no physician can cure them, and nine have constitutions that I don't believe all the physicians in London could kill them."

AT the time the cholera was so bad in Prague, Dr. R. was called out of a warehouse suddenly to see a patient. At the time he entered the sick-room the family physician did the same. The two doctors found their patient in a strong perspiration, and both put their hands under the bed-clothes in order to feel his pulse, but, by accident, got hold of each other's. "He has the cholera!" cried Dr. R. "No such thing," said the other; "he's only drunk!"

DOCTOR. "John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" Druggist's clerk. "I guess so, for I saw crape on the door this morning."

A DOCTOR in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the pieces of tail which he cut off and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

"MADAM," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory."—"And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would make it a desert."

A GERMAN doctor was consulted by a very sick patient, and having called while the doctor was engaged, he wrote his prescription, and threw it down to the sick man in haste, saying: "There, take that!" The patient took the prescription and left. A few days after he returned to the doctor and reported himself well: "But," said he, "I found it hard to swallow, as I never swallowed paper before as a medicine; but I got it down, and am well, thank God!"

CLUTTERBUCK'S story of the old lady (his aunt) is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," said Sir W., "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady furnished with the letter set off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling, as usual, very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

ONE of our physicians, making his morning professional calls, saw, in passing the residence of one of his families, a piece of crape attached to the door-knob. Naturally interested in the circumstance, and seeing a little "five year old" girl belonging to the family standing on the walk, he reined his horse and asked: "M., who is dead at your house?"—"Sister."—"Ah, what doctor did you have?"—"Oh, we didn't have any, sister managed to die without a doctor."

AN invalid disturbed all the inmates of his boarding-house once by imitating a dog. When asked why he did so, he said he had been ordered by his physician to take port wine and bark.

A MEDICAL student, who had paid more attention to billiards than anatomy, was brought before a professor for examination, when the following question and reply passed; "What would you do first in the case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder?"—"I should wait until he came down."

A PHYSICIAN examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied: "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

DR. D. attends a masquerade ball. In the motley and happy throng he falls in with a fair pilgrim in black silk, whose charming person, snow-white neck, and bewitching, coquettish airs, awaken in his soul the most rapturous love. She casts upon him looks of languishing tenderness; he revels in the hope of having made a blissful conquest. He musters up his courage and ventures to address her. "Who art thou, lovely mask?" asks the gallant doctor, almost melted in the glow of love. "Is it possible you do not know me, doctor?" lisped the young lady in black. "No, upon my honor, I do not know thee, my beautiful damsel."—"Bethink yourself, doctor."—"Ah! thou art surely the gracious fairy who has appeared to me to-day, for the fourth time, to open to me the gates of bliss."—"You mistake, doctor; I am no fairy."—"Ah! who art thou, then?"—"I am the well-known lady to whom you have now these nine weeks been indebted in the sum of two dollars and seven levies for washing and ironing!" The doctor stood like a large petrified cat-fish. The last we saw of him he was practising on a brandy smash at Gloucester Point, and trying to discover what made the big "Russian balloon" go up.

THE dead are never sick—consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver.

A FASHIONABLE doctor lately informed his friends, a large company, that he had been passing some days in the country. "Yes," said one of the party, "it has been announced in one of the journals."—"Ah," said the doctor, stretching his neck very importantly, "pray, in what terms?"—"Why, as well as I can remember, nearly in the following: 'There were last week seventy-seven interments less than the week before.'"

"MADAM," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet, healthy babe, "the ladies have deputed me to inquire what you do to have such a happy, uniform good child?" The mother mused for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then she replied, simply and beautifully: "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

DR. B., of Boston, was called to visit a lady in Chelsea. After continuing his calls for some weeks, she expressed her fears that it would be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "O, madam," replied the doctor, innocently, "I have another patient in the neighborhood, and thus, you know, I kill two birds with one stone."

IT was told, as a good-natured joke, of an old doctor, that, being on a visit to a village where he had spent the earlier part of his life in practice, he, one morning before breakfast, went into a church-yard near the house where he was stopping. Breakfast being placed on the table, the doctor was inquired for. "I believe," said the servant, who had seen where he went, "that he has gone to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

A DOCTOR was very much annoyed by an old lady who always stopped him on the street to tell him of her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a great hurry. "Ah, I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor. "Shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

A YOUNG man, having finished his medical studies, applied to an old gentleman to know whether his neighborhood would be an eligible situation for a physician. "Why," replied the old man, "what can you do?"—"Well, sir, I can feel a pulse and discover from it what disease the patient is subject to."—"Here, then, feel mine," said the old man, stretching out his arm. After a very sagacious look, "You are troubled with the headache," said the young physician. "Never had it in my life, sir." This was a poser. A profound silence ensued. "I suppose you take me for a fool," said the physician retiring. "Ah, you know what I think, but you don't know what I feel."

ONE day a fashionable physician at some watering place brought to Dumas, the younger, his album, and insisted upon a trifle from the lion. Dumas wrote, and the smiling physician, following his pen, read: "So great is M. T.'s (the physician's name) skill, so wonderful his success, that since he has practised in this place, three out of five hospitals have been pulled down, useless." The physician, delighted with the flattery, interrupted him, protesting that the compliment was too great, was undeserved, and so forth. Dumas begged to be allowed to finish the sentence, and the permission being gladly given, he continued, "and in their stead it has been found necessary to build two new cemeteries."

A FRENCHMAN being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between the gout and rheumatism. "Aha! von ver grande deeference," replied monsieur; "you take unto you von vice, put de finger in, you turn de screw till you can bear him no longer—ver vel, dat is de rhematism; den s'pose you give him one turn more—dat is de gout."

"DOCTOR," exclaimed a waggish son of temperance to a well-known doctor, who was passing by the post-office, "doctor, how long will it take hanging to produce death?"—"Twenty or thirty minutes," replied the doctor, pausing; "but why do you ask?"—"O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two mortal hours, and he isn't dead yet."—"You did!" exclaimed the doctor emphatically. "I havn't heard a word of this yet. Where did the man hang?"—"He was hanging around an ale shop on Pearl street," replied the wag.

AN itinerant quack doctor in Texas was applied to by one of Colonel Hay's rangers to extract the iron point of an Indian arrow head from his head, where it had been lodged for some time. "I cannot 'stract this, stranger," said the doctor, "bekase to do so would go nigh killin' you; but I tell you what I can do—I can give you a pill that will melt it in your head."

"MY dear doctor," said a lady, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."—"Be patient, madam," he replied, "you would probably suffer a great deal more without them."

A DOCTOR detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge "that if he was kept from his patients much longer they would all recover in his absence."

AT one of our army hospitals there was a surprising surgeon who had the reputation of loving the knife and saw. He loved to hew and hack the poor patients brought to the hospital to show off his skill. After one of his last operations on a wounded soldier, the surgeon's attendant stood looking at the pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing, sir?" sharply asked the surgeon. "I was waiting for you to point out which piece is to go to bed, and which is to be buried."

A WAG residing in Boston, who had been for many years a patient of Dr. Inches, of that place, was at length advised to consult Dr. Physic, of Philadelphia. After remaining a short time under the care of the latter, he returned home greatly improved in health; and being asked which of the two methods of treatment he preferred, replied that he "would rather live by Physic than die by Inches."

A physician in New Orleans, on being inquired of concerning a friend, replied that he had been arrested for taking what did not belong to him, and what he had no business to meddle with. "By whom was he arrested, and what did he take?"—"He was arrested by death for taking the yellow fever."

A poor girl, who had just recovered from a spell of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings and went to the doctor's office to settle her bill. Just at the door the lawyer of the place passed into the office before her on a similar errand. "Well, doctor," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you, and I should like to know how much."—"Yes," said the doctor, "I attended upon you about a week; and what would you charge me for a week's services, or what do you realize, on an average, for a week's services?"—"Oh," said the lawyer, "perhaps seventy-five dollars."—"Very well, then, as my time and profession are as valuable as yours, your bill is seventy-five dollars." The poor girl's heart sunk within her, for should her bill be anything like that how could she ever pay it? The lawyer paid his bill and passed out, when the doctor turned to the young woman and kindly inquired her errand. "I came," said she, "to know what I owe you, although I know not as I can ever pay you."—"I attended you about a week," said the doctor. "Yes, sir."—"What do you get per week?"—"Seventy-five cents," said she. "Is that all?"—"Yes, sir."—"Then your bill is seventy-five cents." The poor girl paid him thankfully, and went back with a light heart.

Some time since, two individuals were lying in one room very sick, one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of mumps. They were so low that watchers were required every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick of fever ever recovered. A gentleman was engaged to watch one night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to take the medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud or to move any portion of his body except his arms, but seizing a pillow he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it. Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor and awakening both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck both the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed most heartily at it for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning, he found the patients vastly improved, said he had never known so sudden a turn for the better—and they are now both out and well. Who says that laughter is not the best medicine?

A certain conceited old doctor, when called to children, always prescribed for one and the same remedy—worms. Being summoned one day to the bedside of a little boy, he gravely sat down, and, having felt the patient's pulse, looked up over his spectacles, and said to the mother, in a solemn tone: "Worms, madam, worms." To which the mother responded, "I tell ye, doctor, the boy haint got a worm. He stumbled over a stick of wood and broke his leg, and I want it set quick."—"Worms, madam, I assure you—worms in the wood."

Dr. A., a physician of North Bridgewater, Massachusetts, while riding with one of his patients, met Dr. B., another physician of that town, when the following conversation took place:—"Well, doctor, I see you are taking one of your patients to ride."—"Exactly," says Dr. A. "Well," says Dr. B., "a thing I never do is to take patients out riding."—"I know it," said Dr. A., "the undertaker does it for you."

"Doctor, kin you tell me what's the matter with my child's nose? She keeps a pickin' on't."—"Yes, ma'am. It's probably an irritation of the gastric mucous membrane, communicating a sympathetic titillation of the epithelium of the nasal organ."—"There, now, that's just what I told Becky. She 'lowed it was worrums."

A COFFIN-MAKER was asked for whom he was making a coffin, and replied: "Mr. Swift."—"Why, man," replied the other, "he is not dead yet."—"Don't you trouble yourself," replied the sturdy mechanic. "Dr. Coe, told me to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

A HEALTHY old gentleman was once asked by the king what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. "Sir," replied the old gentleman, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Nine."—"Why, I ordered medicine for ten."—"Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

SOME of the students of the Indiana State University were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Dr. Daily determined to ferret out the secret. Calling into a small drug store the proprietor asked him "how the sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?" Smelling a rat, the doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that the students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that they said he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. Now the secret was out. This Carter was a fictitious character, and the doctor had the secret.

However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in chapel for prayers, he cast his eyes over the crowd and satisfied himself that Carter's nurses were all present. The devotions were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a mournful task to perform—as the President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time he was kept alive by stimulants, he had breathed his last. He had no doubt that this announcement would fall sadly on the ears of those who had so faithfully attended to his wants, but he hoped they would bear it with resignation—he hoped they would reflect on the oft-repeated words, *Memento mori*—that he would now no longer detain but leave them to their own reflections.

The result of this announcement was startling. None of the Professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter. "Who is he?" was whispered; none knew, but the "kind friends who attended him," and they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so deeply affected, they didn't like to ask him.

MAGENDIE, against his will and inclination, determined to become a physician, although all his life long he avowed he scarcely knew how to distinguish in his contempt the fools who gave physic, or the fools that swallowed it.

THE illustrious Boerhaave, the great Dutch physician, is said to have ordered all his library to be burned after his death save one volume. When opened by his pupils it was found to be blank, except the following sentence, written on the flyleaf: "Head cool, feet warm, and bowels open, will keep doctors poor."

"CAN a body eat with these things?" asked an elderly lady, who was handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist was describing them. "My dear madam," responded the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself."—"Yes, I know," replied the female; "but can a body eat with 'em?"

"WHY, doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving my husband. Why is that?"—"All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

A COXCOMB, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," exclaimed the doctor, "you always go out without anything in it."

"AND where was the man stabbed?" asked an excited man of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply. "O yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the court-house."

A DOCTOR met one of his old acquaintances in a crowd, and saluted him, as is often done by others:—"Why, are you alive yet?"—"O yes, doctor," was the reply. "I never took that last medicine you left me!"

A CREDULOUS old lady once asked a waggish doctor if it was true that the bark of a poplar tree when scraped up would act as an emetic, and when scraped down as a cathartic. The doctor said "yes," and cautioned her not to take any that had been scraped around the tree, as "it would fly through the ribs."

THERE is a doctor in the northwestern part of a consolidated city who is especially remarkable for being, as the women term it, "short and crusty." A week or two since he was called to visit a patient, who was laboring under a severe attack of cheap whiskey. "Well, doctor, I'm down, you see, completely floored. Ise got the tremendous delirium, you know." —"Tremens, you fool; where'd you get the rum?" queried the doctor. "All over in spots; broke out promiscuously, doctor."—"Served you right. Where did you get your rum?"—"Father died of the same disease; took him under the short ribs and carried him off bodily."—"Well, you've got to take something immediately." — "You're a trump, doc.; here, wife, I'll take a nip of old rye."—"Lie still, blockhead. Mrs. B., if your husband should get worse before I return, which will be in an hour, just give him a dose of that trunk strap, maybe that'll fetch him to a sense of his folly." The doctor sailed out grandly, and within an hour sailed in again, and found his friend of the "delirium tremendous" in a terrible condition, writhing and struggling with pain. His wife, a female of the plain, but ignorant school, came, and, laying her hand upon the doctor's arm, said: "Doctor, I gave him the strap as you directed."—"Did you thrash him well?"—"Thrash him!" exclaimed the astonished woman; "no, but I cut the strap into hash and made him swallow it."—"Oh, mercy! doctor," roared the victim, "I swallowed the leather, but — but——" "But what?"—"I swallowed the whole strap, but I'm blowed if I could go the buckle." The doctor administered two bread pills and evaporated.

NOTHING so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find after his arrival that nothing, or next to nothing is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind recorded of an eminent surgeon. He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said, "Sir, I hope there is no danger?"—"Indeed there is," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back."

A FRENCHMAN, resolved to be rid of life, went a little before high tide to a post set up by the sea-side. He had provided himself with a ladder, a rope, a pistol, a bundle of matches, and a vial of poison. Ascending the ladder, he tied one end of the rope to the post, and the other end around his neck; then he took the poison, set his clothes on fire, put the muzzle of the pistol to his head, and kicked away the ladder. In kicking down the ladder, he sloped the pistol so that the ball missed his head and cut through the rope by which he was suspended; he fell into the sea, thus extinguishing the flames of his clothes; and the sea water which he involuntarily swallowed counteracted the poison; and thus, in spite of his precautions, he remained unhanged, unshot, unpoisoned, unburned, and undrowned.

A QUACK doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

In a village near Cork, a medical gentleman was one night disturbed by repeated tappings at his door, and on getting up found a laboring man soliciting his immediate attendance for his wife. "Have you been long here?" asked the doctor. "Indeed I have," answered Pat. "But why didn't you ring the night bell?" —"Och, because I was afraid of disturbing your honor?"

The first physician in a certain case was discharged by his patient because he was honest and plain enough to tell the patient he had a sore throat; and the second doctor, having some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when questioned, that his case was highly abnormal, and had degenerated into synanche tonsilaris. "O doctor," cried the patient, "do say that word again."—"Why, sir, I said that you were at present laboring under synanche tonsilaris."—"Why, think, doctor, that fool told me that I had nothing but a sore throat, and I told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?"—"I told you, sir, in plain terms, that the morbid condition of your system was obvious, and that it had terminated in synanche tonsilaris."—"O doctor, it must be a monstrous bad complaint; think you can cure me, doctor?"—"Now, though your diagnosis is clear, your prognosis is doubtful, yet I think, by prudent care and skilful treatment, you may recover."—"O, well, doctor, do stay all night, and I will pay you anything you ask."

"Doctor," said Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, to Dr. Baillie, the celebrated physician, "don't you think that I write too much for my nervous system?" —"No, I don't," said Dr. Baillie; "but I think you write too much for your reputation."

A rough individual, whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete, had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats."

A jolly old doctor said that people who were prompt in payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them. A good hint and a sensible doctor.

A lady asked her physician's advice about a certain fashionable medicine. "Excellent, madam," replied the doctor. "But don't lose any time about it, for remedies of this kind are only good for six months."

A doctor went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O doctor, you're a good butcher." To which the doctor rejoined, "O yes, I am used to sticking calves."

A student of medicine having courted a girl a year, and got the sack, has turned round and sued her father for "the visits" he paid her.

"Well, John," said a doctor to a lad, whose mother he had been attending during her illness, "how is your mother?" —"She's dead, I thank you, sir."

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary, and inquired for a pharmacopœia. "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about in these parts."

A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I would sooner be your ham than your patient."

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued: "Does Dr. Channing live here?"—"Yes, sir." —"Can I see him?"—"I am he."— "Who? you?"—"Yes, sir."—"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach."—"Heard me preach?" —"Certainly. You are the Doctor Channing that preaches, aint you?"—"Oh, I see you are mistaken now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the doctor who practises."

A CERTAIN physician, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," says he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your assistance we should all go on foot, and be starved."

A CLERGYMAN being asked by a skeptical physician how it happened that the patriarchs lived to such an age, replied, "They took no physic."

I CALLED at Dr. Physic's office one day, and found one of the most noted sexton-undertakers lying on a settee, waiting for the return of the doctor. The easy familiarity of his position, and the perfect at-homeativeness, led me to say, "Why, Mr. Plume, have you gone into partnership with the doctor?"—"Yes," he replied, as he raised himself up, "we've been together some time: I always carry the doctor's work home when it is done."

A PHYSICIAN had attended the only child of rich parents, and had, with the aid of Providence, saved the infant's life. A day or two after her darling was pronounced out of danger, the grateful mother visited the man of science at his office. "Doctor," said she, "there are certain services which mere money cannot remunerate. Scarcely knowing how to discharge my debt to you, I have thought you might be willing to accept this pocket-book, which I have myself embroidered, as a trifling token of my gratitude."—"Madam," retorted the disciple of Æsculapius, somewhat rudely, "the practice of medicine is not a matter of sentiment. 'Time is money,' and we expect our time to be paid for in money. Pretty presents may serve to perpetuate friendship, but they do not contribute to the cost of house-keeping."—"Well, then, doctor," replied the lady, much wounded by his tone and manner, "be good enough to name the sum at which you value your professional service."—"Certainly, madam. My charge in your instance is two thousand francs." Without further remark, the lady opened the rejected pocket-book, which she still held in her hand, took two of the five one thousand franc notes stowed inside, placed them on the great man's table, and quietly bid him good morning.

ABERNETHY once said to a rich, but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover."—"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

A COUNTRY apothecary being out for a day's shooting, took his errand-boy to carry his game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed, "Lor', master, there's a covey; if you get near 'em, won't you physic 'em?"—"Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean?" said the doctor. "Why, kill 'em, to be sure," replied the lad.

"WHY, you rascal," said Radcliffe, the great physician, to a pavior, who dunned him; "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work."—"Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work the earth hides."—"You dog, you," said Radcliffe, "you are a wit. You must be poor; come in, and you shall be paid."

THE late Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician:—"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?"—"Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain."—"Bosh!" replied his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

"DOCTOR, do you think tight lacing is bad for consumption?"—"Not at all, madam—it is what it lives on."

A LEARNED doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

A YOUNG lady of fastidious taste and extreme carefulness in her expressions, found it necessary, from some biliary derangement, to call in a physician. "What are you suffering with, miss?" asked the doctor. "O, I don't know exactly, doctor; but I think I am rather Williamous. That is the main difficulty."

TWO French doctors were fighting a duel with small swords, when one disarmed the other, the sword of the disarmed man flying off to some distance. "Down and beg for your life," exclaimed the successful combatant, as he raised his sword to split his adversary. "Never!" exclaimed the latter. "I will never beg my life of you unless I should be so unfortunate as to become your patient." The joke was so good that the belligerent M. D. laughed out loud, and the two shook hands and became friends.

DOCTOR B. is not a little of a wag. At a social gathering shortly after he had received his diploma, the young ladies were very anxious to put his knowledge of medicine to the test. "Doctor," queried one of the fair, "what will cure a man who has been hanged?"—"Salt is the best thing I know of," replied the tormented, with solemnity.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, on visiting the French capital, was asked by the surgeon *en chef* of the empire how many times he had performed some wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty time. How many time did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of thirteen. How many did you save out of a hundred and sixty?"—"Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all; but the operation was very *brillante!*"

"WHAT object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor; but I rather think it is your shadow."

A PHYSICIAN, who is something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions: "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils; how is it that you are not protected in the same way?" The colored brother replied promptly: "Don't know about that, doctor; I 'spect I is. I have tooken a mighty sight of strong medicines from you, doctor, and I is alive yet."

A KIND physician living near Boston, wishing to smooth the last hours of a poor woman whom he was attending, asked her if there was anything he could do for her before she died. The poor soul, looking up, replied: "Doctor, I have always thought I should like to have a glass butter dish before I died."

A WESTERN physician was riding in an omnibus, when an Irishman stepped in, and recognizing the doctor said: "Och, an' sure, an' it's Docther J., I persave."—"That's my name, sir, but I haven't the pleasure of knowing you," responded the polite doctor. "Indade! but I'm the felly what made yer last boots, and which yer honor forgot to get a resate for the payment ov." The ladies tittered, the doctor's memory was refreshed, and Paddy got his money and gave the "rasate" when the doctor got to his destination.

A VERY fat man for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

A MODERN French writer says: "A physician prescribing to a sick man always reminds me of a child snuffing a candle—it is ten to one that he snuffs it out."

The only persons who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

Dr. Pitcairn was a great enemy to quackery and quacks, of whom he used to say that there were not such liars in the world except their patients. A relation of his, one day, asked his opinion of a certain work on fevers ; he observed : "I do not like fever curers ; we may guide a fever—we cannot cure it. What would you think of a pilot who attempted to quell a storm ? Either position is equally absurd. We must steer the ship as well as we can in a storm, and in fever we can only employ patience and judicious measures, to meet the difficulties of the case."

One of the physicians of Burlington, Vt., driving into town on election morning, was met by a friend who hailed him with the question : "Have you voted ?" —"Not yet," replied the doctor, "but I have been out all night after a voter ; I got him safe too."—"When will he vote?"—"O, about twenty-one years from now."

A physician being asked the difference between a regular physician and a quack, replied : "A monkey observing a butler drawing a jug of ale, wished to be an imitator, without the capacity ; he drew the spiggot from the barrel, but not knowing how to stop it again, let the ale all run out, while he frisked about in the greatest fear imaginable."

An old gentleman, who used to frequent one of the coffee-houses where physicians most did congregate, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case ; accordingly, he one day took an opportunity of asking Dr. Mott, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically ; "you should take advice."

"**You** need a little sun and air," said a physician to a maiden patient. "If I do," was the cute reply, "I'll wait till I get married." Bolus looked thoughtful, and thought it was best.

An ancient Medicus, who rode one of the widest of country circuits, sowing calomel broadcast, had returned at the close of one stormy day particularly weary, he having assisted at the addition of two to the human population, besides attending to the whole of a large practice. He ate his supper, sat awhile in his slippers before the fire enjoying a mug of flip, and went to bed, happy in the hope that he should not be called. He had just got asleep when the door-knocker banged furiously, and he started up to learn that old Mrs. Moore, at the furthest bound of his beat, wished to see him. "Wouldn't it do in the morning ?" he asked the messenger. "No, the old lady was pertickler," and so he reluctantly got into his clothes for his five-mile ride. She was one of his best customers, and he wouldn't offend her. On reaching her house, she told him she had taken a violent cold, and wanted him to give her something to make her sneeze. The doctor thought of his distant bed with a sigh, and gave her enough bayberry snuff to keep her sneezing till the next morning. This was some consolation to him as he drove home.

"Do you think raw oysters are healthy ?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied, "I never knew one to complain."

Louis XIV., who was a slave to his physician, asked his friend Moliere what he did with his doctor. "O, sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes ; we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves ; he prescribes—I don't take his medicine—and am cured."

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

"**Come**, Sol," said our village joker to the sage doctor, "tell us what the antidote for love is."—"Well," said the doctor, eyeing the youth keenly with his gray eye, "when a young man dotes on a young woman, and the girl's father gives him a hint, in the shape of a stub-toed boot, that his room is better than his company, it generally acts as an antidote."

ZIMMERMAN, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last sickness. One day the king said to him: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

A YOUNG medical student, who had been screwed very hard at his examination for admission to the faculty, on a very warm day, was nearly overcome by the numerous questions put to him, when the following query was added: "What course would you adopt to produce a copious perspiration?" After a long breath, he observed, wiping his forehead, "I would have the patient examined before the medical society."

THE rudeness of Dr. Parr to the ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterward apologized for herself by saying "that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense."—"No, madam," he replied, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle!"

"PUT out your tongue a little farther," said a physician to a female patient; "a little farther, ma'am, if you please, a little farther still."—"Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

IT is said that a celebrated English duchess, on being told that she must be bled or she would die, assumed the usual prerogative of her sex, and replied, "I won't be bled; and I won't die;" and she didn't.

A STUDENT of medicine from Boston, while attending lectures in London, observed that the King's evil had been but little known in the United States since the revolution.

"PRAY, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live on sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

DR. ABERNETHY, on one occasion, was on a visit to a lady, who, after describing her complaints, added, "O doctor, whenever I lift my arm it pains beyond endurance."—"Then, madam," said the doctor, "you are a great fool for lifting it."

Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis, one mahogany coffin.

LORD NORTH, who was very corpulent before a severe sickness, said to his physician after it; "Sir, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances."—"Who are they, my lord?" inquired the doctor. "My ribs," replied his lordship, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

A COUNTRY doctor announces that he has changed his residence to the neighborhood of the church-yard, which he hopes may prove a convenience to his numerous patients.

A DOCTOR returned a coat to a tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said, "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man!"—"Why so?" asked the doctor. "Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

"PLEASE, sir, I don't think Mr. Doseim takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?"—"'Cause vy, he's getting vell so precious fast."

WHEN one of Dr. Chapman's patients revolted at a monstrous dose of medicine, and said: "Why, doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for gentlemen?" The doctor replied, "O no, but for 'working' men."

THE best physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr Diet, and Dr. Merryman.

A DOCTOR has been lecturing around the country on the disease called "Love." He recommended matrimony as a certain cure. Some persons that have taken the medicine recommended, find it in some cases worse than the disease.

A LADY of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his work."

DR. CHAPMAN, of Philadelphia, was walking in the street, and a baker's cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to spare the doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed: "You are the best bred man in town."

PHYSIOLOGY AND MEDICAL SCIENCE.

FROM "A Practical Treatise upon the Human Skin," by Erasmus Wilson, F. R. S., we select the following description of the Perspiratory System:

To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2268, and the length of the tubes 567 inches, or 47 feet. The perspiratory system of the skin is one of the usual channels by which excess of water is removed from the blood, and in effecting this purpose the perspiratory function becomes a regulator of the temperature of the body. In health perspiration is always taking place, even in a passive state of the body, and passes off in the form of an imperceptible vapor, which is therefore termed insensible perspiration. But when the muscular system is in exercise, when chemical combination is active, and the nervous system excited, the perspiration is no longer insensible; it becomes perceptible, and more or less abundant, and is then denominated sensible perspiration.

The existence of perspiration in its insensible or sensible state, bears relation, not merely to the quantity of perspired fluid, but also to the atmosphere. Thus, in a close, damp day, when the atmosphere is warm, and already charged with moisture, it is incapable of receiving that of the skin, and the ordinarily insensible vapor becomes condensed in a sensible form. On the other hand, when the atmosphere is dry, and the body or the air in motion, the moisture is carried away so rapidly that the sensible, under ordinary circumstances, becomes an insensible perspiration. The term "insensible perspiration," therefore, properly applies to the imperceptible evaporation from the skin when the body is at rest, or in gentle motion.

IT has been observed that the diameters of trunks of trees are greater from east to west than from north to south, which is due to the sun, which, by its east-westerly course, gives most light and heat to the trunk on the east and west sides in the tropics, while, in the northern hemisphere, the north side, and in the southern hemisphere, the south side, of the trunk was less developed in its ligneous structure (always forming under the bark), by the want of the great agent which induces all vegetation. It is also said that in a horizontal section of any trunk the cardinal points of the compass may be recognized by the centre of the year-rings, which is, in the northern hemisphere, always nearest the bark at the north side, where the year-rings are closest together, while on the south side they are farthest apart. In the southern hemisphere the reverse is the case. Therefore let the sunlight into your rooms, and into your hearts as well.

It is a curious fact, which the natural philosophers have not undertaken to explain, that the east wind, all over the world, is the most disagreeable of winds. Everywhere it extracts the vital force, exasperates the nerves, and gives human creatures "the blues." We attribute its strange chilliness here to its passage over a long sweep of ocean before it reaches us; but it produces the same effect in England, where it comes from the continent; and the hydrometer proves it to be the dryest wind experienced on the island. Neither is its power to chill and depress the vital functions to be attributed to its temperature, for the west and northwest winds are generally colder, but produce the opposite effect on the body, quickening the circulation, raising the animal spirits, and kindling an internal warmth that resists successfully the atmospheric cold and promotes a pleasurable glow and excitement.

The clearest answer to the question what is ozone that we have seen, is given by the Washington Union, which says that ozone is formed in the air by decomposition of its water, through disturbances of its electrical equilibrium. Its nature and composition are uncertain. It has heretofore been detected in the atmosphere during the prevalence of epidemics, varying in quantity with the violence of the disease. An ozonometer can be made by saturating a piece of paper in a solution of starch and iodide of potassium. The smallest quantity of ozone in the air will be rendered manifest by the discoloration produced by the free iodine.

The bodies of animals are continually undergoing a series of invisible changes of substances, of which they are entirely unconscious. In from three to five years the entire body is taken out and built in again with new materials. A continued activity prevails among the living agencies to which this hidden work is committed. Every day a small part is carried away, just as if a single brick were every day taken out of an old wall, or a single wheel out of a watch, and its place supplied by another. The body, therefore, requires constant supplies at every period of its life of all those things of which its several parts are built up.

The nose acts like a Custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odor of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, henbane, monk's hood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the fetid smell of drains, and warns us not to smell the polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that air containing 200,000th part of bromine vapor will instantly be detected by it; it will recognize the 1,300,000th part of a grain of the otto of roses, or the 15,000,000th part of a grain of musk. It tells us in the morning that our bed-rooms are impure, and catches the first fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath. To be led by the nose has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach; but to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance, is one of the safest and shortest ways to the enjoyment of health.

The eyebrows are a part of the face comparatively but little noticed, though in disclosing the real sentiments of the mind scarcely any other features of the face can come into competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon the skin, and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. Their majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay, are alternately depicted. "The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expression of the character."—"Part of the soul," says Pliny the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says that "the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

WHAT are colds, and what the *materia morbi* causing them, has long been a matter of dispute and doubt among medical and non-medical people. That there is a subtle, morbid material in the atmosphere that produces influenza, pneumonia, pulmonary congestion and catarrh, there can be no doubt. In the seventeenth century over four hundred thousand people were attacked with influenza in a single day in England, on the prevalence for some hours of a strong western wind. Now what was the nature of that specific poison which, brought in contact with the bronchial and other numerous surfaces of the air passages, produced an inflammation there which we term influenza or cold? Dr. Bence Jones, a learned pathologist and medical philosopher of London, states that it has been shown that the presence of two thousand parts of ozone in the atmosphere will produce the phenomena of cold, pneumonia, pulmonary congestion and catarrh, according to the peculiar tendencies or diathesis of the individual, *i. e.*, of two or more persons exposed at the same time to a like morbific agent, one will have a cold or bronchitis, a second pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs, while a third will have a cold or catarrh in the head.

These diseases, so diverse in name, in clinical history, progress and termination, are after all affections of the same mucous structures, having perfect continuity, and histological or minute formation. Now what is ozone? It is a modified form of oxygen gas that can readily be formed in the laboratory, and is given off as one of the products of the decomposition of organic matter; it can be formed artificially by the decomposition of atmospheric air by Bunsen's battery, or by the action of sulphuric acid on bichromate of potassa. It has recently attracted a great deal of attention from chemists, as it shows that oxygen is a component gas and not a simple one, as formerly supposed, and that it is dissolvable into ozone and antozone, the former of which has many interesting properties beyond those here enumerated. Ozone is the only known reliable test for the detection of strychnia in the stomach in cases of suspected poisoning by that alkaloid. We do not mean to say that the presence of ozone in the air is the only cause of inflammation of the mucous surfaces lining the air passages, but that it is at least one, and that its discovery throws a great deal of light upon the ætiology or cause of certain diseases, and indicates the direction for future investigation of a subject so important to humanity.

FOR us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose, it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery flood, tears, which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterward swept off by it, and runs through the hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air passing over it while breathing evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of a fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelid there are a great number of little tubes or glands from which flows an oily substance, which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edge from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye, which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eyes, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him that formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object. Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion, as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects, yet the Creator has shown his wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globes, and by placing their eyes in front of their heads, so that these little insects can see almost all around them without turning their heads. A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly says that the two eyes of a common one are composed of eight thousand little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an object. Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, and placing it before the microscope, and then looking through both the lenses of a telescope, at a steeple which was two hundred and ninety-nine feet high, and seven hundred and fifty feet distant, he says he could plainly see through every little hemisphere the whole steeple inverted, or turned upside down.

DR. NECLER, a French surgeon, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

FROM the Pall Mall Gazette we take the following: The guillotining of Traupmann in Paris has revived the old question whether death instantaneously follows upon the severance of the head from the body. In a letter to the Gaulois, Dr. Pinel asserts that decapitation does not immediately affect the brain. The blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted, there commences a state, not of death, but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. Dr. Pinel estimates that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, and absolute death would not ensue till, after the space of three hours altogether. If, he adds, a bodiless head indicates by no movement the horror of its situation, it is because it is physically impossible that it should do so, all the nerves which serve for the transmission of the orders from the brain to the trunk being severed. But there remain the nerves of hearing, of smell, and of sight.

MANY are not aware that sneezing is caused by a convulsion of the diaphragm, and if the air which is inhaled when you are inclined to sneeze is suddenly breathed out, the sneeze will be arrested.

THE atmosphere surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not. It presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the slightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances beneath its weight. When in motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests with the earth, to raise the waters of the ocean in ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth, as it revolves on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

THE brain of Cuvier weighed 64½ oz.; this was the largest on record. That of Dr. Abercrombie weighed 63 oz.; that of Dupuytren, a celebrated surgeon of France, 63½; that of Dr. Chalmers (skull very thick), 53 oz.; that of Lord Byron, 58 oz.

THE eye of all birds has a peculiarity of structure which enables them to see near and distant objects equally well, and this wonderful power is carried to the greatest perfection in the bird of prey.

Much of our conduct depends no doubt upon the character of the food we eat. Perhaps, indeed, the nature of our meals governs the nature of our impulses more than we are inclined to admit, because none of us relish well the abandonment of our idea of free agency. Bonaparte used to attribute the loss of one of his battles to a poor dinner, which at the time disturbed his digestion. How many of our misjudgments—how many of our deliberate errors—how many of our unkindnesses, our cruelties, our acts of thoughtlessness or recklessness, may be actually owing to a cause of the same character? We eat something that deranges the condition of the system. Through the stomachic nerve that derangement immediately affects the brain. Moroseness succeeds amiability; and under its influence we do that which would shock our sensibility at any other moment. Or, perhaps, a gastric irregularity is the common result of an over-indulgence in wholesome food, or a moderate indulgence in unsuitable food. The liver is afflicted. In this affliction the brain profoundly sympathizes. The temper is soured; the understanding is narrowed; predjudices are strengthened; generous impulses are subdued; selfishness, originated by physical disturbances which perpetually attack the mind's attention, becomes a chronic, mental disorder; the feeling of charity dies out; we live for ourselves alone; we have no care for others. And all this change of nature is the consequence of an injudicious diet.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect well-being of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slighter cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending of a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.

Dr. Hall, in his "Journal of Health," has furnished some good hints and helps on the nutritive value of the various articles of diet, and we quote from him the following table:

Kind of Food.	Mode of Preparation.	Amount of Nutriment.		Time of Digestion. H.	M.
Cucumbers	Raw	2	per cent	3	16
Turnips	Boiled	4	"	2	30
Milk	Fresh	7	"	2	15
Cabbage	Boiled	7	"	4	30
Apples	Raw	10	"	1	50
Potatoes	Boiled	13	"	2	30
Fish	"	20	"	2	00
Venison	"	22	"	1	30
Pork	Roasted	24	"	5	15
Veal	"	25	"	4	00
Beef	"	26	"	3	30
Poultry	"	27	"	2	55
Mutton	"	30	"	3	15
Bread (wheat)	Baked	80	"	3	30
Beans	Boiled	87	"	2	30
Rice		88	"	1	00
Butter and oils		96	"	3	30
Sugars and syrups.		96	"	3	30

There are phenomena in nature which baffle science. Nobody has yet been able to tell us—though many have tried to do so—why a negro is black and a Caucasian fair. Froissac attributes the ebony hue of the native of Guinea to the large quantity of carbon he derives from his vegetable food; but the complexions of our vegetarians do not bear out this theory. Some ethnologists are of opinion that the blacks and browns of the human pattern-book all came of excessive heat. But this hypothesis is disposed of by the fact that the darkest shade or color is not found among the peoples living directly under the equator. The inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, for example, are much dingier than the natives of the tropical region of New Holland. There are abundant proofs that color depends upon race, and has nothing to do with locality. The full-blooded descendants of the Spaniards who settled in South America two centuries ago are as white as the people of old Spain, or, if anything, whiter. Among the Berbers of North Africa there is a distinct race with light skins, blue eyes, and red beards; and the North American Mandans, a small tribe of Western Indians, destroyed some years ago by the smallpox, were very nearly as fair as Anglo-Saxons. The proofs that varieties of climate were not the cause of the differences of color in the human species seems to be incontrovertible. How, when, or why those differences were brought about, the philosophers know no more than we do. It is one of God's unsolvable problems. Let it alone.

THERE is much nourishment in fish—little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight, and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its soft fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is in fish a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, namely, iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which the civilized, the highly educated and refined are afflicted.

How does a fly buzz? is a question more easily asked than answered. Rennie ascribes the sound partially to air, but to air as it plays on the "edges of their wings at their origin, as with an Æolian harp string," or to the friction of some internal organ at the root of the wings or nerves. How does the fly feed? the busy, curious, thirsty fly, that "drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or suck; the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer or syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an overripe blackberry, but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing "small by degrees" under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a dilutent, a salivary fluid passing down the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.

THE chick grows and swells in the inside of the shell, until at last the excrescence on the point of the beak of the bird presses against the inside of the shell, and bursts up a small scale; of course when it does this, it at the time breaks "in that spot" the inside skin of the egg. This admits the air; in a short time it breathes and gets strength to cry loudly. The hen then sets to work to liberate it; she brings it forward under the feathers of the crop, and supporting it between the breastbone and the nest begins the work of setting her progeny free. She hitches the point of her beak into the hole formed by the raising of the scale by the chick's beak, and breaks away the egg-skin or shell all round the great diameter of the egg. The joint efforts of the hen without and the chick within then liberate the prisoner, and he struggles into existence, and gets dry under the feathers, and with the natural heat of the hen.

THE common dust that flies about the streets is not only annoying, but unhealthy, and, according to some theories, is the cause of many diseases. An experiment made in Manchester, England, shows that twenty-five cubic feet of air contained about forty million organic beings; and this twenty-five cubic feet is only a small portion of the air a man breathes every day. Besides these beings, there were also many other solid dust-particles. The scientific officers of the Board of Health in New York have done the same thing with air obtained from our streets, from our theatres, etc. They took simply the particles of dust settling on glass, and this showed by microscopic examination that the street dust is the finer the higher it is collected, and consists of sand from quartz and felspar, carbon from coal or lampblack, fibres of wool, cotton, etc., of different colors, epidermic scales, granules of starch, wheat, tissues of plants, hairs of down, and different kinds of pollen. Fungi were very abundant; and when water was added, and the contents exposed to heat and light for half a day, thousands of animalculæ made their appearance, while the fungi sprouted and multiplied, and formed a perfect microscopic aquarium, full of vegetable and animal life.

IF two persons are to occupy a bedroom during the night, let them step on a weighing scale as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalation. This is diffused through the air in part, and part absorbed by the bed-clothes. Have your rooms well ventilated, and thoroughly air the sheets, coverlids, and matresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly-made bed.

SET a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become pure, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature, a pail of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use. For the same reason, the water from a pipe should always be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

THE amount of fluid exhaled from the skin and lungs in twenty-four hours, probably averages about three or four pounds. The largest quantity ever noticed, except under extraordinary circumstances, was 5 pounds; and the smallest, 1¾ pounds. It contains a small quantity of solid animal matter, besides that of other secretions of the skin, which are mingled with it, and there is good reason to think that this excretion is of much importance in carrying off certain substances which would be injurious if allowed to remain in the blood.

THE practice of sleeping together, almost universal, should never be indulged in. More diseases, especially those of nervousness and prostration, are caused by it than by any other cause. Especially is it dangerous for a young person to sleep with an aged one, or a hearty person with a feeble one. The best medical testimony points to this fact, and should be heeded. Why knowledge of this fact should be disregarded in this day of boasted civilization, when it was so well known in a far more ignorant age, is singular. Every reader of the Bible remembers the fact of the Hebrews acting on this idea when they procured a young damsel for their aged King David, that he might be invigorated by her strength; and many people are familiar with the story of the old woman who compelled her young and healthy servants to retire in the same bed with herself, that she might prolong her life thereby, and carried this horrid vampirism to such an extent, that, her maids all becoming sickly after a time, she could induce none to work for her, and, in consequence, expired. An eminent physician, speaking of the fact, says that he was some years since consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy of five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment; but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength—what his mother aptly termed "a gradual blight."

For a long time the doctor was puzzled, especially when he found that the child had been rugged and robust up to his third year; but when he learned, that, about that time, his grandmother, a very aged person, came to live in the family, and took him to sleep with her, he knew at once what was the matter, transferred him to a single bed, and in a short time he was as robust as ever.

WITH most men there is an epoch in life when the eye becomes slightly flattened. It arises probably from a diminished activity of the secreting vessels. The consequence is that the globe is not kept quite as completely distended with fluids as in youth and middle age. There is thus an elongated axis of vision. A book is held farther off to be read. Finally becoming more flattened by the same inactivity within, the difficulty is met by putting on convex glasses. This is the waning vision of age. If, however, when that advancing is first realized, the individual persists in the attempt to keep the book in the old focus of vision, even if he reads under perplexing disadvantages, never relaxing, but perseveringly proceeding just as he did when his eyes were in the meridian of their perfection, the slack vessels will at last come to his assistance, and the original focal distance will be re-established.

DR. NEIL ARNOTT, writing on Respiration, says:—"The atmosphere covers the surface of the earth as an ocean, about fifty miles deep. A man's chest contains nearly two hundred cubic inches of air, but in ordinary breathing he takes in at one time, and sends out again, about twenty cubic inches, the bulk of a full-sized orange; and he makes about fifteen inspirations in a minute. He vitiates, therefore, in a minute about the sixth part of a cubic foot, but which, mixing as it escapes with many times as much of the air around, renders unfit for respiration three or four cubic feet. The removal of this impure air and the supply in its stead of fresh air is accomplished thus: the air which issues from the chest being heated to near the temperature of the living body, namely, 98°, and being thereby dilated, is lighter, bulk for bulk, than the surrounding air at an ordinary temperature; it therefore rises in the atmosphere, to be diffused there, as oil, set free under water, rises; in both cases, a heavier fluid is, in fact, pushing up and taking the place of a lighter. In aid of this process come the greater motions in the atmosphere called winds, which mingle the whole, and favor agencies which maintain the general purity."

EVERY seven years, we are told, the human body is renewed; every particle of which it is composed at the beginning of that period will have disappeared at the end of it, and fresh matter will have been drawn from the earth, air, and water to supply the void. So with the sea. It is continually ascending to the clouds in vapor, and descending in rain.

The earth itself is subject to the same condition. It is constantly decaying, and must constantly be repaired. Like the pelican of the classic legend, it has to feed its offspring with its own body. Vegetation of all kinds is perpetually preying on its vitals, and robbing it of its most material essences.

IT is better to go to sleep on the right side, for the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided by passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back-bone, compresses it and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us and sends on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of something warm to drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.

An article in Scientific American states that a nerve, an artery, and a vein enter the root of every tooth, "and all through an opening just large enough to admit a human hair." The dental pulp is the termination of the nerve in the crown of the tooth. In the molar teeth it is about the size of a small shot. Some anatomists call it the dental pulp. The ivory of the tooth (that part which lies under the enamel) is composed of an immense number of little pipes, or tubuli, which make that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of a tooth when the enamel is gone. The acids of the saliva, heat and cold, pentrate these numerous cells and cause a sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity solid with some metal is the only cure. The nerve from one tooth connects with the nerve to every tooth on either jaw. This is the reason why the pain is so often felt on the opposite side from where the cause exists. Pain is often felt in the upper jaw when the cause exists in the lower. The superior (upper) molar teeth have three roots. They sometimes (not frequently) have four, and even five roots, while the inferior (lower) have but two. The bicuspids usually have but one root, or two united, so as to have the appearance of but one. They sometimes, however, occur with two distinct roots. The incisors and eye teeth never have more than one root.

By a simple experiment, it is easy to discover to what animal any kind of blood or spots of blood belonged. This process is as follows: Put a few drops of blood, or the scum of blood, into a glass; add concentrated sulphuric acid, to the amount of one-third or one-half the quantity of blood, and stir the whole together with a glass rod; by this means the odoriferous principle peculiar to the species of animal to which the blood belonged, is evolved; thus, for instance, the blood of a man discharges a strong odor of the perspiration of man, which it is impossible to confound with any other; that of a woman a similar odor, but much weaker: that of a sheep the well-known smell of greasy wool; that of a pig, the disagreeable odor of a piggery; and so on. Even the blood of a frog has given out the peculiar smell of marshy reeds, and that of a crab the peculiar smell of a freshwater fish. Upon trials made to ascertain whether spots of blood could be distinguished and referred to their source, it was found that to a certain extent a pretty sure judgment can be given even after fifteen days. The spotted linen is to be cut out, put into a watch glass, and, being moistened with a little water, left for a short time to rest, and well soaked; a little sulphuric acid is to be added and stirred about with a glass rod, the peculiar odor will then be recognized: but this experiment should be performed without delay, for after a fortnight the odor is scarcely perceptible.

Shakspeare calls the stomach the storehouse and shop of the whole body. It is here that the food is received when taken into the system, and by the juices and the action of the stomach those changes are principally effected by which it is converted into living blood. Hence disease or disorder of the stomach assails the current of life at its source. If the stomach fails to perform its duty, the blood speedily becomes impure and carries seeds of disease to every part of the system.

The lungs are specially liable to disease from this cause. Those in any way inclined to disease of the lungs cannot be too careful to keep the stomach in a healthy condition.

It is essential to digestion that the food taken into the stomach should be perfectly chewed and properly insalivated. Unless the food is properly chewed or masticated, the gastric juice cannot act upon it perfectly, and indigestion is the result. Some kinds of food, unless they are very thoroughly chewed, are scarcely more digestible than lead. Hence, a person who wishes to avoid dyspepsia, or who has already a weak stomach, cannot be too careful to eat slowly and chew the food thoroughly. But, besides the proper mastication of the food, there are other reasons for eating slowly. While we are eating, saliva is freely secreted and poured into the mouth to be mixed with the food. To a hungry person even the sight of food will sometimes cause this, or, as children will say, make the mouth water. The secretion of saliva ceases as soon as we stop eating, so that if a person eats very fast, and uses much drink to wash down the food, much less saliva is taken into the stomach than would be if the food were eaten slowly. But a certain amount of saliva is indispensable to healthy digestion, so that even if the food could be properly chewed, fast eating would induce dyspepsia, as it would prevent proper insalivation of the food.

ATMOSPHERIC air contains by weight about twenty-three parts of oxygen to seventy-seven parts of nitrogen or azote out of one hundred. It is upon the oxygen of the air that its fitness for supporting animal life depends, for when an animal is confined in a small quantity of air till this is exhausted it dies from suffocation. In all of the animals which have red blood—the mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes—the influence that the air has upon the blood is to change it from dark red to a bright red or vermilion color. It is, therefore, the oxygen of the air that reddens and imparts life to the blood, and carbonic acid gas which darkens the vital fluid; and the inspiratory process gives the former, while the expiring process expels the latter. The surface of the lungs is the theatre upon which these great results are worked out, and this lung surface is believed to contain not less than six hundred millions air-cells, which come in contact with the air we breathe.

The quantity of air ordinarily contained in the lungs of a common-sized man, immediately after an inspiration, has been calculated to be about 280 cubic inches, and about forty inches are drawn in and thrown out at each inspiration and expiration, so that the whole mass of air is not changed at every breath, but a large proportion remains constantly present to distend the lungs. Death by drowning is not caused by the filling of the lungs or air-cells with water, but by the exhaustion of the lungs of the air, and such a death is analagous to one in an air-exhauster. In either case the lungs collapse, the heart ceases to beat, and the blood is poisoned by the unexpired carbonic acid gas in the vital fluid.

If the air which has been respired be examined, a change will be found to have taken place in its composition. A part of its oxygen has disappeared, and in its place is found about the same quantity of carbonic acid or fixed air. This carbonic acid is substantially the same as the fumes of burning charcoal, which, when inhaled, will produce death. Hence, non-aired or ill-ventilated sleeping apartments become injurious to health, by the infusion of carbonic acid gas through respiration of many persons in small rooms. The connection between the heart and the lungs is very close. If the circulation of the blood cease, by the cessation of the heart, respiration ceases. If, on the other hand, respiration be impeded, the heart may not stop at once, but the dark venous blood, loaded with carbon, passing into the circulation, and totally unfit for the purposes of life, destroys all the functions of life.

It is only in the power of animals which have lungs, in the proper sense of the term, to express their feelings by audible sounds. The difference of voice in man and birds—the two chief singers—is very remarkable. In man and in quadrupeds all sounds proceed from the larynx or windpipe, with the assistance of the mouth at the top of the windpipe, while in birds the organ of voice or larynx is situated at the bottom of the throat, or where the windpipe divides into two parts to go to the lungs. The variations of sound by the bird are produced by a little membrane in the tube of the windpipe, which is made to vibrate by the air, and by means of a number of little muscles, which either tighten or relax the windpipe.

Reptiles do not have a solid organ or lung with air-cells, but a number of bags of a membranous texture, into which the air is conveyed. Frogs and toads swallow the air. Respiration in these animals is not performed so regularly and constantly as in mammals and birds. A toad lived in a jar containing a hundred cubic inches of air for five days. In forty inches another toad lived for twenty-four hours, and a frog fifty-nine.

The respiration of fishes is carried on by gills or branchiæ, to which the air is applied through the medium of water. Every portion of water contains a certain quantity of air combined or mixed in some way to support the finny tribe. A portion of water is constantly passed over the gills by the action of the mouth, which produces the requisite change upon the blood circulating through them. Hence, if we place fish in a vessel of water, but keep the vessel open to the air, the fish will live and grow; but tightly close the vessel and they will soon grow uneasy, rush tumultuously about, and finally die for want of air. So, too, when the river ice is broken the fish will rush to the opening for air, and are thus caught.

Air is distributed in the bodies of insects by a great number of tubes called tracheæ, which convey it to every part. These communicate with the external air by means of openings called stigma, which furnish a constant supply. If you smear over these openings with any unctuous substance, thus preventing the transmission of air, the animals die, thus proving these openings are air tubes.

The hedgehog, the dormouse, the marmot, and the toad will lie dormant all winter long, with certainly only an occasional respiration, till the heat of spring restores their wonted powers of life. And what is most extraordinary is that toads have been found in a hundred places on the globe inclosed in the heart of solid rocks, and in the bodies of trees, where they must probably have existed for centuries, without any access either to nourishment or air, and yet when found they were alive and vigorous.

THERE is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young and able-bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and respiration through the mouth instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all the diseases of the throat and lungs, as bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, which is so weakening to their body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with their mouths unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of, when not engaged in conversation, preserving the lips in a state of firm, but quiet compression.

As a man produces in twenty-four hours about ten cubic feet of carbonic acid, if he were enclosed in a space containing 1000 cubic feet of air (such as would exist in a room ten feet square and ten feet high), he would, in twenty-four hours, communicate to its atmosphere from his lungs as much as one part in 100 of carbonic acid, provided that no interchange takes place between the air within and the air outside the chamber. The amount would be farther increased by the carbonic acid thrown off the skin, the quantity of which has not yet been determined. In practice, such an occurrence is seldom likely to take place; since in no chamber that is ever constructed, except for the sake of experiment, are the fittings so close as to prevent a certain interchange of the contained air with that outside. But the same injurious effect is often produced by the collection of a large number of persons for a short time in a room insufficiently provided with the means of ventilation. It is evident that if twelve persons were to occupy such a chamber for two hours, they would produce the same effect with that occasioned by one person in twenty-four hours. We will suppose 1200 persons to remain in a church or assembly-room for two hours; they will jointly produce 1000 cubic feet of carbonic acid in that time. Let the dimensions of such a building be taken at eighty feet long, fifty broad, and twenty-five high; then its cubical contents will be 100,000 cubic feet. And thus an amount of carbonic acid equal to one one-hundredth part of the whole will be communicated to the air of such a building in the short space of two hours, by the presence of 1200 people, if no provision is made for ventilating it. And the quantity will be greatly increased, and the injurious effects will be proportionably greater, if there is an additional consumption of oxygen, produced by the burning of gaslights, lamps, or candles.

IF we take a printed page, we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move a page to a distance of forty inches, we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus except by the aid of spectacles. But the eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases: he has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or two miles, in order to see it with perfect distinctness. The ball of his eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When he looks at a distant object this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter; and when he looks at a very near object the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and can only see clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

THE knowledge of the mechanism of the mode of respiration of birds will enable us to explain a remarkable feature in the history of the feathered tribes—namely, their power of song. Who that has listened to the prolonged warblings of a linnet, the flood of melody poured forth from the little throat of the canary, which almost pains the enraptured ear as we listen to the song of the nightingale, but has wondered how such tiny birds can ever find sufficient breath for the utterance of such long-sustained, such interminable notes? What would our prima donnas at the opera give for but the tithe of the capacity of these favored little songsters? No human breast could ever hold sufficient breath for such performances. We now see, however, that the vocal organs of a bird are exactly adapted to the nature of their music. Their whole body is a bellows, as large in proportion to their size as the bellows of an organ is in relation to the pipes into which it has to pour the sound. The little bird is, in fact, a living harmonium—its singing apparatus is not situated at the top of its throat, but is implanted in the interior termination of its windpipe; and just as the tongue of the harmonium is thrown into vibration by the issuing current of air caused by the pressure upon the bellows, so are the vocal chords of the feathered songster rendered sonorous as the air passes over them.

THERE can be no reasonable doubt of the benefit of salt to the human body. It would seem as superfluous to discuss the propriety of using common salt with our food as to argue the healthfulness of water and bread, as salt has been universally used by both men and animals since the creation of the world. "Salt," says a high authority, "forms an essential constituent of the blood, the loss of saline particles there from the secretions, the tears, the bile, etc., being repaired by the use of common salt as a condiment. The gastric juice of the stomach contains free hydro-chloric acid, which is doubtless derived from salt taken with the food."' In Brande's "Encyclopedia" is the following statement: "Salt is next to bread the most important necessary of life."

IN Johnson's "Chemistry of Common Life" we find the following:—The living animal is made up for the most part of water. A man of 154 pounds weight contains 116 pounds of water, and only thirty-eight pounds of dry matter. From his skin and from his lungs water is continually evaporating. Were the air around him perfectly dry, his skin would become parched and shrivelled, and thirst would oppress his feverish frame. The air which he breathes from his lungs is loaded with moisture. Were that which he draws in entirely free from watery vapor, he would soon breathe out the fluids which fill up his tissues, and would dry up in a withered and ghastly mummy. It is because the simoom and other hot winds of the desert approach to this state of dryness that they are so fatal to those who travel on the arid wastes.

ONE of the most sensible sayings on the art of longevity, so far as it can be considered attainable, was that given by an Italian in his 116th year. Being asked the secret of his living so long he replied, with that improvisation for which his countrymen are so generally noted:

When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain.

A writer says the last line contains the quintessence of the best advice that can be given on the subject. The deadliest foe to longevity is excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice to live fast, and draw his little amount of life over a large space, or to condense it into a smaller one; but when his stock at length becomes exhausted he has no more. He who lives extensively, who avoids all stimulants, takes a little exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his accounts with God and man daily squared up, is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limits which it is possible to attain, while he who lives on highly seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his brain or body by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continual excitement, gives loose reins to his passions, frets at every trouble and enjoys but little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

HARD study does not itself shorten life, but does of itself tend to increase the longevity of man. When hard students die early, it will be found that in some way they have fallen into the habit of violating some of the laws of nature, or began study with some inherited infirmity. The pursuit of truth is pleasurable, it is exhilarating, it is exalting and promotes serenity. Of all men, natural philosophers average the longest lives. The great, the governing reason is, in addition to the above, that their attention is drawn away from the indulgences of animal appetites; their gratifications are not in that direction, hence they are neither gormands, drunkards, nor licentious. Sir Isaac Newton had often to be reminded that his dinner was waiting; the call to eat is often a most unwelcome one to literarymen; they consider eating a secondary consideration; they literally eat to live, and the process of dining is often gone through with as a task. Many hard students have become miserable dyspeptics and have died while yet in their prime, but the tormenting disease was brought on by overeating, by eating too fast, or by returning to their studies too soon after a hasty or hearty meal, thus drawing to the brain the nervous energy which ought to have been expended on the stomach in aiding it to prepare the food for nourishing the system, and not being so prepared it "lays heavy," feels like a load, or induces other discomforts which increases in intensity and duration until life becomes a burden and a failure. The French Academy is perhaps the most learned body in the world, and the ages of the younger members average from sixty to seventy. The circumstance most favorable to longevity among brain-workers is the spending a considerable portion of early life in out-door activities, travel and the like, and then by a temperate and plain mode of living the brain will work advantageously until past four score years.

A PHYSICIAN, in the "Science of Life," writes as follows:

Between the years forty and sixty, a man who had been properly regulating himself, may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death comes before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quiet metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

IN cases of mental disease persons have wholly forgotten acquired languages, and reverted to their native tongue; on the other hand, it is recorded that Dr. Johnson, when he was dying, attempted in vain to repeat the Lord's prayer in English, but did so in Latin. In the same manner certain events will slip out of the memory entirely. Dr. Prichard tells us an anecdote which proves that the brain sometimes stands still for years upon the invasion of disease, and when the attack has passed can take up the recollection of an action just at the point at which it had left off. A farmer of New England, whilst enclosing a piece of land, happened, when he had finished his day's work, to put the beetle and wedges which he had used for splitting the timber in the hollow of a tree. That night he was seized with a mental attack which prostrated his mind for many years. At length, however, his senses were suddenly restored, when the first question he asked was whether his sons had brought in the beetle. They replied that they could not find it, fearful of bringing back a recurrence of the attack; upon which the old man got up, went straight to the hollow tree, and brought back the wedges and the ring of the beetle, the wood-work itself having rotted away.

PHYSIOLOGISTS assert that the surface of the body of an ordinary sized man is perforated by more than twenty millions of little pores, through which, if the skin is clean, impure gases are constantly escaping from the body, thus assisting the lungs and other organs in purifying the blood.

THUNDER sours milk, and it also kills oysters. You may load a vessel to its utmost capacity, start for market, and one good round clap of thunder will kill every oyster in the vessel immediately.

POETICAL MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ALL men think all men mortal but themselves.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

All mankind mistake their time of day.

Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

Death has feigned evils nature shall not feel.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

Hope of all passions most befriends us here.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.

Virtue is true self-interest pursued.

They most the world enjoy, who least admire.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.

Fresh hopes are hourly sown in furrowed brows.

Young.

THERE is no virtue like necessity.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Mar not the things that cannot be amended.

Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate ye!

Shakspeare.

FOOLS rush in where angels fear to tread.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope.

WHAT deep wound ever healed without a scar.

Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

Biron.

NEITHER the sun nor death be looked at steadily.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

La Rochefoucauld.

WHATE'ER of earth is formed to earth returns.

Somerville.

JUST men are only free, the rest are slaves.

Chapman.

THE loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb.

J. G. Percival.

THE worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.

Brooke.

BY ignorance is pride increased.

Gay.

'TIS infamy to die, and not be missed.

Carlos Wilcox.

ALL great men are in some degree inspired.

Cicero.

THEY truly mourn, that mourn without witness.

Baron.

GOD made the country, and man made the town.

Cowper.

BEAUTY without virtue is a flower without perfume.

IT is the height of art to conceal art.

OPPORTUNITY makes the thief.

HOPE and fear, peace and strife,
Make up the troubled web of life.

Better a poor, but peaceful life,
Than wealth and fortune, bought with strife.

And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future, and not to the past.

E. Sargent.

BUT is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

When health is lost, be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power
Can give the heart a cheerful hour.

Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.

Gray.

IN every breast there burns an active flame—
The love of glory, or the dread of shame.

Order is heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Fortune in men has some small difference made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Count all the advantages prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains.

Grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.

Talk as you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Pope.

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools.

I was not born for courts, or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.

Nature and nature's law lay hid in night;
God said, let Newton be, and all was light.

O happy state; when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law.

'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace

Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their seasons fly.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

The arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Knew then thyself, presume not God to scan:
The proper study of mankind is man.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance direction, which thou canst not see.

All discord's harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good.

Love is a star, whose gentle ray
Beams constant o'er our lonely way.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill.

Pope.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

'Tis education forms the tender mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

Some positive, persisting fools we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Pope.

Nature ne'er meant her secrets to be found,
And man's a riddle, which man can't expound.

Fled are the charms that graced the ivory brow,
Where smiled a dimple, gapes a wrinkle now.

Robert T. Paine.

And nothing's so perverse in nature,
As a profound opinionator.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals.

Butler.

Let not one look of fortune cast you down,
She were not fortune if she did not frown.

Lord Orrery.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid.

When any great designs thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

Denham.

For all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

Vainglorious man, when fluttering wind doth blow
In his light wings, is lift up to the sky.

Spenser.

All habits gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
A living sermon of the truths he taught.

Love never fails to master what he finds,—
The fool enlightens and the wise he blinds.

In our small skiff we must not launch too far;
We here but coasters, not discoverers, are.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun.

Dryden.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court.

Where all plan, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.

He who by his prince too blindly does obey,
To keep his faith, his virtue throws away.

To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

Dryden.

Love is a gem whose pearly light
Oft charms us in the darkest night.

Love is a star whose gentle ray
Beams constant o'er our lonely way.

Saturday Courier.

Ah me! what is there in earth's various range
Which time and absence may not change?

Sands.

That love alone which virtue's laws control,
Deserves reception in the human soul.

Euripides.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear.

A happy pair may find each day they live
Something to pity, and perhaps forgive.

Nature imprints upon whate'er we see
That has a heart and life in it—Be free.

Here the just law—the judgment of the skies,
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies.

Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise;
Humility is crowned, and faith receives the prize.

He that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as hell shall bind him fast.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

Man is frail, and can but ill sustain
A long immunity from grief and pain.

Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands.

Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued.

'Tis sad to think how many live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, and the slaves of gain.

If to all men happiness is meant,
God in externals could not place content.

The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never.

Wisdom is a pearl, with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God.

The man whose virtues are more felt than seen
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise.

The bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

He will judge the earth and call the fool
To a sharp reckoning that has lived in vain.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream,
The man we celebrate must find a tomb.

The wings that waft our riches out of sight
Grow on the gamester's elbows.

O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in heaven with a curse annexed.

To follow precedents, and wink
With both eyes, is easier than to think.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place.

How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze
Of heaven's mysterious purposes and ways.

Grief is itself a medicine, and bestowed
To improve the fortitude that bears the load.

Remember heaven has an avenging rod;
To smite the poor is treason against God.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is more than those he brands, to blame.

Wherever he found man to nature true,
The right of man were sacred in his view.

Cowper.

Happy were men, if they but understood,
There is no safety but in doing good.

Fountain.

Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next day they're cloudy, sullen and severe.
Garth.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's name.

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Harvey.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Lord Lyttelton.

Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
Johnson.

It is a wretched thing to trust to needs,
Which all men do that trust to their own deeds.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer.
Ben Jonson.

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.
John Cleveland.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining.
Longfellow.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.
Congreve.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing.

Love, fame, ambition, avarice, 'tis the same,
For all are meteors with a different name.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

Life's little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust, and perhaps a name.

Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey.

Man's love is of man's life a thing a part—
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

A man must serve his time at every trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready-made.

Time is the warp of life; O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well.

Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.
Byron.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue.

'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Without the smile, from partial beauty won,
O what were man?—a world without a sun!

The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

Cold in the dust this perished form may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die.
Campbell.

If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.

Though the fair rose with beauteous blush is crowned,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found.

No author ever spared a brother,
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know pride was never made for man.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays.

He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.

The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm consumes.
Gay.

All that glitters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.

And beauty, blemished once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.
Shakspeare.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

My honor is my life, both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

Who soars too near the sun, with golden wings,
Melts them; to ruin his own fortune brings.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Serpents, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet do poisons breed.

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled:
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.

What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

It easeth some, tho' none it ever cured,
To think their sorrows others have endured.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will fight in safeguard of their brood.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Treason and murder ever keep together
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poison more deeply than a mad-dog's tooth.

Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.

Nothing emboldens sin so much
As mercy.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

That man that has a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Shakspeare.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.

To be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand.

Ornament is but the guiled shore
To the most dangerous sea.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

How poor are they who have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth,
A smile secures the wounding of a frown.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The petty follies that themselves commit.

'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall.

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.

He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes vice of no vile hold to stay him up.

The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The mind, by passion driven from its firm hold,
Becomes a feather to each wind that blows.

Of all knowledge
The wise and good seek most to know themselves.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Let Hercules himself do what he may;
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust,
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Shakspeare.

What fate imposes, men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Shakspeare.

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.

None pities him that's in the snare,
And warned before, would not beware.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search may find it out.

What though the sea be calm! trust to the shore,
Ships have been drowned where late they danced before.

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference known:
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.
Herrick.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies.

Learn this, ye men of wealth, a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

Of all bad things by which mankind are cursed,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

All are not just because they do no wrong,
But he, who will not wrong me when he may.
Cumberland.

The good need fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.

True dignity is never gained by place,
And never lost when honors are withdrawn.

Be wise;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
Massinger.

When better cherries are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

How poor a thing is pride; when all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.
Daniels.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above.

Youth, talents, beauty, soon decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray.
Scott.

Unheard some mourn, unknown they sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.
Smollet.

'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
Hunt.

O happy they that never saw the court,
Nor ever knew great men but by report.
Webster.

What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate.

A lady; pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Some write, confined by physic; some by debt,
Some for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet.

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

High stations tumult, but not bliss create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true,
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.

Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay
Provides a house from which to run away.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Women were made to give our eyes delight,
A female sloven is an odious sight.

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise,
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

On pity humanity is built,
And on humanity much happiness.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

Time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here dissimulation drops her mask.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
Is neither strong nor pure.

Death has feigned evils nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.

Leisure is pain; take off our chariot-wheels
How heavily we drag the load of life.

Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man.
Young.

All on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn.

At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.

Ah, how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!

Cares are comforts; such by heaven designed;
He that has none must make them, or be wretched.

Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest.

O Time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!

No smiles of fortune ever blessed the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys.

One eye on death, and one full fixed on heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.

Ambition, avarice, the two demons these
Which goad thro' every slough our common herd.

Man, know thyself, all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble but to man.

Absurd longevity! More, more, it cries.
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.

What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.

Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.

The world's all face; the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.

Means have no merit, if our end amiss;
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain.

'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man;
How little they who think aught great below.

How many sleep who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise.

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood; let in happiness.

Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And death puts out!

Young.

That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies.

With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides.

Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

Is virtue, then, and piety the same?
No: piety is more; 'tis virtue's source.

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume!
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
A man dejected is a sight as mean.

Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths.

Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

A soul in commerce with her God in heaven,
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life.

Gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance strikes us most.

Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize wisdom ere she seizes thee.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.

That life is long which answers life's great end,
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name.

O how portentous is prosperity;
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes.

Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
With open arms their enemies embrace.

Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry,
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and die.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out.

What so foolish as the chase of fame;
How vain the prize, how impotent our aim.

Young.

POETICAL MAXIMS.

Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner changed their principles than shirt.
Young.

Then be this truth the star by which we steer
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.

It is success that colors all in life;
Success makes fools admired; makes villains honest.

Curse on the coward, or perfidious tongue,
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth.

The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.
Thompson.

A miser knows that, view it as you will,
A guinea kept, is but a guinea still.
Crabbe.

True, conscious honor, is to feel no sin;
He's armed without that's innocent within.
Horace.

The bad man's death is horror; but the just
Keeps something of his glory in his dust.
Habbington.

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.
Sir W. Raleigh.

Life's a fair, where many meet but none can stay,
An inn where travellers bait, then post away.
Fawkes.

Much wealth brings want, that hunger of the heart,
Which comes when nature man deserts for art.
The New Timon.

The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose.
Watts's Hymns.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate.
Dr. Wolcot.

The world's a wood in which all lose their way,
Though by a different path each goes astray.
Buckingham.

Be not dismayed—fear nurses up a danger;
And resolution kills it in the birth.
Philips.

Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed.
Stillingfleet.

Who stabs my name, would stab my person, too,
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.
Crown's Henry VII.

He that may hinder mischief,
And yet permits it, is an accessory.
Freeman.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains!
Hannah More.

Strange how much darkness melts before a ray,
How deep a gloom one beam of hope enlightens.
Dawes.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her ways reform thine own.
Smart.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds:
Only the base believe what the base only utter.
Beller.

How much they err, who to their interest blend,
Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows.
Mrs. Tighe.

But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.
Drayton.

The surest road to health—say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.

How few are found with real talents blessed;
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.

Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys.

Sceptres and jewel crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.

But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.

Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.

Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Churchill.

Brutes find out where their talents lie,
A bear will not attempt to fly.

A foundered horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barred gate.

A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.

Man we find the only creature,
Who led by folly combats nature.
Swift.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.

Swift.

The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh,
To live is scarce distinguished from to die.

I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.

And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most that have the least to say.

Prior.

Let shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel.

Love is a passion by no rules confined,
The great first mover of the human mind.

The hardest trial of a generous mind
Is to court favor from the hand it scorns.

Aaron Hill.

He casts off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he wished, he could whistle them back.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern them who toil.

Goldsmith.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.

But you keep by you, you may change and mend;
But words once spoken can never be recalled.

Roscommon.

O what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame!

The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

The love of gold, that meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age.

Moore.

Of all the pains the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.

Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
O man, ordained to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?

Cowley.

How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him that is at ease in his possessions!

Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!

Blair.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.

The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.

Blair.

Ah, who, when fading of itself away.
Would cloud the sunbeam of his little day?

Rogers.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn.

From labor health, from health contentment springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy.

Beattie.

O there is naught on earth worth being known
But God, and our own souls.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not figures on the dial.

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Bailey.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues in pleasure.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

Addison.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave.

Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

Armstrong.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows.

To be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're better.

The narrow soul
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving.

Rowe.

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title,
It teaches men to call him count and duke.

Sir W. Davenant.

Who trusts himself to women or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
Old Mixon.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls like sunbeams on a blasted blossom.
Suckling.

He that is merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.

Men are more eloquent than women made,
But women are more powerful to persuade.
Randolph.

The truly generous is the truly wise,
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.
Howe.

What does this busy world provide at best,
But little goods, that break like glass.
Lansdowne.

It is almost as difficult to make a man
Unlearn his errors as his knowledge.
Colton.

All private virtue is the public fund:
As that abounds, the state decays, or thrives.
Miller.

Contentment gives a crown
Where fortune hath denied it.
T. Ford.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe,
It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.
Wilcox.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind wait no man's pleasure.
R. Southwell.

Nothing truly can be termed mine own
But what I make mine own by using well.

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts them;
But when they are just, they're armed, and nothing daunts them.

Lands mortgaged may return, and more esteemed;
But honesty once pawned is ne'er redeemed.
Middleton.

Why should we be punished if we stray,
When all our guides dispute which is the way.
Earl of Orrery.

Happy the man who innocent
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent.
Green.

All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet
Of any since Solomon that prayed for wit.
Taylor.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
The love of novelty rules most the mind.
Foote.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
Simonides

For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confined—like bottled beer.
Trumbull.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
Coleridge.

O what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young.
W. S. Clark.

Remorse drops anguish from her burning eyes,
Feels hell's eternal worm, and shuddering dies.
Sprague.

War destroys man, but luxury mankind—
At once corrupts the body and the mind.
Crown.

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.
Aleyn.

To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.
Martial.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
Herbert

Of all sad words of book or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been.
Whittier.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

The world is a treadmill which turns all the time,
And leaves us no choice but to sink or to climb.

If from a chain a single link you strike—
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
And tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.

The soul's rich love, the heart's fond sigh,
Are things that gold can never buy.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
Of hearts in union, mutually disclosed.

The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust.

Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And while she polishes, perverts the taste.

The cause is plain, and not to be denied—
The proud are always most provoked by pride.

Sure death by riches can't be kept at bay,
And every hour sweeps rich and poor away.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.

Man like the generous vine supported lives,
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave live on.

He who from love of God neglects the human race,
Goes into darkness with a glass to see his face.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest thrust.

Had the cat wings, no sparrow could live in the air;
Had each his wish, what more would Allah have to spare?

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue;
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

I see the right, and I approve it, too,
Condemn the wrong, but yet the wrong pursue.

Man is to man a hard-hearted stone,
With heaven there's mercy, but with man there's none.

Revenge, weak woman's valor, and in men
The ruffian cowardice, keep from thy breast.

The brightest flowers are born to fade,
The brightest hopes to die.

A father's heart
Is tender, though the man be made of stone.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to you may never rise.

Life is not to be judged by days;
Virtue endures when time decays.

Many old we falsely call,
Who truly never lived at all.

What is time, if not employed
In worthy deeds, but all a void?

Who will not give
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,
For others' good, is a poor, frozen churl.
J. Baillie.

The man whom heaven appoints
To govern others, should himself first learn
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

For loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most.
Thompson.

Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of heaven;
True joy to all is free.
Mickle.

The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.
Wilcox.

No rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn,
Shines with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's cheek, for others' woes.
Dr. Darwin.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults:
And, for the most, become much the better
For being a little bad.
Shakspeare.

Our time is fixed; and all our days are numbered,
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summon.
Blair.

'Tis not my talents to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
Addison.

Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant Thought.

The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts trust in miracles for safety.

O lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul;
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Young.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow which, while it executes, alarms
And startles thousands with a single fall.

A wise man never will be sad:
But neither will sonorous bubbling mirth
A shallow stream of happiness betray.
Young.

'Tis a base
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought.
Biron.

GUILT is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings.

Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Rowe.

KNOWLEDGE dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flowers
Of fleeting life their lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life he was ordained to fill.
Cowper.

Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?
Cibber.

SURE there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.
Dryden.

DETESTED sport
That owes its pleasure to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb, but endued.

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller e'er reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars in the road.
Cowper.

LEAVES have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!
Mrs. Hemans.

MAN is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak and vain;
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then sinks to earth again.
Pope.

WE talk of love and pleasure—but 'tis all
A tale of falsehood. Life's made up of gloom;
The fairest scenes are clad in ruin's pall,
The loveliest pathway leads but to the tomb.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
J. G. Percival.

THE man that hath not music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—
Let no man trust him.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
(Th' image of his Maker) hope to win't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.

Doubt that the stars are set,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt my love.
Shakspeare.

A CROWN what is?
It is to bear the miseries of a people,
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care.
Hannah More.

EACH night we die;
Each morn are born anew; each day a life;
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must be a butcher.
Young.

HE who marks from day to day
By generous deeds his heavenly way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.
Gibbons.

Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Longfellow.

When a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense,
Perverseness is your whole defence.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Swift.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man.

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne,
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

Watts.

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.

Biron.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Moore.

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
Yet it consumes my heart.

Sheridan.

Within the oyster's shell uncouth
The purest pearl may hide:—
Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth
Within that rough outside.

Mrs. Osgood.

The world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penned;
And all the errata will appear at th' end.

The sceptred king, the burdened slave,
The humble and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.

Every rose must have its thorn,
And every heart must have its care;
The sweetest draught hath bitter dregs,
Which all alike on earth must share.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

I'd rather sit in my old chair,
And see the coals glow in the grate,
And chat with one I think is fair,
Than sit upon a throne of state.

A woman with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue;
Though beautiful, is valuless
As diamonds formed of dew.

Forgive as I forgive, and own;
As feels the heart, so falls the lot;
My flowers of life were loving friends,
My thorns were those who loved me not.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart some care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

What are another's faults to me,
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

POETRY, HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL.

"The Blarney Stone." By John G. Saxe:

In Blarney Castle, on a crumbling tower,
There lies a stone (above your ready reach)
Which to the lips imparts, 'tis said, the power
Of facile falsehood and persuasive speech;
And hence, of one who talks in such a tone,
The peasants say, "He's kissed the Blarney Stone."

Thus, when I see some flippant tourist swell
With secrets wrested from an emperor;
And hear him vaunt his bravery and tell
How once he snubbed a marquis—I infer
The man came back—if but the truth were known—
By way of Cork, and kissed the Blarney Stone!

So when I hear a shallow dandy boast
(In the long ear that marks a brother dunce)
What precious favors ladies' lips have lost,
To his advantage; I suspect at once
The fellow's lying—that the dog alone
(Enough for him!) has kissed the Blarney Stone.

When some fine lady—ready to defame
An absent beauty with as sweet a grace—
With seeming rapture greets a hated name,
And lauds her rival to her wondering face,
E'en charity herself must freely own
Some women, too, have kissed the Blarney Stone!

"A Song of Saratoga." By Saxe:

"Pray, what do they do at the Springs?"
The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song
To tell what they do at the Springs!

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things,
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink;
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then, with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast or dine;
(The latter precisely at three:
The former from seven till nine).
Ye gods, what a rustle and rush,
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat—
And that's what they do at the Springs.

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees,
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is told by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings;
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt—
And that's what they do at the Springs.

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist,
How closely and fondly it clings;
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz—
And that's what they do at the Springs.

In short, as it goes in the world,
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sing, and they laugh, and they weep•
They read, and they ride, and they dance:
(With other unmentionable things)
They pray, and they play, and they *pay*—
And that's what they do at the Springs.

When it freezes and blows, take care of your nose, that it don't get froze, and wrap up your toes in warm woollen hose.

The above, we suppose, was written in prose, by some one who knows the effect of cold snows.

Whether or not there be words in English without rhymes is a question which has often puzzled the learned. Byron says there is no word which will rhyme with silver, and he is doubtless correct. The word window is also said to be without rhyme, though the following verse once took a prize for supplying a word that rhymed with it:

A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,
And his soul went out at the window.

The verse contained a pun and a clever introduction of a well known line, but "pinned, oh!" is a poor rhyme for window.

A rhyme was once asked for carpet, and the following "Lines to a Pretty Bar Maid" were submitted:

Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar-pet:
Believe me, my dear,
Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet.

Timbuctoo may be considered a difficult word to rhyme with, but some genius has done it, as witness the following:

I went a hunting on the plains,
The plains of Timbuctoo,
I shot one buck for all my pains,
And he was a slim buck, too.

"The Cobbler's Secret:"

A waggish cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose:
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight
There ran a thousand fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather-sellers—
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lip—the rogue!—then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise:
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose.

"A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it, none can fail,
Let him be child or man:
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

Some ingenious rhymer has placed the following sayings in poetic order, the opposites in juxtaposition:

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear;
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;
As steady as time—as uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind;
As true as the gospel—as false as mankind;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock—as blue as a grig;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as dead as a post;
As cold as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;
As red as a cherry—as pale as a ghost.

Most blank verse reminds us of a story of an old lady's illustration to her daughter of the difference between the two kinds of style. "For instance," said the old lady,

"I went down to the mill-dam,
And when I got there I fell down slam.

That's poetry. Now this is blank verse," she continued,

"I went down to the mill-dam,
And when I got there I fell down whop."

"Too Hot, Too Hot." By Alfred:

Too hot to sleep, too hot to lie,
Too hot to laugh, too hot to cry,
Too hot to stand, too hot to sit,
Too hot to sew, too hot to knit,
Too hot to ride, too hot to walk,
Too hot to read, too hot to talk,
Too hot to eat, too hot to drink,
Too hot to write, too hot to think,
Too hot to scold, too hot to tease,
Too hot to cough, too hot to sneeze,
Too hot to play, too hot to sing,
Too hot, too hot, for anything.
Hotter, indeed, than we can well support,
Yet Molly thinks it's not too hot to court;
And if the truth she must disclose,
Never too hot to chat with beaux,
Or, say "yes" when they propose.

'Forty:"

When lovely woman reaches forty,
And finds of late her hair is gray,
What charms can soothe her melancholy
And tears that wash her paint away?

The only way her loss to cover,
And hide her grief from every eye,
To stand a chance to get a lover,
And win his bosom, is to—dye!

"A Milliner's Card:"

When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry?
What art will make the men propose?
The only art, her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success,
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And "wring his bosom," is—to dress.

The following is the maiden effort of a youthful poet, who certainly gives signs of promise:

O the pup, the beautiful pup,
Drinking his milk from a beautiful cup;

Gambolling around so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping, running, after the pony;
Beautiful pup, you'll soon be Bologna.

Two brush makers, who were thieving and contriving to undersell each other, one day met, and thus accosted one the other, who had still the upper hand:

"I steals the stuff to save my pelf,
And then I makes them up myself;
So cannot think, though oft I try,
How you can cheaper sell than I!"
"I'll tell you, friend," the other said;
"I steals my brushes ready made."

At a tavern, one night,
Messrs. More, Strange and Wright
Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange.
Says More, "Of us three,
The whole town will agree
There is only one knave, and that's Strange."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I'm sure there's one More,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother."
"O yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

A gentleman who could not pronounce the letter R, was asked to read the following:

Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs,
For roasting the rabbit so rare.

He evaded the difficulty in the following ingenious manner:

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side,
For cooking the bunny so little.

Four lines more beautiful than these are rarely written. The figure it involves is exquisite:

A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea.

Four worse lines than these are rarely written. The figure which it involves is awful:

A solemn murmur 'mongst the throng,
Tells how impatiently
The boarders listen for the gong,
To call them in to tea.

Four lines more truthful than these are rarely written. The figure which "it" involves is absolutely painful:

A solemn buzzing in your ear,
When you retire to bed,
Tells you that swilling lager beer
Is dreadful for the head.

Four more distressing lines than these are rarely written. The figure involved is harrowing:

A solemn gazing in your face,
As "Foot this bill, sir"'s said;
And you, with most befitting grace,
Sighing, answers, "Nary red."

A chorister wishing to improve on the lines—

O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound—

submitted to his minister the following:

O may our hearts be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin;

when the clergyman, still more to modernize the text, suggested, in ridicule, the following climax:

O may our hearts go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle.

This last improvement so excelled that of the chorister as to induce him to be content without further experiments with the original text.

I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high,
That no presumptuous hands can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
That some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas.

An old German song says, in accounting for the general want of veracity in men:

When first on earth the truth was born,
She crept into a hunting horn;
The hunters came, the horn was blown,
But where truth went was never known.

Never look sad, there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady, if he could;
But since he can't, does all he can
To let you know he's not a man.

You "wish you were a bird!"
Pray, don't be so absurd.
A girl of your size and age
Wouldn't like to be in a cage,
And fed on canary seed.
A fine bird you'd make, indeed;
How would you like to be
Obliged to live in a tree,
Holding on by your feet,
With flies and worms to eat?
I'm sure you'd get no rest,
Tucked up in a nasty nest.
You'd never have new things,
But be always dressed in wings;
Out in all sorts of weathers,
And not even a change of feathers.
How would you manage to speak,
With such a ridiculous beak?
Or to eat without ricking your neck,
Bobbing up and down for a peck?
And as for wanting to fly
Round about in the sky,
Rubbish! it's all in my eye!
Do leave off being absurd,
And wishing to be a bird.

"THE Smack at School." By W. P. Palmer:

A district school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills and winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys,
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy book,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries.
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willuth, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot,
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad;
"I didn't mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot,
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

"A BAD Box." By Peter S. Owings:

A spider built her lonely home
In the loftiest nook of a lofty room,
But why did she weep at close of day?
Some hand had swept that home away;
She wove it then o'er the broken pane,
'Twas beaten down by the wind and rain.

She crept now to the dark old hall,
And spun her lines from wall to wall;
The beetle wheeled by with his drowsy song,
And bore on his wings those lines along.

But who art thou with dusky wing?
Strange, mysterious, restless thing;
Where dwellest thou, and what dost search?
I'm a bat, it shrieked, I dwell in the church,
Where, "from morn till dewy eve" I swing
By the hook you see on either wing;
I heard thy wail, and have come to tell
Where thou mayest aye securely dwell—
Where hand nor beetle, wind nor rain,
Can e'er molest thy home again;
It shall stand secure, as if built on the rocks,—
'Tis the hole in the lid of our Charity Box.

A YOUNG lady having asked a gentleman the size of his neck, he sent the following:

The size of my neck! That's remarkably strange,
And admits of a very significant range:
A neck-tie, a collar, sore throat, a halter,
And others, enough to make a man falter;
Let this tender reply anxiety check,
The length of your arm will just go round my neck!

A POOR bachelor, after coming out at the small end of the horn in all his matrimonial attempts, pathetically exclaims:

When I remember all
  The girls I've met together,
I feel like a rooster in the fall,
  Exposed to every weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
  Some barn-yard all deserted,
Whose oats are fled—whose hens are dead,
  And off to market started.

A LITTLE stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art;
'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen!

A TRUE and faithful inventory of the goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, till his palace was rebuilt. By Swift:

An oaken broken elbow chair;
A caudle cup without an ear;
A battered, shattered ash bedstead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back-sword poker, without point;
A pot that's cracked, across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once,
An Ovid and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all—
And this his household goods you have all.
These, to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your ladyship for a shift,
Why not as well as Doctor Swift?

How many sick ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many benedicts
Wish they had tarried.
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble,
Pleasure's a bubble.

A FARMER, having hay for sale,
Addressed a fop one day,
And asked him "If he wished to buy
A load of first-rate hay."

"Want hay!" replied the indignant fop,
Offended at the question,
"Do I look like a horse, to need
Your hay for my digestion?"

"Look like a horse!" in turn exclaimed
The vender of dried grass;
"You do not look much like a horse,
But very like an ass."

WRITE we know is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right, or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

"O TELL me where is fancy bred?"
She asked; and, getting bolder,
She placed her little darling head
And chignon on my shoulder;
And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Quaker's,
Replied, with idiotic grin,
"You'll find it at the baker's."

"PRIDE of Birth:"

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation!

THE street fruit merchants who deal out slices of watermelon attempt poetry to attract custom. In Chatham-street the rhyme ran as follows:

Here's nice watermelons, a cent a slice,
As sweet as sugar and as cold as ice.

MR. MOORE was comforted on the receipt, from his lady-love, of this little Moore-ish ballad:

Take courage, man, don't droop and sigh,
And your lone star deplore;
'Tis true I have a dozen beaux,
Yet I have room for Moore.

A MAIDEN aunt whose locks of snow
Proclaimed her young—some years ago,
Reproved her niece, a damsel gay,
For dressing in the wanton way
By which our modern girls expose
A vast deal more than eyes and nose!

"Why can't you hide what ought to be hid,
And dress modest and plain, as your grandmother did?"
"Dear aunt, so I do—as you may perceive,
I dress in the mode of grandmother—Eve!"

"THE Cudgelled Husband:"

As Thomas was cudgelled one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and fled for his life;
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
And saved him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
Then ventured to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventured his life;
Went home, and was cudgelled again by his wife.

1776.

FARMER at the plough,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn,
All happy to a charm.

1876.

Farmer gone to see the show,
Daughter at the piano,
Madam gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm.

"THE Bride's Departure:"

The bride of an hour stood smiling;
Her mother, in tears, was near by;
For the "pet of her life, so beguiling,"
Was soon to bid her good-by.

Fond friends tried vainly to cheer her,
To stop up the tears that fast fell;
But she clasped her daughter still nearer,
And in her agony uttered farewell!

The groom with his bride has departed,
To journey afar in strange lands,
And the mother cries out, broken-hearted,
"Well, I'm glad that gal's off my hands!"

A BLIND man is a poor man,
And blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man,
And the latter no man sees.

OLD master Brown brought his ferule down;
His face was angry and red;
"Anthony Blair, go sit you there,
Among the girls," he said.

So Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,
And his head hung down on his breast,
Went right away and sat all day
With the girl who loved him best.

A GENTLEMAN on a Hudson river steamer finds the following lines in the Bible lying on the cabin-table. The lines could well be placed on the Bibles of about all the boats of our beloved country:

That holy book neglected lies,
No soul with it communes;
While scores of souls sit round about,
With Heralds and Tribunes.

THE following lines were found in an old album kept at the inn at Lanark:

What fools are mankind,
And how strangely inclined
To come from all places,
With horses and chaises,
By day and by dark,
To the falls of Lanark!
For, good people, after all,
What is a waterfall?
It comes roaring and grumbling,
And leaping and tumbling,
And hopping and skipping,
And foaming and dripping,
And struggling and toiling,
And bubbling and boiling,
And beating and jumping,
And bellowing and thumping.
I have much more to say upon
Both Linn and Bonniton;
But the trunks are tied on,
And I must be gone.

The above lines evidently suggested to Southey his playful verses on "The Cataract of Lodore."

POETRY, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

"No Sect in Heaven."

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream,

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

After him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway, plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be;
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek;
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all'?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books, had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

"COURAGE and Patience:"

Life is sad, because we know it,
Death because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—
Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing life, we should not fear it,
Neither death, for that's unknown:
Courage, Patience—these are virtues
Which for many sins atone:
Who has these—and have not I?—
He is fit to live and die!

While here and there a noble mina
Shines, like the sun, to serve mankind,
How many shine to draw men's eyes,
And not to give them light,
Like stars that twinkle in the skies,
But leave the world in night!
Whose restless rays just show the place
They occupy in boundless space,
Till the benignant orb of day
Rises, and then they fade away.

There is much truth expressed in the following lines, entitled, "Trifles :"

Think naught a trifle, though it small appears;
Sands make the mountain, moments make the years,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die, ere you have learned to live.

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
O then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

Why should we fear to die, when death
Is but the golden door
That opes to life—a better life—
Upon a fairer shore?

How beautiful is this simile from one of Sir Walter Scott's poems; it is indeed worthy of the great man who penned it:

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

I dropped a single grain of musk
A moment in my room;
When years rolled by, the chamber still
Retained the same perfume.
So every deed approved by God,
Where'er its lot be cast,
Leaves some good influence behind
That shall forever last.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

A man in a carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride!"

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give, if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who saweth the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw
Arrayed in apparel so fine;
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possession and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not—
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed—
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be to find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

"The Lion and the Mouse:"

A lion large, and wildly gay,
Roamed out upon a summer day,
And roaming, saw to his dismay
A little mouse!

O not because the mouse was brown,
And never had a house in town,
Nor knew the meaning of renown,
Did he despise it.

But pity stirred the noble heart
To feel the little creature's smart,
Quickly release it and depart
Was but a thought.

Roving again, one darksome night,
The lion was captured in his might,
And could not show his strength in fight.
Poor noble brute!

But unto him a help there came,
As comes a crutch unto the lame,
As comes the light wind to the flame.
The nibbling mouse.

Working away with all his strength,
Nibbling away a little length,
Gnawing and bleeding, till at length
The lion was free!

O poor heart, learn this story well,
The pride of arrogance to quell,
That when death tolls thy parting knell,
Some may regret thee.

Then sing it loud and sing it long,
For charity's a noble song;
O rich and poor, O weak and strong,
I love ye.

Time to me this truth hath taught
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.
So, in many a lonely breast,
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That, if touched, is more oppressed,
Left unto itself,—is healed!

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

This little rhyme is on "Consolation:"

There's not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief or sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
It will sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

Mirth is the medicine of life—
It cures its ills, it calms its strife,
It softly smooths the brow of care,
And writes a thousand graces there.

If there isn't much poetry, there is truth, which is better, in the following lines:

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song;
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

There are moments of life that we never forget,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
They add a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

Pride went forth one snowy day,
Bent upon her best display
Of lady's head, with nothing on it
Save three leaves they call a bonnet.

With the wind a little lace
Blew about her neck and face.

Pride returned all wet and chill;
A parent's only child fell ill;
Cough and cold, from snow and rain,
Rendered every effort vain.

Wearing leaves in wintry weather
Killed both pride and child together.

"The Tale of the Holy and True:"

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By the humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time:
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Bursts into a thousand flowers;
This floral green, in its beauty seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they fall in the blooming time,
Is an infant tree that fastens its roots
In the place where they fall to the ground,
And as fast as they drop from the dying stem
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the fame of the pelican,
The Arab's "Gimel El Bahr"?
That dwells in the African solitudes,
Where the birds that live lonely are.
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And toils and cares for their good?
It brings them water from mountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food;
In famine it feeds them, what love can devise!
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
Or silently sits in the brake—
For it saves its song till the close of life,
And then, in the calm still even,
Mid the golden rays of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars to heaven,
And the musical notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales, shall I tell you one—
A greater and better than all?—
Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore,
And before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Saviour divine!
What sorrow or sacrifice equal to thine?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies—but his life now in untold souls
Springs up in the world anew;
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to give up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life,—his life is our gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all,
Our Saviour has told us, the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,
And pass from the sight and die away,
And then will the fruit appear—
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return manifold in the ear;
By death comes life—by life comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

POETRY, SENTIMENTAL AND PATHETIC.

"Beautiful Snow:"

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.
Dancing, flirting, skimming along:
Beautiful snow, it can do nothing wrong!
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak:
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

O the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go;
Whirling about in its maddening fun!
Plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing, laughing, hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sledges, with meteors, flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing, swinging, dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow—
Snow, so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in rime by the crowd rushing by—
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell;
Fell, to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever should buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as this beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face!
Father, mother, sisters all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or about me, I know
There's nothing that's pure but this beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be when the ice comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting, freezing, dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down—
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

"KATIE Lee and Willie Gray:"

Two brown heads with laughing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white, and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As they loitered, half in play
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a flash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver bands
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

"THE Old Love:"

I met her, she was thin and old,
She stooped and trod with tottering feet;
Her locks were gray that once were gold,
Her voice was harsh that once was sweet;
Her cheeks were sunken, and her eyes,
Robbed of their girlish light of joy,
Were dim; I felt a strange surprise
That I had loved her when a boy.

But yet a something in her air
Restored me to my youthful prime,
My heart grew young, and seemed to wear
The impress of that long lost time;
I took her wilted hand in mine,
Its touch awoke a ghost of joy;
I kissed her with a reverend sigh,
For I had loved her when a boy.

THE following poem, "Too Poor to Pay," was originally published in 1851, in the New York Tribune, over the initials of the author, J. F. Weishampel, Jr. Since then it has been extensively copied into numerous periodicals in England and America, seeming to touch the popular heart by its simplicity and its adaptedness to thousands of impoverished families everywhere:

We were so poor when baby died,
And mother stitched his shroud,
The others in their hunger cried
With sorrow wild and loud;
We were so poor we could not pay
The man to carry him away.

I see him still before my eyes;
He lies upon my bed;
And mother whispers, through her sighs,
"Our little boy is dead."

A little box of common pine
His coffin was—and may be mine!

They laid our little brother out,
And wrapped his form in white,
And as they turned his head about,
We saw the solemn sight,
And wept as little children weep,
And kissed the dead one in his sleep.

We looked our last upon his face,
And said our last good-bye,
While mother laid him in the place
Where those are laid who die;
The sexton shoved the box away,
Because we were too poor to pay.

We were too poor to hire a hearse,
And could not get a pall;
So, when we took him to the grave,
A wagon held us all;
'Twas I who drove the horse, and I
Who begged my mother not to cry.

We rode along the crowded town,
And felt so lone and drear,
That oft our tears came trickling down,
Because no friends were near;
The folks were strangers—no one knew
The sorrows we were passing through.

We reached the grave and laid him there
With all the dead around—
There was no priest to say a prayer,
And bless the holy ground,
So home we went in grief and pain,
But home was never home again.

And there he sleeps, without a stone
To mark the sacred spot;
But though to all the world unknown,
By us 'tis ne'er forgot.
We mean to raise a stone some day,
But now we are too poor to pay.

"The River of Time:"

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River of Time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf,—so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle on the River of Time
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle
All the days of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May our "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

As we look through life in our moment of sadness,
How few and how brief are the gleamings of gladness!
Yet we find, midst the gloom that our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine—a few flowers unfaded;
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture—some exquisite pleasures.

POETS, ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF.

THE influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of filial affection, which he wrote to Lady Hesketh, on the receipt of his mother's picture: "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated."

POPE published nothing until it had been a year or two before him, and even then the printer's proofs were very full of alterations, and on one occasion Dodsley, his publisher, thought it best to have the whole recomposed than make the necessary corrections. Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years in beating out the pure gold of the "Deserted Village."

SOME ambitious poet, agonizing under the torture of an adverse criticism, may find consolation in knowing that Waller wrote of "Paradise Lost," on its first appearance, the following complimentary notice: "The old blind school-master, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man: if its length be not considered a merit it has none."

THE poet Longfellow one time was at a dinner-party, at which Nicholas Longworth was also present. Some one remarked to Mr. Longfellow that his name and that of Mr. Longworth's started out alike, but made a very dissimilar ending. "Yes," replied the poet, "and it affords only another proof, I am afraid, that worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

THE honor of Homer's birthplace was disputed by seven Greek cities, and his station in life, place of birth, and actual existence are points upon which the most diverse opinions are held by the learned of modern days. According to one tradition, Homer was the natural son of a young orphan girl of Smyrna, who lived on the banks of the Meles, and called her son after it, Melesigenes. Rhemius, who kept a school for music and Belles-Lettres at Smyrna, having fallen in love with this young girl, married her and adopted Homer, who, on his death, succeeded him as master of the school. Having conceived the idea of the "Iliad," Homer travelled in order to gain knowledge of men and localities for his work; but being badly treated by his fellow-countrymen on his return, he left Smyrna and established himself at Chios, where he set up a school. Becoming blind in his old age, he was overtaken by poverty, and compelled to earn his bread by reciting his verses. Finally, according to this version of his life, he is said to have died in the little isle of Ios, one of the Cyclades.

PINON, the French author, having been taken up by the watchman in the streets of Paris, was carried on the following morning before the captain of the police, who heartily interrogated him concerning his profession. "I am a poet, sir," said Pinon. "Oh, oh, a poet, are you?" said the captain. "I have a brother who was a poet."—"Then we are even," said Pinon, "for I have a brother who was a fool."

THE late Dr. Kitto was fond of poetry, and occasionally wrote it himself. A fine conception or a glowing image afforded him intense pleasure. He had met with the following verse from Longfellow, as a motto, in some book he had been reading:

Art is long, and time is fleeting;
  And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

He committed the lines at once to memory, and advised his eldest daughter to do the same. "I would," added he, "give fifty pounds to be the author of that verse. He has done something for the world—he has given it a fine and beautiful idea." Without denying the originality of Longfellow's idea, he was not the first who embodied it in poetry. Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, in a volume of poems, published in 1657, has:

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
But slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

WHEN Spenser had finished the "Fairy Queen," he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered the servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading further, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding still, he said, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go, turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on I shall be ruined."

ALLUDING to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to suit his mind, he would go to a little sum mer house near by, and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep the little poem for weeks, waiting for a single word. On one occasion, he was riding with Mr. Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "I've got it."—"Got what?" said his companion in some alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me." On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately despatched the finished song to his publisher in London.

A MAIMED soldier begged charity of a poet, saying, "I have a licence to beg."—"Lice thou mayst have, but sense thou canst have none, to beg of a poet."

COTTEL, in his "Life of Coleridge," relates an essay at grooming on the part of that poet and Wordsworth. The servants being absent, the poets had attempted to stable their horse, and were almost successful. With the collar, however, a difficulty arose. After Wordsworth had relinquished as impracticable the effort to get it over the animal's head, Coleridge tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said it was downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar. Just at this moment a servant girl came up, and turning the collar upside down, slipped it off without trouble, to the great humility and wonderment of the poets, who were each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge to which they had not attained.

ONE day, Pope, the poet, was engaged translating the Iliad, he came to a passage which he or his assistant could not interpret. A stranger who stood by in an humble garb very modestly suggested "that as he had some little acquaintance with the Greek perhaps he could assist them."—"Try it," said Pope, with the air of a boy who is teaching a monkey to eat red pepper. "There is an error in the print," said the stranger, looking at the text. "Read as if there was no interrogation point at the end of the line and you have the meaning at once." Pope's assistant improved upon this hint and rendered the passage without difficulty. Pope was chagrined, he could not endure to be surpassed in anything. Turning to the stranger, he said in a sarcastic tone: "Will you please tell me what an interrogation is?"—"Why," said the stranger, scanning the ill-shaped poet, "it is a little crooked, contemptible thing that asks questions."

A LONDON poet some years ago offered fifty pounds for a word that would rhyme with "porringer." This was done about the time the Duke of York married his daughter to the Prince of Orange. The next morning after the offer, the papers contained the following:

The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her;
You see, my friend, I've found a word
Will rhyme with yours of porringer.

BURNS being in church on Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady, who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was on the terrors of the gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of scripture, to all of which the lady seemed attentive and somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil, on the blank leaf of her Bible the following lines:

Fair maid, you need not take a hint,
  Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
  Not angels such as you.

DRYDEN, who was notoriously poor, was one day in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style; and after some debate it was agreed that each gentleman should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Dryden's judgment.

Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other; while Lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed upon. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honor to the personages who wrote them; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment.

"'I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.—*Dorset.*'"

Pope dining once with Frederic Prince of Wales, paid the prince many compliments. "I wonder, Pope," said the prince, "that you, who are so severe on kings, should be so complaisant to me."—"It is," said the wily bard, "because I like the lion before his claws are grown."

When Nathaniel Lee, commonly called the mad poet, was confined, during four years of his short life, in Bedlam; a sane idiot of a scribbler mocked his calamity, and observed that it was easy to write like a madman. Lee answered, "No, sir, it is not so easy to write like a madman; but very easy to write like a fool."

An author was reading some bad verses in his poem to a friend in a very cold apartment. The critic cried out, in a shaking fit, "My dear friend, either put fire into your verses, or your verses into the fire, or I shall not be able to stand here any longer."

Waller wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell, when he assumed the Protectorship. Upon the restoration of Charles, Waller wrote another in praise of him, and presented it to the king in person. After his majesty had read the poem, he told Waller that he wrote a better one on Cromwell. "Please your majesty," said Waller, like a true courtier, "we poets are always more happy in fiction than in truth."

When Byron was at Cambridge, he was introduced to Scrope Davis by their mutual friend Matthews, who was afterwards drowned in the river Cam. After Matthews' death, Davis became Byron's particular friend, and was admitted to his rooms at all hours. Upon one occasion he found the poet in bed with his hair *en papillote;* upon which Scrope cried, "Ha, ha, Byron, I have at last caught you acting the part of the sleeping beauty." Byron, in a rage, exclaimed, "No, Scrope; the part of a fool, you should have said."—"Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally."—"Yes, naturally, every night," returned Byron; "but do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

"How do you like my strain?" said a poet. "O, I'll pardon you this time, but pray do not strain again."

Milton was once asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughter in the different languages, to which he replied, "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

When Dante was at the court of Signor della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him one day: "I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you should be hated by all my court, and that this fool should be so beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied: "Your excellency would wonder less if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

A JOURNAL gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion as follows:—"The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while some lines appear to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a ten-foot pole."

POLITICAL AND LEGISLATIVE.

"DID I ever tell you how near I came losing my election as senator?" said the squire.

"No, I believe not."

"Well, it was altogether owing to Waterem's not having a sufficient supply of liquor on hand. You see the main strength of our party lies in the upper end of the county—'specially among the inhabitants of the Swamp, as it is called. So you see, about two days before the election, I sends Sam up to the Swampers with five gallons of the real hardware, tremendous stuff, knock a horse down, the last Waterem had on hand. About four hours back came Sam, horse in perspiration, himself in fright, and every thing indicating an untoward state of affairs.—'What's the matter, Sam?' said I. 'Matter?' said he, 'matter enough, you have outraged the feelings of the virtuous Swampers, they swear that any man who expects to go to the Senate for three years and can't afford ten gallons of whiskey is too mean for the post, they wont vote for him.' Matters looked squally enough. Only one storekeeper within a day's ride and he a Whig. Of course he wouldn't sell any liquor to me so near election."

"What did you do?"

"Called a council of war immediately, Lawyer Ross and several more. Ross proposed a letter of apology to the disaffected. Rejected, wouldn't do without the whiskey. Cale was the fellow to help us out, always full of expedients. He proposed to water the liquor up to the right quantity. We did so, but on trying it found it much too weak for our friends. Such wouldn't go down with them. Cale asked if we had any other spirits; handed him about a gallon of gin; in it went; tasted it; not strong enough. Found a quart of rum, poured it in. Sam tried it; 'too weak,' said he. We are at our wit's end. 'Red pepper,' said Cale. It was brought; in went a pound; he stirred it up. 'Capital,' said he. We tried it and nearly blistered our throats; it would have killed rats. Sam took it up the next day, explaining that it was owing to the scarcity of liquor in the neighborhood, that a fresh supply of the best 'Ole Mongohale' had been obtained, and invited a trial of its merits. They mollified, pronounced it the 'rale stuff,' and I became senator by a majority of 200 votes."

THEY tell a good many political jokes of the people now occupying the ancient lands of the Alabamas, among them the following:—An out and out party man, a landlord, who had accommodated his political friends for twenty years, happened to go into a nominating convention just as they had finished their business, and heard a little delegate move that "this convention adjourn *sine die*."

"Sine Die!" said Mr. G. to a person standing near, "where's that?"

"Why, that's way in the northern part of the country," said his neighbor.

"Hold on, if you please, Mr. Cheerman," said the landlord, with great emphasis and earnestness, "hold on, sir, I'd like to be heard on that question. I have kept a public house now for more than twenty years. I'm a poor man. I've always belonged to the party, and never split in my life. This is the most central location in the country, and it's where we've allers met. I've never had nor asked an office, and have worked night and day for the party, and now I think, sir, it is contemptible to go to adjourning this convention way up to Sine Die."

ONE of the members of the lower house of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, a "gassy" member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried, "Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!" The whole assembly were startled and stilled; the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the speaker said:—"The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order." To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity, replied:—"I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a wind-mill to go by water." It was a shot between wind and water; the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and his glass down together.

A NUMBER of politicians, all of whom were seeking offices under the government, were seated on the tavern porch talking, when an old toper named Jake D., a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly opposite when sober, said, that if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go hunting, and, after summoning his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass. He adadvised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it certainly will rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as, a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely for telling him it would be clear when it was not. 'I met a countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.' The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance. 'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?'—'I didn't know,' said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.'—'And how, pray, did he tell you?' the king asked, in great astonishment. 'By pricking up his ears, your majesty.' The king now sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office the philosopher had filled. And here," observed Jake, looking very wise; "here is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Jake, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants an office!"

ON a great debate on the formation of the Constitution, the necessity of the Union was strongly enforced by various speakers in long speeches. General Washington observed he had only two words to say on the subject. "If," said he, "we do not hang together, we shall certainly hang apart."

IT is rumored that Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, used a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animals put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour the quadruped gives in, promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

A MEMBER of Congress, about to make his first speech, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him hardly sufficient calibre for the subject. "Pooh," said a friend, "they will be sure to find you bore enough."

"I TELL you," said a warm friend of a newly-elected senator to an old sober-sided politician, "your party may say what you please, but you cannot deny that Mr C. is a sound man."

"That's what we're afeared on; it's our opinion," said old beeswax, "that he's all sound."

AN independent man is described by Pitt as "one who cannot be depended upon." Pitt knew, and, as a stern politician, none knew better.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our western States to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs."

TOM MARSHALL of Kentucky and one Pilcher were rival candidates for office, and were "stumping" against each other. Pilcher was haranging about "his father having been a poor man," "his father was a cooper," and more of that sort of thing. Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was, (pointing to Pilcher,) he made a mighty poor head to one of his whiskey-barrels!

A PATRIOTIC lady in Milan was engaged to a young man who was drafted, but was exempted on account of not being strong enough. Full of joy he hurried to his lady-love to tell her the good news, but was received by her with the remark: "Sir, consider our engagement as broken. I do not want a husband who is not strong enough for service."

THE following story turns up every now and then: In the days when Gen. Jackson was President, the postmaster-general having occasion to make some inquiry in regard to the source of the Tombigbee, wrote to a postmaster living on the river, asking how far the Tombigbee ran up above the place where he was living. The postmaster wishing to indulge in a little wit, replied: "Sir, the Tombigbee doesn't run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, etc." The postmaster-general continued the correspondence in the following style: "Sir, your appointment as postmaster at —— is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, etc., pertaining to your office, to your successor. Respectfully, etc." The postmaster, conscious of his position, closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, was $1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully, etc."

"I STAND," said a western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'um."—"You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

IN the commencement of the American Revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, "Well, miss, are you greatly terrified at the roaring of the British lion?"—"Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that beast roars loudest when he is most frightened."

A YOUNG man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures," not "men." He promised to do so; and soon after received a bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired the reason for doing so. "Surely, father," said the son, "you told me to vote for measures; and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

ANDREW JACKSON was once making a stump speech out west, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered:

"Tip 'em a little Latin, general—they won't be satisfied without it."

The man of iron will instantly thought upon the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming:

"*E pluribus unum! sine qua non! ne plus ultra! multum in parvo!*"

The effect was tremendous, and the Hoosiers' shouts could be heard for miles.

AN old Dutchman who, some years ago, was elected a member of the legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I vent to the lechislatur, I tought I vould find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was some as pick fools dere as I was."

Old Judge Barbour, of Virginia, after enjoying the highest honors, and retiring to private life, was prevailed upon to be a candidate for a local office. The opposition trotted out an illiterate, rough-and-tumble politician named Bill Maples, against the old man. In accordance with the strict rules of conducting a political campaign in those days, Governor Barbour had to take the stump with Maples. But Maples could always beat him in abusive harangues. The final speech of the campaign made by Maples was abusive beyond all precedent. The following is Barbour's reply, which we think is the most complete thing in its way that we ever read. Said the Governor:

"*Fellow-Citizens:* When I was a young man, now nearly forty years ago, your grandfathers sent me as their representative for four terms to the House of Delegates, and I was chosen Speaker of that body. At a subsequent period I was twice elected Governor of Virginia. Afterwards, and for ten years, I represented this renowned commonwealth in the Senate of the United States, where I was the confidant and perhaps I may say the peer of Macom, King, Gaillard, Pinckney, Van Buren. Mr. John Quincy Adams subsequently conferred upon me a place in his cabinet, and for three years I shared his counsels in conjunction with Clay, Wirt and McLean. I was then appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. James, where it became my duty to conduct negotiations with the conqueror of Napoleon. Judge then, fellow-citizens, of the ineffable disgust I feel, after such a career, and in my declining years, at finding myself here to-day engaged in a low, pitiful country contest with such a——disagreeable little cuss as Bill Maples."

A distinguished candidate for an office of high trust in a certain State, who is "up to a thing or two," and has a high appreciation of live beauty, when about to set off on a 'lectioneering tour, said to his wife, who was to accompany him for prudential reasons:

"My dear, inasmuch as this election is complicated, and the canvass will be close, I am anxious to leave nothing undone that would promote my popularity, and so I thought it would be a good plan for me to kiss a number of the handsomest girls in every place where I may be honored with a public reception. Don't you think that would be a good idea?"—"Capital," exclaimed the devoted wife; "and to make your election a sure thing, while you are kissing the handsomest girls, I will kiss an equal number of the handsomest young men!" The distinguished candidate, we believe, has not since referred to this "pleasing means of popularity."

One of the reappointed being asked how he contrived to keep his place under successive administrations, replied, "that administrations must be smart that could change oftener than he could."

"I believe," said a very tall representative, "that I am one of the tallest members of the House."—"Yes," added a fellow-representative, "and the slimmest, too."

In one of the Hon. Mr. Vinton's speeches, that gentleman said the threat of secession reminded him of the man in Buffalo who attached his old scow to the stern of a lake steamer to be towed up the lake. After the boat had got under headway, the wheels of the steamer threw the water into the old scow, and she was in danger of sinking. The owner cried out to the captain of the steamer: "Hold on, there! if you don't stop throwing water into my craft, I'll make you!"—"Well," says the captain, "what will you do?"—"Do?" shouted the enraged man, "I'll cut the ropes here and let your old steamer go to thunder!"

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus hits an editor who had sneered at a political speaker for being a shoemaker: "We don't know that the editor can possibly swallow a regular shoemaker, but he writes as if he swallowed a great many coblers every day."

An English paper observes: "If some of the speeches of our statesmen do not reach down to posterity, it will not be because they are not long enough." The same remark is applicable here.

"The ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I have strength enough to swim to the other side."

A young member in the Legislature, who arose to deliver his sentiments on the bill to abolish capital punishment, with a dignified serenity of countenance commenced with: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." Just at this point one who sat immediately behind him pulled him by the coat tail, and cried: "Stop, stop, I say, you are coming out of the same hole you just went in at."

Old Zechariah Robbins lived in Wood county, Mississippi, and was called on to prove the insanity of a young man on trial for assault with intent to kill. He swore that he had no doubt whatever that the prisoner was an insane man. On his cross-examination he was required to state the reasons for this opinion.

"Why, bless your life," said he, "I've known Jimmy allers, and he's allers been a Dimicrat, and when the Dimicratic party put up their man last fall Jimmy didn't vote for him; and I allers think that a Dimicrat that don't stick to his party aint in his right mind."

Jimmy was acquitted, for old Zechariah's opinion prevails very generally in that region.

A large Republican meeting was held in Clermont, Ohio, which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally, one of the crowd, approaching the boy, asked: "Are these Frémont pups, my son?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, then," said he, "Ill take these two."

About a week afterward the Democrats held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Democrat and asked: "My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"—"They're Buchanan pups, sir."

The Republican who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy: "See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Frémont pups?"—"Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog-merchant; "but these aint—they've got their eyes open."

Colonel Watson, a well-known politician of Virginia, enjoyed great personal popularity on account of his affable manners, and whenever he was a candidate for office ran ahead of the ticket. He generally spoke to everybody he met, professing to know them. On one occasion, during a presidential campaign, he met a countryman, whom he shook by the hand, and commenced: "Why, how do you do, thir? I am very glad to thee you; a fine day, thir. I thee you thill ride your fine old gray, thir."—"No, sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."—"Oh! ah! well, thir, how are the old gentleman and lady?"—"My parents have been dead about three years, sir."—"But how ith your wife, thir, and the children?"—"I am an unmarried man, sir."—"Thure enough. Do you thill live on the old farm?"—"No, sir; I have just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."—"Well, thir, I gueth I don't know you afther all. Good morniug, thir."

One of the most amusing scenes in the Legislature of Pennsylvania occured on a motion to remove the capitol of the state from Harrisburg to Philadelphia. A matter-of-fact member from the rural districts, who had heard of the great facility with which brick houses are moved from one part of a city to another, and who had not the least idea that any thing but moving the State House was in contemplation, rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I have no objection to the motion, but I don't see how on airth you are going to git it over the river."

A POLITICAL speaker recently related an anecdote, in which he said he had been in the Florida wars chasing the Indians some years before, and among his companions was a reckless, dare-devil sort of a fellow, who seemed as careless of his one life as though he had a dozen more of them in his pocket. He had been hacked, cut, stabbed, and shot in possible and impossible places, and his life despaired of frequently. All of this he bore with philosophic indifference. One day, however, he was tremendously kicked by a tremendous jackass; and this time death was inevitable.

His companions gathered around him, and one was selected to give him the painful intelligence that he must die. To the surprise of all, the reckless, callous, fearless soldier burst into tears. This was unexpected, as no one had ever associated him with fear of death; and a surprise and ill-concealed soldierly contempt appeared on the faces of his companions. Seeing this, he drew up his shattered arms and lifted his head, and said: "It's not that, boys. It's not the fear of dying—though that isn't pleasant; but to think, after all the high, grand old chances o' dying I have had and lost, jest to be kicked to death by a yee-hawing old cuss of a jackass."

"IT is impossible," said one politician to another, "to say where your party ends and the opposition party begins." —"Well, sir," replied the other, "if you were riding an ass it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the donkey began."

FEE simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees intail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female.

SOME years ago, when Mr. S. was running for governor of Vermont, he met, one day, his old friend and brother democrat, Chief Justice R. "So," said the judge, jocosely, "you expect to be governor?"—"Yes," said S., "I expect to govern myself under misfortune of defeat, that's all."—"Ah," said the judge, "it is a great man who is governor of himself." —"True," replied S., "but he is a greater who is judge of himself."—"His honor" smilingly affirmed the decision, and so ended the case.

COLONEL ROBERTS was a member of Congress from Mississippi. On his return some of his constituents rallied him for having taken so little part in the debates, while the rest of the delegation—Jeff. Davis, Brown, and Thompson—had made a great noise, and attracted the attention of the country. "Well, my friends," replied the colonel, "I will tell you. When I was a young man I used to ride a good deal at night, and frequently got lost. Whenever I came to the bank of a stream, I put my ear to the ground, and ascertained where the water made the noise; at that place I always marched in—it was sure to be the shallowest place."

THERE was a dry old fellow out in Jefferson county, who called one day on the member of Congress elect. The family were at breakfast, and the old man was not in a decent trim to be invited to sit by; but he was hungry, and determined to get an invitation. "What's the news?" inquired the Congressman. "Nothing much, but one of my neighbors gave his child such a queer name."— "Ah, and what name was that?"— "Why, Come and Eat." The name was so peculiar that it was repeated. "Come and Eat?"—"Yes, thank you," said the old man, "I don't care if I do," and drew up to the table.

A GENTLEMAN, who was thrown out of Congress, says that he is convinced that the greater part of political capital is made up of private interest.

PITT was once canvassing for himself, when he came to a blacksmith's shop. "Sir," said he to the blacksmith, "will you favor me with your vote?"—"Mr. Pitt," said the son of vulcan, "I admire your head, but hang your heart."—"Mr. Blacksmith," said Pitt, "I admire your candor, but hang your manners."

"I SAY, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend, quizzing another. "Democrat, my father was a democrat," he replied. "And what is your religion?" continued the other. "Protestant, my father was a Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—oh, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

A GENTLEMAN asked Dennis Doyle, who some years ago was a member of the old Tammany Hall Nominating Committee and famous for his Irish wit, why they had sent, for the last two years, such a fool as Mr. —— to the Assembly? "Why," said Dennis, "we send him on true Republican principles." — "How so?" inquired his friend. "Shure, you know," replied Dennis, "the constitution says all classes are to be fairly represented, and faith, I think if we only send one fool out of thirteen members to represent all the fools in New York, we hardly do them justice."

VOLTAIRE related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the lord-lieutenant, said to Swift: "The air in Ireland is very excellent and healthy."—"For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England, for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

SAID Lord John Russell to Mr. Hume at a social dinner: "What do you consider the object of legislation?"—"The greatest good to the greatest number."—"What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one," was the commoner's reply.

A GENTLEMAN from the country applied to a certain member of the legislature for his support in getting a bill passed in which he was interested. The legislator said he would willingly vote for the bill, if the applicant would aid him with a bill of his own. The proposition was accepted at once. The gentleman then inquired what was the title of the bill he was expected to assist with. "My tailor's bill," was the reply.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in southern Pennsylvania, reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters he said, with more significance than he intended, "that if they declined to elect him, he should remain at home a cooper and an honest man."

JUST before the breaking up of Congress, as several of the members were making themselves merry in the lobby, one of them rallied another on the very religious strain in which he had indulged in the last speech he had inflicted upon the house. "I'll bet you five dollars," said Macarty, "you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer now, if you try."—"Done," said Kolloch, "done!" and, assuming a decent gravity for the moment, summoned his memory to aid him in his novel, but certainly very commendable effort.—"Ahem! a—a—ahem! ah! now I have it:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! I told you I could."—"Well, I give up beat," said Macarty, paying over the money. "I wouldn't have thought you could do it." A pair of them, to be sure; for neither of them knew it.

IT is related that on one occasion when "Long John Wentworth," as he was familiarly called, was stumping his district as a candidate for Congress, he made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant's well-known lines:

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.

But unfortunately he could only remember the opening words, which he repeated thus: "'Truth crushed'—how's that? It's by Bryant, you know—that beautiful poem of his. 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,' (another pause). 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again.' Well, boys, I don't remember the rest of it, but if any of you doubt it, I'll just bet you a hundred dollars that she will."

WHEN Lieutenant Governor Patterson was Speaker of the Legislature of one of our States, some dozen boys presented themselves for the place of messenger, as it is usual at the opening of the House. He inquired their names and into their condition, in order that he might make the proper selection. He came, in the course of his examination, to a small boy about ten years old, a bright looking lad. "Well, sir," said he, "what is your name?"—"John Hancock," was the answer. "What!" said the Speaker, "you are not the one that signed the Declaration of Independence, are you?"—"No, sir," replied the lad, stretching himself to his utmost proportions, "but I would if I had been there."—"You can be one of the messengers," said the Speaker.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

MOLIERE, the "Father of French Comedy," being in a delicate state of health, left Paris, and retired to his villa at Auteuil, to pass a short time. One day, Boileau, accompanied by Chapelle, Lulli, De Jonsac, and Nantouillet came to visit him. Moliere could not join them, on account of his illness, but he gave the keys of the house to Chapelle, and begged him to do the honors for him. Chapelle acquitted himself of this task in such a manner, that at supper not one of them was sober. They began to discuss the most serious matters, and at last, having impiously decided that the greatest good was never to have been born, and the next to die as soon afterward as possible, they resolved, shocking as the proposition may sound, to go in a body and drown themselves in the Seine. In the meanwhile, Moliere, who had retired to his chamber, was informed of this state of affairs; and, invalid as he was, he hastened to join the mad party. Seeing how far gone they all were, he did not attempt to reason them out of their determination, but demanded what he had done that they should think of destroying themselves without him.

"He is right," cried Chapelle; "we have been unjust towards him; he shall be drowned with us."

"One moment, if you please, though," observed the dramatist. "This is the last act of our lives, and not to be undertaken rashly; if we drown ourselves at this hour of the night, people will say we are drunk, and we shall lose all merit. Let us wait until the morning; and then, in broad daylight and upon empty stomachs, we will throw ourselves in the river in the face of our fellow-creatures."

This was, after some demur, approved of: and the next morning, bad as the world was allowed to be, no one thought it bad enough to quit it.

Sir Thomas Moore also displayed great presence of mind. "It happened one day," says Aubrey, "that a Mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of the gate house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying 'Leap, Tom, leap!' The Chancellor was in his gown, and besides, ancient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. 'Now,' said he, 'let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be.' So the dog was thrown over. 'Is not this fine sport?' said his lordship; 'let us fetch him up and try it again.' As the madman was going down, my lord fastened the door, and called for help."

With this may be coupled the anecdote of the physician who, when the patients of a lunatic asylum found him on top of the building, and proposed as good sport to make him jump to the bottom, saved his life by recommending, as an improvement on the idea, that they should walk down stairs with him, and see him jump from the bottom of the building to the top.

IT is recorded of Lord Berkeley, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage by a highwayman who, thrusting a pistol through the window and presenting it close to his lordship's breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a single highwayman, but that he should be taught the contrary.

His lordship putting his hand in his pocket replied: "Neither would I now be robbed were it not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned around his head to see, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of his purse, instantly shot him on the spot.

PRESIDENTS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe: James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all Revolutionary men—ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22, 1732, inaugurated 1789, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; John Adams, born October 19th, 1735, inaugurated 1797, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; Thomas Jefferson, born April 21st, 1753, inaugurated 1801, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Madison, born March 4th, 1752, inaugurated 1809, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age; James Monroe, born April 2d, 1758, inaugurated 1818, term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

WHEN General Jackson was President of the United States, says an aged laborer in the presidential garden, he could tell an honest man from a rogue when he first saw him. I remember that a clergyman, with a stiff white choker and an untarnished suit of black, called on him one morning when he was overlooking some work that I was performing in the garden, and requested an appointnent to some office, saying: "General, I worked harder for your election than many of those upon whom you have bestowed office."—"You are a minister of the gospel?" said old Hickory, inquiringly. "Yes," said the clergyman, "I was a minister, but I thought I could do better by becoming a politician; so I stumped the district week days for you, and preached for the Lord on Sundays." Old Hickory, turning short towards him, and looking him full in the face, said: "If you would cheat the Lord, you would cheat the country. I will have nothing to do with you, nor any like you. Good morning," and he walked rapidly away. I never shall forget the look of that hypocritical clergyman.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote: "When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching, perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it, dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

THE following characteristic story of the martyred Lincoln has never appeared in print, and is genuine. In the early part of the year 1865, when Joe Johnson had reached Raleigh with his army, you may remember fears were entertained lest he might suddenly join Lee, and the two crush Grant. The congressman then representing the Springfield (Ill.) district called upon the President, when the following conversation ensued:

Congressman. "They are becoming anxious, some of them in the House, about the situation. Have you received anything later? Aren't you afraid Grant is making a mistake in not moving?"

The President. "Do you remember that Baptist revival in Springfield, in such a year?"

Congressman. "I do not recall it."

The President. "Well, Bill, a hardened sinner, was converted. Upon an appointed day the minister baptized the converts in a small stream. After Bill had been plunged under once, he asked the preacher to baptize him again; the latter replied that it was unnecessary. Bill, however, urged the matter, and he was accordingly put under for the second time. As he came up, he again asked, as a particular favor, that he might be baptized just once more. The minister, a little angered, answered that he had already been under once more than the other converts. Still Bill pleaded, and the preacher put him under for the third time. As Bill came up puffing and blowing, he shook the water from his hair and exclaimed: 'There! I'll be blowed if the devil can get hold of me now.'" The President continued, "General Grant is very much like Bill. He is determined on making sure of the thing, and will not move until he has."

ACCORDING to Bailie Peyton, when Mr. McLane was Secretary of State, a new minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to the President, General Jackson. The hour was set, and Mr. McLane expected the minister to be at the State Department, but the Portuguese had misunderstood Mr. McLane's French, and he proceeded alone to the White House. He rang the bell, and the door was opened by the Irish porter, Jimmy O'Neil. "*Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President,*" said the minister. "What the deuce does he mean?" muttered Jimmy. "He says President, though, and I suppose he wants to see the general."—"*Oui, oui,*" said the Portuguese, bowing. Jimmy ushered him into the green room, where the general was smoking his corn-cob pipe with great composure. The minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the general did not understand a word. "What does the fellow say, Jimmy," said he. "De'il know, sir. I reckon he's a furriner."—"Try him in Irish, Jimmy," said Old Hickory. Jimmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "*Plait il.*"—"Och!" exclaimed Jimmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir. He's French, to be sure."—"Send for the French cook and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants." The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, apron on, and the carving-knife in his hand. The minister seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jimmy planted himself to keep him in. When the cook, by the general's order, asked who he was and what he wanted, and he gave a subdued answer, the President discovered his character. At this juncture Mr. McLane came in, and the minister was presented in due form. It is said General Jackson always resented allusion to this incident.

WASHINGTON was conscientious in the discharge of every duty as a citizen, and never failed to vote. The last occasion of his doing so was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died on the 11th of December following. The court-house of Fairfax county was then over the old market-house, and immediately fronting Gadby's tavern. The entrance to it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside, and while the election was progressing—several thousands of persons being assembled around the polls—Washington drove up his old and well-known family carriage. The crowd spontaneously gave way, and made a lane for him to pass through as he approached the court-house steps. A gentleman, who was standing at Gadby's door, saw eight or ten good-looking men immediately spring forward and follow the general up the steps, in order to support him, if necessary. According to the custom of that time, the five or six candidates were sitting on the bench, who arose in a body and bowed profoundly on the approach of Washington. Very gracefully returning their salutation, the register of the polls said: "Well, general, how do you vote?" He looked a moment at the candidates, and then replied: "Gentlemen, I am for measures, not men," and having audibly pronounced his vote, he made another graceful bow and retired. He was loudly cheered by the outside crowd on returning to his carriage.

DURING the revolutionary war, while Washington was on a visit to his family, Mr. Payne, with his son Devall, went to pay his respects to the great American chief. Washington met him some distance from the house, took him by the hand and led him into the presence of Mrs. Washington, to whom he introduced Payne as follows: "My dear, here is the little man whom you have so frequently heard me speak of, who once had the courage to knock me down in the court-house yard at Alexandria—big as I am."

DURING a visit of the finance committee of our Board of Trade to Washington, an informal visit was paid to President Lincoln, by whom the committee was received with all of his well-known affability and cordiality. Encouraged by the President's open manner, one of the members of the committee made bold to attack him directly upon the topic nearest his own heart, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Mr. President, I wish you would tell me where the Burnside Expedition has gone."—"Why, don't you know where they have gone? I thought everybody knew that."—"Well, sir, it may appear very ignorant in me, but I must confess I don't know, and that I would like to know, exceedingly."—"You really surprise me, sir. The papers have been full of it; everybody has been talking of it, and I did not suppose there was anybody who did not know all about it. Of course, I will tell you, if you promise not to give your authority." The gentleman promised solemnly. The President drew his chair close to him, and with his hand carefully interposed between him and the rest of the company, whispered, with mysterious emphasis: "The Burnside Expedition, sir, has gone to sea!"

MR. IRVING himself once saw General Washington. He said there was some celebration going on in New York, and the general was there to participate in the ceremony. "My nurse," continued Mr. Irving, "a good old Scotch woman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he passed. This, however, did not satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed, in her bland Scotch, 'Please your excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye.' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing, which," added Mr. Irving, earnestly, "has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand even now."

DURING a visit of the hero of the battle of New Orleans to Philadelphia, while he was President, a hale, buxom young widow greeted him with a shake of both hands, at the same instant exclaiming: "My dear general, I am delighted to see you—I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity." To this the President replied, with an air of dignified gallantry: "Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier, I certainly would have walked half the way to meet you."

WASHINGTON, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman. Everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant, and said: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him: "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

When General Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neil, the porter, was a marked character. He had foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Col. Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good nature of the old general. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence and was summoned before the highest tribunal at once. The general, after stating the details of the misdeed, observed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my power of endurance."—"And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," answered the general; "I have just heard it from two senators."—"Faith," replied Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators said about you, it's little I'd think you fit to be President."—"O, pshaw! Jimmy," concluded the President, "clear out and go on duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his kind-hearted patron, not only to the close of his presidential term, but accompanying him to the Hermitage, was with him to the day of his death.

The Rev. Dr. Ely relates an interesting anecdote of Washington. It occurred during the general's visit of 1789, at West Springfield, Mass. Washington was standing on the bank of the Connecticut, waiting for a ferry-boat. Dr. Ely says: "Whilst I was gazing upon him, one of the postilions drove up, and dismounting and uncovering his head, said, in the most deferential manner, and with an expression of injured dignity: 'Your excellency, as we were driving along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team that we might pass by. He declined. I then told him that it was President Washington's chariot. He again refused and said he would not stop, that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had.'—'And so he had,' was the simple reply of Washington. The postilion, after a moment's look of wonder and astonishment at the condescension of the President of the United States, quietly put on his hat and again mounted his horse."

After Mr. Lincoln had sent the name of the Rev. Mr. Shrigley to the senate for confirmation as hospital chaplain in the army, a self-constituted committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called on him to protest against the appointment. After Mr. Shrigley's name had been mentioned the President said: "O yes, I have sent it to the senate. His testimonials are highly satisfactory, and the appointment will no doubt be confirmed at an early day." The young men replied: "But, sir, we have come not to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination, on the ground that Mr. Shrigley is not evangelical in his sentiments."—"Ah!" said the President, "that alters the case. On what point of doctrine is the gentleman unsound?"—"He does not believe in endless punishment," was the reply. "Yes," added another of the committee, "he believes that even the rebels themselves will finally be saved; and it will never do to have a man with such views hospital chaplain." The President hesitated to reply for a moment, and then responded with an emphasis they will long remember: "If that be so, gentlemen, and there be any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then let the man be appointed!" He was appointed.

PROUD PERSONS AND VAIN BOASTERS.

In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it was wittily said of Cincinnati, the democracy are those who now kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy those whose fathers killed hogs for a living.

One of the parvenue ladies of Cincinnati, who would be wonderful aristocratic in all her domestic concerns, was visiting at the house of Major G. (all know the old major), when, after tea, the following conversation occurred between the major's fashionable lady and the "top knot," in consequence of a hired girl occupying a seat at the table. "Why, Mrs. G., you do not allow your hired girl to eat at the table, do you?"—"Most certainly I do. You know this has ever been my custom. It was so when you worked for me—don't you recollect?" This was a "collar" to silk and satin greatness, or as the boy calls it, "codfish aristocracy." After coloring and stammering, she answered in a low voice: "Yes, I believe it was," and left. What a withering rebuke, and how admirably it applies to much of our strutting aristocracy. When will the world learn that poverty is not the evidence of meanness and degradation, nor silks and satins the true evidence of a true and noble woman?

A fellow was one day boasting of his pedigree, when a wag who was present remarked very sententiously, "Ah, I have no doubt. That reminds me of a remark made by Lord Bacon, that they who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which is underground."

There was in New York a gentleman of ample fortune, which he received by inheritance. His wife ordered a new carriage, and was anxious that the "family" coat of arms should be emblazoned upon its panels. This the husband consented to, and, taking a pen, the millionnaire drew something resembling a small mound; by it was stuck a manure fork, and upon the fork was perched chanticleer, rampant. "Why, what is that?" asked madam in amazement. "This," said the man of money, "is our family coat of arms. My grandfather made his money carting manure in Brooklyn, and invested it in real estate in New York. Now listen to the explanation of the arms. This mound and fork represent my grandfather's occupation; the cock upon the top of the fork represents myself, who have done nothing but flap my wings and crow on that dunghill ever since." The carriage still has plain panels.

An Englishman was boasting of the great rate at which the cars run in England. "Why," said he, "in my country they run seventy-five miles an hour."—"They do, eh?" said a Yankee, who had been listening quietly. "They couldn't run long at that rate, or they'd soon run off the deuced little island."

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that "he had two good substantial reasons. In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man, and in the next place he liked to hear a man of sense talk."

During the bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a seaside hotel, and with a considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "I'm Lieutenant-Governor of ——."—"That doesn't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

A Paris broker was presented to Prince Demidorff, who, to prevent conversation from dropping, observed: "You have a beautiful breast-pin."—"Yes, it is a very rare stone," said the broker. To which the Prince Demidorff replied: "Very rare, indeed, and very expensive, too. You can't imagine the trouble I had to get my chimney pieces at St. Petersburg, for they are all made of it." The banker turned as many colors as a dying dolphin.

THERE is only one thing worse than ignorance, that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an overwise man is the worst. You may cause idiots to philosophize—you may coax donkeys to forego thistles—but don't think of ever driving common sense into the head of a conceited person.

AN old fellow in a northern town, who is original in all things, especially in excessive egotism and profanity, and who took part in the late great rebellion, was one day blowing in the village tavern to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question :—" I say, old Joe, how many rebs did you kill during the war ?"—" How many did I kill, sir ? how many rebs did I kill ? Well, I don't know just 'zactly how many ; but I know this much—I killed as many o' them as they did o' me !"

A LITTLE man was boasting to Curran that small as he really was he was descended from a celebrated Irish giant. The polite wit, measuring the dwarf before him in his mind's eye, with his celebrated ancestors, said, "That is evident, and an awful descent it was too."

THE elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at a magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which the latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintance : "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good-natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason when they went to the public school in William-street together, noticed the *hauteur* of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as she was pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snubbed by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up, and, with smiles of winning sweetness, remarked : " I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."—"Why, indeed ?"—" Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, and your father was a tailor."

DURING General Sherman's visit to New England, he was accosted at a town in Connecticut by an awkward-looking fellow who made his way to the car, with : " Don't you remember, down in Georgia, stopping one day on the march where there was a crowd of fellows looking on at a chicken fight ?" The general laughed. " Yes, he did remember."—" Well," said the fellow, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction and modest triumph, " that was my rooster what whipped."

A PEACOCK once said to a barn-yard hen : " See how proud and haughty your spouse struts about ; and yet men never say as proud as a rooster, but always as proud as a peacock."—" Because," said the hen, " men are always willing to excuse pride which has a proper foundation. My spouse is proud of his courage, watchfulness and unselfishness, while your boast is your color and feathers."

THERE is a lady down East so high-minded that she disdains to own that she has common sense. There are a great many of the same sort about.

HE is as considerate as the first fire-fly, who was careful to reveal her bright tail gradually, lest she might blind creation by too sudden and vivid a flash of lightning.

FALSE pride—if indeed any sort of pride is otherwise—is a very ridiculous littleness. There are men who would blush up to the eyes if detected in carrying home a bundle. Yet this sort of pride frequently has a fall, and necessity sometimes works a radical cure. One of our dandy officers in Mexico, who, when in New York, voted it vulgar to carry an umbrella, made nothing of marching to his quarters the bearer of a roasting pig and greens, captured in a foraging excursion. Chief Justice Marshall, while living at Richmond, gave a lesson to one of these over-nice gentry. Nothing was more usual than to see him returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a would-be-fashionable young man from the North, who had recently removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could hire no one to take home his turkey. Marshall stepped up, and ascertaining where he lived, replied, "That is my way, and I will take it for you." When arrived at his dwelling, the young man inquired, "What shall I pay you?"—"O, nothing," was the rejoinder, "you are welcome—it was on my way, and no trouble."—"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the other of a bystander, as Marshall stepped away. "That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States." The young man, astounded, exclaimed: "Why did he bring home my turkey?"—"To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the answer.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who had lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer; "for we find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

In society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS.

(Alphabetically Arranged.)

In Fielding's "Select Proverbs of all Nations," from which some of these are taken, we find the following in the introduction:—"Proverbs are the book of life, the salt of knowledge, and the gatherings of ages. Like pebbles smothered by the flood, they have flowed down the stream of time, divested of extraneous matter; rounded into harmonious couplets, or clenched into useful maxims."

D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," says: "Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence; they take all the colors of life; they are often exquisite strokes of genius; they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, and they give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states he may occupy."

Abundance, like want, ruins many.

A Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

A creditor always has a better memory than the debtor.

A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout.

A deceitful man is more hurtful than open war.

A faithful friend is strong defence.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

A fox should not be on the jury at a goose's trial.

A good education is the foundation of happiness.

A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

A great fortune is a great slavery.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings.

A little word may be enough to hatch a great deal of mischief.

All would live long, but none would be old.

ALMS-GIVING never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

A MAN cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

A MAN in a passion rides a mad horse.

A MAN, like a watch, is to be valued for his goings.

A MAN may suffer without sinning, but a man cannot sin without suffering.

A MAN may talk like a wise man, yet act like a fool.

A MAN must have confidence in himself if he expects the world to have confidence in him.

A MAN seldom affects to despise the world, unless the world is regardless of him.

A MAN without money is a bow without an arrow.

AN idle brain is the devil's workshop.

A NOD from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

AN old dog cannot alter his way of barking.

AN old friend is worth two new ones.

A PENNY worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

A SANCTIFIED heart is better than a silver tongue.

A SIMPLE flower may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life.

ASK a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table.

A SMALL leak will sink a ship.

A THOUSAND probabilities do not make one truth.

AVARICE increases with wealth.

A WALL between two preserves friendship.

A WILD goose never laid a tame egg.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

BEFORE you make a friend, eat a peck of salt with him.

BELLS call others to church, but enter not in themselves.

BE praised not for you ancestors, but for your virtues.

BE sure of the fact before you lose time in searching for a cause.

BETTER ride an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

BETTER untaught than ill-taught.

BEWARE of a silent dog and still water.

BEWARE of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled.

BUSINESS neglected is business lost.

BY all means get money, not to hoard, but to spend—to procure employment, liberty, independence, and above all, the power of doing good.

CORKSCREWS have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

CORRECTION does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is the sun after a shower.

DECLAIMING against pride is not always a sign of humility.

DISEASE comes in by hundred weight, and goes out by ounces.

DOING an injury puts you below your enemy; revenging one makes you but even with him; forgiving it sets you above him.

DO what you can when you cannot do what you would.

DRAW not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed.

ENVY shoots at others and wounds herself.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

EVERY faculty is a gift for the use of which we are responsible to our Creator.

EVERY fox praises his own tail.

EVERY light is not the sun.

EVERY little frog is great in his own bog.

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune.

EVERY tub must stand upon its own bottom.

EVERY vice has a cloak, and creeps in under the name of a virtue.

EXPECT nothing from him who promises a great deal.

Expensive keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Feed a pig and you'll have a hog.

Fortune sometimes favors those whom she afterward destroys.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of an honest heart.

Get a name to rise early and you may lie all day.

Gifts break through stone walls.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Go after two wolves and you will not even catch one.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it in the nest.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

Good bargains are pickpockets.

Good humor is the health of the soul, sadness its prison.

Great good nature without prudence is a great misfortune.

Great minds are easy in prosperity and quiet in adversity.

Grieving for misfortunes is adding gall to wormwood.

Hardly anything is what it appears to be, and what flatters most is always farthest from reality.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Have the courage to show your preference for honesty in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for vice surrounded by attraction.

Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; hear both sides, and all will be clear.

He dies like a beast who has done no good while he lived.

He has riches enough who needs neither to borrow nor flatter.

He is idle that might be better employed.

He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.

He learns much who studies other men; he also learns much who studies himself.

He preaches well who lives well.

He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

He that fears leaves must not come into a wood.

He that fears you present will hate you absent.

He that goes borrowing goes sorrowing.

He that hath an ill name is half hanged.

He that helps the wicked, hurts the good.

He that knows himself best esteems himself least.

He that knows not when to be silent knows not when to speak.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

He that makes himself a sheep shall be eaten by the wolves.

He that stays in the valley shall never get over the hill.

He that would live in peace and rest must hear and see and say the best.

He that would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

He that would know what shall be, must consider what hath been.

He that would hang his dog, first gives out that he is mad.

He who has no shame has no conscience.

He who has not bread to spare should not keep a dog.

He who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

He who licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it.

He who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.

He who loses money, loses much; he who loses a friend loses more; but he who loses his spirits loses all.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

He who would stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

How to make the hours go fast—use the "spur of the moment."

Human blood is all of one color.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue.

If all fools wore white caps we should look like a flock of geese.

If an ass goes a travelling he'll not come home a horse.

If better were within, better will come out.

If men were perfectly contented, there would no longer be any activity in the world.

If passion drives, let reason hold the reins.

If the brain sows not corn it plants thistles.

If you lie down with dogs you will rise up with fleas.

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.

If you would have a blessing upon your riches, bestow a good portion of them in charity.

Ignorance and impudence are inseparable companions.

I know no difference between buried treasure and concealed knowledge.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

Inform yourself and instruct others.

In jealousy there is more love of self than of any one else.

Interest speaks all sorts of languages and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness.

It belongs to great men to have great faults.

It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor.

It is an ill battle where the devil carries the colors.

It is a miserable hospitality to open your doors and shut your countenance.

It is a miserable sight to see a poor man proud and a rich man avaricious.

It is a pity that those who taught us to talk did not also teach us when to hold our tongue.

It is bad enough to be poor, but it is a worse calamity to be rich and poor at the same time. It is not unfrequently the melancholy evidence of a God-forsaken condition and the presage of an everlasting ruin.

It is better to need relief than to wan heart to give it.

It is easier to dig up a rooted mountain with a needle, than to pluck pride from a human heart.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

It is more easy to praise poverty than to bear it.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than boast of our merits.

It is more noble to make yourself great than to be born so.

It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right.

It is not cowardice to yield to necessity, nor courage to stand out against it.

It is not good to wake a sleeping lion.

It is not the burthen, but the over-burthen that kills the beast.

Justice will not condemn, even the devil wrongfully.

Keep conscience clear, then never fear.

Keep no more cats than will catch mice.

Knowledge is silver among the poor, gold among the nobles, and a jewel among princes.

Knowledge without education is but armed injustice.

Learning is a sceptre to some, a bauble to others.

Learn wisdom by the follies of others.

Let another's ship-wreck be your sea mark.

Let them laugh that win.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

Many a true word is spoken in jest.

MANY kiss the hand they wish to see cut off.

MANY talk like philosophers and live like fools.

MANY ways to kill a dog and not to hang him.

MASTERS should be sometimes blind and sometimes deaf.

MAY you have good luck, my son, and a wit will serve your turn.

MEAN men admire wealth, great men glory.

MEN apt to promise are apt to forget.

MEN who are all cheek are rarely men of brain. Nature can't support too much in one establishment.

MISFORTUNE is a filter which separates sincere friends from the scum.

MOST follies owe their origin to self-love.

MOST of the learning in use is of no great use.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

NATURE teaches us to love our friends, religion our enemies.

NEGLECT kills injuries, revenge increases them.

NEVER turn thy face from any poor man, and the face of the Lord shall never be turned away from thee.

NO man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated family.

NO man ever sins at half price.

NO one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing him out.

NO rose without a thorn.

NO tree takes so deep a root as prejudice.

NO wrong will ever right itself.

NONE but God and the poor know what the poor do for each other.

OF all the dust thrown in men's eyes gold dust is the most blinding.

OFTENTIMES, to please fools, wise men err.

OLD fools are more foolish than young ones.

OLD men go to death, but death comes to young men.

ONE foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

ONE fool makes many.

ONE is not as soon healed as hurt.

ONE swallow makes not a spring, nor one woodcock a winter.

ONLY that which is honestly got is gain.

OPPRESSION causes rebellion.

PATIENCE is a plaster for all sores.

PEACE gains her victories with spears of grain and blades of grass.

PLEASURES while they flutter sting to death.

POUR not water on a drowned mouse.

POVERTY craves many things, but avarice more.

POVERTY is social slavery.

POVERTY is the mother of all arts.

PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

PRAISE the sea, but keep on land.

REASON governs the wise man, and cudgels the fool.

RICHES like manure do no good till they are spread.

RICHES may at any time be left, but not poverty.

RICHES, when improperly acquired, or too cautiously distributed, will carry a worm of poverty at the root, which will be severely realized by the father or his children.

ROYALTY consists not in vain pomp, but in great virtues.

SAYING and doing do not dine together.

SECOND thoughts are best. Man was God's first thought—woman his second.

SEEK not to reform every one's dial by your own watch.

SHOW me a liar and I'll show you a thief.

SILKS and satins put out the kitchen fire.

SOME are very busy and yet do nothing.

SOME bad people would be less dangerous if they had not some goodness.

SOME have been thought brave because they were afraid to run away.

SPEAK well of your friend, of your enemy say nothing.

SPEND not where you should save; spare not where you should spend.

THAT is a prodigious plaster for so small a sore.

THAT is but an empty purse that is full of other folk's money.

THAT which helps one man may hinder another.

THE best horse needs breaking, and the aptest child needs teaching.

THE best mode of instruction is to practise what we teach.

THE best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

THE best thing in the world is to live above it.

THE best throw upon the dice is to throw them away.

THE bird that flutters least in the air remains the longest on the wing.

THE bow that is oftenest unbent will the longest retain its strength and elasticity.

THE brightest dreams awaken to the darkest realities.

THE drunkard continually assaults his own life.

THE first steps on fortune's ladder are the steepest and roughest to ascend.

THE future has a rich harvest in store for those who rightly cultivate the present.

THE greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

THE greatest thieves punish the little ones.

THE greatest king must at last go to bed with a shovel.

THE hog never looks up to him that threshes down the acorns.

THE longest life is but a parcel of moments.

THE money you refuse to worthy objects will never do you any good.

THE more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

THE more riches a fool hath the foolisher he is.

THE more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

THE more you court a mean man the statelier he grows.

THE most dangerous of wild beasts is a slanderer, of tame a flatterer.

THE most mischievous liars are those who just keep on the verge of truth.

THE noblest remedy of injuries is oblivion.

THE only way to be thought to be anything is to be it.

THE pleasures of the great are the tears of the poor.

THE poor man's wisdom is as useless as a palace in the wilderness.

THE remedy of to-morrow is too late for the evil of to-day.

THE rich and ignorant are sheep with golden wool.

THE rich man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

THE richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

THE ruin of most men dates from some idle hour. Occupation is an armor of the soul.

THE sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

THE sun is never the worse for shining on a dunghill.

THE sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar.

THE wisdom of a poor man goes a very little way, while the loquacity of a rich fool carries everything before it.

THE wise man draws more advantages from his enemies than the fool from his friends.

THE world is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

THE worst pig often gets the best fare.

THERE are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

THERE are many thread-bare souls under silken cloaks and gowns.

THERE is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels.

THERE is more evil in a drop of corruption than there is in a sea of affliction.

THERE is no better looking-glass than an old, true friend.

THERE is no dungeon so dark and dismal as the mean man's mind.

THERE is no medicine against death.

THOUGH man may have the "constitution of a horse," he should not be treated like an ass.

TOO much plenty makes mouth dainty.

TRUE valor is fire, bullying is smoke.

TRUTH is the only bond of friendship.

TRUTH scorns all kind of equivocation.

TRUTHS and roses have thorns about them.

VAIN glory blossoms, but never bears.

VOWS made in storms are forgotten in calms.

WE are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed.

WE cannot have figs from thorns, nor grapes from thistles.

WE should be ashamed of our best actions if the world could see all the motives which produced them.

WE sometimes see a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

WEALTH breeds a pleurisy; ambition a fever; liberty a vertigo, and poverty is a dead palsy.

WEALTH is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

WELCOME death, quoth the rat, when the trap fell down.

WHAT a dust I have raised, quoth the fly on the wheel.

WHAT good can it do an ass to be called a lion?

WHAT maintains one vice would bring up two children.

WHAT pretty things men will make for money, quoth the old lady when she saw a monkey.

WHAT soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals.

WHEN a fox preaches, beware of your geese.

WHEN a man's coat is threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it.

WHEN fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

WHEN gold speaks all tongues are silent.

WHEN you bury animosity, don't set up a stone over its grave.

WHERE content is there is a feast.

WHERE the heart is past hope, the face is past shame.

WHO buys has need of a hundred eyes, who sells has enough with one.

WHO is not used to lie thinks every one speaks the truth.

WHO pardons the bad injures the good.

WHO preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

WISDOM without innocence is knavery; innocence without wisdom is folly.

WISE men have their mouth in their heart, fools their heart in their mouth.

WISE sayings often fall to the ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

WOLVES may lose their teeth, but not their nature.

WORTH begets in base minds envy; in great souls emulation.

WORTH hath been underrated ever since wealth was overvalued.

YOU cannot make velvet of a sow's ear.

YOU had better leave your enemy something when you die than live to beg of your friends.

YOU make a great purchase when you relieve the necessitous.

YOU may break a colt, but not an old horse.

YOU would do little for God if the devil were dead.

PUNCTUATION, BAD.

IN the priory of Ramessa there dwelt a prior who was very liberal, and who caused these verses to be written over his door:

Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor.

But after his death there succeeded him

another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as the other was bountiful and liberal, who kept the same verses there still, changing nothing therein but one point, which made them run thus:

> Be open evermore, O thou my door,
> To none, be shut to honest or to poor.

A CLERGYMAN was depicting before a deeply interesting audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by saying: "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication."

PUNCTUATION, that is the putting stops in the right places, cannot be too sedulously studied. We once read in a country paper the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat on his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."

THE husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to her clergyman, which, instead of spelling and punctuating to read, "A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety," she spelled and punctuated as follows: "A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

A BLUNDERING compositor, in setting up the toast, "Woman; without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

PUNS.

IT is thought to be a question worthy of consideration whether a person, whose voice is broken, is not, on that account, better qualified to sing "pieces."

A LADY went into a hardware store, in which there were a couple of clerks, and called for a pair of snuffers. "Suppose you take us," said one of the clerks, "we both snuff." The proprietor of the store put them both out.

"AMONG all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son Aaron, he took after me with a club."

ONCE a gentleman, who had the marvellous gift of shaping a great many things out of orange-peel, was displaying his abilities at a dinner-party before Theodore Hook and Thomas Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat, and after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of at least a dozen oranges, gave it up, with the exclamation: "Hang the pig. I can't make one."—"Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a litter."

"THERE is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes."—"In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are lyres."

"I HAVE good reason," exclaimed an enraged author, who had been lampooned in a review, "to believe that M. has given me this stab in the dark."—"Make your mind perfectly easy," said his friend, "for M. is the last man to give you a stab in the dark; first, because he always held you in light estimation, and, secondly, because he is a fellow that wouldn't stick to anything."

A LEGAL gentleman and a scientific whist-player objected to playing against a lady at a party on one occasion, because she had such a "winning way about her." Rather fastidious.

"MY tenants are a world of bother to me," said a testy landlady to her nephew. "Quite likely; ten aunts might be considered enough to bother any one," was the reply.

"COLONEL W. is a fine looking man, is he not?" said one. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."—"You? Why, you are as ugly as sin."—"I don't care for that; I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

"Do you see that fellow lounging there, oing nothing?" said Owens to Jenks, he other day. "How does he live, by his wits?"—"O, no; he's a cannibal."—"A cannibal."—"Yes, a cannibal; he lives on other people."

WHEN a witty English government defaulter, after his recall, was asked on his arrival home if he left India on account of his ill health, he replied: "Yes, they say there is something wrong in the chest."

A CHAP with a pimply face, who had done the State some service, was wondering one day why he broke out so. "It is strange," remarked a person present, "for you didn't break out when you 'boarded' at the State prison."

THE young lady who burst into tears has been put together, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a renewal of the accident.

A DUEL was fought in Mississippi once by S. K. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. In these circumstances we would rather have been Shott than Knott.

BETTING is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than the man who is no better?

"JOHN, you seem to gain flesh every day—the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?"—"Well, Simon, I really forget now, but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls."—"I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

A GOOD way to find a woman out—call when she isn't at home.

CAN any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers and others who deal in notes, mortgages, etc., consider these articles of merchandise valueless when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they cannot sell that which they can-cel?

"How fast they build houses now," said H.; "they began that building last week and now they are putting in the lights."—"Yes," answered his friend, "and next week they will put in the 'liver.'"

SPEAKING of railway trains, why are they never struck by lightning? It is because they are generally provided with such excellent conductors.

IT being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet, Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed: "O, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."—"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

COLEMAN, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," replied the wit: "Hook and eye (I) were old associates."

DID you ever enjoy the ecstatic bliss of courting? You didn't! then you had better get a little gal-an-try.

IT is said that the "pillars" of liberty are stuffed with the feathers of the American Eagle.

A HANDSOME dress pattern never arrests a woman's attention. She will always go buy it.

A GRAVE mistake—accidentally burying a man alive.

IF you visit a young woman and you are won and she is won, you will be both one.

"JULIUS, did you ever see the Cats-kill Mountains?"—"No, Sambo, but I've seen cats kill mice."

"ARE you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate."

IT is said some babies are so small that they can creep into quart measures. But the way some adults can walk into such measures is very astonishing.

THEODORE Hook, once walking with a friend, passed a pastry cook's shop, in the window of which was the usual inscription, "Water Ices and Ice Cream." "Dear me," said Theodore, "what an admirable description of hydrophobia." —"How can that be?" said the friend, "what have water ices and ice cream to do with hydrophobia?"—"Oh," replied Hook, "you do not read it right. I read it thus: Water I sees, and I scream."

POOR old Briggs, of Boston, labored under two great natural defects, the one being his inability to pronounce the letter V, and the other a "pecuniary retentiveness," vulgarly known as parsimony. "What a queer pronunciation your uncle has," observed some one to a nephew of Briggs. "Ah, yes," replied the graceless youth, "it is impossible to get a V out of him!"

UPON the marriage of a Miss Wheat, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be flowery, and that she might never be thrashed by her husband.

AN old lady told her son to list the door, in order to keep the wind out. "That will make it worse, mother," he replied, "for you well know 'the wind bloweth where it listeth.'"

"O PRAY let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once; but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

"WOULD you like to subscribe for 'Dickens' Household Words'?" inquired a magazine agent. "I guess not—household words have played the dickens with me long enough."

WHEN a certain bankrupt crossed the English Channel to avoid his creditors, George Selwin remarked, it was a pass over which would not be relished by the Jews.

A PUNSTER happened into one of the banks the other day, just as the worthy cashier was running up, with his accustomed celerity and correctness, a very long column of figures. The waggish visitor saw the sum completed, and then remarked to the official with a very grave face: "Mr. B., I understand they talk of sending you on to the World's Fair as a specimen of the American adder."

MRS. PARTINGTON says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they both are always chanting their lays.

"WE know a girl," says some one, "so industrious, that when she has nothing else to do she sits and knits her brows."

WHY do hackmen prefer tall ladies to short ones? Because the higher the fare the better they like it.

IT is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by "pillage."

"MAY I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks? certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specks; "leave them with the heels towards the house, if you please."

"HAVE you much fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman, who was returning. "Yes, a good eel," was the rather slippery reply.

AT a dinner, this question was put to the guests: "Which is the stronger, lie or truth?" After a moment's consideration, Mr. Joseph Proctor answered: "Truth, for you may re-ly on it."

IT is said that a pig ran away from the butcher, because he had heard that prevention is better than cure.

"PRAY, Mrs. Zabriska, why do you whip your children so often?"—"La, Mrs. Worthy, I do it for their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life, that he didn't acknowledge that it made him smart."

DANIEL PARSELL, the punster, being desired to make a pun extempore, asked: "Upon what subject?"—"The king," was the answer. "O, sir," replied Daniel, "the king is not a subject."

JOHN'S wife and John were *tête-à-tête;* she witty was, industrious he; says John: "I've earned the bread we've ate;"—"And I," says she, "have urned the tea."

A MAN being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that district. He concluded it must be all moonshine.

DEAN SWIFT says: "It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

IT is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is called high words, they generally use low language.

THERE is an article called "Locomotive Gin." We presume any one inclined to steam it, will use this article; but we advise young men to beware of it, for if they but look in the dictionary, they will find gin to be defined as a snare.

"YOU see I have changed my occupation," said an oculist (formerly a schoolmaster) to a friend. "Yes, but it is nearly the same thing, though," was the answer, "for you still attend to the pupils!"

THEODORE HOOK was once punning on names; and a gentleman, named Dunlop, defied him to pun on his name. "O," said Hook, "lop off half the name and it is done (Dun)."

A LADY called at the shop of a maker of chimney ventilators, to see if he had any contrivance which would make her husband stop smoking.

"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveller, who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply, "snakes have no feet."

MANY public men consider themselves the pillars of the State who are more properly the caterpillars, reaching their high positions only by crawling.

AN Indianapolis journal speaks of a girl in that city getting into a "snarl" by having two lovers, and engaging herself to both. Instead of a snarl the difficulty appears to have been a double beau knot.

AN awful curious bore, learning that a young lady was going to the city, asked: "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?"—"I believe they call it a locomotive."

"I AM surprised, wife, at your ignorance," said a pompous fellow; "have you never seen any books at all?"—"O yes," she replied, "in a number of cases."

A PLEASANT trip—going to Have-Anna.

MRS. BUBBLE said to her husband: "I shall not take my watch up stairs tonight, dear, so for safety I will hang it against your photograph likeness over the mantel-piece."—"Ah," said Mr. Bubble, turning to his bosom friend, "you are like most suspicious wives, I see; you want to set a watch over your husband." Mrs. Bubble pretended to remove it, but she didn't.

ELIOT SMITH was, and may be he is, a celebrated upholsterer and good-natured auctioneer at Cambridge, England, whose body exceeded in dimensions the proper corporation standard; on him a Trinity wag wrote the following lines:

> If flesh be grass, as some folks say,
> Then Eliot Smith's a load of hay.

WHY ought they always to have plenty of eggs at sea? Because, says the Barnstable Patriot, the captain can lay to (two) any time he pleases.

A GENTLEMAN, on one occasion, was expatiating eloquently to a young lady on the merits of a poetically inclined acquaintance, who, he said, had Burns at his tongue's end. "O, la," said she, "I've had burns at my tongue's end many a time."

"THIS tenement to let. Inquire next door." The place was in a dilapidated, wretched condition. Bannister, however, inquired the rent, etc. These particulars gained, he asked: "Do you let anything with it?"—"No," was the reply; "why do you ask?"—"Because," said the wit, "if you let it alone it will tumble down."

ALLAN, in conversation with Samuel Rogers, observed: "I never put my razor into hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade."—"No doubt of it," said the wit; "show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water."

MRS. PARTINGTON says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

IT is perfectly natural that physicians generally should have a greater horror of the sea than anybody else, because they are more subject to see-sickness.

WHERE a pretty girl lacks a full supply of natural hair, she is quite sure to be upbraided.

DID Byron refer to waspish young ladies when he wrote, "Our young affections run to 'waist'?"

A BRILLIANT young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowling: "I think, miss, that you would have made a capital baker."—"Indeed, sir, why?"—"Because you make such excellent rolls."

"SPEAKING of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by."—"Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," he replied.

WHAT a horrible creature! A bachelor says he dislikes young married couples, "because they are apt to give themselves heirs."

"MISS JULIA, allow me to close those blinds; the glare of the sun must be oppressive."—"You are very kind, sir, but I would rather have a little son than no heir at all."

A LADY in paroxysms of grief was said to have shed torrents of tears. "Poor thing!" remarked an unfeeling punster; "she must have had a cataract in each eye."

MR. BEAR was at a public dinner, two gentlemen of the name of Bird being in company. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Bear, who was a good singer, was called on to oblige the company with a song; he immediately rose and said, "Gentlemen, your conduct on this occasion is so highly improper that I cannot help noticing it."—"For why?" said the gentlemen. "That you should call on a Bear when you have two Birds in the company."

"WHO is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied the counsellor. "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a glass to my lips."

JOHN G. SAXE was walking up Broadway, when he was accosted by a friend, who asked where he was bound. The poet replied, "To Boston this afternoon, *Deo volente*."—"What route is that?" asked the inquirer. "By way of Providence, of course."

UPON a reception of the Marquis Lafayette in Philadelphia, during his last visit to this country, Colonel Forrest, one of the Revolutionary officers, upon being presented, burst into tears, upon which Judge Peters, who was standing at the side of the marquis, dryly observed: "Why, Tom, I took you for a Forrest tree, but you turn out to be a weeping willow."

A CABINET-MAKER having made a table for a customer, who did not come after it for several years, thus addressed him when at last he applied for it: "Sir, you are the most un-com-for-table customer I have ever had."

ON some railroads it is customary to have a lock on the stove to prevent passengers from meddling with the fire. A wag being asked why they locked the stove, coolly replied that "it was to keep the fire from going out."

AN old gentleman was sitting upon the bank of a river, fishing most patiently. Suddenly a vicious little dog stole up behind him and gave him a spiteful snap through his pantaloons. "Whew!" exclaimed the old fisherman, "I've got a bite at last."

A PHILADELPHIA judge and punster having observed to another judge on the bench that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has carroty hair, reddish cheeks, turnip nose, and sage look."

MISS JOY was present at a party, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed: "Oh, I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't want to be a Joy forever."

A PRETTY girl said to Leigh Hunt, "I am very sad, you see." He replied: "O, no; you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very fair, I see."

"I THINK I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" — "O yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

A YOUNG lady in one of our chief cities had accompanied her friend to hear a literary lecture. On their return, the gentleman remarked to his "lady-love" on the manner in which the lecturer had executed his task, and thought the whole performance was rare. "You may be quite right," said the lady in reply; "but for my own part, I thought it was well done." Who was right? The lady, of course.

A DOCTOR and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

A MAN who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or anything else, in which he could not tie a double bow-knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a cord of wood.

GEORGE IV., on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, in his late Life of that statesman, observed: "I wont say that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life."

BOSWELL was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes," replied Lord Kames, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added: "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

SYDNEY SMITH, passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

THE wife of a well-known literary gentleman, while reading one of his articles for the press, corrected it as he went along, and the errors were somewhat numerous. "Why, husband," she exclaimed, "you don't know the first rules in grammar, or else you are very negligent."—"Well, well, my love," he exclaimed, looking up from his work, "what is the matter now?" —"Why, in three cases you speak of our sex in the plural, and write it in the singular number."—"I can't help it," was the retort; "woman is a singular being."

"WHY, Tom, how are you, my good fellow? Where have you been for a week back?"—"Why, I'm better. I've been to Dr. Stickem's for a strengthening plaster; but how did you know I had a weak back?"

AN eminent lawyer went into a shop of a gentleman in Boston, who was in partnership with his brother-in-law, and inquired for some waistcoats. A number of elegant patterns were thrown on the counter. The lawyer pleasantly observed he should like to have one of them if he would take his pay in law. "You may take one, if you please," replied the gentleman, "and pay my brother-in-law."

MRS. JENKINS complained in the evening, that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not sit well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

As a fat, unshapely colored woman was passing down the street, with a swinging motion as if she deemed herself "some pumpkins," a young lady told her brother to observe her carriage. "Why," said he, "I should call it a wagging."

A YOUNG lady remarked to a male friend, that she feared she would make a poor sailor. The gentleman promptly answered: "Probably; but I'm sure you would make an excellent mate."

A MAN named Oats was had up once for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

A POPULAR writer, speaking of the oceanic telegraph, wonders how the news transmitted through salt water can be fresh.

"HAVE you any travelling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young stationer. "No, ma'am, we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

A GARRULOUS fop, who had annoyed, by his frivolous remarks, his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?"—"No," was the reply; "but I have often had them bored."

DON'T carry your handkerchief in your breast pocket. If you do, says Punch, you take a wiper to your bosom.

A COMEDIAN, by way of a puff for his approaching benefit, published these lines:

Dear public, you and I, of late,
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you now a monstrous, great
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a grate full of coals I'll glow,
A great full house to see:
And if I am not grateful, too,
A great fool I must be.

CALEB WHITFORD, of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing?—"Knotting, sir," she replied; "pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?"—"I can-not, madam," answered he.

"I HAVE a fresh cold," said a gentleman to his acquaintance. "Why do you have a fresh one; why don't you have it cured?"

ONE morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam, but before I ate the tongue I was assured you did not want it."

"WHY the deuce is it," said a young man, "that I can't make my collar sit well?"—"Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

McD., a public speaker, delighted in punning. During an oration, in which he was comparing the statesmen of England and the United States, he suddenly drew up his shoulders, and pointing to the floor but a few paces in front of him (which, by the way, was a favorite gesture with him), he exclaimed: "If England had a Pitt, we can fill it with Clay."

"WOULD you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?" said a romantic young girl to her less romantic companion. "O no; I should not like to have a cataract always in my eye."

AT a party, as a young gentleman named Frost was eating an apple in a quiet corner by himself, a young lady came up and gaily asked him why he did not share with her. He good-naturedly turned the side which was not bitten toward her, saying, "Here, take it, if you wish."—"No, I thank you," she exclaimed, looking at him archly, "I would rather have one that is not frost-bitten!" and ran off to join the company, leaving poor Frost with a thaw in his heart.

A LADY asking a gentleman how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied: "The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing grave subjects."

"WHAT a pity it is," said a lady to Garrick, "that you are not taller."—"I should be happy to be higher in your estimation."

A YOUNG man in conversation one evening chanced to remark, "I am no prophet."—"True," replied a lady present, "no profit to yourself or to any one else."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "It ought to be," was the reply, "the painter gave it two coats recently."

A FELLOW lately contracted in writing with a wood-dealer for a quantity of "tip-top wood." The man began to deliver it; but it was so full of limbs that the purchaser demurred, saying it was not good. The woodman replied:—"It was just what I agreed to deliver, 'tip-top' wood, and I believe this grew on that part of the tree."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"—"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

A BOY who had been attending a colored funeral was asked on his return where he had been. He replied, very quickly: "I have been a black-bury-ing."

"I DO not wish to insult you, gentlemen, but I must take the liberty of telling you that there has been a good deal of hard lying under this roof to-day."—"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and it has pretty much all been done under the roof of your own mouth."

A GENTLEMAN coming into the room of Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowel was dead. "What," said he, "Vowel dead? Let us be thankful it was neither u nor i."

A MODERN tourist calls the Niagara river "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

SAXE, in making a speech at a flag-raising in Albany, concluded his remarks by proposing three cheers for the young gentlemen of East Albany who had procured the flag. As the cheers were about to be given, the chairman of the occasion amended the proposition of Mr. Saxe, so that the cheers went up for the young ladies as well as the young gentlemen of East Albany. After the cheers Saxe gave as an apology for omitting to speak of the young ladies in his original proposition for cheers, that he thought the young gentlemen always embraced the young ladies.

A GENTLEMAN met another in the street who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk exceedingly slow."—"Yes," replied the sick man, "but I'm going very fast."

"IN short, ladies and gentlemen," said an overpowered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart!" Vulgar boy from the gallery: "Won't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

A CITIZEN was thus accosted by the landlord: "As everything is on the rise, I feel it my duty to raise the rent."—"Sir," said the tenant, "I feel duly grateful, for times are so hard that it is really impossible to raise it myself."

A PUBLIC functionary once sent his resignation in a very angry letter. It was humorously remarked, that the letter did not at all indicate resignation.

"How do you like me now ?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you any longer."

"ARE you fond of tongue, sir ?"—"I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

CHARLES BANNISTER being caught one day in a shower of rain, went for shelter into a comb-maker's shop, where an old man was at work. "I am sorry," said Bannister to him, "that a person at your time of life should have so much pain."—"Pain, I have no pain," exclaimed the man. "Yes, you must have, are you not cutting your teeth ?"

WHEN Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from the customs of Edinburgh, the entry made against his name in the books was: "A Gun discharged for making a false report."

IN Lady Morgan's Memoirs a story is told of a gentleman who was denouncing a certain bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring that his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash Wednesday."—"Of course he would," said a friend of the bishop—"of course he would, if it was a fast horse."

"BILL, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping."—"I know it, daddy; but bills are not always paid when due."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied : "His daughter Dora."

IT is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so-fist-ical.

A GENTLEMAN, whose daughter had married a man by the name of Price, was congratulated by one of his friends, who remarked: "I am glad to see you have got a good price for your daughter."

ANNA MARIA STORY was married to Robert Short. A very pleasant way of making a story short.

"Is that marble ?" said a gentleman, pointing to the bust of Kentucky's great statesman, recently, in a New York store. "No, sir, that's Clay," quietly replied the dealer.

A YOUNG lady, who prided herself upon her geography, setting a candle aslant, remarked that it reminded her of the leaning tower of Pisa. "Yes," responded a wag, "with this difference—that is a tower in Italy, while this is a tower in Grease."

A CHAP went to a pork-house to buy pork on credit. First he bargained for a lot of hog's ears ; next, the clerk seeming willing to trust, he bought a hog's head ; then, growing bold, he said : "I believe I'll take that ham."—"No you wont," replied the clerk ; "you are head and ears in debt now."

"WHAT was the use of the eclipse ?" asked a young lady. "Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

"WHO is he ?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman, "he can't give an account of himself."—"Of course not," said the other ; "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance."

THE following correspondence is said to have taken place between a New Haven merchant and one of his customers : "Sir, your account has been standing for two years. I must have it settled immediately." Answer. "Sir, things usually do settle by standing. I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

In a party of ladies, on it being reported that a Captain Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception: "What a name for a soldier."—"The fittest name in the world for a captain," rejoined the witty one; "for silk can never be worsted."

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is only what science tells us; but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand pounds a year to them.

QUAKERS.

The following Quaker declaration of faith was written by George Fox in 1671, and sent to the governor of Barbadoes:

We own and believe in God, the only wise, omnipotent and everlasting God, the Creator of all things in heaven and earth, and the Preserver of all that he hath made; who is God over all, blessed forever; to whom be all honor, glory, dominion, praise and thanksgiving, both now and forevermore. And we own and believe in Jesus Christ, his beloved and only begotten Son, in whom he is well pleased; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary; in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: who is the express image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature, by whom were all things created that are in heaven and in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, dominions, principalities or powers, all things were created by him. And we own and believe that he was made a sacrifice for sin, who knew no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; that he was crucified for us in the flesh, without the gates of Jerusalem; and that he was buried, and rose again the third day by the power of his Father, for our justification, and that he ascended up into Heaven, and now sitteth at the right hand of God. This Jesus, who was the foundation of the holy prophets and apostles, is our foundation; and we believe there is no other foundation to be laid but that which is laid, even Christ Jesus; who tasted death for every man, shed his blood for all men, is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world, according as John the Baptist testified of him when he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." We believe that he alone is our Redeemer and Saviour, the Captain of our Salvation, who saves us from sin, as well as from hell and the wrath to come, and destroys the devil and his works. He is the seed of the woman that bruises the serpent's head, to wit—Christ Jesus, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. He is (as the Scriptures of truth say of him) our wisdom, righteousness, justification and redemption; neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. This Lord Jesus Christ, the heavenly man, the Emmanuel, God with us, we all own and believe in.

During the last war with Britain, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly, until he saw a stout Briton coming up the vessel by a rope that hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked: "Friend, if thee wants that rope, thee may have it!" When, suiting the action to the words, he cut the rope, and down went the poor fellow to a deep and watery grave.

Nicholas Waln, though a regular Quaker preacher, was a great wag, and many are the good things said by him which are still current in certain Philadelphia circles. He was once travelling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Methodist preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Waln was seated between the two Methodists, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the circuit-riders placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes, and said an audible grace before meat. The Quaker availed himself of the opportunity to transfer both of the trout to his own plate, merely remarking, when the others opened their eyes, "Your religion teaches you to pray, but mine teaches me both to watch and pray."

"WILLIAM, thee knows I never call any bad names; but, William, if the mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in this city,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"

ON one occasion John G. Whittier was travelling with a friend over a New Hampshire railroad, and during conversation, Mr. Whittier's friend, who was also a member of the Society of Friends, told the poet that he was on his way to contract for a lot of oak timber, which he knew would be used in building the gunboats at Portsmouth, and asked him whether he thought it was exactly in consistence with the peace doctrines of the Quaker denomination. Without saying anything calculating to decide the question, the two arrived at their parting place, when Mr. Whittier, shaking his friend's hand, said: "Moses, if thee does furnish any of that oak timber thee spoke of, be sure that it is all sound."

A VERY "particular Friend" was Amos Smith, and a very decided enemy to all worldly titles, as anybody in Philadelphia knows; but a business correspondent from the South didn't know, and thereby hangs a tale.

This correspondent had directed his letter to "Amos Smith, Esquire." Friend Amos replied punctually, and, after despatching business matters, added the following paragraph: "I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use worldly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please so omit the word esquire, at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail." By the return mail came a reply, directed in accordance with the request of the particular Friend, to "Amos Smith, without any tail, Philadelphia."

A QUAKER alighted from the Bristol coach. On entering the inn, he called for some beer, and observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?"—"Ten, sir," replied Boniface. "And thou wouldst like to draw eleven?" rejoined the inquirer. "Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the Quaker. "Fill thy measures."

JOHN MORTON, a respectable Philadelphia Quaker, would have nothing to do with the Continental money, because it was issued for war purposes. It was, however, made a legal tender, and a certain slippery debtor, who owed him some ten thousand dollars, when Continental money was worth about one-half of its face, borrowed that sum from a friend, on a promise of returning it in two or three hours. Taking with him a witness, he called and laid the amount on the table of his Quaker creditor. Looking up from his writing, Morton quietly opened a large drawer, and, to the consternation of the debtor, sweeping the money into it, he shut and locked the door, saying: "Anything from thee, Daniel; anything from thee!"

A GAY young spark of deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the Scripture, and among other topics made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it in a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a grave old gentleman of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed, friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

A QUAKER was asked if Guille would ascend in his balloon. "Friend," said he, "I do not meddle with flying reports."

A QUAKER and a hot-headed youth were quarrelling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equally, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the expression with an oath. "Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself."

IT is related that in the town of Richmond, Ind., a wealthy Quaker, whose four beautiful horses were the admiration of the place, was asked to aid pecuniarily in the formation of a regiment of cavalry. He replied: "Friend, thou knowest that I cannot give thee money or horses for the war—war is wicked—but as for four horses, it is true that two will serve my need; and, friend, I will say this to thee, that my stable door is not locked, and if I see thee on one of my horses, and thy friend James on another, I will keep the peace toward you both."

"FRIEND Wesley," said a Quaker to the Rev. John Wesley, "I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded by a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought after I awoke was, that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have enclosed a note for 500*l.*, which may help thee to build them a house."

"HAVE a care," said a Quaker to an abusive young man, "thou mayest run thy face against my fist."

A YOUNG man having attended a silent Quaker meeting, was asked by some of his friends "How didst thou like the meeting?" to which he pettishly replied: "Like it? why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill the devil." —"Yes, my friend, that's just what we want," replied the Quaker.

A QUAKER, having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the Quaker, "that the laws and liberty of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in."—"If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head."—"I thought," said Obadiah, drily, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shopkeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness."

WHEN the great banker, Fordyce, became bankrupt, or nearly so, through his speculations, his efforts to "raise the wind" were earnest and incessant. Among those to whom Mr. Fordyce went, was a shrewd Quaker. "Friend Fordyce," was the reply of the latter, "I have known many men ruined by two dice, but I will not be ruined even by Four-dice!"

A GOOD one is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a Southerner, he remarked: "Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I'm going to shoot," and blazing away, down came the man.

"I EXPECT," said a worthy Quaker, "to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or anything I can do for my fellow-men, let me do it now. Let me not neglect or defer it, for I shall not pass this way again."

A METHODIST and a Quaker having stopped at a public-house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed: "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

A PERSON thinking to banter an honest Quaker, asked him where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now thou hast been free with me," added the Quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question: Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?"—"No, nor you either, I believe."—"Yes, I can," replied the Quaker, "he was going into his eleventh year, was he not?"

"PRAY, sir," said a judge, angrily, to a blunt old Quaker from whom no direct answer could be obtained, "do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yea, verily, I do," said the Quaker; "three of you for four dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for four thousand a year."

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?"—"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless you put on another breastpin."

A QUAKER once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, drily asked him: "Friend, hast thou felt in any pocket for him?"

AN English paper says that there is a Quaker down at Manchester who is such an advocate for peace, that he will not keep a clock because it strikes.

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCES AND SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

SOME years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus, the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming: "I must be reserved for something great!" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which had for some time previous been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

TWO brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

THE holy St. Augustine having to preach at a distant town, took with him a guide, who, by some unaccountable means, mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterward discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell was an infant a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through the garret-window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced his steps and deposited his burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

AT the siege of Lancaster, England, young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn, afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of the soap-boiler, and must have perished had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and immediately delivered him.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant that he was believed to be dead. A nurse, standing by, fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair, nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a pistol was shot in at the window, purposely to kill him. It grazed the chair on which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them particularly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvellous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone capsized, and all its occupants were drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor at the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in a boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he must have perished with all on board.

At the battle of Stone River, a young man, a member of the Board of Trade Battery—and also a member of the First Baptist Church, Chicago—was detailed, with others, as a postilion to take charge of the horses while detached from the guns. He sat down behind a stump. Presently the thought struck him, "It looks cowardly for me to be sitting here while the rest of the boys stand out there exposed and unconcerned," and upon the impulse sprang up. He had scarcely gone a halter's length when a cannon ball struck the stump and shivered it to atoms, and would have killed him instantly had he remained in his seat two seconds longer.

A gentleman states that after an unsuccessful sojourn in California of several years he took passage in the barque bound to New York. She touched at Panama for provisions and water; and having procured these, her captain proposed to sail next day. That evening the gentleman wrote letters to his friends, stating he might be expected home in three months. At the usual time he retired to bed and fell asleep, but about an hour afterward found himself on deck fully dressed. He was somewhat startled, but attributing it to a fit of somnambulism, after taking a turn or two fore and aft, and exchanging a few remarks with the man who had the anchor watch, again undressed and went to bed. Imagine his surprise when he again found himself on deck, dressed as before. Thrice he went to bed, and thrice he found himself on deck. As he had never before experienced any kind of somnambulism, and was an uncompromising teetotaller, he began to reflect whether there was not something supernatural in this new and strange experience; and he immediately made up his mind that he would not proceed on the vessel, but go home across the Isthmus of Panama. With this thought in his mind, he turned in the fourth time.

and dreamed that he had decided rightly. Much to the regret of the captain, who had been very kind to him, and who expressed an ardent desire to enjoy his company, he left the vessel, and arrived home in safety. A few months later he learned from the newspapers that the barque had been captured by pirates in the straits of Magellan, and that all hands but one boy had been murdered. The boy concealed himself below while the pirates were killing the rest of the crew, and, after undergoing great peril, succeeded in reaching Valparaiso. This led the gentleman to recur to the date of his experience on board the vessel at Panama; and after relating the story to his parents, they told him that in company with some pious friends they had made him the subject of special prayer that very evening, and they regarded his leaving the vessel as an answer to their prayers.

In the melancholy Bartholomew massacre, in France, for three days every Protestant who could be found was put to death. By order of the king, Admiral de Coligny was murdered in his own house; but Merlin, his chaplain, concealed himself in a hay-loft. It is recorded in the acts of the next Synod, of which he was moderator, that though many in similar circumstances died of hunger, he was supported by a hen regularly laying an egg near his place of refuge.

Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a grasshopper attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay, and his life was by this means preserved. After Sir Thomas had by his wonderful success in commercial life risen to the highest position in wealth and standing in society, he chose a grasshopper for his crest, and becoming under Queen Elizabeth the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane or weathercock, in the figure of a grasshopper was fixed on the summit of the tower.

When Dr. John Donne, a distinguished poet and divine, in the reign of James I., was taking a walk through the churchyard, the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labor threw up a skull; which, upon the doctor observing, he picked up, and found a rusty, headless nail sticking in the temple of it; he withdrew it unnoticed by the sexton, and wrapping it up in his handkerchief, asked the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was, who immediately replied it was a man's who kept a drinking shop, an honest but drunken fellow, who, one night, having indulged very freely, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" asked the doctor. "Yes," was the reply. "What character does she bear?"—"A very good one; only the neighbors were much surprised to learn that she had been married the day after her husband was buried." The doctor soon after called on the woman and asked her several questions as to what sickness her husband had died of. She gave him the same account he had before received; he then opened his handkerchief and, casting a searching glance on the woman, cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly acknowledged the fact, and was brought to trial and executed.

In that period of barbarism, rendered memorable by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV. of France, when the blood of the saints was poured out like water, some of those persons employed in hunting down the Protestants were sent in pursuit of the celebrated Protestant minister, Du Moulin. They had long sought for him in vain, when at length they traced him to a certain house, and followed in his footsteps. Every corner of this house they searched, an oven excepted, which He, who can employ, in carrying out the designs of his mercy, an insect or an angel, had rendered, by means of a despicable spider, the secure asylum of his servant. A web just thrown over its mouth prevented scrutiny, and thus was Du Moulin preserved.

RETORTS AND WITTICISMS.

It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. He would as soon board at their cost, or request them to frank him at their tailor's. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of the "The Boys and the Frogs." What was jolly for the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, for he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when levelled at social follies and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

"Sir," said one of the Barbary-shore tars to a crusty old captain, "did you ever know coffee to hurt any one?"—"Yes, you fool you," was the response; "I knew a bag full to fall on a man's head once and kill him."

A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said: "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up."—"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, a lady speaks without reflecting." — "Very good," said she. "Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?"—"I cannot tell you."—"Because the mirror is polished and the man is not."

When the Parliament began to coin money, an old cavalier, looking at the new piece, read this on one side: "God be with us;" on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."—"I see, God and the Commonwealth are on different sides," said he.

In the Supreme Court Judge Blank was speaking of the death of a mutual friend, and remarked: "He has gone to heaven." Judge Goldsborough immediately replied: "Then you will never meet him again." —"Well, well," Judge Blank quietly answered, "you never will be there to decide on that point."

A Californian adventurer was recently lamenting to another his folly in leaving the comforts of a home, with a kind wife and two beautiful daughters. The other, after listening in silence, replied: "My case is much worse than yours, for I have a wife and six children at home, and never saw one of them."—"How can that be?" said the first speaker. "Were you ever blind?" — "No, sir."—"Then, pray, what can you mean by saying that you have a wife and six children, and yet have never seen one of them."—"Why, simply that one of them was born after I left home." The querist considered himself "sold."

An old lady complaining of the bad quality of a ham to the provision dealer, the latter assured her it was a regular Westphalia. "That it is, indeed," exclaimed the dame, "and the worst failure I ever had."

"You can't make a jewel out of a pig's ear, anyhow," said an acquaintance to our friend Sykes the other day, during a discussion as to the merits of an individual for a certain position. "Yes I can," returned S. "You just let me box yours, and if you don't have an ear-ring then I'll sell out, that's all." Acquaintance dropped the subject.

A YOUNG officer of the British House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said: "My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" — "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

ONCE there was a party of Indians invited to attend a theatre, and when they were asked about it they only said, "One man played the fiddle, and another man played the fool."

"FIGURES can't lie," says the arithmetician. "You can't say that of women's figures in these days," responds the slanderous dress-maker.

IF the threatened increased scarcity of change should continue, it is feared that even the moon will find it difficult to change its quarters.

"SHALL I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

"DID you ever see me with more than I could carry?"—"No; but I have seen you when you had better gone twice for your load."

SAM SLICK says he would rather break a yoke of steers any day, than to try to make up a quarrel between two women when they have got their dander up.

A BUFFOON, having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance reproached him with his crime. "Wretch," said he, "receive the punishment you merit — prepare for death." The culprit fell on his knees and cried for mercy. "I will extend no other mercy to you," replied the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die; decide immediately, for I will be obeyed."—"I adore your clemency," said the fellow, "I choose to die of old age."

"How are you, Smith?" said Jones. Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly, "Sir, you have the advantage of me."—"Yes, I suppose so; everybody has that's got common sense."

IN the midst of a stormy discussion, at which Douglas Jerrold was present, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the excited disputants, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."—"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted, "that is precisely what you do want!" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

"I WONDER how they make lucifer matches?" said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarrelling. "The process is very simple," said the husband, "I once made one."—"How did you manage it?"—"By leading you to the altar."

A YOUNG man who applied at the recruiting station in one of the far Western states for enlistment, was asked if he could sleep on the "point of a bayonet," when he promptly replied by saying, "He could try it, as he had often slept on a pint of whiskey, and the kind used in Lisbon would kill farther than any shooting iron he ever saw."

A MAN who married Miss Take, after having courted Miss Lloyd, was told by a friend that it was reported that he was married to Miss Lloyd. "It was a Miss Take, I assure you," he replied.

FOND Wife (to Telegraph operator). "O sir, I want to send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?" Obliging Operator. "Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me, with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away." Fond Wife. "If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position." Operator's indignation is great.

"WHAT flower of beauty shall I marry?" asked a young spendthrift of his governor; to which the governor replied, with a grim smile, "Mari-gold!"

SPEAKING of a beautiful brunette belle of an Illinois city, a wag accounts for the brownness of her complexion by the fact that she had been so often toasted.

A YOUNG gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

SOMEBODY told Douglas Jerrold that George Bobins, the auctioneer, was dead, "and of course," added the gentleman, "his business will go to the devil."—"O, then he'll get it again," replied the wit.

"PRAY, sir," said a young belle to the keeper of a circulating library, "have you 'Man as He Is'?"—"No, miss," replied the clerk, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning; "but we have 'Woman as She Should Be.'"

A BOY having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible at him, and hurt him on the head, the father replied: "Well, you are the only member of my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

"AH," said Seraphine Angelico, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were warmly enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity."—"Would I were an opportunity," interrupted her bashful lover.

"MR. GREEN, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse, did you mean that it was a talon-ted production; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer?"

A SAILOR, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on his ear. "There," he exclaimed, "just my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs."

THERE is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

"TOO much of a good thing," as the kitten said when she fell into the milk pail.

As a lady was presiding at a tea-table one of her sleeves got burnt a little from a spirit lamp underneath a small urn. A young fop present, thinking to be witty on the accident, remarked, with a drawl: "I did not think Miss Alice so apt to take fire."—"Nor am I, sir," she answered with great readiness, "from such sparks as you."

A LADY made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom, and when she filled it for him he used to drain it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, ducky," he said, "I long to see the dear little angel." Upon which she had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, and he drank it off just the same, and she again asked the reason. "Why," he replied, "because I wont leave the old devil a drop."

A PERSON fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont: "Did you ever hear of that before?"—"No, sir," said the other, "pray did you?"

THEODORE HOOK once dined with a Mr. Hatchet. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he, deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us."—"Certainly not," replied Hook, "from a Hatchet we can get nothing but a chop."

A LADY happening to say varuation instead of variation, seemed to be offended when informed of her error by a gentleman, but had her good nature restored when told by him: "Madam, heaven forbid that there should be any difference between U and I."

THE following toast was pronounced at a fireman's dinner, and was received with great applause: "The Ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

A RASCALLY old bachelor says that the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

A SHARP talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

"I WONDER what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

A COCKNEY baronet sat near a gentleman at a civic dinner, who alluded to the excellence of the knives, adding, that "articles manufactured from cast steel were of a very superior quality, such as razors, forks," etc. "Ay," replied the cockney baronet, "and soap, too—there's no soap like Castile soap."

IT is the opinion of a Western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

"Is it not astonishing," said a wealthy individual, "that a large fortune was left me by a person who had only seen me once?"—"It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

MANY persons are examining the maps to find the "seat of war." One editor says he found it last summer without a map. The discovery was made by sitting down on a wasp's nest in a hay field.

AT a woman's convention, a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

"THIS snow-storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. S., during the late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of."

A JOURNALIST boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital." We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

"CAN a man see without eyes?" asked a professor. "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How do you make that out?" cried the astonished professor. "He can see with one, sir."

"HALLO, my little man," said a gentleman from a window in the second story of a mansion, to a little urchin passing by, who was gazing up with apparent wonder, "I guess you think there is a little heaven up here; don't you, bub?"—"Well, yes, sir, I should if I hadn't seen the devil stick his head out of the window."

"SIR, I will make you feel the arrows of my resentment."—"Ah, miss, why should I quiver before your arrows when you never had a beau?"

MUGGINS was one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed, lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently at the animal, and at last said: "Here is another shipwreck."—"Shipwreck! where?"—"There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

THACKERAY, on his first visit to this country, was introduced in Charleston, S. C., to Mrs. C., one of the leaders of society there. Thinking her to be witty, he said: "I am happy to meet you, Mrs. C.; I've heard, madam, that you were a fast woman."—"O Mr. Thackeray," she replied, with one of her most fascinating smiles, "we must not believe all we hear; I had heard, sir, that you were a gentleman." The great English wit admitted, for once, that he had the worst of it.

"I WISH you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why may not I smoke as well as your chimney?"—"Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

"NO DOUBT they will now soon come to their senses," said somebody to Nibbles. "But, what if they have no senses to come to?" was the reply.

"DICK, how is it you are always possessed of such a store of fun? Where do you get it?"—"I manufacture it. I can make it out of nothing. For instance, I could make fun of you, but for friendship's sake."

"WELL, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" — "How did you know my name was Pat?"—"O, I guessed it."—"Thin, be the holy poker, if ye're so good at guessin' ye'd bether guess the way to Burlington."

TO the revilings of a native American a German replied thus:—"The gentleman taunts me with not having been born here as he has. Let me tell the gentleman that my only excuse is that I am an American from choice, while he is one by necessity. If there is any difference between us, it is that I came into this country with my trowsers on, while the gentleman came into it naked."

"I AM certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong. I'll bet my ears on it."—"Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold, and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown, "it is sold for consumption."

A MAN met an old woman in an English town driving several asses. "Adieu, mother of asses!" cried he. "Adieu, my son," was the old crone's reply. The fellow went away feeling for his ears.

A GENTLEMAN lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are plump as a partridge."—"At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

A COUNTRYMAN applied to John Hogg, Esq., to sell him some green corn. "I don't want any," said Hogg. "Well," said the countryman, "you are the first hog I ever saw that didn't want corn."

SOME person whom Quin had offended met him one day in the street and stopped him. "Mr. Quin," said he, "I—I—I understand that you have been taking away my name."—"What have I said, sir?"—"You—you — you called me a scoundrel, sir."— "O, then, keep your name, sir," replied Quin, and walked on.

"SAY, stranger, don't whistle that dog away."—"Why, he aint no use, no how, he's too homely."—"O, but he saves heaps of work."—"How?"—"Why, he licks the plates and dishes clean, so that we wouldn't part with him, no how, for our new dog aint got used to mustard yet."

BILL came into the house and asked eagerly: "Where does charity begin?"—"At home," replied Tom, in the words of the proverb. "Not a bit of it," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."

"DON'T you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

WHATEVER may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads that the end of woman is dust.

A PEDDLER asked an old lady, to whom he was trying to sell some articles, "if she could tell him of any road that no peddler had ever travelled?"—"I know of but one, and that is the road to heaven."

A GENTLEMAN travelling on a steamer one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were wilderness."

"CAPTAIN," said Ross Browne, "didn't you take over the first ship to China for the company?"—"Yes," replied the captain, "and I went as the man went over the Niagara Falls."—"How was that?"—"Very reluctantly."

SMITH had quite a small nose, and was cross-eyed, while Jones had a very large nose. Meeting one day, Jones, after looking with a comical expression at Smith, remarked: "Lucky for you, Smith, that you're cross-eyed; for if you wasn't you never could see your nose."—"Lucky for you, Jones," instantly retorted Smith, "that you're not cross-eyed; for if you were you never could see anything but your nose."

A LECTURER, addressing a mechanics institute, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

"WHERE are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son. I have been on the way eighteen years."—"Well, good-bye, old fellow, if you have been travelling toward heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

AN Irishman saw the sign of the Rising Sun near the Seven Dials, and underneath was written, A. Moon—the man's name who kept it being Aaron Moon. The Irishman thinking he had discoverd a just cause for triumph, roars out to his companion: "Only see, Felim! see here! they talk of the Irish bulls; only do you see now! here's a fellow puts up the Rising Sun and calls it A Moon."

A PERSON complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah," replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?"—"Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel too."—"Well," resumed Franklin, "I believe you both spoke the truth."

"ARE you near-sighted, miss?" said an impudent fellow to a young lady who did not once choose to notice him. "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

"YOU would be very pretty, indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." — "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

"I'LL give that fellow a piece of my mind," said a young fellow. "I would not," said his uncle, "you've none to spare."

A FRENCH marquis, horseback riding one day, passed an old priest trotting along on a quiet donkey. "Ha, ha," exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?"—"On horseback, my son, on horseback," replied the priest.

"MR. O'FLAHERTY," said a pompous fellow, "you would be a long time in Ireland before a squire would ask you to dinner."—"Ah, then, troth I would, your honor," responded Mr. O'Flaherty; "and your honor would be a long time in Ireland before they would make you a squire."

"PLEASE accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a whole curl. "Sir, you had better give me the whole wig."—"Madam, you are very biting, indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

SEEING upon his wife's shoulder a large shawl-pin, Mr. D. said: "In the military, eh? got to be captain?" She instantly remarked, pointing to a third baby in her lap: "No, recruiting-sergeant in the third infantry."

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a lady to her visitor. "O, but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"

A FOP, in company, wanting his servant, called out: "Where's that blockhead of mine?" A lady present answered: "On your shoulders, sir."

"HUSBAND, I don't know where that boy got his bad temper. I am sure not from me."—"No, my dear, for I don't find that you have lost any."

"Mr. PRESIDENT," said a member of a school committee out West, "I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the course of edication. Had it not been for edication, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."

A LADY, remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals in a very narrow street, leaned both arms upon the door and asked the man: "How dare you, sir, stop a woman of quality in the street?"—"A woman of quality!" said the man. "Yes, fellow," rejoined the lady; "don't you see my arms upon the carriage?"—"Yes, indeed I do," he replied, "and a pair of coarse arms they are, too."

A GRAND-JURY ignored a bill against a huge negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the judge bade him stand reprimanded, and he concluded thus: "You may go now, John (shaking his finger at him), and let me warn you never to appear here again." John, with delight beaming in his eyes, and a broad grin, displaying a beautiful row of ivory, replied: "I wouldn't bin here dis time, judge, only de constable fotch me."

"BOYS," says Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion; and one inquired, "What is it?"—"Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

LORD NORTH, who was not fond of scientific music, being asked to subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, refused. "But your lordship's brother, the Bishop of Winchester, subscribed," replied the applicant. "If I were as deaf as he I would subscribe too," was the reply.

"I AM afraid, my dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love."—"O, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

NOTWITHSTANDING Macaulay's reputation for conversational power, he appears to have uttered few *bon mots*, to have made few conversational points which are repeated and remembered. One of the very good stories current of him is the following:—It is said he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakspeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?"—"Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man."

THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. "Zounds, sir," said Colley, "can't you live on your salary? When I was your age I never spent a farthing of my father's money."—"But you have spent a great deal of my father's," replied Theophilus. This retort had its desired effect.

AN Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking eggs raw and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed: "Be the powers, me friend, you spoke a little too late."

A. K. says that he expects to be able in a short time to pay everything that he owes in this world. Ay, but there's a heavy debt that he has got to settle in the other world. "There'll be the devil to pay."

"THIS world is all a fleeting show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply; "but if you've no objection, I'd rather see the show a little longer."

"WELL, how do you like your husband?" said a female friend to a newly-married lady. "O, he's a duck of a man," replied she who was enjoying the honeymoon. "A duck, eh?" said the querist. "Ah, then, I have been mistaken in my opinion of his species. I always believed him to be a goose."

A COCKNEY, at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against privateering."

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the drama of life? "I mind my own business," was the reply.

VOITURE, the French wit, having asked a stranger who he was, telling him that he had laid a wager about it, received for answer: "Always lay a wager that you are a fool, and you will never lose." Voiture made a bow, and returned crestfallen to his friend. "Well," he exclaimed, "have you found out who he is?" —"I know nothing about that," answered Voiture; "but he has found out who I am."

A GIPSEY going through a village on a rainy day in a pair of torn boots was accosted by a passer-by, who suggested that his boots were too bad for such weather. "You are mistaken, sir," said the gipsey, "it is the weather that is too bad for my boots."

A WRITER on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know, but unquestionably golden eagles fly fastest.

A YOUNG city fop, in company with some belles of fashion, was riding into the country a pleasuring, when they saw a poor, rustic-looking lad at work by the road-side. Thinking it a fine opportunity to show his wit to the damsels, by sporting with the poor boy's ignorance, he accosted him: "Can you inform me, Mr. Zebedee, how far it is to where I am going, and which is the most direct road?" Poor Zebby, not in the least daunted, but with the most sober and composed face, said: "If you are going to the gallows, it is but a short distance; if to jail, it stands but a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace, you are now approaching your journey's end; and as for the most direct road to either, you are now in it, and cannot miss the way." The dandy dropped his head and drove on.

"THAT'S a fine horse you are leading, Patrick; he carries his head well."—"That's true; an' it's a grand tail that he carries behind him."—"Behind him! Don't everything that carries a tail carry it behind him?"—"No, yer honor."—"No! What don't?"—"A halfpenny, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other."

"MRS. DOBSON, where's your husband?"—"He's dying, marm, and I don't wish anybody to disturb him." A very considerate woman, that.

A PERSON pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it's a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

AN admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy. "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

"WHY do you always beat me down in my prices?"—"Because you are a vulgar fraction of humanity, and a vulgar fraction should be reduced to its lowest terms."

"CALL that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness?" — "Unremitting kindness," chuckled a wag.

THAT was a terrible sarcastic "hit which Douglas Jerrold once gave Heraud," a conceited literary bore, and author of a poem "after Milton," entitled "The Descent into Hell." As usual, he was annoying Jerrold with importunate questions at an inconvenient and improper time. "By-the-by, Jerrold," said he, "did you ever read my 'Descent into Hell?'"—"No, sir," responded the irascible dramatist, "but I should like to see it."

THERE is a man in Philadelphia so witty that his wife manufactures all her butter that the family uses out of the cream of his jokes.

"I WOULD advise you to put your head into a dye-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy girl. "I would advise you to put yours into an oven, it's rather soft," said Nancy.

"PAP, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, "and what do you think came up?"—"Why, potatoes, of course."—"No, sir-ee. There came up a drove of hogs and eat them all." The old man "gave in."

A LADY called on a witty friend, who was not at home, and finding the piano dusty, wrote upon it "slattern." The next day they met, and the lady said: "I called on you yesterday."—"Yes; I saw your card on the piano."

THREE young conceited wits, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry. "Good-morrow, father Abraham," said one. "Good-morrow, father Isaac," said the next. "Good-morrow, father Jacob," cried the last. "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them."

A GOVERNESS, advertising for a situation, says: "She is a perfect mistress of her own tongue."

SAMBO, giving an account of his sea voyage, says: "All de passengers was heaving, and, as if dat wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave to."

"DID you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier, "in those days I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think? It took my leg off."

"PRAY, Tom, did I not strike out some beauties in Hamlet last night?"—"Faith, my boy, you struck out every beauty in the character."

AN old farmer in Ohio was anxious to have his minister dismissed, and was asked the reason. "I've heard say," was the reply, "that a change of pastors makes fat calves, and I'm in for a change."

A BOY entered a stationery store and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds," was the reply. "Well, then," said the boy, "I'll take three cents worth of pig pens."

SYDNEY SMITH, in speaking of his country retreat, says: "We have been delighted with our little paradise, for such it is; except that there is no serpent, and we wear clothes."

ONE tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

SOMEBODY, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says: "An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

A BROTHER lawyer once told John G. Saxe that a beard was unprofessional. "Right," said Saxe, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A RHODE ISLAND judge being challenged by a senator, the following dialogue ensued: "Did you receive my note, sir?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, do you intend to fight me?"—"No, sir."—"Then I consider you a pitiful coward."—"Right, sir; you knew that very well, or you never would have challenged me."

A POOR laboring man was told that gold was the hardest of metals. "Well, I don't know about that; all I know is it is the hardest to get."

THE editor of a paper says he is "in the dark." That's where blind men always are.

"Is it possible, miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?"—"Certainly. I do not even know what my own may be in a year from this time."

ON a rainy day once a wag was heard to exclaim: "Well, my umbrella is a regular Catholic."—"How so?" inquired a friend. "Because it always keeps lent."

ALBERT SMITH once wrote an article in Blackwood signed "A. S." "Tut," said Jerrold, on reading the initials, "what a pity Smith will tell only two-thirds of the truth."

"Is that a lightning-bug in the street?" asked a short-sighted old lady. "No, grandma," said a pert little miss, "it's a big bug with a cigar."

AN elegantly dressed and aristocratic looking lady entered a first-class railroad car at the Paris depot. As she opened the door and took her place she observed that the car was occupied by three or four gentlemen, one of whom, at the moment of her appearance, was in the act of lighting his cigar. Observing the lady, he made a significant grimace, and with the characteristic politeness of a Frenchman, said: "Would smoking incommode you, madam?" The lady turned toward him, and with an air of quiet dignity, replied: "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever yet smoked in my presence." If the cigar had been instantaneously transferred into a coal of fire between his fingers he could not have parted with it sooner.

THEODORE HOOK observed, in the first days of Warren's blacking, that one of the emissaries of that manufacturer had written on a wall, "Try Warren's B——," but had been frightened from his work and fled. "The rest is lacking," said the wit.

"MRS. JENKINS," said a little red-headed girl, with a pug nose and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by lendin' her a stick of firewood, fillin' this cruet with vinegar, puttin' a little soft soap in this pan, and please not let your turkey-gobbler roost on our fence."

A TRAVELLER in England observed a man at work, and seeing he was taking it remarkably easy, remarked: "My friend, you don't appear to sweat any."—"Why no, master, six shillings a week aint sweating wages."

JERROLD was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. "Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea," said Jerrold.

COLERIDGE was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Elia; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing."—"What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as every one knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

"EVERYTHING has its use," said a philosophical professor to his class. "Of what use is a drunkard's firey-red nose?" asked one of the pupils. "It is like a light-house, to warn us of the little water that passes underneath it, and reminds us of the shoals of appetite, on which we might otherwise be wrecked," answered the professor.

A FARMER being asked if his horses were matched, said: "Yes, they're matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

"WHEREVER I go," said a gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State."—"No wonder," said the gentleman he was addressing, "for every man of that State who has any sense leaves it as fast as he can."

"THE candles you sold me last were very bad," said Jones to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir; I am very sorry for that."—"Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer."—"You surprise me; what, sir, do they go out?"—"No, sir, they burned shorter."

"I AM, indeed, very much afraid of lightning," murmured a pretty girl during a storm. "And well you may be," sighed her despairing lover, "for your heart is made of steel."

A CERTAIN smatterer in letters, being at a well-known literary club, took it into his head to abuse, with great freedom, all the modern *literati*, observing that there was but very little wit, humor, or learning in the present age. Some time afterward one of our most popular writers came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his friend had been abusing "the moderns."—"I have not the least doubt of his ill-nature," said the author; "he would abuse the ancients too if he knew their names."

A DAIRYMAN was awakened by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of Brummie, when, lo, he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

A GOOD story is told of a tall, raw-boned fellow, who went into a market-house in Boston—perhaps the Quincy—and seeing a large hog on exhibition, was mightily struck with it. "I swear," said he, "that's a great hog. I swear, I never saw a finer looking one in my life. I swear, what short legs he's got, I swear."—"Look here, friend," said a little, dry-looking individual, trotting up, "you must not swear so."—"I swear, I should like to know why?" said the hard swearer, with an ominous look. "Because," said the little man, "swearing is against the law, and I shall have to commit you," drawing himself up. "Are you a justice of the peace?" inquired the swearer. "I am."—"Well, I swear!" said the profane one, "I am more astonished at that than I was about the hog."

MR. JONES called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore old paintings, and requested him to restore a valuable landscape which was stolen from him two years ago.

A PERSON in public company accusing the Irish nation with being the most unpolished in the world, was mildly answered by an Irish gentleman "that it ought to be otherwise, for the Irish met with hard rubs enough to polish any nation upon earth."

THE celebrated actor, John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, while strutting one evening in the green room in a pair of glittering buckles, a by-stander remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer, with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear anything but diamonds."—"I ask your pardon," replied the other; "I remember the time when you wore nothing but paste." The laugh was much heightened by Bannister exclaiming, "Jack, why don't you stick him against the wall."

"MY friend has a great reverence for the truth," said a baronet to a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply, "for he always keeps at a respectful distance from it."

A CLAM merchant meeting one of his own fraternity, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of an engine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him? That's a good 'un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he aint got any time to eat 'em."

"YOU can do anything if you will only have patience," said an old uncle, who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait."—"How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. His uncle coolly replied, "Till it freezes."

A CERTAIN writer boasts that he directs all his shots at error. It is all that he has to shoot at, for he never gets within gun-shot of the truth.

AN erratic poetical genius about town was highly delighted by the editor's telling him he resembled Lord Byron. "Do you really think so?" asked the moonstruck sonneteer in an ecstasy; "pray, in what respect?"—"Why, you wear your shirt-collar upside down, and get tipsy on gin and water."

"I HAVE no fear that the devil will ever come for me," said a young man of questionable morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a by-stander, "for you are going direct to him as fast as you can."

"WIFE," said a married man, looking for his boot-jack after she was in bed, "I have a place for all things, and you ought to know it."—"Yes," says she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

"BOY," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you hollering for when I go by?"—"Hump!" returned the pert boy, "what are you going by for when I am hollering?"

A WRITER of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says: "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." A critic, commenting on this passage, says: "Sorry to hear it; we think it stands a perilous chance of being combed out."

TOM MOORE said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips."—"Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who said: "He meant arrah coming out of it."

MR. SMITH, of Danvers, has discontinued eating crabs, as he had eaten them so long that everything he undertook went backward. He had a brother who dug a well till he found he was getting down in the world, when he gave up the business and turned lamplighter. He then soon began to look up a little.

MR. TWISS, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain, a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?"—"Ten yards."—"This, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

IF you meet a friend with a fine apple, you may ask him for a bite. If you meet a bull-dog, you had better not.

"MR. SMITH, don't you think Mr. Skeesicks is a young man of parts?"—"Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part numskull, part knave, and part fool."

ONE of the best "hits" ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress was made by Talleyrand. During the Revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied: "It began too late, and ended too soon."

WHEN doctor H. and lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend: "These two are just equal to one highwayman."—"Why?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

"MADAM," said a rude fellow to a lady, "I guess you have got a stye in your eye."—"Worse than that, sir; I have got a hog in it," said she, looking at him.

A GRAY hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair one. "O, pray, pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out, ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral, provided they all come in black."

"DO you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware-store. "Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have and how many?"—"Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

A GOOD story is told of Professor H., of Amherst College. One morning before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his heel and coolly observed: "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

"But how is it that you charge $85 for the figure of Venus and only $12 for the one of Justice?" asked a gentleman of a dealer in statues; "I think Justice is much the handsomest of the two."—"Guess you're no judge, sir. Justice is played out in New York, besides this is a little soiled," replied the dealer.

Dobbs is a strong believer in "guardian angels." If it were not for them, he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep?"

"I say, boy, stop that ox!"—"I haven't got no stopper, sir."—"Well, head him, then."—"He's already headed, sir."—"Confound your impertinence, turn him!"—"He's right side out already, sir."—"Speak to him, you rascal, you!"—"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

A peaceful disposition is not absolute protection against the turmoils of life. What's more peaceful than a clam? And yet, ten to one, it ends its life in a broil. And then, how peaceful an oyster is. And then how frequently it gets mixed up in a stew.

A young lady, irritated because a gentleman would not agree with her on some matter, lost her temper and pettishly exclaimed: "O Mr. A., you have only two ideas in your head."—"You are right," replied the gentleman, "I have only two ideas, and one of them is that you do not know how to behave yourself."

An Irish glazier was putting in a pane of glass, when a groom standing by began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor by, "Arrah, now be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty."

Among the jokes which have been got off during the detentions occasioned by the deep snow is the following: "Madam," said a conductor, "your boy can't pass at half fare—he's too large."—"He may be too large now," replied the woman, who had paid for half a ticket, "but he was small enough when we started."

Two friends were dining together; one of them remarked: "As I am going abroad I have made my will, and have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence." The other replied: "You are generous as well as kind; you have bequeathed to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

A gentleman in one of the steamboats asked the steward as he came round to collect the fare, which had recently been reduced, if there was any danger of being blown up. The steward promptly replied: "No, sir, not in the least, we cannot afford to blow up at these low prices."

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, likely to do honor to the university of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterward the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

A correspondent asked if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled. The editor replies: "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed."

A Jew, paying particular attention to a very fine ham of bacon, was asked what he was saying to it. He replied: "I was saying thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

"What does a man think when he thinks of nothing?" said a young lady to a gentleman with whom she had broken an engagement. "He thinks, miss, of a woman's promise."

A man can get along without advertising; so can a wagon wheel without greasing, but it goes mighty hard.

A jeweller advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

GROTESQUE simile is sometimes very expressive. We may mention the comparison of a conductor who, in a discussion as to speed, said he ran his train so fast that the telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a fine tooth comb.

SOME one having lavishly lauded Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

A POET asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is not possible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

MRS. PETER PIPER's baby was making a tremendous noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross? "It has a stormy mother," said Peter, with a sigh; "you needn't wonder if it's a little squally, it's quite natural."

AN eccentric party, of which Jerrold was one, agreed to have supper of sheeps' heads. One gentleman was particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he threw down his knife and fork, exclaimed: "Well, sheep's heads forever, say I." Jerrold. "There's egotism."

JONES (who thinks that Smith has been a little too free with Mrs. Jones). "Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Smith (who isn't in the least frightened). "Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

A PERSON having gained considerable promotion knew not his old friends. One of them, who called on him, was asked who he was. "I am an old friend," he replied, "and come to condole you on the loss of your eyesight and memory."

"AH, John," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late to catch the train, "you did not run quite fast enough."—"Yes, I did," said John. "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

"THERE, John, that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard."—"Really, mother, it was so greasy it slipped my memory."

AN author complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said the censures were unjust, for the audience did not hiss it. "No," replied the friend, "how could they yawn and hiss together."

WHEN the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Academy Dictionary, Cuvier, renowned for his wit, as well as his learning, came one day in the room where they were holding a session. "Glad to see you, M. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but on which we should like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards.'" — "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only, if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions your definition is excellent."

IT is rumored that the ladies are going to raise the moustache. We believe they can do it without difficulty, for every handsome woman can, whenever she pleases, have a "moustache" to her own lip.

"WHICH can travel fastest, heat or cold?"—"Why, heat, you dunce! can't anybody catch cold?"

A DANDY with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the proprietor asked him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should learn the other monkeys bad habits.

A GALLANT wag was sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I am sitting beside a goose."

A GOOD joke is told of a young man who attended a social circle. The conversation turned on California and getting rich. Tom remarked that if he was in California, he would, instead of working in the mines, waylay some rich man who had a bag full of gold, knock out his brains, gather up the gold and skedaddle. One of the young ladies quietly replied that he had better gather up the brains, as he evidently stood more in need of that article than gold. Tom subsided.

A COBBLER from away down East visited one of the large shoe manufactories of Lynn, and, for the first time in his life, saw shoes made by machinery. "What do you think of that?" asked the foreman, as the astonished "Down Easter" stood breathless, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, gazing at the wonder-working machine before him. "It beats awl," was the laconic and significant reply.

CREAM, it is said, may be frozen by simply putting it in a glass vessel, and then putting the whole into an old bachelor's bosom.

A CHICAGO paper says the women of Utah have recently altered the orthography of their creed. They now spell it Moremen instead of Mormon.

A LADY wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair. "You are a jewel," said she. "O no, I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

DIGBY met a friend who was terribly given to fibbing, and accosted him thus: "Been to church to-day, Jones?"—"No," was the quick response; "I've been on the bed nearly all day."—"Just as I expected," chimed in Digby; "you're always lying."

"MISTER, will you lend pa your newspaper? He only wants to send it to his uncle in the country."—"O, certainly; and ask your father if he will just lend me the roof of his house, I only want the shingles to make the tea kettle boil."

A LADY asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more abilities than those who remained at home? "O madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honor of the country, no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding."—"Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

AT a sale of plate, a silver water-pot elaborately worked was put up for sale, when it was discovered that it was not sound, and consequently the water ran out. This was noticed as an objection to it, but the auctioneer observed that "as it had been much chased it was no wonder it should run."

"THE skies are bright," exclaimed a stump orator to his partisans. "Well, you ought to know," retorted his opponent, "for your party has been flat on its back and had nothing to do but to study the skies for a long time."

AN inquisitive young man visited the State Prison, and among other questions asked a girl the cause of her being in such a place. Her answer was, that she "stole a saw-mill and went back after the pond and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

A FRENCHMAN, who was exhibiting some relics and other curiosities, produced, among other things, a sword, which he assured his visitors was "de sword dat Balaam had." A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "Ver well, dis is de one he wished for."

A WELL-DRESSED and rather pompous youth asked a young lady who was reading in the cars, "Is that seat engaged, madam?" pointing to the one beside her. The answer was direct: "Yes, sir, and I am engaged, too." The lady resumed her reading, and the youth, evidently much discomposed, retired immediately, if not sooner.

Smith bought a gallon of gin to take home, and by way of label wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor."—"Why?" said Smith. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

A **short** time ago, on board of a train of cars, a man was very much engaged in trying to prove "all men are growing wise," when a half drunken fellow staggered up to him, saying: "Mister, what a big fool your grandfather must have been."

"**My** friend," said a seedy person to an acquaintance at the ferry, "I wish you would loan me a quarter to cross the ferry; I haint got a dollar in the world."—"Well, I would like to know," was the reply, "what difference it makes to a man who hasn't a dollar in the world, which side of the river he is on."

A **French** woman once said that she never loved anything. "You loved your children," suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds."—"When they are large," she replied.

A **lady** at sea, in a gale of wind, being full of apprehension, cried out: "We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us, how my head swims!"—"Madam," said a sailor, "you'll never go to the bottom while your head swims."

"I **should** mightily like to drive you out," said a dandy to a man, on seeing an elegant carriage standing in the street. "Should you?" the man retorted. "Well, get into the carriage; and I will engage they will drive you out."

A **jester** at the court of Francis IV. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after."—"I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," said the latter.

A **clergyman** said of one of his deacons: "I think that brother B. is a fool to-night." The deacon replied: "I'm not a fool; but if his reverence has a right to call me brother, I admit that I am akin to one."

Chesterfield was at a rout in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him: "My lord, I know you are a judge, which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"—"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings." Some time afterward Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield; a lady in the company, prodigiously rouged, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Sir, take care that you are not captivated."—"My lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

A **Boston** gentleman took a friend of his, an Englishman, to see the monument, when arriving upon the ground the Englishman said: "Why, it looks very much like one of our chimneys at home."—"It is a chimney," replied the other, "that is, a chimney that carries off the smoke from a fire that will never cease to burn." Englishman. "Oh, ah."

"**Weigh** your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said his antagonist, coolly.

"I **think** our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister, "I see the sleepers are very sound."

A **man** told a barber that he ought to reduce his prices, now that the times are hard. "No, sir," replied the shaver, "for now customers have such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

A RETIRED cheesemonger, who hated any allusion to the business that had enriched him, once remarked to Charles Lamb, in the course of a discussion on the poor law : "You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'" Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words : "Yes, sir, I am aware of it, you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

"SIR," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent. "to what sect do you belong?"—"Well. I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your size and appearance I should think you belonged to the class called insect."

"I BELIEVE that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband one day. "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

ROGERS mentioned a clever thing said by Lord D. on some Vienna lady remarking, impudently, to him : "What wretched bad French you all speak in London."—"It is true, madam," he answered, "we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

A MAN was hauled up before the judge for flogging his wife, and his honor attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the "weaker vessel."—"If she is, she had not ought to carry so much sail," was his reply.

A CERTAIN lady chancing to express a wish—in the presence of her son, a boy of five years—that she had something to read that she had never read before, the boy exclaimed : "Take your Bible, mother."

A YOUNG attorney attempted to quiz a country parson, who had a large tobacco-box. "Parson," said the limb of the law, "your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation."—"Sir," retorted the clergyman, "it will hold any freedom but yours."

LORD FAULKNER, author of the play called "The Marriage Night," was chosen very young to sit in Parliament, and when he was first elected some of the members opposed his admission, urging that he had not sown all his wild oats. "Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow them in the house where there are so many geese to pick them up."

A MAN, who was up to a thing or two, once offered to bet that he could prove that this side of the river was the other side. His challenge was soon accepted, when pointing to the opposite side of the river, he shrewdly asked : "Is not that one side of the river?"—"Yes," was the immediate answer. "And is not this the other side?"

A POOR boy came around with his machine inquiring. "Any knives or scissors to grind?"—"Don't think we have," replied a fop; "but can't you sharpen wits?"—"Yes, if you've got any," was the prompt response, leaving the interrogator rather at a loss to produce the article.

A PERSON more famed for inquisitiveness than correct breeding, one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything, took the liberty of questioning Mr. Dumas rather too closely about his genealogical tree. "You are a quadroon, Mr. Dumas," he began. "I am, sir," quietly replied Dumas, who had sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal. "And your father?" — "Was a mulatto." — "And your grandfather?"—"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning. "And may I inquire what your great grandfather was?"—"An ape, sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape, sir; my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

"O MARY, my heart is breaking."—"Is it, indeed, Mr. Closefist? So much the better for you."—"Why so, my idol?"—"Because, when it's broke out and out you may sell off the pieces for gun flints."

"O MR. BUTCHER, what a quantity of bone there was in the last piece of meat we had from you," said a lady, very indignantly. "Was there, mum? But, howsomever, the very fust fat bullock I do kill without any bone I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

AN illiterate person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his noose-paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

COLONEL FULLER, with his usual urbanity, took a well-known wit by the hand, and said: "Good morning, Mr. ——, you are looking very well to-day, sir." The wit replied: "I am not very well, colonel; but I suppose you think I am, because I am looking Fuller in the face."

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call upon an author, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it "was as hot as an oven."—"So it ought to be," replied the writer, "for it's here where I make my bread."

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and, in a jocular way, said: "Do not let any one else rumple it."—"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

A CHOLERIC old gentleman, becoming enraged at the stupidity of an aged and faithful servant, exclaimed: "You dolt, I shall go out of my wits at your dulness." To which the honest old servitor replied: "Well, there is one comfort, master, you won't have to go far."

JOHNSON defined oats: "A grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."—"Yes," retorted Lord Ellibank, "and where in the world will you find such horses and such men?"

"WHY don't you take off your hat?" said Lord F. to a boy struggling with a calf. "So I wull, sir," replied the lad; "if your lordship will hold my calf, I'll pull off my hat."

FANNY FERN having said that "the men of the present day are fast," Prentice replies that "they have to be to catch the women."

A HUMOROUS young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast, as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse? "Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and he stops whenever he hears the calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

"TALKING about getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," exclaimed Simson, "why I bought an acre of old Mr. Ross, planted one acre of it with potatoes, and the other in corn." — "I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simson?" remarked the listener; "how could you plant two?"—"Very easily, sir; I stood it up on the end and planted both sides of it."

ONE of the neatest replies ever heard in a legislative body was made by Mr. Tilson, of Rockland, Maine. A member had replied to something Mr. Tilson had said, and pausing a moment, he inquired if he saw the line of argument. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "in answer to the gentleman, I would say, I hear the humming of the wheel, but I do not see any thread."

WHEN Lucy Cowper was once examined in a court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman. "No, sir," replied she, "that which has been the ruin of me, has been the making of you. I mean impudence."

DO not lay your own irritability of temper off on those about you. If you kick over the stool do not say that it was the stool that "got mad," and not yourself.

"I live by my pen," said a vulgar author to a lad. "You look, sir, as if you ought to live in a pen."

Mr. Albert Smith was the target for one of Jerrold's keenest and wittiest shafts. The hero of Mont Blanc was once in Jerrold's company, not over modestly insinuating a resemblance between his own writings and those of Goldsmith. "A great deal of the Smith, but very little of the Gold," was Jerrold's pithy and sarcastic comment.

"Does your arm pain you much, sir?" asked a young lady of a gentleman who had seated himself near her in a mixed assembly, and thrown his arm across the back of her chair and slightly touched her neck. "No, miss, it does not, but why do you ask?"—"I noticed it was considerably out of place, sir," replied she, "that's all." The arm was removed.

A cabin boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling, and said to the captain, "Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?"—"Yes," was the stern reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up, and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

An old plain-looking and plain-spoken Dutch farmer from the vicinity of the Heidelberg, in pursuit of dinner, dropped in at a restaurant. Taking a seat alongside of a dandy-issimo sort of a fellow—all perfume, mustaches, and shirt collar—our honest Mynheer ordered up his dinner. "What will it be, sir?" asked white apron. "You got corned beef, hey?" says Dutchy. "Yes."—"You got sour-crout, too, hey?"—"Oh, yes."—"Vell, give me some both." Off started white apron on a keen jump, and presently returned with the desired fodder. The sour-crout was smoking hot, and sent forth its peculiar flavor, evidently satisfactory to Mynheer's nasal organ, and *vice versâ* to that of our dandy friend, and Mynheer was about commencing an attack upon it, when he exclaimed: "I—a—say, my friend, are you going to eat that stuff?" Mynheer turned slowly around, and looking at his interrogator with astonishment, says he: "Eat it, vy, of course, I eats it." —"Well," said the dandy, "I—a—would as lief devour a plate of guano!"—"Ah, vell," replied Mynheer, pitching into the sour-crout with an evident relish, "dat depends altogether on how von was prought up." Dandy looked kind o' caved in, and we left with the opinion that Dutchy was one ahead.

"Paddy," said an employer to his laborer, "you are to begin work at five in the morning, and leave at seven in the afternoon."—"Sure, sir," said Paddy, "wouldn't it be better to begin at sivin in the morning, and lave at five in the afternoon?"

A fellow once handed a shilling he had found in a room which he was cleaning, to the owner, and was told to "keep it for his honesty." A few days afterward he was asked if he had found a valuable ring, and he said he had, and had kept it for his honesty.

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh, marry him," was the advice. "Nay, I would see him hanged first." —"No, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself."

A dandy in Broadway, New York, wishing to be witty, accosted a young bell-man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?"—"Yes, jump in, jump in."

Lord Kames, in a conversation with his gardener one day, said: "George, the time will come when a man shall be able to carry all the manure for an acre of ground in one of his waistcoat pockets." —"I believe it, sir," said the gardener, "but he will then be able to carry all the crop in the other."

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER having descended a wrong chimney, made his sudden appearance in a room where two men, one named Butler and the other Cook, were enjoying themselves over a pot of beer. "How now," cried the former, "what news from the other world?" The sweep, perceiving his mistake, and recollecting the persons, very smartly replied, "I came to inform you that we are much in want of a Butler and a Cook."

"THE devil's in my coat," exclaimed Bill, when, in the haste of putting it on, he tore a big hole in the sleeve. "You are right for once," quietly replied his friend Jim.

MR. JONES met Mr. Smith as he was going on board a steamer on the Mississippi, and asked: "Which way, Smith, up or down?"—"That depends upon circumstances," remarked the latter; "if I get a berth over the boiler, I shall probably go up; if in the cabin, down."

"DON'T stand there loafing," said a professor to three students standing where they shouldn't. "We are not loafing," said Nat, "there are only three of us, and it takes leaven to make a loaf."

A MR. GEORGE SHARP, commonly called by his friends G. Sharp, looking rather dull one evening in company, a friend observed: "G. Sharp was in rather a low key."—"Oh," replied a young lady, "any one knows that G Sharp is A Flat."

A WAITER was examined before one of our courts. We annex the testimony: "What is your name?"—"Robert Flunkey, sir."—"Well, Mr. Flunkey, you say the defendant is no gentleman. What makes you think so?"—"'Cause, sir, he always says 'Thank you' when I hand him a mutton-chop or even a bit of bread. Now, a real gentleman never does this, but hollers out, 'Here, John, get me a mutton-chop, or I'll shy this pepper-box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I've associated with too many of 'em at the race-course."

A RUSSIAN lady being engaged to dine with M. de Talleyrand at the time the Minister for Foreign Affairs was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance one of the company observed to his neighbor, in Greek: "When a woman is neither young nor handsome she ought to arrive betimes." The lady turning round sharply, accosted the satirist in the same language: "When a woman," said she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages she always arrives too soon."

"MADAM, you said your son was a lawyer, has he much practice?"—"Why, yes, sir, he has a great practice—of smoking cigars."

AN actor performing the part of the Ghost in Hamlet, who was badly hissed, put his audience in good humor by stepping forward and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am extremely sorry my efforts do not suit you. If you are not satisfied, I must give up the Ghost."

A MAN in Indiana was choked to death by a piece of beef on Thanksgiving Day, and his neighbors say it was a judgment on him for not eating turkey.

GOING to bed is a good institution; getting up is thunder, and I'm down on the man who invented it. It is said to be healthy to "rise with the lark," if you had not been on a "lark" the night before, which aint healthy. It is said, too, that the "early bird catches the worm," but you don't want any worms; they aint healthy, so you needn't hurry about getting up.

AN Irishman slipped up and came down broadside upon his back, which stilled his breathing a minute or two, besides bruising his head considerably. Recovering, he jumped up, threw himself into a fighting attitude, shook his fist at the ice, as if he was about to take summary vengeance upon the slippery substance, and then, with violent gestures and threatening voice, exclaimed: "Faith, and ye'll take a sweat for this before June, sure."

A GENTLEMAN calling on his butcher to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a bridle, as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth."

"Do you know," said a friend to Jerrold, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine-merchant?"—"O yes," Jerrold replied; "and I am told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

A WELL-KNOWN scape-grace, wishing to rally a friend, who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, "Whether the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end."—"No; but the rope does of yours," was the sarcastic reply.

FOOTE and Garrick being in a fruit-shop in Covent-Garden, the latter received a bad shilling in change. "This shilling is not worth a farthing," exclaimed Roscius; "here, take it fellow, and throw it to the old boy."—"Throw it yourself, Davy," added Foote, in an undertone, "for no one can make a shilling go further than you can."

A YANKEE went to market to buy sausages. He held out a link to his dog, but he refused to eat. "What is the matter with them sausages?" angrily inqyired the dealer. "O," said the Yankee, "I've nothing agin 'em, only dog won't eat dog, that is all."

MR. BETHELL, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, like other junior barristers, published a pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Lysaght met this pamphleteer in the hall of the Four Courts, and in a friendly way said: "Bethell, I wonder you never told me you had published a pamphlet on the Union. The one I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject."—"I am very proud you think so," said the delighted author; "and pray, what are the things that please you so much?"—"Why," replied Lysaght, "as I passed by a pastry-cook's shop, I saw a girl come out with three mince-pies wrapped up in one of your works."

"TURN out! turn out!" cried a roystering teamster to some one he was meeting. "Turn out, or I'll serve you as I did the other man." The stranger, in astonishment, complied, but when John was nearly opposite, called to him with: "Pray, sir, how did you serve the other man?"—"Why, sir," said whip, tipping a wink, "I told him to turn out, and he wouldn't, so I turned out myself."

"ELIZA, my child," said a very prudish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in beautiful ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled he would have done it himself."—"So he did, aunty, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

"BOB, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."—"Don't say so—what is it?"—"A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller the older it grows."—"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"—"From California."—"What is the name of it?"—"Axletree. It once belonged to a California omnibus."

WHEN Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new dress to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with the cry of "Miss Wilberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed: "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; for really I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

THEODORE HOOK once observed a party of laborers sinking a well. "What are you about?" he inquired. "Boring for water, sir," was the answer. "Water's a bore at any time," responded Hook, "besides, you're quite wrong; remember the old proverb—'let well alone.'"

PORSON had once exasperated a disputant by the dryness of his sarcasm. The petulant opponent at length addressed the professor thus: "Mr. Porson, I beg leave to tell you, sir, that my opinion of you is perfectly contemptible." Porson replied: "I never knew an opinion of yours, sir, which was not contemptible."

A GENTLEMAN received an unpaid letter, commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

A GENTLEMAN waited upon Douglas Jerrold one morning to enlist his sympathies in behalf of a mutual friend, who was constantly in want of money. "Well," said Jerrold, "how much does he want this time?"—"Why, just a four-and-two-noughts will, I think, put him straight," his friend replied. "Well," said Jerrold, "put me down for one of the noughts this time."

A YOUNG lady possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked in a jesting tone, but with earnest glance, that "she travelled on her good looks." A rejected lover being present, remarked that he "could now account for her never having been found far from home."

TALLEYRAND, on being told that the Abbe Sieyes was a very profound man, replied: "Profound! yes, he is a perfect cavity."

A VENDER of hoop-skirts was extolling his wares in the presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," calmly responded the husband, who was something of a wag, "she should be within it."

DR. HENNIKER being engaged in private conversation with the great Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him how he defined wit. "My lord," said the doctor, "wit is like what a pension would be given by your lordship to your humble servant, a good thing well applied."

TOM TIT remarked that the Ohio river had a remarkably long face. "How so?" inquired one. "Why, it is twelve hundred miles from its head to its mouth."

A DANCER once said to Socrates: "You cannot stand on one leg so long as I can."—"True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

"WHICH, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?"—"That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think."—"And why so?"—"Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

"MR. D., if you'll get my pants done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you."—"If that's your game, they'll not be done, sure," said the tailor.

A LADY consulting St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge: "Why," said he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on one cheek."

SAYS an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows, "Did you ever see a lunar bow, miss?"—"I have seen beaux by moonlight, if that's what you mean," was the rejoinder.

WORD was sent by Mr. H., a defeated candidate, to a married lady, who was supposed to have changed the expected vote of her husband on election day to the opposite party, to the following effect: "Go and tell Mrs. F. that I will send her by the first opportunity, a pair of pantaloons for political services."—"And tell Mr. H.," was the reply, "to send them along at once. Don't forget to tell him that I want a new pair—not a pair that his wife has half worn out."

DURING a high price of coal, a gentleman, meeting his coal merchant, inquired whether it was a proper time to lay in a stock. The knight of the black diamond shook his head, observing: "Coals are coals now, sir;" to which the customer replied: "I am very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were slates."

A YOUNG lady in Sydney was told that a party was to be given in that place, and that lots of young men from Adelaide would be present. "Yes," said she, "vacant lots."

A BALD man made merry at the expense of another who covered his partial baldness with a wig, adding, as a clincher, "You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig."—"True," was the retort, "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

AN idle man once asked a coal merchant what a peck of coal, multiplied by eight, divided by four, with a ton added to them, and a bushel subtracted, would come to. "Well," said the coal merchant, "if you burn 'em, they'll come to ashes."

SCOTCHMEN are notoriously unable to appreciate a joke. Sydney Smith, who knew them well, says: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or wut, as they call it, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals."

THE science imbuing the minds of the rising generation with elements of aristocracy is termed by a journal, the science of haughty culture—or a method of refining the breed of bumpkins.

A WAGGISH friend of ours, says the Worcester, Mass., Budget, attempted to count the sleepy heads in the church. He reached as far as fifty, and then—fell asleep himself.

"So here I am, between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

A SURGICAL journal mentions the fact of a man living five years with a ball in his head. A sarcastic friend remarked that he saw nothing very remarkable in this, as he has known some ladies to live twice as long "with nothing but balls in their heads."

A YOUNG writer wishes to know of us "Which magazine will give me a high position the quickest?" We reply, a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article.

A BRUTE in human form who had, for reasons best known to himself, imprisoned his wife in an upper room of his house, with a hole cut in the door through which her scanty portion of food was passed, said to his son: "There is a bone with meat on, take to your mother, and say, Father says there is a bone for you to pick!" The son took the bone, ascended the stairs, and, knocking gently at his mother's prison door, said: "Mother, father sent this up, and says, 'There is a bone for you to pick!'" The mother replied: "Take it back, and tell him I say, 'He is not your father, and there's a bone for him to pick.'"

ONE of the most pointed and severe satires that perhaps was ever uttered, was made by Professor Porson, a short time before his death. Being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly Mr. S., the poet, who had a very high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned on some of his own productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits. "I will tell you, sir," said Mr. Porson, "what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakspeare's and Milton's are forgotten (every eye was instantly turned upon the professor), but not until then."

A NUMBER of young people had assembled at Goldsmith's uncle's to dance. One of the company, named Cummings, played on the violin, and in the course of the evening young Oliver undertook a hornpipe. His short and clumsy figure, and his face pitted with small-pox, rendered him a ridiculous figure in the eyes of the musician, who made merry at his expense, calling him his little Æsop. Goldsmith was nettled by the jest, and, stopping short in the hornpipe, exclaimed:

Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.

MR. SPURGEON rebuked certain of his followers who refused to interfere in politics, on the ground that they "were not of this world." This he argued was mere metaphor. "You might as well," said he, "being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat mutton chop, on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

"HARRY, did you ask Mr. Hicks for that money I told you to?"—"Yes, sir."—"What did he say?"—"Nothing. He just kicked me into the street: that's all he said."

A YOUNG lady remarked to a fop one day, that his penknife (which, by-the-bye, was a very neat one) in one respect resembled him. The ladies in the room commenced guessing what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who had, until now, sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife pretty closely, he turned round, and in a cunning manner said: "Well, I don't know, unless it is because it's dull."

"I SAY, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out the room?"—"No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt, and leaving the room."

"TOM," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days."—"Tim," said the other, "I find it far more difficult than dangerous."

A YOUNG lady fainted at dinner because the servant brought a roast pig on the table that showed its bare legs. "What made you faint?" anxiously inquired her friends as soon as she came to. "The nakedness of that horrible quadruped," sobbed this bashful piece of modesty. "Och, an' bedad," exclaimed the servant who had brought in the offensive pig, "it wasn't naked at all, at all. I dressed it meself before I brought it in, sure."

"WHY, Dr.," said a lady, "you talk as though a horse were better than a man!"—"He is," said the Dr.; "he never deceives a lady—he bridles his tongue—he follows no fashions—and he hates hoops."

CICERO was of low birth, and Metellus was the son of a licentious woman. Metellus said to Cicero: "Dare you tell your father's name?" Cicero replied: "Can your mother tell yours?"

"I'VE got a new pair of boots," said A to B, putting one forward as a sample; "a handsome fit, eh? I bought them to wear in genteel society."—"They will be likely to last you a lifetime, then," rejoined B, "and be worth something to your heirs."

A COLLEGE student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked, "What relation do we most neglect?" He answered, with much simplicity: "Poor relations, sir."

ON his deathbed, a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral, "Because," sighed the dying wag, "it is a civility I can never repay."

"WHY is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter it is always on the buttered side?"—"I don't know. It hadn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."—"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."—"Did she churn it? the great lazy thing."—"What, your aunt?"—"No, this butter. To make the old lady churn it; it's strong enough to churn itself."—"Hush, Zeb; I've eat much worse in the most aristocratic houses."—"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."—"Why people of rank?"—"'Cause it's rank butter."—"You varmint, you! what makes you talk so smart?"—"'Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."—"Zeb, don't lie; I can't throw away the butter."—"I tell you what I would do with it—keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

TOM HOOD was opposed to early rising, in fact anything in the line of personal activity. He declared that a man who was always "stirring" must be a "spoon."

A STORY is told of a little boy in Virginia. Long before he had learned the alphabet, his parents had made him familiar with the stories of the Bible, which they were accustomed to read to him. One day he was permitted to have the old family Bible to look at the pictures; coming to the picture of "Daniel in the Lion's Den," he gazed at it a few moments silently, then running to his mother, book in hand, he broke forth in an indignant tone: "Mother, this Bible don't tell the truth!"—"Why, my child, what makes you say so?"—"Why, mother, didn't you read to me that when Daniel was thrown into the den, God shut the lions' mouths? and see here, they are wide open!" The boy believed the picture, which he could see, rather than the text, he could not read.

THE author of "Lacon" tells the following: "I once heard a gentleman make a witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the world. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man may know himself.'"

A FARMER, perceiving two crows flying side by side, exclaimed: "Ay, that is just as it should be, I hate to see one crow over another."

A LINE in one of Moore's songs reads thus: "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl, according to Landor, replied: "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you!"

A COUNTRYMAN was dragging a calf by a rope in a cruel manner. An Irishman asked him if that was the way he usually treated his fellow-critters.

"I RISE for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more."

SOME elderly gentleman will please inform the public whether the pain is greater when a man cuts his teeth, or when his teeth cut him.

COLONEL D., of the British army, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed: "If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs."—"Little reptile!" remonstrated the dun, "and what if I am? Recollect, colonel, we can't all be great brutes."

"DID your fall hurt you?" asked one hod carrier of another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. "Not in the laste, honey, 'twas the stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

JIMMY GORDON, meeting the prosecutor of a felon named Pilgrim, who was convicted and sentenced to be transported at the Cambridge assizes, exclaimed: "You have done, sir, what the Pope of Rome could never do; you have put a stop to Pilgrim's progress!"

"WHY don't you wheel the barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons. "It's not a very hard job; there's an inclined plane to relieve you."—"Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work; "the plane may be inclined, but I am not."

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches.

"AH, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company," said a gay wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, Mrs. Simpkins," he replied, "but too much company."

DR. JOHNSON once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

"SIR, you have broken your promise."—"O, never mind, I can make another just as good."

"WHAT have you got to say, old Bacon-face ?" said a counsellor to a farmer, at a late Cambridge assizes. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking my Bacon-face and your Calf's-head would make a very good dish."

"YOU'LL have to bear the responsibility," said a mother to a bright-eyed young daughter of our acquaintance, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation. "I expect to bear several, ma," said Fanny.

A YOUNG Irish student at the veterinary college being asked: "If a broken-winded horse was brought to him for cure, what he would advise ?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

THERE is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He's employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

"OLD age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming furiously with cowhide in hand.

SYDNEY SMITH had a brother distinguished for his talents, but exceedingly sedate, having no element of wit or humor in his composition. Sydney said that "he and his brother contradicted the law of gravitation ; for his brother had risen by his gravity, and he had sunk by his levity."

A PHILADELPHIA critic, speaking of Sontag's vocalism, says, "We hang upon every note."—"This," says the Dispatch, "is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution."

"HALLO, Jake, where did you buy those fish ?"—"I didn't buy 'em."—"Well, where did you get them ?"—"I hooked 'em."

A GRAVE old man told his son that if he did not grow less dissipated he would shorten his days. "Then, dad," said the boy, "I shall lengthen my nights."

MATHEW'S attendant, in his illness, intending to give him his medicine, gave in mistake some ink from a phial on a shelf. On discovering the error, his friend exclaimed, "Goodness ! Mathews, I have given you ink."—"Never—never mind, my boy—never mind," said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of—blotting paper."

"BILL," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow ?"—"'Cause one of the sneaky, plaguy things grew near our school-house, and supplied our master with switches."

A YOUNG man having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied, "Certainly, sir ; present your bill."

"THE man who raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world," said a stump-orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have a premium."

A MAJOR in the United States army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by, inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all," retorted the major ; "that is the tune the old bull died of."

WISCONSIN cheese factories make a brand of cheese called "Truth." We should think it would have a good run, and it doubtless will, as "Truth is 'mitey,' and will prevail."

A BLACKSMITH brought up his son—to whom he was very severe—to his trade. One day the old man was trying to harden a cold chisel, which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father," exclaimed the young one ; "if that don't harden it, I don't know what will !"

"MISS, will you take my arm?"—"Yes, sir, and you too."—"Can't spare but the arm," replied the old bachelor. "Then," replied she, "I shan't take it, as my motto is, go the whole hog or nothing." This was said in Leap Year.

C. B., who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye? answered, "Pretty well—I hold my own."—"And mine, too, to my sorrow," rejoined the man.

THE celebrated Whitson, while dining with Lady Jekyll, was asked why woman was made out of a rib? "Indeed, my lady," replied he, "I don't know, except it was because the rib is the crookedest part of the body."

A MAN in a certain town was invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. "O, it was very amusing; the ladies hemmed and I hawed."

BILL A., like many a smarter man, labored under the delusion that he possessed a splendid voice, and "oft in the stilly night," but more frequently in broad day, he startled the echoes of the surrounding woods and hills with what he called "delicious notes" of his favorite, "Annie Laurie," or, in his words, "Annie Lowry." One day Bill was down on the river bank, among the laurel, polishing his gun, working away in utter oblivion of all the world, encouraging himself with an occasional "snatch of song," when he was suddenly hailed from the other side of the stream with: "Hallo, over there!"—"Hallo, yourself!" answered Bill, peering through the thicket, when he saw the brigade quartermaster, who continued: "Seen any mules about here?"—"No," replied Bill, testily; "I don't keep your cussed mules."—"I suppose not," retorted the quartermaster, dryly; "only I heard some braying over there, and thought it might be them; but I find it is only a stray jackass." The officer rode off, and Bill, scratching his head for awhile, observed: "Well, I 'spect Captain R. said somethin' sharp then—if a feller could only see the pint."

"MITHER! mither! What have you done?" said a little newsboy to a greenhorn who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought, on Third street, Philadelphia. "Done!" said the fellow; "what do you mean? I haint been doin' nothin' as I knows on."—"Why, yeth you have, thir; you've hitched your hoth to the magnetic telegraph, and you'll be in New York in less than two minutes, if you don't look out." The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and, jumping into the wagon, drove hastily down the street.

A MILLER who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellect, accosted him with: "John, people say that you are a fool." On this, John replied: "I don't know I am, sir."—"Well, John, what do you know?"—"I know that millers always have fat hogs, sir."—"And what don't you know?"—"I don't know whose corn they eat, sir."

A BEAUTIFUL Jewess attended a party in Philadelphia, where she was exceedingly annoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow. "And you never eat pork, Miss M.?" asked he, tauntingly. "Never, sir," was the reply. "Nor use lard lumps?" continued the persecutor. "No sir," she answered, "our religion teaches us to avoid everything swinish, physically and morally, therefore, you will excuse me for declining to have any more words with you."

A LADY called at a store recently and inquired of a young clerk for "crewel." Not willing to appear ignorant, nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," said the lady, "that is not what I want."—"Well, that is the cruelest thing I know of."

"HERE'S your money, dolt. Now, you intolerable noodle, tell me why your scoundrelly master wrote me eighteen letters about this little contemptible sum?" said the exasperated debtor. "I am sure, sir, I can't tell, sir. But if you will excuse me, sir, I think it was bekase seventeen letters didn't bring the money."

The cold-heartedness of much systematic charity is strikingly illustrated and properly rebuked in the following: A respectable but unfortunate woman was recommended to the attention of a would-be charitable lady, and at a benevolent meeting, of which the grand lady was president, the subject of their assistance was introduced. The lady threw a hurried glance at the applicant, and asked, abstractedly, "How many children have you?"—"Three, madam." The president returned to her discussion with some fellow-members, and forgot the waiting applicant. About a quarter of an hour afterward, on turning round, she observed the poor woman, and suddenly asked, "Have you any children, ma'am?" — "Madam," answered the woman, "some time ago I had the honor of telling you that I had three, and since that time no more have been born to my knowledge." And with a respectful but indignant bow, the high-minded woman quitted the room, leaving the lady-patron perfectly horror-struck at her boldness.

A **Jerseyman** was observed standing in Wall Street, gazing very earnestly at one of those hairless Chinese canines which are so much admired by dog connoisseurs. Near Jersey was a rampant crowd of brokers. Jersey looked at them and then at the "dorg."—"I say, mister," said he, speaking to a gorgeously-robed Bull, whose hands were filled with "stock lists."—"I say, does that dorg belong to you?" Bull nodded distantly. "Yaas—well I thort so."—"What made you think that 'dorg' belonged to me?" —"Well, I wasn't so adzactly sure he belonged to you, but I was certain the dorg has had dealins with you or some of your friends."—"Why so?" said Bull, getting excited. "'Cause he's so close shaved—there aint a har on 'im." Broker walked away, whistling the Rogues' March.

"I **am** afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply, "I want a nice young man."

Thackeray had a nose of most peculiar shape, as may be seen from his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

A **lady**, a disbeliever in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with a view of puzzling him: "What kind of people are those who have destructiveness and benevolence equally and largely developed?" — "They, madam, are those who kill with kindness."

"I **meant** to have tould you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and tumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

A **conscientious** person affirms that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Lord Norbury was asking the reason of the delay that happened in a cause, and he was answered, it was because Mr. Serjeant Joy, who was to lead, was absent, but Mr. Hope, the solicitor, had said that he would return immediately: when his lordship humorously repeated the well-known lines—

Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him: "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon; don't be afraid of it."—"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

Lord Campbell, it is well known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death he met a barrister, who had grown very stout of late, and remarked, "Why, Mr. ——, you are getting as fat as a porpoise."—"Fit company, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready reply.

The midnight train from Albany left a load of passengers at one of our Western towns. Among the number was a nervous, fidgety old man, who was in a great stew about his baggage. His foot had hardly touched the platform when he commenced dogging the baggage-master for his baggage. Finally, after being repeatedly dunned for the baggage before he had time to get it from the bottom of the huge pile, the baggage-master turned to the man, and thus addressed him: "Mister, it's a pity that you wasn't born an elephant instead of a jackass, and thin ye'd have had yer trunk always under yer nose!"

Swift said that the reason a certain university was a learned place was, that most persons took some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulated.

A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage, how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight, and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end, and quietly remarked, "She simply thought you better than 'nun.'"

RICHES AND RICH MEN.

All the day long, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, Nathan Rothschild stood on the hill of Hugemont, near Waterloo, to watch the progress of the great battles. He saw the French lines advance and retreat, and again advance and again retreat, Napoleon all the while sitting on his mattress on the hill of Roscome, with a large map outstretched before him. From noon till six at night the whole field was enveloped in smoke, and when it blew off at last the troops of the French Emperor were seen in full retreat. It was near sunset, and Nathan perceived at a glance that the great battle of Waterloo was won. Without losing a moment, Nathan spurred his horse and rode off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend. At the break of the day on the 19th of June, Nathan Rothschild found himself at the coast opposite to England, but separated from the Thames and the Stock Exchange by a furious sea and waves dashing mountains high. In vain the banker offered 500, 600, 700 francs to be carried across the Straits from Ostend to Deal or Dover At last he cried that he would give 2000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman risking his life to gain 84*l.* for his wife and children.

The sun slid on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild landed at Dover, and, without waiting, engaged the swiftest horses to carry him onward to the metropolis. There was a gloom in Threadneedle street, and gloom in all men's hearts, but gloomier than any looked Nathan Rothschild when he appeared on the morning of the 20th of June leaning against his usual pillar at the Stock Exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that Field Marshal Blucher, with his 117,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Ligny, fought during the 16th and 17th of June—heaven only knew what had become of the handful of men under Wellington.

The dismal news spread like wildfire, and there was a tremendous fall in the funds. Nathan Rothschild's known agents sold with the rest, more anxious than any to get rid of their stock; but Nathan Rothschild's unknown agents bought every scrap of paper that was to be had, and left not off buying till the evening of the following day. It was only in the afternoon of the 21st of June, nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in England, that the news of the great battle and victory of Waterloo, and the utter rout of the Napoleonic host got known.

Nathan Rothschild, radiant with joy, was the first to inform his friends at the Stock Exchange of the happy event, spreading the news a quarter of an hour before it was given to the second public. Needless to say that the funds rose faster than they had fallen as soon as the official reports were published of the great battle of Waterloo. Waterloo enriched the house of Rothschild by about 1,000,000*l.* sterling, and laid the foundations of a European power for the descendants of Meyer Amschel, the poor broker of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A MONEY-LENDER, complaining to Baron Rothschild that he had lent a person 10,000 francs, who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgement of the debt, the baron said: "Well, write to him and ask him to send you the fifty thousand francs he owes you."—"But he only owes me ten?" said the money-lender. "Precisely," rejoined the baron, "and he will write and tell you so, and thus you will get his acknowledgement of it."

MR. GIRARD had a favorite clerk, one who every way pleased him, and who, at the age of twenty-one years, expected Mr. Girard to say something to him in regard to his future prospects, and perhaps lend him a helping hand in starting in the world. But Mr. Girard said nothing, carefully avoiding the subject of his escape from minority. At length, after the elapse of some weeks, the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. Girard on the subject, when Mr. Girard said: "My advice to you is, that you go and learn the cooper's trade." This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off the track; but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. After thoroughly learning his trade, he went and told Mr. Girard that he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up in business; at which the old man seemed much gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could get up. The young cooper selected the choicest materials, and soon put in shape and finished his three barrels, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Mr. Girard said the barrels were first-rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said the clerk, "is as low as I can live by."—"Cheap enough," said his employer; "make out your bill and present it." And now comes the cream of the whole. Mr. Girard drew a check for $20,000, and handing it to the clerk-cooper, closed with these words: "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living at all times."

THERE is this difference between the two blessings—health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed: health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied: and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

IF you wish to be anybody in the estimation of mankind, get rich. No matter how pure your morality, how lofty your aspirations, how disciplined your mind, unless you have a fortune you will never be loved, noticed, or respected. But if your ancestor chanced to be a miser, and thus left you a goodly heritage, you are fawned on, courted and flattered. And if you are a real knave, or blockhead, it is of no consequence, for you are rich. The blind idolatry of wealth, the worship of mammon is enough to make an honest man blush for his race. The "Almighty dollar" is the whole end of existence.

TWO young men commenced the sail-making business in Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off when Girard remarked: "Had you not better get a dray?"—"No, it is not very far, and we can carry it ourselves."—"Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note. I'll take it without."

In the catechism of the nineteenth century, says Hiram Fuller, the true answer to the question, "What is the chief end of man?" should be—money. This seems to be the *summum bonum* of human existence—the *ultima Thule* of human effort. Men work for it, fight for it, steal for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are ever thundering in our ears the solemn question: "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections; and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal world. Fathers sell their daughters for gold; and temples dedicated to religion are used as marts for the display of the glittering temptation. Miserly men, in the possession of great wealth, and who pretend to love their children as the "apple of the eye," will stint them in education, in pleasure, in health; and keep them cramped and miserable for lack of money through all the earlier and better years of their existence; and when death relaxes the old man's grasp from his money-bags, the overwhelming avalanche of wealth becomes often a curse rather than a blessing to his heirs.

Surely the richest man is he who makes the best use of his money, not he who has the most. One of the finest homilies ever written may be found in the epitaph on himself and his wife, by Edward Courtney, Earl of Devon:

What we spent, we had;
What we gave, we have;
What we left, we lost!

"Wealth breeds cares," says the proverb, and it is said that during a fire, when numbers of terrified people were hastily carrying away their furniture for safety, one poor woman calmly stepped out of one of the houses in danger, and in a satisfied tone of voice exclaimed: "Well, thank God, I've nothing to remove!"

Nathan Myers Rothschild died about 1822. Yet, with all the colossal wealth, he was a miserable man, and with sorrow once exclaimed to a gentleman who was congratulating him on the gorgeous magnificence of his palatial mansion, and thence inferring that he was happy: "Happy, me happy? The Scottish bard truly says:

It's not in titles nor in rank,
It's not in wealth like London Bank
To purchase peace or rest.
If happiness hath not its seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be rich, we may be great,
But can't be truly blest."

Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning my effort is to labor so hard during the day that when the night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

Can wealth calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to wealth prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

With all his wealth and power, Talleyrand had not the secret of true happiness. On the morning of the day previous to his death, a paper was found on his night-table near his bed, on which he had written the following by the light of the lamp: "Behold eighty-three years passed away! What cares! what agitation! what anxieties! what ill-will! what sad complications! and all without other result except great fatigue of body and mind, and disquiet with regard to the past, and a profound sentiment of discouragement and despair to the future!" What a mournful confession from a man who died possessing upwards of thirty millions of francs, besides having conferred upon him all the earthly honors which the sovereigns of Europe could bestow.

The mother of the Rothschilds lived at Frankfort, and was taken sick at ninety-eight years of age. She said she was sure to live to one hundred, as nothing belonging to the house of Rothschild must go below par. She did, however, for she died at ninety-nine and a half.

Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take venison. "No," said the baron, "I never eatsh venshon, I don't think it ish so coot ash mutton."—"O!" said the baron's friend, "I wonder at you saying so; if mutton were better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?"—"Vy?" replied the baron, "I will tell vy—in dish world the peeples alwaysh prefer vat ish deer to vat ish sheep."

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Baron Rothschild once complained to Lord Brougham of the hardship of not being allowed to take his seat in Parliament. "You know," said he, "I was the choice of the people." To which the ex-Chancellor, with his usual causticity, replied, "So was Barabbas."

There is a curious story about the Baron James de Rothschild having sat for his picture to Ary Scheffer, in the character of a beggar. It is added, to complete the romance, that a visitor seeing the baron in the artist's studio, made up for a sitting, and believing him to be what he appeared, slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin, kept it invested for ten years, and then sent back to the donor ten thousand francs as the accrued profit, with a note to the effect that a good action always brings good fortune. A distinct corroboration from the giver of the louis, published in a respectable Paris journal, alone prevents this tale from being incredible.

Nathan Myers Rothschild had few tastes or pleasures out of the Stock Exchange and his counting-house in St. Swithin's lane. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in June, 1820, with a letter of introduction from his brother in Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This"—patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"is my music; we understand that on 'change."

"I hope," said a dinner companion of Rothschild, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that."—"I am sure I should wish that," he answered; "I wish them to give mind and soul, and heart and body—everything to business. That is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution to make a fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it."

On one occasion two strangers were admitted to Rothschild in a private room. They were tall foreigners with moustaches and beards, such as were not often seen in the city then, and Rothschild, always timid, was frightened from the moment of their entrance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about their pockets, and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his cries of "murder." The strangers were pinioned, and then after being questioned and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy, had some difficulty in finding the letters of introduction which they were to present.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

Here's a sermon in four words, on the vanity of all earthly possession: "Shrouds have no pockets."

A RICH officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

THE engrossing nature of business, and its tendency to absorb every thought and feeling, to the exclusion of all that ennobles a man's soul or exalts his moral nature, require counteracting influences, which are to be found in rational, instructive amusements, in social intercourse, good books, a taste for the fine arts, the conversation of men of liberal and enlarged minds, the cultivation of the social affections, and the exercise of benevolence both in feeling and action. Under these healthful and enlivening influences the generous impulses of the soul—honor, truth, charity, and esteem for the good opinions of men—all that makes a man's character respectable in society, would be preserved. Without these, the individual is in danger of acquiring the unamiable and repulsive qualities of the avaricious man, a character which has been condemned in all ages, ever since the foundation of the world. There is something forcible in the anecdote told of a distinguished preacher, who, not being able to make an impression upon a man's understanding, wrote the word God on a piece of paper. "Do you see that?" said he to the individual. "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" The effect was startling. The man saw at once that he had shut his eyes to all that was true and beautiful in the world, and most worthy of his devotion.

A GENTLEMAN of wealth in the city of New York once gave $25,000 for the erection of a church, where the congregation were too poor to build themselves. It became a church noted for the piety and evangelical character of its pastor and people. In a few years its liberal patron lost all his earthly fortune, and being approached by a friend, who has eyes only for this world, who said to him, "Now, if you had the money you gave to ——— church, it would set you up in business."—"Sir," said he, "that is the only money I have saved; if it had not been there it would have gone with the other; as it is, I have it yielding me a constantly accumulating interest, in the blessed consolation that hundreds have bowed at the altar erected with that money, and there acknowledged their Saviour."

RIDICULOUS AND BOMBASTIC SPEECHES, EXTRAVAGANT STORIES, AND VAIN EXCUSES.

THE Hon. Henry Erskine, whose talents at the bar and in society were eminent, met his acquaintance, Jemmy Balfour, a barrister who dealt greatly in hard words and circumlocutory sentences. Perceiving that his ankle was tied up with a silk handkerchief, the former asked the cause. "Why, my dear sir," answered the worthy lawyer, "I was taking a rural, romantic ramble in my brother's ground, when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and have grazed the epidermis of my shin, attended with a slight extravasation of blood."—"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Mr. Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you might have broken your neck."

THE Town Talk tells of a rascal who was caught with his hand in another man's pocket at the Metropolitan saloon, and excuses himself thus: "Now, gentlemen, this is all a mistake—on my honor, it is. I never intended to rob that man, and he knows it. When a man is in a crowd, and has his hands loose, he is just as apt to poke it in somebody else's pocket as his own. I was in precisely such a fix. I happened to slide my hand down in that man's pocket, thinking it was my own; and I felt certain it was my pocket—when I discovered it didn't contain nary red."

To illustrate how rapidly cities are built out in the West, it is related that a traveller once lay down on a vacant lot in Chicago to sleep, and in the morning found himself in a cellar with a five-story building built over him.

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet." This reminds us of the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey: "Your honors do not sit there like marble statues to be wafted about by every idle breeze."

A young lawyer in one of our courts commenced his defence as follows: "May it please your honor, the deluge has passed over the earth. The ark has rested upon the mountain, and the rainbow of justice shines as beautifully upon my colored client as it does upon any one in this court, including the jury."

The following is certainly the most touching moonlight scene we have ever read:—"After whirling for some time in the ecstatic waltz, Caroline and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony to enjoy a few moments of solitude, so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night. The air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed upon the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely. The full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person, giving her an almost angelic appearance, imparting to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft, fair hands rested in mine, and ever and anon she met my ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her soft features; her full red lip trembled as if with supressed sighs; the muscles of her faultless mouth became convulsed; she gasped for breath; and, snatching her hand from the soft pressure of my own, she turned suddenly away, buried her face in her fine cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed!"

The following is a young minister's idea of the expansive nature of the human mind: "Yes, my dear friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from sachelite to sachelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the dome of heaven."

Dip the great ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara remember you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; hold Gibraltar at arm's length; in short, prove all things heretofore considered impossible, but never coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind she won't.

Mrs. Partington says: "For my part, I can't deceive what on airth eddication is comin' to. When I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common denominator, and all about the rivers and their obituaries, the covenants and their dormitories, the provinces and the umpire, they had eddication enough. But now they have to demonstrate suppositions about the sycophants of parallellgrams, to say nothing of oxhides, assheads, cowsticks, and abstruse triangles." And here the old lady was so confused with technical names she broke down.

Upon a traveller telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bugs were so large and powerful that two of them would drain a man's blood in one night, the general wittily replied: "My good sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called humbugs."

A Western paper describing the effects of a terrible storm, observed, "that it shattered mountains, tore up oaks, dismantled churches, laid whole villages waste, and overturned a hog-pen."

"Tom, why did you not marry Miss G.?"—"O, she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech."—"I never heard that before; are you not mistaken?"—"No, not at all; for when I asked her if she would have me, she kinder hesitated to say yes, and she hesitated so long that I cut out for another girl."

AN American in London, who was badgered by the English on almost every topic, at last determined to go on the Mississippi steamboat style, and brag down everything. His first chance occurred at an exhibition of paintings, where a picture of a snow-storm attracted general admiration. "Is not that fine?" asked a John Bull. "Could you show anything as natural as that in America?" —"Pooh!" answered the free-born American, "that is no comparison to a snow-storm picture painted by a cousin of mine a few years since. That painting was so natural, sir, that a mother, who uncautiously left her babe sleeping in a cradle near it, on returning to the room found her child frozen to death!"

WE understand, says a country paper, there is a man in this county who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his chickens all march up, fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

A YANKEE riding on a railroad was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend: "True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown."— "Y-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he made a year; but I know he has twelve saw-mills that all go by buttermilk."

"YOU see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips, and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."—"Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

DAN MARBLE was once strolling along the wharves in Boston, when he met a tall, gaunt-looking figure, a "digger" from California, and got into conversation with him. "Healthy climate, I suppose?"—"Healthy? It aint anything else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and that, too, without travellin' more than fifteen minutes. Jest think o' that the next cold mornin' when you get out o' bed. There is a mountain there—the Sary Nevady they call it—with a valley on each side of it, one hot and one cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain with a double-barrelled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, jest as you wish."—"What! have you ever tried it?"—"Tried it? often, and should have done very well, but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off while pintin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see; true as you live." Marble sloped.

"I SAY, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"—"No, sir-ee."— "What makes him stop, then?"—"O, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa and he shant hear it."

A LEARNED counsel, in the middle of an affecting appeal in court in a slander suit, let fly the following flight of genius: "Slander, gentlemen, like a boa-constrictor of gigantic size, and immeasurable proportions, wraps the coil of its unwieldy body about its unfortunate victim, and, heedless of the shrieks of agony that come from the inmost depths of the victim's soul, loud and reverberating as the mighty thunder that rolls in the heavens, it finally breaks its unlucky neck against the iron wheel of public opinion, forcing him to desperation, then to madness, and finally crushing him in the hideous jaws of moral death."

A TENNESSEE orator, eulogizing Washington, exclaims: "His mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *non compos mentis*, Washington was that man."

BIDDY came back from whortleberrying, and was asked if she found the berries plenty. "Sure, yes," said she, "but the dry weather has made them so small that it takes a quart to make half a pint."

"I WENT to bathe," said a Yankee, "but before I was long in the water I saw a huge double-jawed shark making rapidly toward me. What was to be done? I faced round, dived under the monster, and, taking a knife from my pocket, ripped him up."—"But, did you bathe with your clothes on?" asked an astonished listener. "Well," answered the story-teller, reproachfully, "well, I do think you needn't be so particular."

AN Irishwoman, who had kept a little grocery shop, was on her death-bed, when she called her husband to her bed-side. "Jamie," she faintly said, "there's Missus Maloney, she owes me six shillings."—"Och," exclaimed her husband, "Biddy, darlint, ye're sinsible to the last."—"Yes, dear, an' there's Missus McCraw, I owe her half a sovereign."—"Och, be jabers, Biddy, an' ye're as foolish as ever."

A CONSCIENTIOUS Dutchman, a porter in a commission house, having sold some articles in the absence of the salesman, took in part pay a $5 counterfeit note. The book-keeper mentioned it to the porter, and told him to give it back to the party from whom he had received it. About a week afterwards the book-keeper, thinking he had time to see the person and get another, asked the porter if he had returned the spurious note. "Well," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill he didn't comed around already, and some days I tink de bill vos good and some days I tink de bill vos bad; so one of dem days vot I tink it vos good I passed him out."

ANXIOUS father. "What am I to do with you, sir—what am I to do with you? Do you know if you continue your present course of cruelty and cowardice, you will be fit for nothing but a member of Congress?" Distracted mother. "O, don't say that, father; don't father, you will humiliate the boy."

ONE of "Pike's" noblemen intends applying for a patent for a machine which, he says, when wound up and set in motion, will chase a hog over a ten-acre lot, catch and yoke and ring him, or by a slight change of gearing it, will chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into cork-screws.

THE following is a literal copy of a speech delivered at a debating society in one of the western towns in Pennsylvania. "The subject to be excussed is, 'Whether ardent spirits does any good or not?' I confirm that it don't. Jist think of our ancestors in future days—they lived to a most numerous age—so that I don't think whiskey nor ardent spirits don't do any good. [Long pauses.] Well—the question to be excussed is whether ardent spirits does do any good or not—so that I conclude it don't. [Another long pause.] I can't get hold on the darned thing."

ONE of the greatest speeches on record is the following, describing the destruction of a meeting-house by a flood: "A few short weeks ago, and you saw the stately meeting-house towering up in your midst, like a grannydeur in a corn-field. Now, none so poor to do it reverence! It has gone the way of all flesh. The mighty torrents descended from the eternal clouds; the air was filled with cries of despair; the river swelled and ran over; the mighty building creaked, shook, rose from the surface of the water, moved like a world in miniature down the vast expanse, carrying off with it an old pair of boots that I had left in one corner of our pew."

MR. SMITH passed a pork shop and whistled. The moment he did this every sausage wagged its tail. As a note to this we would mention that the day before he lost a Newfoundland dog that weighed sixty-eight pounds.

A VIRGINIA paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig crawls through, he comes out on the same side.

A TRAVELLER was boasting that in his country they generally raised ninety or one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, and each stock had nine ears and was twelve feet high. "That is nothing to the corn down here; we have nine ears to the stock too, but we also have a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel, and we never could raise beans with it."—"Why?" said the other. "Because the corn grew so fast it always pulled up the beans."

A CREDULOUS man said to a wag who had a wooden leg. "How came you to have a wooden leg?"—"Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

"PRAY can you tell me what that man was hanged for the other day?" said one Irishman to another whom he happened to meet. "Forgery, I believe," was the answer. "The deuce it was," returned Paddy; "why, Murphy told me it was suicide."

DURING a series of wet days, a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella maker. "Yes, that's all very well, sir," he replied; "but there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

AN Irishman, who had just landed, said: "The first bit of mate I ever ate in this country was a roasted potato, boiled yesterday. And if you don't believe me, I can show it to ye, for I have it in my pocket."

MR. A., formerly a member of the Constitutional Assembly, has just died at Avignon. He ascended the Tribune but once. "Gentlemen," said he, "man is an animal." Awed by the imposing aspect of the Assembly, he stopped short. A member exclaimed: "I move the speech be printed, with a portrait of the orator prefixed."

A MINISTER called at the house of a friend of his, and found the wife in tears. "What is the matter, my good sister?"—"O, dear John, my good husband, has run away with widow Smith, and I'm out of snuff."

A WESTERN paper, publishing an account of a hole in a hillside, says that "the bank fell in, and left the hole sticking out some ten feet."

A TAILOR, who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave a hot goose for a cold duck.

A SCHOOLMASTER was wanted for a Western village. A pompous little fellow, one of the applicants, being asked to give a philosophical reason why cream was put with tea, replied: "Because the globular particles of the cream render the acute angles of the tea more obtuse." He was elected.

"COME till America, Pat!" writes a son of the Emerald Isle to his friend in Ireland; "'tis a fine country to get a living in. All ye have to do, is to get a three-cornered box, and fill it wid bricks and carry it till the top of a four-story building, and the man at the top does all the work."

"WHAT makes your milk so blue, Mr. X., do you live near your pump?"—"No, marm, my cows swam across the river yesterday, and soaked water, that's all."

THE following "notice" is posted on a fence in a London suburb: "Whoever is found trespassing on these grounds will be shot and prosecuted."

A DUTCHMAN, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said: "Dey wash very mooch alike, 'specially de off one. One looks so mooch like both, I could not tell todder from which; when I went after de one I always caut de oder, an' I whipped de one most deal because de oder kicked at me."

AN unfortunate writer having volunteered the declaration that, "a woman who loves unsought, deserves the scorn of the man she loves," a lady becomes indignant and thus expatiates upon the delicate topic: "Heaven forgive me! but may the man who penned that sentence never see another bonnet. May no white dimpled arms ever encircle his cravat, or buttons vegetate on his shirts. May no rosy lips ever press his moustache, and the fates grant that his dicky strings may break off short every morning. May no woman's heart ever learn to beat faster—except with indignation—at the mention of his name, and may his stockings always need darning. And when his nerves are all unstrung by disease, and his head throbs with pain, as though an earthquake were brewing in it, may he see nothing in his chamber but boot heels, and see not one inch of muslin or calico."

"AMELIA, for thee—yes, at thy command I'd pluck the stars from the firmament—I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and—"—"Don't, Harry! It would be so very dark!"

WE like to have people tell good stories while they are about it. Read the following from a Western paper:—"In the late gale the birds were seen hopping about the ground with all their feathers blown off." We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on.

A MAN was once relating a story of being on a locomotive that struck a cow standing on the track, and threw her several rods into the field, where she lit squarely upon her feet, with her head towards the train, and, strange to tell, "she wasn't hurt a mite."—"But didn't she look scared?" inquired a listener. "Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged."

GIVE me death, or give me Anastasia. What's life without Anastasia? and what's Anastasia without life? Then give me death, or give me Anastasia!—with a decided preference for Anastasia.

A GENTLEMAN of Boston, who takes a business view of most things, when asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "O he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

THERE is a chap out West with his hair so red that when he goes out before daylight he is taken for sunrise, and the cocks begin to crow.

DR. HERRICK was, without any question, one of the greatest rifle-shots in this country. He informed the public that he and his brother spent the year 1840 in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, two bullets, and one keg of powder. With these projectiles, he says, they killed, on an average, twenty-seven head of buffaloes a day. The fact that they did all this with two bullets, led to the cross-question, "How did you kill all these buffaloes with but two bullets?"—"Listen, and I will explain. We shot a buffalo—I stood on one side and brother on the other—brother fired—the ball passed through the buffalo, and I caught it in the barrel of my rifle. The next time, I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffaloes per week, and yet brought home the same pair of balls we started with."

A GOOD story is told of an Irish hostler who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying: "That's my nag."—"Certainly, yer honor, I knew that, but I didn't know which one o' them was the other gintleman's."

"I SAY, Bill, what have you done with that horse of your'n?"—"Sold him."—"What did you sell him for?"—"Why, he moved so slow at the last of it that I got prosecuted half a dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street. The policeman at one time sighted him by a building five minutes, and couldn't see him move."

THE last excuse for crinoline is, that the "weaker vessels" need much hooping.

An old joker, who was never known to yield the palm to any antagonist in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumps, at hearing a traveller state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners, and drawn up hill to a more favorable location some half a mile distant. "What do you think of that, Uncle Ethiel?" said the bystanders. "O fudge!" said the old man. "I once saw a two-story house down east drawn by oxen, three miles." A dead silence ensued, the old man evidently had the worse end of it, and he saw it. Gathering all his energies, he bit off a huge piece of pig-tail by way of gaining time for a thought: "They drawed the stone house," said the old man (ejecting a quantity of tobacco juice towards the fire-place), "but that warn't the worst of the job, for after they done that, they went back and drawed the cellar." The stranger gave in.

An Englishman and a Yankee were disputing, when the former sneeringly remarked:—"Fortunately the Americans could go no farther than the Pacific shore." The Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus replied,—"Why, good gracious! they are already levelling the Rocky Mountains and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin who is living two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore, on made land!"

An Irishman, in describing America, said: "I am told that ye might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground; there's fresh-water oceans inside that ye might dround old Ireland in; an' as for Scotland, ye might stick it in a corner an' ye'd niver be able to find it out, except it might be the smell o' whiskey."

A Miss, whose one year at a boarding-school has only served to make her unnatural, and to give her an amusing fondness for polysyllabic words, addressed a lady who was about to take a seat in a stage-coach already quite crowded: "O, my dear Miss R., how can you go? Indeed you'll be quite in juxta-position in there!"

'Twas a fearful night; the storm king, out of humor, let loose the howling wind and pelting rain and clothed the earth with a pall of darkness as dense and impenetrable as an Egyptian sepulchre: all instinctive life was hushed, save the tempest bird, whose shrill screams mingled with the crashing blast and made it yet more terrible in its mighty frenzy.

'Twas dark as midnight; the trees, whose huge limbs moaned and sighed piteously, were rudely tossed about, and ever and anon great masses of mutilated timber fell to the ground. Before an open window stood a beautiful girl; her glossy ringlets waved like streamers to the passing wind; her exquisite form, which bore the impress of nobleness innate, was splendidly erect, and her flashing eyes, full of excited lustre, shone brighter still through the impenetrable darkness. Proudly she stood, defying the tempest in its wrath. See her rosy lips separate like the leaflet of the morning rose, and with one tremendous effort she screams out at the top of her voice: "Jim, if you don't let that pig's tail go, mam will thrash you like thunder."

While several persons were awaiting their turn in a barber's shop, a man rushed in, and with a face expressive of great commiseration, said, addressing the barber,—"That was a terrible thing which happened on the railroad this morning."—"What was that?" asked several voices. "Why," exclaimed the man, "the entire train passed over four men and a young lady."—"They were instantly killed of course?" exclaimed several voices. "No," said the narrator, very coolly, "miraculous as it may seem, not one was injured."—"Why, how was that?" he was asked. "Well, they were under the viaduct arch when the train passed over it, to be sure."

"Jonathan, where were you going yesterday when I saw you going to the mill?"—"Why, to the mill, to be sure."—"Wall, I wished I'd seen you; I'd a got you to carry a grist for me."—"Why, you did see me, didn't you?"—"Yes; but not till you got clean out o' sight."

AN old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple-pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?"—"Easy enough," was the quiet reply; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

SPEAKING of some gunning exploits, Mr. S. told us of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire. He had snapped his gun at a squirrel, and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when, bringing it to his shoulder again, it went off and killed the squirrel!

A YANKEE, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was in raptures with the statue of Venus, replied: "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care much about stone gals."

A CERTAIN political speaker closed an address in behalf of his party with the following florid peroration: "Build a worm fence around a winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-sluice an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a diaper on the crater of an active volcano; hive all the stars in a nail-keg; hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; unbuckle the belly-band of eternity, and paste 'To let' on the sun and moon; but never, sir—never for a moment, sir—delude yourself with the idea that any ticket or party can beat our candidates."

AN Irishman, speaking of a relative, and after having lavished some fine encomiums on his many virtues, was asked what had become of such a fine specimen of humanity (who by-the-bye had been hanged), very gravely responded, "That he died very suddenly of a tight rope performance."

A TRAVELLER, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane. "Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveller.

A FELLOW, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes wringer, produced the following: "I am immensely pleased with it. I purchased a load of wood, which proved green and unfit to burn. I ran the whole load through your clothes wringer, and I have used the wood for kindling ever since."

AMONG the excuses offered for exemption in the drafting in Georgia, some were extremely ludicrous. In Smyth county, one man, in enrolling himself, wrote opposite his name, "One leg too short." The next man that came in, noticing the excuse, and deeming it pretty good, thought he would make his better, and wrote opposite his name, "Both legs too short."

"INDIA, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend, on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they ate, and they ate and they drink, and they die; and thin they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed 'em."

AN Irishman having accidentally broken a pane in a window of a house on Broadway, attempted as fast as he could to get out of the way, but he was followed and seized by the proprietor, who exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"—"To be sure I did, an, didn't you see me running home for the money to pay you for it?"

"HOW is it, miss, that you gave your age to the register as only twenty-five? I was born the same year with yourself, and, being thirty-nine, it must be——" Young lady. "Ah, you see, Mr. Assessor, you have lived much faster than I."

SPIGGLES electrified a party, who were telling large stories, by stating that he had known several thousands of individuals to occupy one bed for an entire season. The mystery vanished, however, when Spiggles explained to them that the bed alluded to was an oyster-bed.

A GENTLEMAN, on board a steamboat with his family, on being asked by his children "what made the boat go," gave them the following very lucid description of the machinery and its principles: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes down through that hole and fastens on the jigmaree, and that connects with the—crinkum-crankum; and then that man—he's the engineer, you know—kind o' stirs up the—what-do-you-call-it, with his long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

"IF all the world were blind," said an Irish clergyman, "what a melancholy sight it would be."

ONE day a man went into a shop in the country and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire in Exeter," he said. "A man going by Dr. Gill's barn saw an owl on the roof. He up with his gun and fired at the owl, and the wadding of the gun somehow or other getting into the thatch set the hay on fire and it was all destroyed. Ten tons of hay, twelve head of cattle, several first-rate horses, the finest in the country." All the men began commenting upon it; one said, "The doctor was almost crazy," another said, "Well, it is likely it will go very hard indeed." At last a quiet man, who sat in a corner, got up and very deliberately said: "I wonder if the man who shot the gun hit the owl."

A TRAVELLER was relating some improbable stories of feats performed by Chinese jugglers, and spoke of one who set a ladder on end in an open space, and walked up the rounds to the top. "I have seen a greater feat than that," remarked a bystander; "I have seen a juggler go to the top of a ladder in the same way, and then pull the ladder up after him."

WHAT a melancholy spectacle it is when a young man is seen wandering through the streets of a strange city, alone in the crowds, solitary in the multitudes, meeting no extended hand, no smile of welcome, destitute of money and friends, and—with corns and tight boots on his feet!

A FOP, just returned to Boston from a continental tour, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well." was the reply, "they are so dreadfully out of repair."

A VICTIM of sea-sickness describes the sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; and the second I was afraid I shouldn't."

AN Englishman, it is said, having heard a great deal about the Yankee propensity of "bragging," thought he would make an experiment in the art himself. He walked up to a market woman's stand, and, pointing to some large watermelons, said: "What, don't you raise any bigger apples than these in America?"—"Apples!" said the woman, disdainfully; "anybody might know you was an Englishman. Them's huckleberries."

"WHEN I was quite a boy," says Smith, "my father ordered a coat for me from an Israelite, and when the garment came home it was very much too large. The perplexed Jew, after vainly trying to gather up the fulness in the back with his hand, so that the front might sit tight, declared at length that the 'coat was goot; it was no fault of te coat; te coat fit goot enough, but te boy was too slim!'"

AN Irishman writing from Ohio, says it is the most illigant home in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along and bring the childer."

A FELLOW coming from the Alleghanies was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometer there, and of course it gets just as cold as it pleases."

ROGUES AND THIEVES.

A MEMBER of the New York Stock Exchange purchased a ring, set with paste brilliants, for eighty dollars. After showit about, a friend of his took a fancy to it, and asked him what he would take for it. He replied $800; and at that price he bought it, to the amusement of the bystanders, who taxed him about his want of cuteness. He, however, resolved to turn the laugh against the person of whom he bought it; and he went to a jeweller, whom he knew, and made an arrangement with him to lend him four diamonds exactly of the same shape as the paste brilliants, and to set them in the ring. Next day he went on 'Change, when he was again saluted by inquiries as to his ring. "Oh," said he, "the ring is cheap at what I bought it for; it is worth far more; these are real diamonds." The person of whom he bought it offered to bet him $500 that they were not, which offer was accepted, and referred to the arbitration of a first-rate jeweller, who valued the ring at $1500. He then took it back, and had the old paste brilliants restored, and the next day sold the ring for $1000 to the person of whom he bought it; and when he got his money, both for his bet and the ring, he got up and told the whole affair to the bystanders, showing to them the great danger of attempting to take in a Yankee.

IN the pit of an old French opera one of the audience suddenly discovered that his watch was gone. The evening's entertainment had not commenced, and the owner of the watch mounted a bench, stated the loss, that could not have occurred above two or three minutes, and begged those around him to remain perfectly quiet, as his watch struck the hours like a clock, and it then being on the stroke of seven, the watch would speedily indicate into whose possession it had fallen. There was dead silence; but the eye of the proprietor detected an individual who was trying to edge away from the vicinity, and he at once denounced the skulker as the thief. The latter was seized, and the watch was found upon him. As the owner put the watch in his pocket, he remarked, "It does not strike the hours, but I thought my assertion would enable me to strike out the thief."

"WELL, sir," said a police magistrate to a prisoner charged with stealing, "it appears to me that I've seen you before. Your face looks very familiar. Have you been here before?"—"Yes, sir."—"How many times?"—"Not over a dozen."—"Ah, you old rogue, I thought so. Weren't you before me once for stealing a shawl?"—"Yes, sir."—"And a watch?"—"I remember something about it."—"And a breast-pin?"—"I shouldn't be surprised."—"And a number of pairs of boots?"—"I do recollect that time."—"And some pieces of silk from a linen-draper's, if I am not mistaken?"—"Well, you aint."—"And an old gentleman's portmanteau?"—"That's so, your worship."—"And on one occasion, a barrel of ale?"—"Only once."—"And, about a year ago, a horse and cart?"—"Quite likely."—"And here you are up for stealing sugar this time. What excuse have you?"—"A very good one, your worship." — "What one? Necessity?"—"Not exactly." — "Then what?" — "Your own advice." — "My advice! How dare you? You've been here so many times you've got familiar, and grown saucy."—"I say I acted upon your advice, and I stick to it."—"To steal! Tell me when I advised you to steal."—"Every time I've been brought before you, the evidence was not sufficient, and you discharged me, and said, 'Go about your business!' and I did. I have only followed your orders."—"Well, sir," now said the astonished magistrate, "the evidence is not sufficient this time either, and you are discharged, you lucky rogue. But take care you don't stick to business so close hereafter, or you may find you've overworked yourself, and I shall have to send you to hospital."

A THIEF, who broke jail in Ohio, being captured, told the sheriff "that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on the Sabbath day."

Jinks, the Hastings milk-man, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of one of his customers in his round, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up the jugs. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk. "Jinks," said his lordship. "My lord," replied Jinks. "Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."—"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship was watching me while——"—"No," interrupted the nobleman. "The fact is, that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea-water, Jinks."

Fred, the prince of wags, was getting home rather late, and a little happy; when passing by a dark alley, a large two-fisted fellow stepped out, seized him by the collar, and demanded his money. "Money!" said Fred, "money, I have none; but if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days."

Two ladies were having some words together on the roadside, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door and cried out, "Hurry, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one."

A **Chinese** thief having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him the next day to be shown how to wind it up.

One rogue happening to meet another, asked him what he had done that morning. "Not much," he answered; "I've realized this umbrella."

"**Fellow-citizens**," said a candidate, addressing his constituents, "there are three topics which now agitate the public mind in this great State, viz.: Slavery, Retrenchment, and the Penitentiary. I shall pass over the two first briefly, as my sentiments are already well known, and come at once to the penitentiary, where I shall dwell for some time."

As a gentleman was walking the streets of New York, he was accosted by three ruffians who pretended to be drunk, and asked him the time of night. "I will tell you," said he in his blandest tones. Placing his hand in one of his pockets, as if to draw out his time-piece, and drawing forth a revolver instead, he presented the latter, and coolly remarked, "It is going to strike three!" The ruffians vanished in an instant.

Grocery keeper to his sons: "Jonathan, did you charge that rum?"—"Yes."—"Timothy, did you charge that rum?"—"Yes, sir."—"Joseph, did you charge that rum?"—"Yes, sir-ee."—"All right—so have I."

They have got a fellow in jail in Chicago for swindling. He dried snow and sold it for salt. Yankee trick.

A **thief** in England one day saw both the owner of a house and his wife go out, and immediately entered the premises to improve the opportunity. He proceeded up stairs and seized a feather-bed, and commenced carrying it down stairs, walking backward. When about half way down, the owner entered the front door, and exclaimed: "Here, you rascal, what are you doing?"—"Taking this bed up stairs, sir," was the reply. "Mr. Jones, who says he is an old friend of yours, and is coming to spend a few weeks with you, sent me here to bring his bed."—"Mr. Jones! I don't know Mr. Jones. What right has he to invite himself into my house? Clear out."—"Very well, sir," replied the thief, coming down stairs with the bed; "but Mr. Jones will be powerful mad." And away he went with his load, leaving the family to discover their loss at bed-time.

"I DO not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep."

WHILE a lady was kneeling in a church in Seville another came and occupied the next seat. The former fancied she felt a twitch at her pocket, but seeing the hands of her neighbor clasped across her breast, and her eyes raised to heaven, she was indignant at herself for her suspicions. Again, however, the same idea came across her, and soon afterwards the other devotee quitted the chapel. The lady soon found that she had, in fact, lost her purse, containing money amounting to about $20 in value. Her late neighbor was immediately pursued and arrested, and, strange to say, was discovered to have four arms, the two clasped in front being admirably executed in wax.

A FRENCHMAN being hard up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate, and called upon for his defence, when he thus delivered himself: "O, I steal no pig. No, sar, I never! Aha, you shall see. I tell se pig will he go wiz me? He says, 'Oui, oui!' and zen I take him. Is zat vot you call steal de pig, ven he go vis his own consent?"

A CINCINNATI woman, who was arrested for stealing fifty pounds of beef, apologized for taking so much by stating she had no knife to cut it.

A GERMAN journal gives the following dialogue between two sneak-thieves in Berlin: Peter. "Well, things have got so that there is no trusting anybody. Now, the other day I gets into a house, and there's never a soul at home. I goes into the first story and finds a heap of fine things—spoons, clothes, and all. I makes 'em into a bundle convenient to carry. Then I goes up stairs to inspectionate around a bit, and comes down and finds some scallawag has come in through my window and stolen my bundle and goes off with it." Franz. "Well, that is dishonest. Folks are getting too mean for anything now."

A RUNAWAY thief applied to a blacksmith for work, when he was shown some handcuffs and asked if he had ever made any of them. "Why, yes, sir," said he, scratching his head; "I have had a hand in them."

"I SAY, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse."—"Sarve him right. Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman."

A COUNTRYMAN who was charged with ten gallons of whiskey, which a grocer put in an eight-gallon keg, said he "didn't mind the money overcharging so much as he did the strain on the keg."

A GENTLEMAN was passing, late at night, over Pont Neuf, Paris, with a lantern. A man came up to him and said: "Read this paper." He held up his lantern, and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when you read this,
Or in an instant you'll be dead!
Give up your money, watch and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick, in silence, you depart,
Or with a knife I'll cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money and ran off. He soon gave the alarm, and the highwayman was arrested. "What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was arraigned. "That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."—"Why. not guilty?" asked the magistrate. "Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up that paper just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be something valuable I politely asked him to read it to me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and ran. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to thank him, which act of politeness I was ready to perform." The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

THE following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheafe, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. H.: It appears that a man had purchased a quantity of wool from him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass that hung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom for ever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on a horse for him, took hold of it; on doing so, it appeared heavier than he seemed to expect, upon which he exclaimed: "Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."—"O, no," said the other, "you may be sure o' that, for I counted them with you."—"Well, well, we won't dispute about the matter—it's so easily tried!" replied Mr. Sheafe, putting the bag into the scale again. "There!" said he, "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds. However, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it—I'll take part of it out."—"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. Sheafe on his way to the strings of the bag, "I rather guess I'll take the whole." And this he did, paying for his rascality by receiving skim milk cheese, or tap rock, at the price of wool.

M. DE BALZAC was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de Balzac, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

AN Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with: "Your money, or your life!" Seeing Pat was green, he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you all my money for that pistol."—"Agreed." Pat received the money, and handed over the pistol. "Now," said the traveller, "hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out!"—"Blaze away, my hearty!" said Pat. "Never a dhrop of powther there's in it."

A YOUNG Englishman, while at Naples, was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend: "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman; "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and, as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought your snuff-box."—"Well, how did you obtain it?"—"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make a noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

"WHAT are you in jail for?" asked a visitor of a prisoner. He received the usual reply: "For nothing."—"Well, what did you do?"—"I opened a dry goods store."—"Opened a dry goods store?" said the visitor. "Why, they could not put you in prison for that."—"Yes, but they did, though," replied the prisoner; "I opened it with a crowbar and a bill."

MAGISTRATE. "Well, Patrick, what have you got to say about stealing the pig?" Patrick. "Well, y'r honnor-r, ye see, it was jist this: The pig tuk upon him to shleep in my bit of a garden for three nights, y'r honnor-r, and I jist sayzed him for the rint."

ROYALTY.

THE Birmingham (England) Journal prints the following account of a flogging the Prince of Wales received from a poor boy:

During her Majesty's residence at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, her children were accustomed to ramble along the sea-shore. Now it so happened on one occasion that the young Prince of Wales met a boy who had been gathering sea shells. The boy had got a basket full. The young prince upset the basket and shells. The poor lad was very indignant, and observed, "You do that again and I'll lick you."—"Put the shells into the basket," said the prince, "and see if I don't." The shells were gathered up and put into the basket. "Now," said the lad, "touch 'em again, old fellow, if you dare." Whereupon the prince again pitched over the shells, and the lad "pitched into him," and gave him such a licking as few princes ever had. His lip was cut open, his nose knocked considerably out of its perpendicular, and his eyes of a color which might have become the champion of a prize ring. His disfigured face could not long be concealed from his royal mother. She inquired the cause of his disfigurement. The prince was silent, but at last confessed the truth. The poor boy was ordered before the queen. He was asked to tell his story. He did so in a very straightforward manner. At its conclusion, turning to her child, the queen said: "You have been rightly served, sir. Had you not been punished sufficiently already, I should have punished you severely. When you commit a like offence, I trust you will always receive a similar punishment." Turning to the poor boy, she commanded his parents to her presence the following morning. They came, and the result of the interview was that her Majesty told them she had made arrangements for educating and providing for their son, and she hoped he would make good use of the advantages which should be placed within his reach.

LOUIS XI. appears to have been outwitted by an astrologer, who had foretold that a lady whom he loved would die in eight days, which took place. The unlucky prophet was ordered before the king, and on a signal was to be thrown out of the window. "You, who pretended to be such a wise man," said the king, "knowing so well the fate of others, tell me this moment what will be your own, and how long you have to live?" Whether the fellow guessed his fate, or had been threatened by the messengers, he replied without testifying any fear:—"I shall die just three days before your majesty." The king, upon this, was not in the smallest hurry to canter the prophet out of the window, but, on the contrary, took particular care to let him want for nothing, and to make him live as long as possible.

LOUIS XV. was no fool, though he was a king. One day, in the office of the minister of war, he found a pair of spectacles. "Let us see," said he, "if they suit my eyes." He put them on, and taking up a manuscript, read a pompous eulogy of himself. "That won't do," said he to the Duke de Choiseul, pulling off the glasses; "they are no better than my own—they magnify too much."

A GERMAN prince, in a dream, saw three rats, one fat, another lean, and a third blind. He sent for a learned Bohemian gipsey to interpret the dream. "The fat rat," she answered, "is your prime minister, the lean rat is your people, and the blind rat is yourself."

WHEN Napoleon I. was cross he walked about with his hands behind him humming a tune as falsely as possible, and then few dared to approach him. "If you have anything to ask of the general," said Junot to M. Arnault one day, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

THE following is an account of the deaths of the kings and queens of England:

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stag that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony.

Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named —by an arrow from the bow of an archer.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," a sickness which would puzzle all the college of physicians to denominate.

Edward the Second was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died of "fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry the Sixth died in prison by means known then only to his jailor, and known now only to heaven.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard the Third.

Richard the Third was killed in battle.

Henry the Seventh wasted away, as a miser ought to do.

Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit from eating too many black puddings.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies—her private character not being above suspicion.

James the First died of drinking, and of the effects of a nameless vice.

Charles the First died on the scaffold, and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said, of apoplexy.

William the Third died from consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong water," or, in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called dropsy.

George the First died of drunkenness, which the physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George the Second died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day called a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.

George the Third died as he had lived —a madman. Throughout his life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William the Fourth died amid the sympathies of his friends.

LOUIS XI., when young, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The king, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village, hearing of his liberality, thought within himself: "If this peasant gets a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present his majesty with a handsome horse and my fortune is made." Arriving at court he very politely requested the king's acceptance of one. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed: "Bring me my turnip!" and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, "there, this cost me a thousand crowns, I give it to you in return for your horse."

HORNE TOOKE being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied: "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

QUEEN VICTORIA belongs to a long-lived race. Should she live as long as her grandfather, George III., her reign will extend into the twentieth century. Though the queen has been thirty-three years on the throne, yet she is not fifty-two years of age, and should she live as long as many others of the Hanoverian monarchs, she will outlive the greater portion of the present generation, and remain on the throne when most of them have passed away. George I. died at 67; George II. at 77; George III. at 82; George IV. at 68; and William IV. at 72. They are a long-lived race, the Guelphs, one of them, George III., dying in the sixtieth year of his reign, the longest reign in English history. He was 81 years, 7 months and 16 days old when he departed this life, and the same number of years, months and days vouchsafed to Queen Victoria would cause her death to fall on the 4th of January, 1901. There is no reason to believe that the queen will not live as long as her ancestor who occupied the throne before her, and it is probable that when the Prince of Wales comes to the throne he will be far advanced in years, as was William IV.

NOT a little remarkable is it to observe that from the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time, not a single king or governor of France, though none of them, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson, and several of his great grandchildren, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelty of the terrorists had confined him. The king of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeathe the boundless empire he had won, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetime of Charles XI., and his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, was an exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estate. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather. Thus, then, it appears that for upward of two hundred years, in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected has the son succeeded to the throne of the father.

THE mass of mankind, embracing many of the well-read, have never heard of Napoleon II. Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles Bonaparte, or Napoleon II., was the son of Napoleon I., the fruit of a marriage between that sovereign and Maria Louisa of Austria, and was from his birth styled the king of Rome. When his father, the first Emperor, was compelled to abdicate, in the year 1814, the king of Rome went with his mother to Vienna, and was there educated by his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. His title was that of the Duke of Reichstadt. On Napoleon's return from Elba, in 1815, an attempt was made to remove the young duke to Paris, which was frustrated by the Austrian authorities. During his lifetime he did not assume the title Napoleon II., inasmuch as the abdication of his father in his favor was never admitted by the allies, nor was it claimed by the French government. But in 1852, when the resumption of empire by Louis Napoleon rendered title necessary, he was considered Napoleon II., and the new Napoleon took that of Napoleon III.

AN anecdote is told of Frederick the Great, that just before the battle of Rosebach he said to one of his generals, who was on very intimate terms with him: "If I lose the battle I shall retire to Venice, and there practise physic."—"Ah," replied the general, "always a murderer; always a murderer!"

A PHRENOLOGIST has been examining Queen Victoria's head; and says he finds the bump of adhesiveness quite sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state that the queen's head under examination was a postage stamp.

HENRY VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess of Milan; but her answer was, "She had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service."

IN "Girardin's Memoirs" it is said that when Bonaparte was First Consul, he visited the tomb of Rousseau. "It would have been better," said he, "for the repose of France, if this man had never lived." He was asked the reason. He replied: "He it was who prepared the French revolution." Girardin remarked: "It surely is not for you, Citizen Consul, to complain of the revolution."—"*Eh bien*," replied he, "the future will learn that it would have been better for the repose of the world if neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed."

WHEN Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable man among the Quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles II., that merry monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn, who said: "Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat."—"No," says the king, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to stand covered here."

AT a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers: "What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said: "It certainly must be our arrears of pay." The king was so diverted, that he commanded him to be paid up, and his pay increased.

THE four conquerors who occupy the most conspicuous place in the history of the world, are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept because there was not another world for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundations quake, fled from this country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him Hanni-Ball, and died at last by poison administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in a lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the depot, but which did not and could not bring him aid.

Thus four great men, who seemed to stand the representatives of all those whom the world calls great, these four men who, each in his turn, made the earth tremble to its very centre by their tread, severally died, one by intoxication, or, as was supposed, by poison mingled with his wine, one a suicide, one murdered by his friend, and one a lonely exile! How wretched is the end of all such earthly greatness.

FREDERICK THE GREAT wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for ten thousand men."

QUEEN ELIZABETH ascended the throne of England in 1558, on the death of her sister Mary. On the day of Elizabeth's coronation the merchants of London determined to make her a present of a Bible. They thought, however, that the book should be presented by a child dressed in white. When the royal procession passed through the Cheapside, the child, accordingly, offered a splendid copy of the English Bible to her majesty. The queen was greatly pleased with the present. She took it from the child, whose hands she kissed; then kissing the sacred volume, she pressed it to her bosom, thanked the citizens of London for their valuable gift, at the same time declaring that she esteemed it of more value than her crown, and promising that she would make it her study and the rule of her life.

JAMES I., king of England, on his deathbed sent for his son, and with great solemnity and fervor uttered the following sentiment: "I am now leaving the world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, nor no liberty like his service. If his holy Providence shall think fit to seat you upon the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember kings are not made for themselves but for the good of the people."

SHORTLY after Napoleon I. was made First Consul, and had installed himself in the Palace of the Tuileries, he held a grand reception and ball. But he experienced at that early day of his career no little difficulty in organizing his court and making matters go smoothly. When the supper was ready, the ladies were summoned first. Two thousand ladies rushed forward to the doors of the great dining hall. The great folding doors were closed, and the officers of the palace found it impossible to get them open, for the ladies pressed against them, and were engaged in high dispute among themselves, as to who of them had the *entree*, or right to go first. One of the officers hastened to the First Consul, and asked him how they should settle the question of precedence. "O," says Bonaparte, "nothing is easier; tell them that the oldest is to go first." The officer reported to the ladies the First Consul's decision, and instantly they all fell back. This gave the officers an opportunity to get the doors open, when, to their astonishment, none of the ladies were willing to go first. After standing in that ridiculous position for a moment, they began to laugh heartily at their own folly, and all marched into the dining hall without further delay.

FRANCE has had sixty-seven queens. Miserable lives they led. Eleven were divorced; two executed; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. The rest were either poisoned or broken-hearted.

"SEDLEY," said Charles II., "look me out a man who can't be corrupted. I have sent three treasurers to the north, and they have all turned out thieves."—"Well, your majesty, I recommend Mivert."—"Mivert, you dog!" said Charles; "why Mivert is a thief already."—"Therefore, he cannot be corrupted, your majesty," said Sedley.

THE King of Congo, when the wind blows his hat off, lays a tax on that part of his dominions from which the wind comes. Many despotical governments have as little reason for imposing their taxes.

HENRY VIII. appointed Sir Thomas More to carry an angry message to Francis I., of France. Sir Thomas told him, "He feared if he carried so violent a message to so violent a king as Francis, it might cost him his head." —"Never fear," said the king, "if Francis should cut off your head, I will make every Frenchman in London a head shorter."—"I am obliged to your majesty," replied Sir Thomas, "but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."

THE Duke of Gloucester frequently visited Cheltenham during the season. Upon one occasion he called upon Colonel Higgins, brother to the equerry of his royal highness the Prince Regent, and on inquiry of the servant if his master was at home, received for answer—"My master is dying."—"Dying!" repeated the duke; "have you sent for a doctor?"—"No, sir." His royal highness immediately ran back into the street, and having the good fortune to find a medical man, he requested him to come at once to Colonel Higgins, as he was on the point of death. The duke and the doctor soon reached the colonel's house, and after again asking the servant how his master was, that functionary replied, "I told you, sir, that he is dying." They mounted the staircase, and were rather amused to find the reported invalid busily occupied in dyeing his hair.

GEORGE III., having purchased a horse, the doctor put into his hand a large sheet of paper, completely written over. "What's this?" said his majesty. "The pedigree of the horse, sire, which you have just bought."—"Take it back, take it back," said the king, laughing, "it will do very well for the next horse you will sell."

AFTER the battle of Wagram, Napoleon I. recognized among the dead a colonel who had displeased him. He stopped and looked at the mangled body for a moment, and then said: "I regret not having told him before the battle that I had forgotten everything."

"I KNOW," said Napoleon I. to the Duke of Gaeta, "that I shall be reproached with having loved war, and sought it through mere ambition. Nevertheless, they will not accuse me of avoiding its fatigues, nor of having fled from its perils. That, at least, is something. But who, indeed, can hope to obtain justice while living."

THE crown of England contains seventeen hundred diamonds, and is valued at $500,000.

IT was Napoleon I. who says, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

MOLIERE was asked the reason why, in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen? "It is," said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

M. THIERS, in his History of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon I. It appears that after he had obtaind a subaltern's commission in the French service, by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (ten cents) for his dinner, and frequently went without any at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn out clothes, from his acquaintances. He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had at one time only a coat between them, so that the brothers could only go out alternately, time and time about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future emperor and conqueror "at whose mighty name the world grew pale," was the actor Talmu, who often gave him food and money.

JEAN, jester to Charles IX., once tried his master's nerve by rushing into his room one morning with the exclamation, "O, sir, such news!—four thousand men have risen in the city."—"What!" cried the startled king; "with what intention have they risen?"—"Well," said Jean, placing his finger on his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time."

A **PROFESSOR** of universal knowledge had put up his sign near the palace of an Oriental prince, who suddenly came upon the pretender, and put his wisdom to the test. "So thou knowest all things," said the king; "then tell me to-morrow morning these three things or thou shalt lose thy head: First, how many baskets of earth there are in yonder mountain? Secondly, how much I am worth? And thirdly, what I am thinking of at the time." The professor was distressed beyond measure, and in his apartments rolled upon the carpet in agony, for he knew he must die on the morrow. His servant learned the trouble, and offered to appear before the king and take his chance of answering the questions. The next morning the servant, clothed in his master's robes, presented himself to his majesty, who was deceived by his appearance, and the king proceeded: "Tell me, now, how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain?"—"That depends upon circumstances. If the baskets are as large as the mountain, one will hold it; if half as large, two; if a quarter, four; and so on." The king had to be satisfied, and proceeded: "Now tell me how much I am worth?"—"Well, your majesty, the King of heaven and earth was sold for thirty pieces of silver, and I conclude you are worth one piece." This was so witty an escape, that the king laughed and went on: "Now, once more, tell me what I am thinking of?"—"You are now thinking that you are talking with the professor, whereas it is only his servant."—"Well done," said the king; "you shall have your reward, and your master shall not lose his head."

SOME statistician has been overhauling the records as to what the English taxpayers have to pay for the luxury of having a royal family. The amount is absolutely startling; and one could hardly believe it if he did not go into details, and show that he is correct. To begin with, Victoria, as Queen and Duchess of Lancaster, receives 410,000*l.*, or $2,050,000, in salary, besides the rents of castles and an enormous income from estates which silly hero-worshippers will to her from time to time. The Prince of Wales has the net revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, a salary of 3000*l.* as general in the army, which, with his royal allowance, makes the neat sum of 125,000*l.*, or $625,000 a year. Besides this his wife has an allowance of 10,000*l.*, or $50,000, for pocket money, and the rent of Marlborough House free. Other members of the Cambridge line receive different amounts, sufficient to swell the entire amount to more than $4,000,000 a year.

ONE day a tyrannical emperor went to the outside of the city unattended. He accosted a man sitting under a tree as follows: "What sort of a man is the emperor of the country? Is he a tyrant or a just man?"—"He is a great tyrant," replied the man. "Do you not know me?" said the emperor. "No," said the man. The emperor said, "I am the emperor of the country." The man was frightened, and asked, "Do you know me?"—"No," said the emperor. The man replied, "I am the son of a certain merchant; every month during the space of three days I become mad. To-day is one of those days." The tyrant laughed, and said no more to him.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS' last prayer was originally written in Latin. The following is the English rendering:

O my God and my Lord,
  I have trusted in Thee;
O Jesus, my love,
  Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour
  I languish for Thee.
In sorrowing, weeping,
  And bending the knee,
I adore and implore Thee
  To liberate me!

KING HENRY VIII. was going to hang the mayor of Boulogne for not firing a royal salute as he approached that municipality. His honor said he had twenty-four reasons for not doing it, the first of which was he had no powder. "Not a word more," said blunt King Harry, "you are forgiven."

As Joseph II., emperor of Austria, was driving his one-horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who, mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle. "Willingly," replied the emperor. "Jump in, comrade, for I'm in a hurry." The soldier was soon seated alongside of the emperor, and became very loquacious. "Come, comrade," said he, slapping the emperor familiarly on the back, "are you good at guessing?"—"Perhaps I am," said Joseph; "try me."—"Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wits, and tell me what I had for breakfast!"—"Sourkrout!"—"Come, none of that, comrade. Try it again."—"Perhaps a Westphalia ham," replied the emperor, willing to humor his companion. "Better than that. D'ye give it up?"—"I do."—"Open your eyes and ears, then," said the soldier, bluntly. "I had a pheasant, shot in the emperor Joe's park. Ha, ha!" When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said, quietly, "I want you to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold."—"You're a—no, hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet."—"Better than that," said the emperor. "A lieutenant?"—"Better than that."—"A captain?"—"Better than that."—"A major?"—"Better than that."—"A general?"—"Better than that." The soldier was now fearfully agitated. He had doffed his hat, and sat bare-headed. He could scarcely articulate. "Pardon me, your excellency, your are field marshal?"—"Better than that," replied Joseph. "You're the emperor!" He threw himself out of the cabriolet, and knelt for pardon in the mud. The circumstances were not forgotten by either: the emperor often laughed over it, and the soldier received a mark of favor which he could not forget.

William IV., king of England, expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom was in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed" with the last breath of the king, the archbishop quitted Windsor Castle and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the princess—already by the law of succession Queen—Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the princess. She hastily attired herself, and met her venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the death of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. She was deeply agitated, and the first words she was able to utter were these:—"I ask your prayers in my behalf." They kneeled together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in olden time, by asking from the Highest who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude." The sequel of her reign has been worthy of the beginning. Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as at this hour. Queen Victoria enjoys personal influence, too, the heart-felt homage paid her as a christian woman—incomparably wider and greater than that of any monarch now reigning.

Joseph II. of Austria, was fond of travelling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring room, he began shaving himself. The inquisitorial landlord was anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

SAD SCENES, TOUCHING AND BEAUTIFUL INCIDENTS.

The saddest story we ever read was that of a child in Switzerland—a pet boy, just as yours is, reader—whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the cottage, when an enormous eagle swooped him from the ground and bore him to its nest high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there; and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine on its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, and long after the eagle had abandoned her nest. What a sight it must have been for the mother of the little victim.

WE know a little chubby-faced boy, who, being taken down town and suited to a new jacket and pants by his father, made the following remark as they were about to take the cars for home: "Now, father, you have spent so much money on me to-day that I can't bear to have you spend any more, so you just jump into the car and ride home and I'll trot along on the sidewalk and save you three cents." There was thoughtfulness for an eight-year old.

A CERTAIN rabbi had two sons, whom both he and his wife tenderly loved. Duty obliged the rabbi to take a journey to a distant country; during his absence his two promising boys sickened and died. The grief-stricken mother laid them out on their bed, drew the curtain, and waited anxiously for her husband. He came. It was night. "How are your boys?" was his first question. "Let me see them."—"Stay awhile," said his wife; "I am in great trouble and want your advice. Some years ago a friend lent me some jewels. I took great care of them, and at last began to prize them as my own. Since your departure my friend has called for them, but I did not like to part with them. Shall I give them up?" —"Wife, what a strange request is this! Give them up, and that instantly, this very night. Show me the jewels." She took the rabbi to their bed, drew aside the curtain, and said: "Husband, these are the jewels!" The rabbi bowed his head and wept.

A POOR boy, applying for refuge at a police station-house, reported his case thus: "First, my father died, and then my mother married again, and then my mother died, and my second father married again, and somehow or other I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, no, nor no nothing."

IN Switzerland a little child was carried off by a bird of prey. On the same day that the accident happened, a huntsman had hid himself near an eagle's nest, to wait for a shot at the bird, as he approached his eyrie. After having watched for some hours, he at length saw one approaching slowly toward the rocks, appearing twice as large as a common eagle. The hunter's surprise was great, when he saw that the bird carried a child in his talons. He heard its cries, and clearly saw its face. He put up a prayer to God, took aim at the bird, and fired. The shot took effect, and the eagle fell down dead. The hunter took the child and carried it safely home to the distressed mother.

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer. She says: I asked a little boy last evening: "Have you called your grandma to tea?"—"Yes; when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to waken her. I didn't wish to holler at grandma, nor to shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran in the hall, and said, pretty loud: 'Grandma, the tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her."

A POOR little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car, fell beneath the car, and was terribly mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was at once sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he, with painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

A GENTLEMAN was trying to still a crying child by carrying it to and fro in the car, which by its screams finally irritated a man in one of the berths to such a degree that he could stand it no longer, and cried out, profanely: "What is the matter with that young one?" And soon again: "Where is the mother of that child, that she is not here to pacify it?" At this the poor gentleman in charge of the child stepped up to the berth and said: "Sir, the mother of that child is in her coffin in the baggage car!" The gruff grumbler immediately arose and compelled the afflicted father to retire to his berth, and from that time until morning took the little orphan under his own care.

SAILORS.

THE little value placed on money by seafaring people in general, is well-known. An honest tar who had lined his pockets with the spoils of the enemies of his country, ordered a huge gold ring to be made. When it was finished, the tradesman told him it was common to have a poesy engraved on it. "Very well," said the seaman. "What must it be like?" replied the other. "Why, put on it," said he, "'When money's lost, the ring must go.'" This was done, and the honest son of the waves was so well pleased with the execution of the whole, that he ordered a massy pair of silver buckles to be made, with the rims as broad as a two-inch plank. "And here," said he, "you may as well put a poesy on these, too—'If that won't do, the buckles too.'"

A HARDY seaman, who had escaped one of the shipwrecks on our coast, was asked by a good old lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. "Wet, ma'am, very wet," he replied.

AN old sailor, passing through a graveyard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I were dead, I'd own it."

A CAPTAIN told a lad, "If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope."—"I can do it," he readily replied, "here is one end and here is another, that makes two. Now, here is the third," and he threw it overboard.

"JOHN, John, get up, the day is breaking," said one sailor to another. "Very well, let it break, he owes us nothing." Interval of twenty minutes. "John, John, here the sun is up before you."—"Very well, sir, he has farther to go than we have."

JOHN, it appears, is a great hand at chucking people into the sea; and on one occasion, while out sailing in company with some others, he concluded to dip a certain Pennsylvania Yankee, who was playing smart with the boys. The traps were soon arranged, and by-and-by over went Mr. Yankee in the damp. He plunged about for some time, and at last was hauled up, blowing off any quantity of superfluous brine. "Well, old fellow," chuckled John, "how do you relish old Neptune's soup?"—"Well, I aint got much agin the soup, but whoever put the salt in it wasn't a bit stingy."

AN old sailor died in one of the hospitals, he having been in many actions. An attendant observed that he thought it much better to die a natural death, than in battle, as it afforded a man time to repent. "Repent!" exclaimed an old tar, "when a man dies in battle, he goes so quick that he gets into heaven before the devil knows he is dead."

A POOR sailor, wrecked on an unknown coast, wandered about in momentary apprehension of being seized by savages, when he suddenly came in sight of a gallows. "Ah!" said he, "I see I'm in a civilized country."

A CAPTAIN of a vessel just arriving in harbor, directed one of his crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into the cabin. On his return, the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman, with great simplicity, replied, "I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook."

A YOUNG sailor, who received a blowing up from his sweetheart, called her a wind-lass.

THE following is told by a celebrated naval officer as happening on one of his cruises, when his sailors saw a comet. They were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearances, and the hands met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander for his opinion. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor."—"Well, my boys, what about?"—"We want to ask about that thing up there."—"Well, what do you think yourselves about it?" —"We have talked it over, your honor, and we think it is a star sprung a-leak."

"PRAY excuse me," said a well-dressed young man to a young lady in the second tier of boxes at the theatre, "I wish to go up stairs and get some refreshment, don't leave your seat." A sailor seated in the box near his sweetheart, and disposed to do the same thing, rose and said: "Harkee, Moll, I'm going aloft to wet my whistle, don't fall overboard when I'm gone."

SCHOOL MASTERS AND SCHOOL CHILDREN.

"FIRST class in philosophy, come up. Ichabod, what are the properties of heat?"—"The properties of heat is to warm your toes when they get cold, by holding them to the fire, and so forth." —"Next. You, Solon."—"The chief properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."— "Very good, Solon. Can you give me an example?"—"Yes, sir; in summer when it's hot, the days are long, and in winter when it is cold, the days get to be very short."—"Go to the head, Solon; boys take your seats;" and the learned pedagogue was lost in wonder that so familiar an illustration had escaped his philosophical mind.

GREEN-SPECTACLED pedagogue, enthroned upon a three-legged stool, with sceptre of birch firmly grasped, exclaims: "Big boys, come up and parse. 'The pig squeaks.' Now tell me what is The." —"The, sir, is a preposterous article, nominative to pig."—"Why do you call it a preposterous article?"—"Because it stands before pig. I wouldn't stand before one for a shilling."—"Next boy, parse pig."—"Pig is a common noun." —"Why is it a common noun?"—"Because it is so common that you can't see nothing else in the streets."—"What is squeaks?"—"A noun proper, sir."— "Why is it proper, Ezekiel?"—"Because it makes a proper loud noise, and disturbs all the neighbors."—"That's O. K. Now you can go and carry on with the gals."

A TEACHER had been explaining to his scholars the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front, toward the north. "Now, what's before you, John?"—"The north, sir."—"And what behind you, John?"—"My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.

A LADY was teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelt "cold," but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think and try. At last she asked him—"What do you get when you go out upon the wet pavement on a rainy day and wet your feet?"—"I gets a licking."

"Now, spos'n you was to be turned into an animal," said Jim, "what would you like to be, Bill?"—"O, I'd like to be a lion," replied Bill, "because he's so—." —"O, no, don't be a lion, Bill," interrupted little Tom, who has had some recent painful experience at school; "be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster."

A LITTLE girl, repeating her Sabbath-school lesson, gave a new version to a familiar passage: "Ye cannot serve God and mamma!"

A VILLAGE parish clerk, who employed a grammarian to teach his daughter the syntax of her native tongue, heard him with much surprise define the use of the articles, a, an, and the. "You cannot place a, the singular article, before plural nouns—no one can say a houses, a horses, a ——"—"Hold there," said the parish clerk, "I must contradict you in that. Don't I at church every Sunday say A-men,? and the prayer-book knows better than you."

A GENTLEMAN, one day, visiting a school at Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occuring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—"What is inheritance?"—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony."

A LADY went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

"SALLY, you seem to be ignorant in geography; I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract'—parse marriage."—"Marriage is a noun because it's a name."—"Good; well, what is the case of marriage?"—"Don't know, sir."—"Decline it, and see."—"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. I'd rather conjugate."

A BOY at school, out West, when called on to recite his lesson in history, was asked,—"What is the German Diet composed of?" The boy replied: "Sour-krout, schnapps, and lager beer." The boy was promoted instantly.

"WHY, Sarah," remarked a schoolmaster to a pretty girl, who had failed to give a satisfactory answer in arithmetic, "when I was your age I could answer any question in arithmetic that was asked me."—"If you please, sir, I can give you a question I don't think you can answer."—"What is it, Sarah?"—"Why, sir, suppose an apple caused the ruin of the whole human race, how many such apples. given by me, would cause you to give the whole school a week's holiday on the Fourth of July?" The schoolmaster fainted—and has never dared to look at Sarah since.

"WELL, my little fellow, what's the matter? Why don't you go to school?"—"The master will beat me—boo-hoo-hoo!"—"Well, then, take your books and go home."—"Then mother will beat me, thir—boo-hoo-hoo! I can't help being licked, any way!"

TEACHER. "What part of speech is the word egg?" Boy. "Noun, sir."—"What is its gender?"—"Can't tell, sir."—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"—"Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."—"Well, then, my lad, you can't tell me the case?"—"O yes; the shell, sir."

A SCHOOL-BOY having good-naturedly helped another in a difficult cyphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the dominie. "Why did you work his lesson?"—"To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

IN a class of little girls in one of the schools of Boston, the question was asked, "What is a fort?"—"A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress then?" asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered, "A place to put women."

"BILL SMITH, what is a widow?"—"A widow is a married woman that haint got no husband 'cause he's dead."—"Very well, what is a widower?"—"A widdiwer is a man what runs arter widders."—"Well, Bill, that's not exactly according to Johnson, but it will do."

"BOBBY, what is steam?"—"Boiling water."—"That's right; compare it."—"Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, 'bust.'"

WE heard from a Sunday-school teacher an illustration of one kind of forgiveness. Improving upon the day's lesson, the teacher asked the boy whether, in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?"—"Yes, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I guess—I—could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could, if he was bigger than I am."

AMONG the Sunday-school children of a certain church was a poor little fellow. He couldn't tell the number of the house in which he lived, and was charged, when he next came to school, to bring it. The next time he appeared, he was asked if he brought the number. "No, sir," said he, "it is nailed on the door so tight that I couldn't get it off."

PATRONS of sharp children are sometimes taken in. "Well, my little man," said a friend of the family to a youngster attending school, "how do you get on in your class?"—"First rate; I'm next the head."—"Good," presenting a penny; "how many are there in your class?"—"Two; me and a little girl."

THERE is a school-house, on the window-sill of which is painted—it having been a grocer's store—"Powder and Shot."—"What have powder and shot to do with education?"—"A great deal," replied a wag; "is it not the school-master's calling to teach the young idea how to shoot?"

A SCHOOL-MASTER in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

THE following rules were posted in a New Jersey school house: "No kissing the girls in school hours; no licking the master during holidays."

A PEDAGOGUE was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "O, don't, don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life."

"JOHN, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"—"Yes, sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again."

SCENE in a Sunday school. Teacher. "Why was Joseph put into the pit?" Thomas (who goes to the theatre sometimes). "Because there was no room for him in the family circle."

AT a Sunday school Mr. N. asked the children what is the sweetest, prettiest, and most interesting little thing in the world? Some guessed one thing and some another. Some said "Cake," others "Money." At last one little girl, about four years old, said, "Ma's little baby." Mr. N. said, "You are right—a baby."

A SHREWD little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished his master by the following translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap. Vir-gin, a man-trap."

A BOY eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one on examination day, replied, "A baby."

"COME here, and tell me what the four seasons are." Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with."

A TEACHER was lecturing a class of little glory on the influence of pious instruction in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"—"I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

In a certain city there is a lad proverbial as being a bad speller. This lad was "foot" of his class. The next day the first word was "admittance." This lad was walking around sight-seeing, when his eye fell upon a circus bill, which had "admittance twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price." Our young friend spelled the word, and recollecting it was the first in his to-morrow's lesson, learned it "by heart." Next day the head boy missed, and the next, and the next, and so on, until it came to our particular friend, who was in the mean time all excitement with the hope of his getting "head," being sanguine that he was right. Here's the result: "Boy at the foot, spell 'admittance.'" — "Ad-mit-tance, admittance."—"Give the definition."—"Twenty-five cents—niggers and children half-price!"

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" said a reverend gentleman during examination at a parochial school. This was a puzzle. It went down the class till it came to a simple little urchin, who said—"P'raps it be a flea."

A little girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a small limbacy left her by a relative."—"What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbacy."—"But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."

"What is meant by bearing false witness?" was one of the questions at an examination of an infant school. A little girl replied: "It is when nobody does nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it."—"Quite right," said the examiner, amid a general titter, in which he could not help joining.

As a well-known master in a grammar-school was censuring a pupil for the dulness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in practice, he said: "Is not the price of a penny bun always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied: "No, sir, they sell them two for three halfpence when they are stale."

It is related by Miss Edgeworth that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils, which were not exactly the same as those found in the book. After making numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was. She answered, rather hesitatingly. "In the yard, with the rest of the poultry."

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday-school scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?"—"The mune, plase sur."—"No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night—what should you think?"—"Plase, sur, I should think it was time to get up."

"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?"—"A man who makes nails," replied hopeful, quite readily. "Very good. Now, what is a tailor?"—"One who makes tails," was the equally quick reply. "O, you blockhead," said the dominie, biting his lips; "a man who makes tails, did you ever!"—"To be sure," quoth hopeful; "if the tailor didn't put tails to the coats he made, they would all be jackets!"—"Eh?—ah!—well!—to be sure. I didn't think of that. Beats Watts's logic! Go to the head of the class, John; you'll be President of the United States some day."

"Illustrated with cuts!" said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?"—"A clothes line, daddy."—"How do you make that out?"—"Because it stretches from pole to pole."

"COME here, Tommy," said a school-master: "do you know your A B C's?"—"Yes, zur, I know a bee sees."

"BILLY," asked a Sunday-school teacher, "what did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red sea?"—"I dunno, but I guess they dried themselves."

"FIRST class in geography, come up. Bill Flint, what is a cape?"—"A thing that mother wears over her shoulders."—"What is a plain?"—"A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards."—"What's a desert?"—"It's goodies after dinner."—"That will do, Bill, I'll give you goodies after school."

A SCHOOL-BOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

A YOUNG lady, at an examination in grammar, was asked, "Why the noun bachelor was singular?" She replied, immediately, with much naïvete: "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

A RETIRED school-master excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself, unless he's handling the rod.

AT one of the schools in Cornwall, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade men having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted, in reply, the text: "No man can serve two masters."

"BOY, did you let off that gun?" exclaimed an enraged school-master. "Yes, sir."—"Well, what do you think I will do with you?"—"Why, let me off."

AT one of the customary school examinations, an urchin was asked: "What is the use of bread?" To which he replied, with archness that implied what a simpleton one must be to ask such a question: "To spread butter upon."

"CHILDREN," said a Sunday-school superintendent, "I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?" No answer was made. "Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?" Still no reply. "Can any little boy or girl in the school tell me who Peter was?"—"I can," said a little fellow in the further corner. "Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform by my side, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls who Peter was." Jimmy did as he was bid, and in the shrill voice of childhood repeated:

> Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
> Had a wife and couldn't keep her.

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem appreciated.

"WHICH are the uttermost parts of the earth?" asked a school-master of one of his boys. "The parts where there are the most women," answered the head boy. "What do you mean by that, Brown?" asked the teacher. "I mean," was the reply, "that where there are the most women there is the most uttered."

"SKIP the hard words, honey, dear," said an Irish schoolmistress to one of her pupils, "they're only the names of foreign countries, and you'll never be in them."

THE following dialogue actually took place between a visiting examiner and a pupil at a school near Salisbury: "Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class." First boy. "Here I be, zir." Examiner. "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?" First boy. "Vowls, zir? yes, of course I can." Examiner. "Tell me, then, what are the vowels?" First boy. "Vowls, zir? why, vowls be chickens."

LORD SHAFTESBURY on one occasion was examining a girls' school, and just as he was about to take leave he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and among other things inquired: "Who made your vile body?"—"Please, my lord," said the girl, "Betsy Jones made my body, but I made the skirt myself."

A TEACHER in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," came into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teachers came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked: "Wa'al, master, what do yer think he larnt the scholars?"—"Couldn't say, ma'am; pray, what did he teach?"—"Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went areound; and all that sort o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about such stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked: "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things."—"Wa'al," says the old lady, "if the airth is reound, and goes reound, what holds it up?"—"O, these learned men say that it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction." The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like to know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?"

A YOUTH of nine or ten summers who attends the Sabbath-school and is one of those "infants terrible," was asked by his teacher what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were. "Broad hems, such as the ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that ladies do, did they?"—"O yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

AT a parish school examination, when the question was asked, "Why did the children of Israel make a golden calf?" a sharp little fellow replied: "Because they hadn't gold enough to make a bull."

"NOW, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop." For a minute all was still, and a little boy shrieked out: "Let her drop!"

AT an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws in our government?"—"Congress," was the ready reply. "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. But the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it. Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half-civilized, and savage."

THE following is said to have passed in a school down East: "What is the most northern town in the United States?"—"The North Pole."—"Who is it inhabited by?"—"By the Poles, sir."—"That's right. Now, what is the meaning of the word stoop?"—"I don't know, sir."—"What do I do when I bend over thus?"—"You scratches your shins, sir."—"What is the meaning of the word carve?"—"I don't know, sir."—"What does your father do when he sits down to the table?"—"He axes for the brandy bottle."—"I don't mean that. Well, then, what does your mother do when you sit down to the table?"—"She says she will wring our necks if we spill any grease on the floor."

"GRAMMAR class stand up and recite. Tom, parse girls."—"Girls is a particular noun of the lovely gender, lively person, and for double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to the general rule."

"FIRST boy, state what were the dark ages of the world?" Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Jones, can you tell me what the dark ages were?"—"The ages before gas was invented."

A TEACHER at a national school at Whittlesea asked a boy: "Which is the highest dignitary of the church?" After looking up north, east, and west, the boy innocently replied: "The weathercock."

A TEACHER one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said: "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied: "Well, I don't know, without he hollered."

"Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy. "Mouse, sir."

A MISSIONARY among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered: "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

"FIRST class in oriental philosophy, stand up. Thibbett, what is life?"—"Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife."—"What is death?"—"A paymaster, who settles everybody's debts and gives them tombstones as receipts in full of all demands."—"What is poverty?"—"The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public."—"What is religion?"—"Doing unto others as you please without allowing them a return of compliment."—"What is fame?"—"A six-line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead."

MR. JOHN SMITH, of Arkansas, relates a good story touching education in Morrisania, which is worthy the enlightened shades of Hoboken. "Well, Timothy Washington Witless, now attend, sir; wipe your nose—not on your sleeve, sir, but on your handkerchief—I want to examine you in geography."—"Yes, sir; all ready, go ahead."—"Does the earth go round the sun, or does the sun go round the earth? Mind what you are about, or you'll catch a taste of my bamboo."—"Sometimes one, and sometimes t'other. (Aside—I guess I am too smart for that old hoss, any how he can fix it.")

"NAPOLEON ALEXIS DOBBS, come up here and say your lesson. What makes boys grow?"—"It is the rain, sir."—"Why do not men grow?"—"Because they carry an umbrella, which keeps off the rain."—"What makes a young man and woman fall in love?"—"Because one of 'em has a heart of steel, and t'other has a heart of flint; and when they come together they strike fire, and that is love."—"That's right. Now you may go to your seat."

AN amusing circumstance occurred in a singing-school. A Mr. Paine was the teacher, and a Miss Patience one of the pupils. In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words:

Come, gentle patience, smile on pain.

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave out another, in which were the following lines:

O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

The risibilities of the school were so affected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

"BOY, why don't you go to school?"—"'Cause, sir, daddy is afeard that if I larns everything now I shan't have anything to larn ven I come to the academy."

SERVANTS.

"WHY, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of the company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a large pie, "did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?"—"Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pritty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

A WHISKEY-DRINKING Irishman was brought before a magistrate, named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him he would give him time enough to curse whiskey. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and Porter too."

"Mary, is your master at home?"—"No, sir, he's out."—"I don't believe it."—"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you so himself. Perhaps you'll believe him."

"Perseverance," said a lady very earnestly to a servant, "is the only way to accomplish great things." One day eight dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared, "Sally, where are all those dumplings?"—"I managed to get through them, ma'am."—"Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?"—"By perseverance, ma'am," said Sally.

Any one who has sojourned in Chicago, for a fortnight, can bear testimony to the abominable character of the aqueous fluid, as is sometimes dispensed by the Water Commissioners, and can perhaps appreciate the following table-talk: "I guess, Bridget," said Mr. Smith, holding up a glass of water, "you forgot to filter this water."—"Indade, sir, I filtered it as well as I could, sir," replied the domestic. "How did you filter it, Bridget?" asked her mistress. "Through flannel, ma'am." —"Through flannel? Why, where did you get flannel to make a filter?"—"O, I jist took one of your husband's undershirts, ma'am."—"Why, Bridget! I'm surprised at your doing such a thing," replied the mistress in amazement. "O, ma'am, I didn't take one of the clean ones; I just took one out of the clothes-basket, ma'am."

A man asked a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No; he's out."—"Your mistress?"—"No, sir; she's out, too." —"Well, I'll just step in and take a warm at the fire till they come in."—"Faith, sir, and that's out, too!"

"Thomas, I have always placed great confidence in you. Now, tell me, Thomas, how is it my butcher's bills are so remarkably large, and yet we have such bad dinners?"—"Really, sir, I don't know; for I'm sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up into the parlor."

"Biddy," said a mistress to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?"—"An', sure, ma'am, I's jist after giving it to my sister's own cousin, Mary O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

"Margery, what did you do with the tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with to-day?"—"Please, marm, I fried the griddle cakes with it."—"Lucky for you, I thought you had wasted it."

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" inquired a gentleman of his rustic servant. "Yes, sir," replied John, "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it."—"Cannot read it!" exclaimed the gentleman; "why so, John?"—"Because he is so blind, sir. While I wor in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it wor on my head all the time."

"Sally, what have you done with the cream? These children cannot eat skim milk for breakfast."—"Sure, ma'am, and it isn't myself that would be afther given the scum to yez. I tuk that off and gave it to the cats."

A fashionable lady in Boston had in her employment a young man from the country. On certain occasions he was instructed to inform any company who might ring at the door, that "Mrs. B. was not at home." One day John made this reply to an intimate friend of the lady, who shortly went away, leaving a card and a promise to call again. As the card was handed to Mrs. B., she said: "John, what did you say to the lady?" —"I told her you were not at home."—"Well, John, I hope you did not laugh." —"O, no, ma'am," said John, "I never laugh when I tell a lie."

A boy from the country was taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen laughing immoderately. "What's the matter?" cried the cook. "Why, hang it," said he, "there's twelve of 'em up there who couldn't snuff the candles, and they had to ring for me to do it."

PEPPERGRASS sent word to the Intelligence Office that he wanted a good girl for general house-work. About the time he expected an applicant he laid a broom down in the yard, near the gate. Presently a girl comes to the gate, opens it, and strolls up to the house; the broom being immediately in the path, Miss Betsey strides over it. The old man was on the watch, and the first salute the girl got was, "I don't want you." The girl sloped, and suddenly another bullet-headed Nancy appears. Seeing the old broom in her way, she gives it a kick, and waddles up to the house. "You won't suit me, that's certain, Miss Mopsy," bawls Peppergrass. She disappeared in a hurry, and finally a third appears, opened the gate, and coming into the yard, she carefully closes the gate behind her and walks up, the broom is still in the path; this she picks up and carries along to the house, where she deposits it alongside the wood-shed. Before the girl could explain her business there, Peppergrass bawls out: "Yes, yes, come in, you'll suit me." And she did, for that girl lived with Peppergrass seven years, and only quit living to go to housekeeping on her own hook; and a capital wife she made. Peppergrass was right.

DEAN SWIFT having a shoulder of mutton too much done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honor, I cannot do it less."—"But," said the dean, "if it had not been done enough, you could have done it more, could you not?"—"O yes, sir, very easily."—"Why, then," said the dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended."

"WHY did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking; and when I opened the door folks took me for the missus."

"WHAT'S the best thing about Ireland, Pat?"—"The whiskey, yer honor."—"Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults you love her 'still.'"

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY.

RICHARD BRINSLEY, the third son of Thomas Sheridan, was born in Dublin, October 30, 1761. For the early development of his talents he was indebted to the instructions of his accomplished mother, and was afterward placed at a grammar-school in Dublin. He died July 7, 1816, aged 55 years; but the man who engraved the plate of his coffin, knowing that 50 years was 50, concluded that 505 would express 55, which was really engraved.

ONE of the causes of Sheridan's downfall—as far as money was concerned—was his extreme indolence and utter negligence. He trusted far too much to his ready wit and rapid genius. Thus, when "Pizarro" was to appear, day after day went by, and nothing was done. On the night of representation only four acts of five were written, and even these had not been rehearsed, the principal performers, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, and Barrymore having only just received their parts. Sheridan was up in the prompter's room actually writing the fifth act while the first was being performed, and every now and then appeared in the green-room with a fresh relay of dialogue, and setting all in good humor by his merry abuse of his own negligence. In spite of this, "Pizarro" succeeded.

WHEN Tom Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead, with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father; "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

IN a large party one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill judging parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said the father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you eight hundred a year."—"Yes, father, I must confess you allowed it, but then it was never paid."

When Sheridan was asked at an amateur play which performer he liked best, he replied: "The prompter; for I saw less and heard more of him than of any one else."

When some one told Sheridan that the quantity of wine, brandy, etc., which he drank would destroy the coat of his stomach, he replied: "Well, then, my stomach must digest in its waistcoat."

"How is it," said a gentleman to Sheridan, "that your name has not O attached to it? Your family is Irish, and no doubt illustrious."—"No family has a better right to O than our family," said Sheridan; "for we owe everybody."

Sheridan had a very convenient formula for acknowledging all the new publications that were sent him: "Dear Sir,—I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it."

No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than was Sheridan from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers, and always courted their friends. Many times he has said: "Let me have the periodical press on my side, and there is nothing in this country which I could not accomplish."

Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member in Parliament, who kept crying out every few minutes, "hear, hear." At length, while describing a political opponent, who wished to play the rogue, but had not sense enough to act the fool, Sheridan exclaimed: "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?"—"Hear, hear," cried the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the information, sat down in the midst of a roar of laughter.

Sheridan was once staying at the house of an elderly maiden lady in the country, who wanted more of his company than he was willing to give. Proposing one day to take a stroll with him, he excused himself on account of the bad weather. Shortly afterward she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up."—"Just a little, ma'am—enough for one, but not enough for two."

When Sheridan was making one of his great displays in Westminster Hall, he observed Gibbon among the auditors, and complimented him by some allusion to his "luminous pen." An acquaintance afterward reproached Sheridan with the sincerity of his compliment, and wondered how he could use the word luminous: "O, it was a mistake," said Sheridan, "I meant voluminous."

Sheridan was dining with the black-browed Chancellor, when he produced some admirable Constantia which had been sent him from the cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old chancellor was not to be easily induced to produce his fine cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another bottle. Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immutable pillar of the law, turned toward a gentleman sitting farther down, and said: "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira since I cannot double the cape."

Sheridan had always a taste for the art of duping, and he had begun early in life—soon after leaving Harrow. He was spending a few days at Bristol, and wanted a new pair of boots, but could not afford to pay for them. Shortly before he left, he called on two bootmakers, and ordered of each a pair, promising payment on delivery. He fixed the morning of his departure for the tradesmen to send in their goods. When the first arrived he tried on the boots, and complained that that for the right foot pinched a little, and ordered Crispin to take it back, stretch it, and bring it again at nine the next morning. The second arrived soon after, and this time it was the boot for the left foot which pinched. Same complaint; same order given; each had taken away only the pinching boot, and left the other behind. The same afternoon Sheridan left in his new boots for town, and when the two shoemakers called at nine next day, each with a boot in his hand, we can imagine their disgust at finding how neatly they had been duped.

Lord Belgrave had made a very telling speech, which he wound up with a Greek quotation, loudly applauded. Sheridan had no arguments to meet him with; so, rising, he admitted the force of his lordship's quotation (of which he probably did not understand a word), but added, that had he gone a little farther and completed the passage, he would have seen that the context completely altered the sense. He would prove it to the House, he said, and forthwith rolled forth a grand string of majestic gibberish, so well imitated, that the whole assembly cried, "Hear, hear!" Lord Belgrave rose again, and frankly admitted that the passage had the meaning ascribed to it by the honorable gentleman, and that he had overlooked it at the moment. At the end of the evening, Fox, who prided himself on his classical lore, came up and said to him: "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It is certainly as you say, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it." Sherry was wise enough to keep his own counsel for the time, but must have felt delightfully tickled at the result of his gibberish for Greek. Probably Sheridan could not at any time have quoted a whole passage of Greek on the spur of the moment; for it is certain that he had not kept up his classics, and at the time in question must have almost forgotten the little he ever knew of them.

The remains of Sheridan were removed from Savile Row to the residence of his kinsman, in Great George street, Westminster. There they lay in state to indulge the longing grief of the few friends who clung to his bleak and shattered fortunes. In the forenoon of the day fixed for their interment, a gentleman dressed in deep mourning entered the house, and requested of the attendant who watched in the chamber of death to allow him a last look at his departed friend. The lid of the coffin was removed, the body unshrouded, and the death-chilled frame revealed to view. The gentleman gazed for some minutes upon it, and then, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced a bailiff's "wand," with which he touched the face, and instantly declared, to the horror and alarm of the servant, that he had arrested the corpse in the king's name for a debt of 500*l*. Before the requisite explanations had been gone through, the funeral group had assembled. The circumstance was instantly made known to Mr. Canning, who took Lord Sidmouth aside, and begged his advice and assistance. Lest the delay might mar the progress of the sorrowful train, they generously agreed to discharge the debt, and two checks for 250*l*. each were given over to the bailiff, and accepted by him.

SHORT STORIES.

When at Brazos, Santiago, the army suffered much from the heat and drouth. The water from the Rio Grande, though abundant, was not very palatable, and all kinds of liquors were at a premium. A certain hoary-headed Yankee by some means procured a barrel of cider, and with this he determined to "set up business." He ran together a loose canvas-shed, then tapped his barrel, and proceeded at once to retail his cider at two dimes a glass. Customers flocked by dozens, and our Yankee was making an "eternal fortin" at a stride. Some of his patrons complained that two dimes a glass was an outrageous price; but the times were hard as well as hot, whiskey scarce, the water bad, the retailer's conscience easy; he had all the cider in the market, and "raley could not sell cheaper." For several hours the Yankee was as popular as a paymaster; crowds filled his shanty, his cider went off rapidly, and the deep pockets of his short-legged pantaloons contained silver enough to start a free bank in Indiana. But the tide of fortune, unfortunately, began to end before the cider was half sold; his patrons gradually fell off, and by the middle of the afternoon Jonathan was left alone on his barrel, to whittle and cogitate upon the instability of trade. Towards evening a customer appeared in the tent, and called for a glass of cider. The retailer hastened to draw the desired potation. The customer, after drinking it, took out his pocket-book, and inquired the price. "Two dimes," said the Yankee. "Two what?" exclaimed the customer. "Two dimes," coolly replied Jonathan. "Why," snarled the customer, "I can get just as good cider here as that for five cents a glass."—"No you can't," drawled the Yankee. "There aint a pint of cider 'cept what I've got in that 'ere barrel this side of Orleans."—"I know better," retorted the purchaser. "I bought a glass not an hour ago, and only paid five cents for it."—"I'd like to know where you affected that small transaction?" inquired the Yankee. "Right round here," was the answer. "I guess it was right round here — right round where, I'd like to know?" continued the cider-seller. "Why close by here somewhere—just back of your place," rejoined the customer. "I'll bet you ten drinks you didn't," said the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."—"Done!" responded the customer, and off they started. Sure enough, "right round there" they found another establishment in full clash. A second Yankee had rigged an awning like the first Yankee's shed, and tapped the rear end of the aforesaid cider-barrel through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers.

In a small church at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they bought a self-acting organ, a compact instrument, well-suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going and how to stop it; but, unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business, and after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more. Then, just as the clergyman completed the words "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again, and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the stoutest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it out down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

A young prince used often to wonder for what purpose God had made flies, as he could not see, he said, what use they were to men, and, if he had the power, he would kill them all. One day, after a great battle, this prince was obliged to hide himself from his enemies; and wandering about in a wood, he laid down beneath a tree, and fell asleep. A soldier passing by, who belonged to the enemy, was quietly drawing near with his sword to kill the prince, when all of a sudden a fly stung his lip and awoke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet, and quickly made the soldier run off. The prince raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thanked God for such goodness in saving his life by means of a fly, and acknowledged that the ways and works of God are perfectly good and wise.

A Paris journal tells the following story:

About a dozen years ago a man, rather shabbily dressed, but bearing an air of distinction, entered a *café* of modest appearance in the Faubourg St. Germain, and asked for a cup of coffee and a roll. This he swallowed rapidly, as if pressed by extreme hunger, and then slowly retired, without, however, seeming to avoid the demand for payment. The waiter, stupified, hastened to inform his mistress, a widow burthened with a family, but a kind-hearted woman, of what had taken place. The latter, who had observed the air of dejection of the stranger, immediately replied, "It is all right; I know the gentleman." The next day the stranger returned, asked for the same things, and retired in the same manner as before, without paying. This continued for about two months, after which he was seen no more. Some ten years after the widow was invited to call upon a notary to receive a sum of money which had been left to her by will. She could not believe her good fortune, and thought there must be some mistake, when the notary afforded her an explanation by reading the following extract from a will which he held in his hand: "I bequeath 60,000 francs to the widow, proprietress of a *café* (giving the address), to thank her for her generosity in giving me a breakfast every day for two months, without demanding payment, which it was then impossible for me to make. I was then in misery, but since, fortune having smiled on me, it is only just that I should pay for the sixty breakfasts to which I owed my life."

BRANTZ, in his Saxon history, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, named Iron, on account of his great strength, who was a great favorite with Edward III. of England, and much envied—as favorites are always sure to be—by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the queen to make a trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief;—"If the earl is truly noble, the lion will not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with only a nightgown over his shirt, he was met by a lion, bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice,—"Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion crouched at his feet, to the great astonishment of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous project. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his nightcap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a glance behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my nightcap."

THE following anecdote shows how thoroughly scared the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Savannah: Some years ago Judge B. of the Supreme Court of the State was in the upper county at the time, but within twenty-four hours' run, by mail, of this terrible disease. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a headache, pain in his back, limbs, etc. Having heard that these were the salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was urgently advised, and being prepared, the judge was soon laving himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and finding a cake of soap in the vessel of water, he began to apply it quite freely upon his person. After some pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black. O, horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came, and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever. "But," said the judge, "I feel no pain, I feel well."—"So much the worse; the absence of pain is a marked symptom."—"O," said the judge, "what shall I do?"—"The only hope is in the mustard. Rub away," was all the advice his friend could give. And he did rub, with a will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, for the twilight was fading, to ascertain his exact cuticular condition. On examination he was as black as a crow, and the soap which a careless servant had dropped into the tub was discovered to be somebody's patent paste blacking. We need not add that the judge survived.

QUITE an exciting scene occurred at a wharf once: The hands on a steamer were engaged in rolling off a cask, when, to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask: "Roll it easy, these nails hurt; I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this." Holding up their hands, their visuals expanded to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed: "That beats the Dutch!" The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when, from within, the voice again came forth: "You're nobody; let me out of this cask."—"What's that?" said the mate. "Why, it's me!" said the voice; "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer."—"End up the cask," said the mate. "O, don't—you'll kill me," said the voice. "These nails prick me. Look out! d-o-n-t!" again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over. "Cooper," said the mate, "unhead this cask, and take out that man." As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth: "Be easy, now! is there any one about? I don't want to be caught!" Quite a crowd had now gathered round the "scene of action," when, to the utter astonishment of the bystanders, a loud, guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand onend, and the cask was found filled with bacon. "What does it mean?" says one. "I swear, it beats my time," said the mate. We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off with the "Faka of Ava," the ventriloquist and magician.

WHILE the name of Dr. Franklin has been so prominently before the public in connection with the celebration at Boston, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William, about whom we think little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the revolutionary war he held several civil and military offices. At the commencement of the war he held the office of governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonists were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of loyalty, and endeavored to prevent the legislative assembly from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress at Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in diffiuculty. He was deposed by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained for two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1818, at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercouse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune, and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate which he endeavored to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth all the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.

ONCE upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them: "In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled, and fought for the bread, and each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without even thanking him. Francesca alone, a poor, but neatly dressed little girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it quite a number of bright silver pieces. The mother was alarmed, and said: "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread through some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf.

Better a poor, but peaceful life,
Than wealth and fortune bought with strife."

THE proof of the truth of the following statement, taken from the *Courrier de l' Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrator, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the province of Languedoc. We give it as it came from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words:

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time on the business of the firm, when one evening, in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after. I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town; that I had struck into a by-path, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I approached an old well which stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and looking down into it, I beheld distinctly a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing. At this moment I awoke, with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewed my forehead. I sprang from my bed, dressed myself, and, as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went into the street and strolled along. The farther I went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought; "I have never been here before, and I could swear that I have seen this house, and the next, and the one on the left."

Before long I reached the same by-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before. Every tree, every turn was familiar to me. I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this was really the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen it in my dreams. I entered the garden and went direct to the spot where I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well, there was none.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to my landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a by-road which I described to him. His details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more.

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance, briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by the statement. "It is, indeed, very strange," said he; "and I will place two police at your command." I suffered but very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and, after waiting some time, an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion, when we told him we wished to search the house. "Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was the reply. "Have you a well, here?" I inquired. "No, sir, we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance." We searched the house. Meanwhile the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having been drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men, I made inquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about the well in that place, and an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch. "A well," cried she, "is it a well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember it as if it were only yesterday, how, many a time, when I was a young girl, I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."—"And could you tell where that well used to be?" asked I, almost breathless with excitement. "As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

We set to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave to view some boards which were removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

A sounding-line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralized with horror all the spectators who had not my preconvictions—we found the remains of a human body.

The police officers who had accompanied me now rushed into the house and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife, after some search, she was found, hidden behind a bundle of fagots.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed, that in concert with her husband she had once, a very long time ago, murdered a peddler, whom they had met one night on the highroad, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep produced by fatigue, to strangle him, his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

Terrified at the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession, and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse.

A PERSIAN emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut-tree, and, advancing towards him, asked his age. The peasant replied: "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant. "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon that time which has been lost in the folly and the cares of the world. I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity and discharging my duty to society." The emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed: "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection."—"True," answered the sage; "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others."—"Excellent!" exclaimed the emperor, upon which, as was the custom when any one was honored with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added: "O king, other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years; but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." —"Bravo!" said the monarch; and a second purse of gold was presented. The old man exclaimed: "The trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day."—"Delightful!" replied the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying: "Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

THE following, writes a journalist, is a capital illustration of the way in which a man, mistaken for a "greenhorn," rebuked the idle curiosity of a young lady: A country gentleman visited New York on business. He took quarters at a boarding house, and his rustic dress and appearance exposed him to the observation and remark of a smart young lady, of very uncertain age, who sat opposite to him at the dinner table. Taking him for a decidedly verdant son of the soil, she proceeded to quiz him at her leisure. The gentleman perceived her drift, and he humored the joke. In the course of her inquiries she asked: "Did you ever visit our great city before?"—"Yes, ma'am, I did, several years since."—"Did you come by railroad or steamboat in those days?"—"Neither of them things was in use when I came to town."—"You must have come by stage?"—"Not exactly that way, neither."—"In a wheelbarrow, perhaps?"—"No, not that way, neither." —"You must have come on foot?"— "Not exactly so, ma'am."—"Well, how then did you come—do tell us?"—"Well, if you must know, I was born here, June 24th, 1814, at No. 40 Walker street, near the Bowery." The young lady was perfectly satisfied. She dropped the conversation, dropped her napkin, and finished her dinner another time, having learned a lesson to mind her own business.

THOMAS FULLER relates a curious incident, which is truly characteristic: A gentleman (he says) having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them, which, because of their multitude, he could not do; but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then, cutting little wands out of the hedge, as nags for them, and a larger one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home.

THE Western Christian Advocate records the following interesting anecdote of General Jackson. The scene of it was in the Tennessee Annual Conference, held at Nashville less than a year before the hero's death, and to which he had been invited by a vote of the members that they might have the pleasure of an introduction to him:

The conference room being too small to accommodate the hundreds who wished to witness the introduction, one of the churches was substituted, and an hour before the time filled to overflowing. The committee led Jackson to the bishop's chair, which was made vacant for him, the bishop meanwhile occupying another place within the altar. The secretary was directed to call the names of the members of the conference, each coming forward and receiving a personal introduction to the ex-President. The ceremony had nearly been completed when the secretary read the name of the Rev. James T. Mr. T. came forward and was introduced to General Jackson. He turned his face towards the general, who said, "It seems to me that we have met before." The preacher, apparently embarrassed, said: "I was with you through the Creek campaign—one of your body-guard at the battle of Horse Shoe—and fought under your command at New Orleans." The general rose slowly from his seat, and throwing his long bony arm around the preacher's neck, exclaimed: "We'll soon meet where there is no war—where the smoke of battle never rolls up its sulphurous incense!" Never before or since have we seen so many tears shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of that vast assembly.

AT a meeting of some professional gentlemen, two distinguished savans, both of whom wore brown wigs, sat by the side of each other, and a third one was addressing the assemblage standing in close proximity. In suddenly raising his arm he knocked the wig off of one of those who sat before him into the lap of the other, who, thinking it was his own wig, clapped it on his head, and was endeavoring to adjust one wig on the top of the other, while his neighbor with his bald head was seeking under the chairs for his lost head gear. The scene was most amusing, and caused so much laughter that it was some time before business could be resumed by the grave assemblage.

A GENTLEMAN in Maine, who wanted a hunting-dog, heard that a farmer living in a neighboring county had one for sale, which he recommended very highly. He called upon the farmer, saw the dog and took a schedule of his merits, which were as numerous as the hairs on his body. The purchaser was particularly anxious to have a good wolf-dog, and, upon that point, the assurances of the farmer were full and satisfactory. It was the best wolf dog in the State. Satisfied with his trade, the gentleman paid the price, which was by no means moderate, and took the dog home. Not long after a light fall of snow furnished an opportunity to test the merits of his purchase. A wolf was started and the probationer was put on his track. Both animals were soon out of sight, and the owner or proprietor followed on as fast as he could. Presently he came up to a farm-house, where he saw a man chopping wood. He asked him if he had seen a dog and a wolf passing that way. "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Well, how was it with them?" was the next question. "Well, it was nip and tuck, but I think the dog was a leetle ahead."

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out: "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He arose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you afraid?"—"No!" she immediately replied. "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."—"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the winds in his fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand, is my Father."

AN eccentric old genius, named Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly of sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going to work that the well had essentially caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock on the windlass over the well.

At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when, lo and behold, it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit. But he waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said, and see what there was to be seen. Presently all parties arrived, and began prospecting the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain. "For," says he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister. His wife thought that as he had left his hat and frock, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes; and so it was decided to let him remain.

But poor old Barnes, who had had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed for parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared, hatless and frockless as he went, at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious disappearance, would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being very much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river. No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting-place.

The caprices of fortune towards those who court her, are rather oddly illustrated in the following history, which an old English physician gave of his personal experience "a long time ago."

"I had completed my studies, and taken my diploma, when I found myself in London, with twenty pounds in my pocket. I took the lower part of a small house in an obscure street, and laid out ten pounds in furniture, fixtures and drugs, reserving the other ten to pay my half year's rent. The first week I sold a few pennies' worth of rhubarb and magnesia. The next week was no better, and as the month was coming to a close, I was determined to shut up shop and go as an assistant, when a servant came in for a shilling's worth of the best magnesia, and some smelling salts, and took my card. Next day I had just cleaned my place and self, when in came in a hurry my new friend, the livery servant. He said his mistress wished to see me as soon as possible, on something very pressing. I asked him if I must go as I was. 'Put on your Sunday coat,' said he, 'and go with me.'

"I went with him to a great house in Portman square. A middle-aged lady, of much suavity and graciousness, soon entered the room, and apologized for having sent for me, but hoped from what her servant said to me, I should not be offended. I assured her I was most happy to render any service in my power. She told me she had a favorite parrot that had broken its leg, and she had asked the doctor who attended her, to help set it, and he had felt himself insulted at being thought a bird doctor. She said she had no intention to insult him, and only wished for information what to do. She told me that if I would set her bird's leg and charge her the same as for setting her own were it broken, she would be most happy to employ me. I thought the terms proposed too liberal, but she insisted on no less, and I consented. Some slips of whalebone and a little tape enabled us to set the creature's leg, and I attended my first patient with an assiduity and carefulness which I have not since surpassed. A fortnight's services were rendered and my patient restored. The lady now insisted on my making out my bill against her. I did so and charged her what she had bid me—the usual sum for setting such a lady's leg. I trembled when I presented it to her. It was ten guineas. She thanked me, and presented me with twenty—saying the other ten were for my modesty, civility and kindness.

"She then remarked that she had had an opportunity of making my acquaintance and esteeming my abilities, and if agreeable to me she would engage me as her family physician, for her former doctor had had many hundred pounds from her, and might have shown a little kindness to her bird; but as he had made his fortune, he could do without her patronage, and she preferred to give it where it was appreciated and serviceable. I blushed and unhesitatingly informed her that my residence and position were not equal to the station she was going to put me in. She told me all that would be bettered. She bade me look out for a better residence, and promised she would help me to the necessary furniture and fittings. She told me the amount for medical attendance on herself and household was never less than eighty or a hundred pounds a year, and that she could secure several families. I took a house—she did all that she promised, and laid the sure foundation for my future prospects. She was my constant friend until she died, and left me something handsome in her will. I have retired from business, and my fortune all arose from setting that poor parrot's leg."

MR. ALEXANDER, architect, was once under cross-examination, in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Serjeant Garrow. After asking him his name, the serjeant proceeded :—"You are a builder, I believe ?"—"No, sir, I am not a builder : I am an architect."—"Ah, well, architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose ?"—"I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that ; I consider them totally different."—"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists."—"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind ; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter ; the builder is, in fact, the machine ; the architect the power that puts the machine together, and sets it going." —"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do ; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel ?" The reply, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder :—"There was no architect, sir,—and hence the confusion."

A LISPING officer in the United States army, having been victimized by a brother officer (who was noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerve), got square with him in the following manner: The cool joker, a captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, who was a lieutenant, for his nervousness. "Why," said he, one day in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense. I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous." The next morning, the lisping lieutenant, lazily opening his eyes, he remarked to the captain :—"I want to try an exthperiment thith morning, and thee how extheedingly cool you can be." Saying which he deliberately walked up to the fire burning on the hearth, and placed in its hottest centre a powder canister, and instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was upon the parade-ground, the road being built up for defence ; the occupant took one glance at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside. "Charlie, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain. "Thpit on the canithter!" shouted he in return. Not a moment was to be lost ; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress, but now dropping it, he raised the window and out he bounded, *sans culottes*, *sans* everything but a very short undergarment, and thus with hair almost on end he dashed upon a full parade-ground. "Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant. "Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain. "All I have got to thay then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might thafely have done it, for I thwear there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it." The captain has never spoken against nervousness since.

ONE of the French papers tells a good story of a saddler. He belonged to the militia company of his village, and this company one day in a moment of enthusiasm, resolved to get up a band of music. A big drum was wanted; nobody had thought of the big drum. A subscription was raised, and the saddler was deputed to order the drum. But it occured to him that he could make a drum himself, and pocket the money. He worked night and day, and at last, on the morning of the eventful day, the task was completed; and not a moment too soon, for at early daylight the captain and his lieutenants were thundering at the saddler's door, demanding tidings of the drum. "It has arrived —last night—by the diligence," stammered the saddler. "I have it safe up stairs—a grand Paris drum—by the most celebrated maker." Up stairs rushed the military dignitaries—the saddler leading the way. The drum was immensely admired, and the order was given to convey it at once to the captain's quarters, when the discovery was made that the drum was altogether too big to pass through the door. "Wretch!" shouted the captain, "how did you get it into this room if it came from Paris?"—"I hoisted it through the window," gasped the saddler. But, oh, the prompt detection of his fraud—the window was much narrower than the door.

A QUEER old fellow, named Smith, started from a Southern city upon a pedestrian excursion of about one hundred miles. This Mr. Smith was a man of many peculiarities. He had manifested a singular abstraction, generally described as absence of mind, and would frequently roam about the streets an entire day without recognizing one of his numerous friends—apparently without being aware of the nature of his movements. After travelling a few miles, our pedestrian felt somewhat thirsty, and called at a small establishment for a drink. A good-natured young fellow waited upon him—brought him brandy and water—and, in addition, furnished him with a bit of bread and cheese. All this was decidedly welcome and refreshing. When Mr. Smith had quenched his thirst and satisfied the slight craving of appetite, he re-commenced his travels, and, as he left the city tolerably early in the morning, he thought he might walk two or three hours longer before he stopped for dinner.

His road seemed to be very level, and was skirted on one side by an uncommonly high fence. On he footed it for about three hours longer, until a glance at the position of the sun satisfied him he had better secure his noonday meal. He called at a small dwelling by the roadside, and the following dialogue ensued between him and a boy standing in the doorway: "Who lives here, my son?"—"Mr. Sampson, sir."—"Can I get a dinner here?"—"Yes, sir—walk in." Our traveller walked in, and in the course of half an hour a nice comfortable dinner, smoking hot, was set before him. He ate, drank, paid his moderate bill, put on his hat, took his walking stick and proceeded upon his journey.

Fresh and vigorous as ever, he then pushed ahead; still he persevered till it was quite dark. Finding himself opposite a small house by the road-side, he inquired of the youth seated upon the threshold: "Who lives here, my son?"—"Mr. Sampson, sir."—"Can I get supper and lodging here to-night, by paying for it?"—"Certainly, sir—walk in." When he awoke in the morning, the sun was just showing its broad red disc above the hilltops. He finished the morning meal, and commenced his travels the second day. One thing simply attracted his observation—the road was exceedingly uniform—but the fact excited no surprise. At noon he called at a snug little house, and asked a lad who was gazing out of a window: "Who lives here, my son?"—

"Mr. Sampson, sir." Our traveller paused a moment, reflected, and seemed to be conning over some name or circumstance in his mind; at last he said: "Are there many of the name of Sampson on this road, my son?"—"A good many," said the boy. "I thought so. Can you give me dinner here, my son?"—"Certainly, sir—walk in."

Mr. Smith stepped in, swallowed his dinner, and once more took to the road. When night came on, he of course stopped at the first house on his way. A youth sat upon a wheelbarrow, at the door, whistling. "Who lives here, my son?"—"Mr. Sampson, sir."—"Mr. Sampson! by Jupiter! I should think they were all Sampsons on this road. I got dinner at Mr. Sampson's yesterday, slept at another Mr. Sampson's last night, and here I am at Mr. Sampson's again to-night. Besides, the houses I have seen on this road all look alike—it's very queer."—"Very queer," replied the boy, with a leer, which seemed to say, "you can't fool me, old fellow."—"Can't you give me supper and lodging?" said the traveller. "Certainly—walk in."—"This is a queer country," said the old man, as he went to bed; "this looks exactly like the room I slept in last night—but I suppose it is all right."

It was full two o'clock the next day, when, after travelling briskly at least six hours, Mr. Smith stopped at a comfortable small dwelling, with the intention of securing his dinner. A boy stood in the door. "How d'ye do?" said the boy. "Nicely, my son. Who lives here?"—"Mr. Sampson. I've told you half a dozen times already."—"The deuce you have. I haven't been here before, have I?"—"I reckon you have, but aint you travelling on a bet?"—"Travelling on a bet? No. What put that into your head?"—"Why, you've been walking round the race course here for two days and a half, and I didn't suppose you was doing it for fun."

For the first time now, Mr. Smith took a survey of things, and, to his astonishment, discovered the boy had been telling the truth. He drew his hat over his forehead, and started for home—determined never to venture upon a pedestrian excursion again.

A CINCINNATI paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance, in the expectation of being provided with the concluding portions as they might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving its principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries began to be made concerning the continuation of the story and the fate of its hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain—they never came to hand. Finding that they had been sold, and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their contemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus: "Chapter II.—Conclusion.—After hanging to the treacherous limb for four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake-and-ridged fence, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children."

A WELL-KNOWN actor who has rather a higher opinion of himself than is entertained either by the public or by his profession, was playing a star engagement out West. One evening, after the performance, as he was standing on the corner of the street, listening with tickled ear to the flatteries of two or three friends, a ragged Irishman approached him. "Are yees Mr. B., the acktur?"—"I am Mr. B., the tragedian," as he inwardly wondered what business such a specimen of humanity could have with him. "Then it's meself, sur, that would be spaking to yees on your acting. Bedad, it's beautiful, sur."—"When did you see me act?"—"The other night, sur, when they played Richard the Third. Be the powers, sur, I could have stayed all night, I was so plazed."—"And pray, how did you manage to raise the money to get in?"—"I didn't get in, sur, at all. Divil the red cint I had, any way. But there's a shed, sur, right side of the theaytur, an' I climed on to a post, sur, an' saw an' heard all that was goin' on."—"And you liked it, my good fellow?"—"Ye may take yer oath of it that I did."—"There!" said the tragedian, turning to his friends, "I assure you, gentlemen, that the expression of unbiased admiration from the lips of that honest fellow is far more gratifying to my feelings than all the unqualified praises I have invariably received at the hands of the ablest critics in America. Pray, my good man," addressing himself again to the Irishman, "with what portion of my performance of Richard the Third were you most pleased?"—"Wid the dying scene, sur. Ye was so very dhroll an' amusin' in that, that I thought I'd kill meself laughing at ye." The tragedian walked home.

A CAPITAL story is told of a young fellow who on one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service was electrified and gratified by the sparkling of a pair of eyes which were riveted upon his face. After the service he saw the possessor of the shining orbs leave the church alone, and, emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:

"Noble young creature!" thought I, "her artless and warm heart is superior to the bond of custom." I had reached within a few stones'-throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face toward me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood; she began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel. "Are you a peddler?"—"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation."—"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly, "I thought when I saw you in the meetin' house that you looked like a peddler who passed off a pewter half dollar on me three weeks ago, an' so I determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and says if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him; and I aint sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all."

ON a certain occasion, a medical professor delivering practical lectures to the public, a gawky fellow thought he had devised a mode of turning the laugh against the doctor. He mounted the stage, and being questioned as to his disorder, said very gravely: "Why, I'm a liar."—"Sad disorder, sir, but perfectly curable," said the doctor. "Well," said the man, "but I've a worse complaint than that—I've lost my memory."—"Quite curable, also," added the doctor, "but I must make my preparations. Come again after dinner, and I will be ready for you; but pay down five shillings."

The man, who had intended to have his fun gratis, resisted, but the doctor declared he never let any one down from the stage till he had paid something. "Besides," said the doctor, "how can I trust you? You say you are a liar and have no memory; so you will either break your promise, or forget all about it."

A loud laugh from the audience expressed their acquiescence in the justice of the claim, and the poor fool was compelled to lay down the cash. No one supposed he would come again, but he still hoped that he might turn the tables, and presented himself at the appointed hour. The doctor received him with great gravity, and addressing the audience, said: "Gentlemen may think it a joke, but I assure them, on the honor of a gentleman, that it is a very serious affair; and I hereby engage to return the money, if the audience do not acknowledge the cure, and that I am fairly entitled to the reward." The man sat down; was furnished with a glass of water. The doctor produced a box of flattened black pills, and to show that they were perfectly harmless, offered to swallow three or four himself. He then gave one of them to the man, who, after many wry faces, bit into it, started up, spitting, and exclaimed: "Why, bless me, if it ain't cobbler's wax!"—"There," said the doctor, lifting up both hands, "did any body ever witness so sudden, so miraculous a recovery? He is evidently cured of lying, for he has told the truth instantly; and the memory, my good fellow," continued he, patting him on the back, "if you ever forget this, call on me, and I'll return the money."

"WERE you in the Fort Donaldson battle?" said a gentleman to an elderly darkey. "Had a little taste of it, sa."—"Stood your ground, did you?"—"No, sa, I runs."—"Run at the first fire, did you?"—"Yes, sa, and would hab run soona, had I knowed it war comin."—"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."—"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfeshun."—"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"—"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."—"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"—"It's worth more to me, sa."—"Then you must value it very highly?"—"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million of dollars, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him?"—"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"—"Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."—"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing you died for your country."—"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power of feelin' was gone?"—"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"—"Nuffin whatever, sa; I regard dem as among de vanities."—"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."—"Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'ginst any gobernment dat eber existed, for no gobernment could replace de loss to me."—"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"—"May be not, sa; a dead white man aint much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

A MAN appeared at the Boston City Hall, requesting an interview with the chief of police. "What can I do for you?" inquired the official. "Are you the chief?"—"Yes."—"Can I speak to you privately?"—"Yes; speak out."—"Will no one hear us?"—"No."—"Are you sure?"—"Yes."—"Well, then, listen. As I was crossing the Common last night, about twelve o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed; and then, when right at the edge, stooped and—"—"Threw the child into the Frog Pond!" exclaimed the appalled officer, his face white with horror. "No," replied his visitor, "washed its face."

A TAILOR having amassed a fortune by trade, cut the shop, and removed to the country to live in dignified leisure. His wife was a bit of a shrew, and apt, as all wives, to find out her husband's weak points. One of these was a shame of his former occupation, and she harped upon the jarring string until the poor wretch was nearly beside himself. Her touch-word, "scissors," spoiled his finest *bon mots*, and embittered his grandest entertainments; it was flame to tow. He stormed and wheedled; the obnoxious instrument was constantly brandished before his eyes. They were walking one day on the bank of a river bounding his grounds. "You observe," said he, "the delta formed by the fork of the river; its beauty decided me to close the contract."—"Very probable, my dear—it reminds one so much of an open pair of scissors." One push, and she was in the water. "I will pull you out, if you promise never to say that word again," halloed the still foaming husband. "Scissors!" shrieked she, and down she went. "Scissors," as she arose again. The third time she came to the surface, too far gone to speak;

but, as the waters closed over her, she threw up her arms, crossed her forefingers, and disappeared.

SHELLEY took great pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed; then the covers of letters; next, letters of little value. The most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times and often returned to his pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles—and he seldom went without a book—the fly leaves were commonly wanting. He had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy. The work itself was always respected.

It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank-note for 50*l.* He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted it into a boat with the extreme fineness of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who fully and frankly trust her. The northeast wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturous owner waited its arrival with patient solicitude.

WYCHERLY, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Ere he took his final departure from this world, which happened shortly after his marriage, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying; whereupon she wept bitterly. Wycherly lifted himself up in the bed, and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said: "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called on to make?" Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wycherly, with a ghastly smile, said, in a low and solemn voice: "My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone (here the poor woman sobbed and cried most vehemently), when I am in my cold grave, I command you, my dear young wife, on pain of incurring my malediction, never to marry an old man again." Mrs. Wycherly dried her eyes, and in the most fervent manner promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

A PIN and needle being neighbors in a work-basket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world with but one eye?" —"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"—"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"—"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes; but you will not live long."—"Why not?"—"Because, you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You're a poor crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud you can't bend without breaking your back."—"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."—"I'll put your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempting to sew with it, she pulled its head off, and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."—"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

THERE is an old story in the East of a man journeying, who met a dark and dread apparition. "Who are you?" said the traveller, accosting the spectre. "I am the Plague," it replied. "And where are you going?" rejoined the traveller. "I am going to Damascus to kill three thousand human beings," said the spectre. Two months afterward, the man returning, met the same apparition at the same point. "False spirit," said he, "why dost thou deal with me in lies? Thou declared that thou were going to slay three thousand at Damascus, and lo, thou hast slain thirty thousand."—"Friend," replied the Plagne, "be not over hasty in thy judgment; I killed, indeed, but my three thousand; fear killed the rest."

A LITTLE incident that happened at Pyrmont, a German watering-place, caused a good deal of comment in fashionable circles. At one of the balls the tutor of a young count requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence the lady inquired of him: "With whom have I the honor of dancing?"—"I am the tutor of Count von Z.," replied her partner. "And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined. To which he answered in the affirmative. "O, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner."

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for, on the continent, to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose cast for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is. The young man quitted the room and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor. The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejecter of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted his proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense strides which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance began, he addressed her the question she herself had put:—"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"—"With the Lady von B.," she replied. "O, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side. He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room.

A SQUIRE had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner. "Go away—let us alone," said the squire, impatiently. Business detained the friend until after dinner time, and the squire urged him to remain to dinner. The squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to dish up. "My dear," said the squire, "where are the meats?"—"There are none to-day," replied the lady. "No meats! What in the name of poverty does that mean? The vegetables, then—why don't you have them brought in?"—"You didn't order any."—"Order! I don't order anything," exclaimed the amazed squire. "You forget," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what we should have, and you said, 'lettuce alone.' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the squire, after looking lugubrious a moment, joined him.

Deacon W., was a staid and honest Baptist deacon in one of the interior towns in the States, who had a vein of dry caustic humor in his composition. The deacon had a boy of some dozen summers, who was somewhat inclined to be a little ugly when not under the parental eye. In school especially, John was a source of constant annoyance to the teacher. One day the mistress punished him for some misdemeanor, and John went home, crying, to enter his complaint, and told his father that the mistress had whipped him. "What!" exclaimed the deacon, elevating his eyebrows, "been whipped?"—"Ya-a-s," sobbed the boy. "And did you let a woman whip ye?" shouted the old deacon. "Ya-a-s. I couldn't help it."—"Well, John, you little rascal, you go to school to-morrow, and if Miss C. undertakes to whip ye agin, you jest pitch in; don't let a woman whip ye if ye can help it. Don't take a stick to strike with, but ye may strike, scratch, bite, and kick as much as ye're a mind to."

The next day the boy went to school, and emboldened by the permission given by his father, was soon brought before the tribunal of violated rules. The teacher undertook to correct him, and he did as his father had told him. The result was that John got a most unmerciful trouncing and was thoroughly subdued. When he went home he went to his father crying. "Well, dad, I got an awful bad licking to-day."—"What!" said the old deacon, "have you let that woman whip ye again?"—"Ya-a-s," whimpered John. "I kicked her, and struck her, and fit all I could, but she lammed me orfully."—"Aha," chuckled the humorous old deacon, "you little fool, I knew she would, and she'll give ye a trouncing every time she undertakes it, and I would advise you to behave yourself in future."

John began to have some perception of his father's motive, and ever after was a better-behaved boy.

An eagle and an owl having entered into a league of mutual amity, one of the articles of their treaty was that the former should not prey upon the younglings of the latter. "But tell me," said the owl, "should you know my little ones if you were to see them?"—"Indeed I should not," replied the eagle; "but if you describe them to me, it will be sufficient." —"You are to observe, then," returned the owl, "in the first place, that the charming creatures are perfectly well-shaped; in the next, that there is a remarkable sweetness and vivacity in their countenances; and then there is something in their voices so peculiarly melodious."—"'Tis enough," interrupted the eagle; "by these marks I cannot fail of distinguishing them; and you may depend upon their never receiving any injury from me."

It happened not long afterward, as the eagle was upon the wing in quest of his prey, that he discovered amidst the ruins of an old castle a nest of grim-faced, ugly birds, with gloomy countenances, and voices like those of the Furies. "These, undoubtedly," said he, "cannot be the offsprings of my friend, and so I shall venture to make free with them." He had scarce finished his repast and departed, when the owl returned, who, finding nothing of her brood remaining but some fragments of the mangled carcasses, broke out into the most bitter exclamations against the cruel and perfidious author of her calamity. A neighboring bat, who overheard her lamentations, and had been witness to what had passed between her and the eagle, very gravely told her that she had nobody to blame for the misfortune but herself, whose blind prejudices in favor of her children had prompted her to give such a description of them as did not resemble them in any one feature or quality.

LAST summer, says Angelo in his "Reminiscences," I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell.

"Sir," said the landlord of an inn where I stopped one night, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"'My dear sir,' said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal.' Johnson looked pleased—'And I hope,' said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding.'—'Sir, you will have your favorite pudding,' replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson, feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting-ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed: 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton,—what a picture, done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said: 'I suppose I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?' The doctor replied: 'My dear Bozzy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.'—'O dear, this is a great disappointment,' said Bozzy. 'Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.' Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too. O, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.' The meat being removed, in came the long-wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished all the pudding. The table was cleared, and Boswell said: 'Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me what tickled your fancy?' The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, and seeing the dirty little rascally boy, he severely reprimanded him before Johnson. The poor boy cried; the doctor laughed. 'You little, filthy, snivelling hound,' said Boswell, 'when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?'—'I couldn't, sir,' said the boy. 'No! why couldn't you?' said Boswell. 'Because my mammy took it to boil the pudding in.'"

RABBI AKIBO, compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a cock which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him; he was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter when a violent storm extinguished his light. "What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. "What a misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akibo. "My companion is gone. Who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals." Scarcely had he finished the sentence when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. "What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lowly wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass too is gone—all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse or any beast of burden to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single person alive. It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, murdered its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akibo had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed: "Thou Great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind exhausted my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive, also, that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my companions that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti, and tell them where I was taking my rest. Praised be thy name forever and ever."

A COUNTRY gentleman arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in that city only a day or two. The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street. Finally his visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after the lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the livery stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill. "Very good," said the stable keeper, "I understand you." Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented to him. "O," said the gentleman, "Mr. ——, my relative, will pay this."

—"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. ——, it will be the same as the money." The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, where the merchant kept. "Well," said he, "I am going now."—"Are you?" said the gentleman, "well, good-bye, sir."—"Well, about my horse; the man said the bill must be paid for his keeping."—"Well, I suppose that is all right, sir."—"Yes—well, but you know, I'm your wife's cousin."—"Yes," said the merchant, "I know you are, but your horse is not!"

A TINKER was travelling in a country town, and, having traversed many miles without finding anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. He got into a conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and, telling him he should have a job before long, advised him to go to his dinner, and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room, he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles, which had suddenly "sprung a leak." The tinker was at once set to work, accomplished the task, received a liberal sum in payment, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house, he found the glazier, who said: "Well, you see, I told you the truth. I procured you a job of work; and how do you think I accomplished it?"—"I am sure I cannot tell," replied the tinker. "I will tell you," rejoined the glazier. "You told me you were weary, hungry and dinnerless. I knew the landlord was well off, and doing a good business; so I watched the opportunity and started a leak in every utensil I could get hold of." The tinker, with many thanks, and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church, when a brilliant idea struck him. The glazier had befriended him; he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking a position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then, highly elated with the exploit, retraced his steps to notify the glazier that he would speedily have an important job. "Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."—"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly. "I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker; "and you, of course, will be employed to put them in again." The glazier's jaw fell, and his face assumed a blank expression, as he said, in a tremulous tone: "You don't mean that, do you?"—"Certainly," replied the tinker; "there isn't a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know."—"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of utter despair; "but, you wretch, you have ruined me, for I keep the church windows in repair by the year."

MR. ROBERT RUSSELL was the victim of unpropitious circumstances. He had an unhappy faculty of doing business contrary to law. One day Mr. Russell was arrested for the eleventh time since spring set in. We give his examination:

"Well, Russell," said the magistrate, "you are here again, I perceive."—"Yes, sir. The fact is, squire, I'm a wictim. Blow me if I care what Bobb Russell does, he is sure to wiolate some law or other. When I come to Albany, I says to myself, Russell, my boy, we will take a hunt to-morrow and try them fox hounds. Well sir, out I goes, and what do you think? Before I got to the next corner, Barney Whalen tapped me on the shoulder, and says, 'That's against the law.'—'What's agin the law?' I replies, and he says, 'Having dogs in the street without muzzles.' He accordingly arrested me, and brought me to the police court. The result of that piece of fun was a fine of five dollars. Well, what do I do then? Well, listen, and I'll tell you. I sold the fox hounds to one of 'Aunt Put's' friends for twenty dollars. With the proceeds I bought the sow and five pigs. I took them home, built a pen in the back yard, and thought all my troubles were at an end, but I was mistaken. Officer Bradwell called upon me the very next morning, and says, 'Russell, keeping hogs in the yard is agin the law.' I doubted it. This riled officer Bradwell, who had me arrested agin. This time was fined five dollars. I sold my sow and pigs, and bought a horse and cart, and undertook to draw wood. The very first load I put on drew the attention of policeman Sickles, who said that driving a cart without a licence was 'agin the law.' He arrested me for that offence, which caused me another fine of five dollars. I sold the horse and cart, and bought the half of a charcoal wagon. The same old luck, sir. The first day I commenced peddling, policeman Snooks took me by the collar and says: 'Russell, that's agin the law, old fellow.'—'What's agin the law?' I said. He replied selling charcoal in a wooden measure. That cost me a fine of three dollars. I sold out and thought I would try my fortune in carrying baggage between the steamboats and railroads. What's the use? I only commenced work to-day, and here I am agin, for soliciting baggage without a permit from the mayor. As I said before, I'm a wictim. If I should save a man from drowning by jumping into the whirlpool, dash my vig if I don't believe the first policeman I met in coming ashore would up and say: 'It is agin the law, Russell, to go overboard without a licence from the Coroner.' "

The justice, having heard Mr. Russell to the end, admitted that he was a 'wictim,' and let him off without paying the fine. Russell left the office, saying that he would go and kill himself, "If it were not for one thing." On being asked what that was, replied, "that some policeman would discover it was 'agin the law to commit a suicide,' and undertake to collect the fine from his 'misfortunate children.' "

ONE day Mr. Patrick F. was exceedingly annoyed by a strange dog. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, after the dog had been turned out of doors no less than three times, Pat was awakened by the noise of rather an expensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes so that Mrs. Patrick F., becoming alarmed at such prolonged absence, arose and went to the window. "What can you be doing there, Patrick?" There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible; at last it came. "I am trying to fraze the devilish baste to death."

A MAN named Wragg was brought into one of the city courts in New York for disturbing the peace. No witness appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story. Here it is:

"Last night about ten o'clock I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation; suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the sidewalk. Now I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. It may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men, under such circumstances, and old hats receive the same kind of treatment, namely, kicks. Now nine out of ten seeing that old hat lying on the sidewalk as I did would have given it a kick, and that, sir, is just what I did. I kicked that old hat, and not only that, but kicked a frightfully large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling, she knocked down a ladder; one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart horse; the horse gave a jump and the carman was thrown off from his cart; he fell on a bull terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the carman, who rolled over on me; a nigger rushed out of an alley and kicked the carman for falling on his dog; the carman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but unfortunately it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery and fell into a butter tub; the Dutchman came out; by this time I had got up and was about to castigate a boy whom I saw laughing, from which circumstance I was led to believe that he had put the stone in the old hat; I ran after the boy. When he saw my bellicose attitude, he yelled out for his father. The Dutchman ran after me, and just as I caught the boy the Dutchman caught me. Sir, my physical power was not sufficient to cope with both. I am not a Samson. I was vanquished; not only that, sir, but when released from their grasp I was taken by three or four other Dutchmen."

A FARMER living near Easton, Pa., sent his daughter on horseback to that town to procure from the bank small notes for one hundred dollars. When she arrived there, the bank was closed, and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but could not get her note changed. She had not gone far on her way, when a stranger rode up to her and accosted her with so much politeness that she had not the slightest suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After a ride of a mile or two, employed in a very social conversation, they came to a retired part of the road, and the stranger commanded her to give him the bank note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so friendly; but the presentation of a pistol placed the matter beyond a doubt, and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew the note into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped to get out of his power, and the horse which had been standing by her side started with her. His owner fired a pistol after her, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties, and the lady arrived safe at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle-bags. When these were opened, besides a quantity of bank notes, fifteen hundred dollars was found. The horse proved to be a good one, and when saddled and bridled was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank note that was stolen.

LORD KELLY, celebrated in the last age for his love of music, was "not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others." Mr. B., a Scotch advocate, a man of considerable humor, accompanied by a great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table; after dinner, he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitations of the company; at length Lord Kelly told him he should not escape—he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a bumper. Mr. B. being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in his pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, saw the door of a church invitingly open; he walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful; having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when lo, he found the door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell-rope; the bell, of course, rang; the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, as I now address your lordship: 'Had it not been,' said he, 'for your long tongue and your empty head, I had made my escape.'"

A CORRESPONDENT of a New York paper tells the following capital story, which he entitles, "The Pea-nut Seller's Triumph: or, Young America's Revenge." "One day a pea-nut and candy-selling urchin at the railroad station was rudely pushed off the platform by the conductor of a freight train. His wrath was great, and he determined that it should be the spring of equal annoyance to his foe. His heaving bosom, contracted brow, compressed lips, clenched hand, flashing eye, and half-uttered 'if I don't make you pay for that, then I'm mistaken!' all proved that a dreadful retribution awaited the devoted conductor of the freight train. Young America sold his stock that day with unusual rapidity, for he sold at half-price, and was diligent at his business. He soon "raised" twenty-five cents; and with it, he purchased a piece of fat pork.

The "grade" at Atlanta is very steep; and heavy freight trains, when going at full speed, seldom exceed the rate of three miles an hour until they reach a certain distance from the city. Young America attached a piece of string to the pork—and, accompanied by another juvenile, went down to the place where the grade is steepest. "Now, look y'e here," said the pea-nut seller to his companion, and as he placed the fat pork on the rail, "you take hold of that string and pull me along." He squatted down on the pork, and was trailed up and down on both rails for about half a mile. Of course the rail was well greased. The freight train came up. It was literally "no go!" For two hours the engine vigorously puffed in a vain attempt at progress. The conductor was finally obliged to call the aid of another engine.

A GENTLEMAN tells the following story, and vouches for it as having occurred to himself:—Some years ago he lost an eye, and had the loss of the member atoned for by the insertion of a glass eye. After some time, the seeing eye began to inflame; knowing, by a sad experience, the danger of neglecting a sore eye, he determined to consult an oculist, and was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of a quack oculist. Calling upon the "celebrated oculist and earist," he told him that his eyes were afflicted with disease, and he feared he would lose them. The quack examined the optics, and pronounced them an easy cure.

"What do you think of my left eye, doctor?" asked our friend, whose faith was not very strong. The doctor examined the left optic very carefully for several moments, and then said: "I find the epithelium slightly opatic, with considerable subcutaneous conjunctiva in the cellular retina of the corneal schirrhosis."—"Can the thing be cured?" asked the patient, who was convinced the fellow was an unmitigated humbug. "O yes, I can cure that in a very short time. I have some vegetable acid which I extract from a plant known only to myself, which will render that eye perfectly well in three weeks."—"Do you really mean to say that I can see out of that eye again? for to tell you the truth, I have not been able to see out of it for a long time."—"To be sure I do, just as well as I do out of mine. This 'ere vegetable acid of mine is really wonderful; there are not any eyes that can resist it. It fixes them all."—"Then you can go ahead on that one, and if you fix it all right, I will let you attend to the other one." The doctor took out a large syringe, filled it with his vegetable acid, and approached our friend for the purpose of making an application, when he raised his hands to his eye, opened the eyelids, took the glass optic from the socket, and handing it to the operator, said: "Doctor, I haven't time to stop for treatment; you can keep the eye here, and as soon as you can get it to see, I will call and get it."

A MERCHANT whose articulation had a decided tendency in the direction of a lisp, had engaged a clerk who was not aware of his vocal peculiarity. "John," said the merchant, who wished to lay in his winter stock of pork, "go out and buy for me two or three 'thows' and pigs."—"Yes, sir," said John, much elated at the commission. John returned late at night, looking as though he had performed a hard day's work. "Did you get them?" asked the merchant. "Only a part of them," was the reply. "I bought all I could find; but there were only eight hundred to be had."—"Eight hundred! Eight hundred what, thir?" asked the astonished lisper. "Eight hundred pigs," was the reply. "You told me to buy two or three thousand pigs; but they are not to be found."—"Two or three thousand pigs! I didn't tell you to do any thuch thupid thing. I thaid you thould buy two or three thows and pigs," explained the merchant. "That's just what I said," answered the clerk. "Two or three thousand pigs; and I bought all I could find."

The merchant now began to perceive the origin of the mistake. It was apparently a costly joke, but there was no remedy. The pigs had been fairly bought, and there was no way but to make the best of a bad bargain. The grunters were duly paid for, and shut up to be fattened for market. It happened that pork took a sudden rise at that time, so that the merchant realized a large profit on his involuntary investment.

THE following is told of a Methodist preacher, and is true to the letter: He was a bachelor, and we could write his real name, but prefer to call him Smith. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably advanced age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, to have new ideas of, the comfort of being nursed by woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities. "Do you think tho?" responded the preacher, for he very perceptibly lisped; "then I'll go and thee her. Ith Mith P. within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover. "Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"—"No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P. that I with to thpeak to her a moment." Miss P. appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in. "No, thank you; I'll thoon explain my bithness. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry, and recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?"—"Why, really, Mr. Smith."—"There—don't thay another word. I will call thith day week for your reply. Good day." On that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P.'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself. "Walk in, Mr. Smith."—"Cannot, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. Ith your anther ready, ma'am?"—"O, do walk in, Mr. Smith."—"Can't, indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no."—"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to be in the way of Providence—"—"I perfectly understand you, Mith P. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am." He called on that day week at the hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily several years.

THE venerable General H. was for several consecutive years returned to Congress; and as the hotels and boarding-houses in Washington City, in those days, were all on a par, or rather below par, the members were in the habit of occupying, year after year, the same rooms. The table of General H.'s boarding-house (which was kept by a widow lady and her two daughters) was regularly furnished with stereotyped dinners, and at one end of the table always appeared a broiled mackerel. General H., whose seat was near the fish, had gazed so frequently upon it (for it never was touched except by the cook), that he knew it all "by heart." Now if the distinguished representative had any one peculiar virtue, it was an affectionate desire to make every person and every creature around him happy. In the course of time, Congress adjourned, and General H. paid his bill to the widow, and got ready to start for home. The stage stood at the door; and the old gentleman, showing the goodness of his heart, took the widow by the hand, and, pressing it, bade her farewell; then, kissing the daughters, said he would like to see them in Ohio, and furnish them with good husbands, etc.; but even this was not all. The black boys, who stood along the walls, were not forgotten, and grinned as he handed each a silver dollar As he passed around the breakfast table, which was not yet "cleared off," he saw his old friend, the mackerel. The tears came into his eyes, and raising it by the tail, with his thumb and fingers, parted with it, saying: "Well, good-by, good-by, my old boy—you and I have served a long campaign together; but (wiping his eyes) I suppose we shall meet again next winter. Good-by." The old gentleman rapidly left the house, and, jumping into the stage, rattled off, and, fortunately for his ears, the widow never saw him again.

THE Boston Saturday Evening Gazette says: The elite of Paris once got up charity fairs, and some nice little incidents happened from time to time at these reunions of wit, fashion, and elegance. One evening, at the Countess de Lamballi's, a young lady was going round with a bag in her hand, soliciting for charitable purposes. A gentleman near whom the lady was passing laid in the bag a hundred franc bill. "It is for love of you," said he, as he did so. The lady paused an instant, and then, holding out the bag again, said: "And now for love of the poor, if you please." Her ready wit was rewarded by another hundred francs. In another instance a gentleman sauntered up to a table behind which was the beautiful Duchess de L., and, finding nothing but pocket-handkerchiefs upon the table, the gentleman seemed disappointed. "Ah, madame," said he, "if you would only sell me one of your curls." The duchess, taking up her scissors, cut off a prominent one, and wrapping it up, handed it to the gentleman, saying, "Five hundred francs, if you please, sir." The gentleman handed the lady one thousand francs, saying, "Five hundred for the curl, madame, and five hundred for the sacrifice."

THE Persian Ambassador found himself so annoyed when in France, by the insatiable curiosity of the fair Parisians, who came in crowds to his residence, avowedly "to look at him," that, at last, he resolved to revenge himself by the following little scheme.

On returning one day from a ride, and finding, as usual, his apartments crowded by ladies, he affected to be charmed with the sight of them, successively pointing to each with his finger, and speaking with earnestness to his interpreter, who he well knew would afterward be closely questioned as to the purport of his remarks. Accordingly, the eldest of the ladies, who, in spite of age, probably thought herself the most striking of the whole party, and whose curiosity was particularly excited, after his excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly inquired what might have been the object of his examination. "Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you."—"But I wish particularly to know, sir."—"Indeed, madam, it is impossible."—"Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious—I desire to know."—"O, since you insist, madam—know then that his excellency has been valuing you."—"Valuing us! how, sir?"—"Yes, ladies—his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you."—"Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?"—"A thousand crowns."—"And the other?"—"Five hundred crowns."—"And that young lady with fair hair?"—"Three hundred crowns."—"And that brunette?"—"The same price."—"And that lady who is painted?"—"Fifty crowns."—"And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his excellency's good graces?"—"O madam, you really must excuse me; I beg—"—"Come, come, no concealments."—"The prince merely said, as he passed you—"—"Well, what did he say?"—"He said, madam, that he did not know the current coin of the country."

A YOUNG man from the country entered the door of one of the armories in Quincy Hall, Boston—at first, barely thrusting his head through the doorway—and exclaiming: "Hallo, I thought this was Bennett's clothing store."—"No," said a wag, "that store is closed for the night." The verdant youth had just seen enough of the military trappings to touch the cravings of his eye, and without waiting for an invitation, entered the armory and viewed the weapons of death and glory, the pictures which hung about the walls, and, in fact, everything, even to the roll-book. Here it was thought by the wag that the young man had seen quite enough for nothing, and as the stranger stood turning over the leaves containing the names of the company, he received this invitation: "Won't you book your name, sir?"—"Wall, I don't mind if I dew; I s'pose everybody who comes in puts their names deown, don't they ?"—"Certainly," said the wag; "no one can get in without booking his name." Greeny then took a seat, and after twisting his head in all directions, and screwing his mouth into as many different shapes as there were letters in his name, he leaned back in his chair, and said :—" Stranger, I don't write my name as handsome as some, but it's Joe fired plain, ain't it ?"—" O yes; and I've no doubt you will soon make a good soldier," said the wag Charlie. "Young man," said John L., in a pompous, patriotic tone, "you have done yourself and your country great credit. You will have an opportunity now to see a great deal of the world; in truth, young man, you will have the glorious privilege of marching over the plains of the far West."

The way the young man's eyes stuck out can better be imagined than described. His tongue was motionless, his lips quivered, his eyes rolled in their sockets, and he had the appearance of a person in convulsions. Suddenly he sprang forward and seized the inkstand which sat before him, and threw its contents upon the name which he had just subscribed. Then laying his hand on the ink-besmeared page of the book, he commenced rubbing it with all his might, and as a matter of course, it was not long ere his own and several other names were obliterated from the book. This done, while the company were roaring with laughter, he jumped upon his feet and ran from the hall, exclaiming :—" My name aint there. I came in here after a thin jacket, not to 'list."

THE following anecdote of Dudley Marvin is taken from the Cattaraugus Sachem : We have read and heard many anecdotes of this distinguished gentleman, who is well known in this section. The following, which we have often heard repeated, we have never seen in print. Some years since, before the facilities for travelling were quite as good as at present, when the lawyers were obliged to fill a huge pair of saddle-bags with "dry goods," and travel many weary miles on horseback to the "scene of active operations," Mr. Marvin came to Ellicottville, in a real "muddy time," to attend Court. He put up at the "Irvin," and gave the horse in charge of the "honest hostler," who happened to be a keen emigrant from the Emerald Isle. Mr. Marvin, by way of amusing himself a little, told Pat, in addition to feeding and "cleaning off" the nag, that he must "talk to him." Pat started for the barn, and had proceeded but a few steps, when he was loudly called by Mr. Marvin, who again asked him if he would be sure to talk to the horse. Pat briefly and immediately informed him that his request should be attended to, and made his way for the barn.

Court proceeded, and was not brought to a close till several days afterward. When it finally terminated, the reckoning was paid, and the horse ordered to be brought to the door. Pat led him out, saddled and bridled, and held him in readiness for his owner. He at length appeared at the door, and when ready to mount, asked Pat if he had talked to the horse. "Certainly I did; as your honor tould me to."—" Well, did the horse say anything to you ?"—" In course he did." —" Let's know what the conversation was ?"—" Why—he—tould me, that I had cared for him so well, his master'd give me a dollar when he came to lave." The crowd about set up a loud hurrah, while "Old Dud" "shelled out" a couple of halves to Pat, and the next moment was on his way home.

"I WANTS to get a drunk," said a Teuton the other day to a person he met on the street; "where I gets 'em, hey ?" —"Want to get a drunk? Well, I reckon you can get that at any saloon in town, where benzine is sold. There is a place over the way, for instance," pointing to a saloon across the street. Teuton went across to the saloon. Saloon-keeper got out a glass mechanically, with a look that seemed to say, "Well, what is it ?" —"Can I get a drunk here ?" — "Get drunk's you're mind ter, if you only pay for it," was the reply. "Got whiskey I'll warrant to fetch you, if you drink enough of it."—"So nich ver stay. I don't want to get drunk like as ter tifels; I only want to puy von leedle drunk."—"If you only want a little drunk, better go and drink red wine. Don't keep it here—keep stuff for a big drunk—that's all."—"Nein, nein, nein; I want a drunk to geep in mine clothes, to lock up mine key up, unt to take me along von der railroad car travels in me to Ni York all 'e while."—"O, you want a trunk? Why didn't you say so in the first place? There is a trunk store, over the way, if that's what you want."—"Yah, dat is richt;" and Teuton shot across the street to secure his "leedle drunk."

THE following lively characteristic and effective story is of Parisian origin, but will fit this latitude as well as that: Two gentlemen were chatting on the Boulevard. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project; the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding, merely making a few objections for conscience sake. Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of ten or twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other: "By the piper, I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco."—"Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth."—"Ah, as luck would have it, I haven't the sou."—"Hold on; I've got two sous."—"That's the ticket; just the thing; one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco."—"O yes. But what am I to do?"—"You? Oh, you shall be the stockholder; you can spit." It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled. The speculator cast a furious look at the two urchins and turned down the street.

WHEN Alexander had conquered the world, and penetrated into the remotest regions of India, he heard of Paradise, and determined to subdue that also. He was told that the river Nithebel led to it, and immediately ordered a fleet to be equipped to carry his troops thither, but previously dispatched a few vessels to procure information. When they reached the Garden of Paradise, his people found the gate shut, and before it an aged keeper of singular appearance, and with an extraordinary beard, whom they commanded to open the gate immediately for their master, as he was not far behind them. The hoary keeper smiled, and said he durst not admit them unless he could find means to weigh down a feather, which he herewith sent, when placed in the balance. The messenger was astonished, for he could not conceive how a small feather (since it was only a light, downy feather) could have such weight, and concluded that the old man was jeering him. He, however, went and delivered the message. Alexander directed the balance to be brought, and it soon appeared that all the wood and stone, and silver and gold, that could be laid on the balance was not sufficient to counterpoise the little feather, which made everything that was brought fly quickly up. Alexander, astonished at this magical effect, sent once more to inquire what was the meaning of it. The man gravely answered that the feather signified Alexander's cupidity and ambition, which were as light as down, and yet so heavy that nothing could counterbalance them; but he would tell him how the feather might be outweighed. "Let," said he, "a handful of earth be laid upon it, and it will at once lose its extraordinary power." Alexander perceived the meaning, and was deeply dejected. Soon afterwards he died at Babylon, without having seen the garden of delight.

SPEECH of Zachariah Spicer on the question, "which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"

Mr. President and gentlemen: I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution—I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen small children, and decide. High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the married man tower above the bachelor. What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What, but a poor, shiftless, helpless creature? No more to be compared with his after-self than a mill-dam to the roaring cataract of Niagara. [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say, when I was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you could hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet:

Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed.

Here lay a pair of dirty pants, there a dirty pair of boots, here a dirty play-bill, and there a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and the bar-room? I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips when a knock at my door, and in came Miss Susan Simpkins after my soiled clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you for six months, and I have not seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?" I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough. "Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it—I haven't got the stamps. I wish for your sake I had."—"Then," said she, promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."—"Stop!" said I. "Susan, I will do the best I can for you. Greenbacks I have none; but if my hand and heart will do, they are at your service."—"Are you in earnest," said she, looking a little suspicious. "Never more so," says I. "Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."—"Enough," said I. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't had cause to regret it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a coat to your back or a shoe to your feet; if you want to grow old before your time, and to be uncomfortable generally as a "hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you all to remain as bachelors; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I have got ten daughters, gentlemen [overwhelming applause], and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid loud and continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons-in-law.

JOHN B. GOUGH tells the following: I once sat in a railroad depot for an hour and watched how civil the railroad officials were, and the extent to which their civility was taxed. I listened to the following conversation between an intended passenger and the ticket clerk: "Does the next train stop at Newton?"—"No, sir; it is the express train."—"Don't the express train stop there?"—"No, sir; it goes past."—"How much is the fare?"—"One dollar and twenty-five cents."—"When will the next train go that stops at Newton?"—At 4 o'clock, sir."—"Why don't the express train stop there?"—"Because it goes right through."—"Does it never stop there?"—"No, sir, never."—"Will the train that starts at 4 o'clock stop there?"—"Yes, sir."—"There's no danger of its going past without stopping, is there?"—"No, sir."—"It isn't the express train that goes at 4 o'clock, is it?"—"No, sir."—"Why don't it?"—"Don't know, sir."—"Will this ticket take me to Newton?"—"Yes, sir."—"Does the train stop anywhere between here and Newton?"—"No, sir."—"I couldn't get off anywhere for a few minutes, could I?"—"No, sir."—"What time does the train start?"—"Four o'clock, sir."—"It will be sure to start on time, will it?" Clerk (angrily). "Yes, sir." Traveller. "Well, you might be civil."

WE remember reading, in an old French magazine, accounts of an ambassador from the court of the Emperor Charlemagne to that of an Eastern monarch. Dining one day in company with the barbarian king and the great men of the court, not knowing the regulations and the etiquette of the East, the ambassador without dreaming of harm, moved with his hand a dish which had been placed near him on the table. Now the laws of the tyrant required that if any guest touched a dish that was brought forward, before the king was served, he should suffer the penalty of death; consequently, all eyes were turned upon the ambassador of Charlemagne, and there was an immediate outcry against him; for the courtiers of the tyrant thought to gain his favor by upholding him in his tyranny. The barbarian king feared to displease so great an emperor as Charlemagne, but he feared to transgress his own laws more, and he then told the ambassador that he must suffer death for what he had done. "Great king," said the Frank, "I submit to my fate. The laws of so powerful a monarch should not be broken with impunity. I die without a murmur, but, in the name of the great emperor whose servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die."—"Thou speakest well," replied the barbarian king. "It is not my will that thou shouldst suffer death, but, since the laws require it, I give thee the promise of a king, whose word is fate, that whatever thou askest shall be granted. I have spoken."—"Then I am satisfied," replied the ambassador, proudly; and he glanced contemptuously at the obsequious courtiers. "All I ask is this—give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime." The tyrant seemed confounded, and his flatterers turned pale; but his word had gone forth, and must be kept. The Frank's request must be granted. "It is well," said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee." But when it was asked who had seen the ambassador move the dish, every courtier was eager to deny that he had seen the act. The servants also exclaimed that they had not witnessed it, and the king also declared that he himself had not. "Then why should I die, great king?" said the Frank. "The deed cannot even be proved against me." The king was pleased; and not only pardoned him, but sent him home to his master loaded with presents.

A PAINTER once wanted a picture of Innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on his study wall, and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart,—the picture of guilt,—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portraits of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side, for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas, the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, thus ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

ZEKIEL was an inspector of customs at a small port in Connecticut. There was very little business doing at the place, and a foreign arrival was quite an affair of moment; for Zekiel used to spend his days in fishing off the wharf, and looking out for strange sails in the offing. One day "a long, low, black schooner" ran into port, dropped anchor, furled sails, squared her yards, and made all snug aloft and below. Zekiel momentarily expected that her captain would send her boat ashore with his "manifest" for the custom house, as in duty bound; but as hour after hour passed away without any indication of such a transaction, he began to be alarmed and suspicious. Determined to sift matters to the bottom, he rolled up his fishing-line, jumped into a boat, and pulled off to the schooner, which he boarded. A man was pacing the deck to and fro, with an abstracted air. "Cap'n, sir?" said Zekiel. "Yes," was the gruff answer, which did not interrupt the promenader. "Well, cap'n, I'm the custom house officer."—"Oh, you are, are you?"—"Yes," said Zekiel, "and I want your manifest."—"Go to thunder." And with that the captain resumed his march, Zekiel following hard upon his heels, and looking over his shoulder in amazement.

Here was a decided fix. Such a case was hardly in the books, and poor Zekiel was nearly at his wits' end. "Look here, cap'n," said he at last, "what you going to do about it? I jest advise you as a friend to gin me that 'ere manifest about as quick as you can, and I won't say no more about it; I won't say anything about it to a soul. But if you don't—"—"Well, sir, what then?" roared the captain, in a voice of thunder. "Why, then," said Zekiel, stepping back to the bulwarks, "I shall have to report you to the collector."

We should be sorry to soil our paper with the thundering anathemas levelled by the skipper at our friend's head; he was over the ship's side in one moment, and the next pulling for the shore with might and main. The moment his keel touched, he leaped on shore like a maniac, and locomoted for the custom house. "Here, Mr. Collector," he bawled out, "come right away along with me—you're wanted. Here's the very deuce to pay. Here's an outlandish craft in our harbor, and the cap'n has been as saucy as a wood-sawyer's clerk on half pay to me—and been calling of me names—and won't give his manifest, consarn his ugly picture!" The collector started off post haste. Arrived at the wharf, Zekiel pointed out the object of his suspicion and alarm. "Why, bless your soul, Mr. Zekiel," said the collector, "that's the revenue cutter—it's sent here to watch you." Zekiel sloped; the story got afloat, and in the diggings where it happened there is not to this day a more fertile source of fun and amusement.

Poor Zekiel did not remain long in the service, and he is sure to turn all sorts of colors now whenever anyone asks him, "how he boarded the cutter."

An old man of very active physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought up before the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second-hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself. "What business?"—"None; I'm a traveller."—"A vagabond, perhaps?"—"You are not far wrong. Travellers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."—"Where have you travelled?"—"All over the continent."—"For what purpose?" — "Observation." — "What have you observed?"—"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."—"Humph! What do you commend?"—"A handsome woman who will stay at home; an eloquent preacher that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."—"What do you censure?"—"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who will elect a drunkard to office."—"What do you laugh at?"—"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the south. There is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll put me down if I stop much longer in this north quarter." So the wind blew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly. "O please to turn me from the south," said the Weathercock to the Wind again. "The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here rain it will; and what with the heat and wet, the farmers are just mad against me." So the Wind shifted into the west, and there came soft, drying breezes day after day. "O dear!" said the Weathercock. "Here's a pretty to do; such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first thing every morning. The grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."—"What do they say to you now?" he asked. "What!" cried the Weathercock; "why everybody has caught cold; everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the East Wind."—"Well," cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall blow where I like, and you shall go where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more than we can do now, with all our consideration."

A PERSON of respectable exterior and gentlemanly deportment made his appearance once in a little village near New Haven, where the inhabitants are somewhat proverbial for keeping a closer eye to their neighbor's affairs than their own. The stranger took lodgings at the village inn, and having no visible employment to perplex or disturb him, his time passed off, apparently quite agreeable to himself, but much to the disquiet of the neighborhood. Curiosity, that ever restless tormentor of the village, was all agog to learn the stranger's business and means of support, and many were the wise guesses and sage surmises as to both, until after a pretty thorough consultation and general canvassing, it was concluded by the board of gossips that he had neither, and that he would eventually leave the landlord with an uncancelled score.

At length, one of the most inveterate meddlers resolved in his own mind to broach the subject to the stranger, and thus, by performing an act of kindness for his neighbor, unsolicited, whose easy nature he was certain was imposed upon, he would have an opportunity to satisfy himself as to the stranger's real character. He accordingly introduced himself, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, stranger, you've been in these here parts a considerable time, now, I reckon." The stranger nodded assent. "Pretty dear travelling now, costs you a good deal to live at the tavern, I guess." Another nod. "Must have some business to pay it, pretty good business, eh?"—"Yes, sir, you are correct there, I have business, and it is a good business, an excellent business."—"Thought so. How much might it bring you a month?"—"Forty dollars."—"Forty dollars a month!—Well, 'tis a good business any how that pays that. What is it, if I may be so bold?"—"Not bold at all, sir—I take pleasure in informing you. You must know, in the first place, I make twenty dollars a month simply by minding my own business—and again, I make twenty dollars by letting other people's alone."

EVERY country has its peculiar slang words, and while these may contain forcible meaning to those accustomed to their use, to strangers, and especially foreigners, they are unintelligible of course. An expert buyer, junior partner in a large American firm, at a visit to his correspondent in an English manufacturing city, was complimented by the senior partner of the house, who insisted on personally showing goods to his American purchaser. "There, sir," said the Englishman, throwing out a roll of goods, "what do you think of that?"—"O, that's played out," said the American. "It's what?" said John Bull. "It's played, I tell you," said his customer again. "Played,—ah, really—we call it *plad*, h'yar in England, but this isn't plad—plad you know."—"No," said the Yankee, "I don't mean plad. I mean ter say it's gone up."—"No, no," said the other, "not at all; it has not gone up, quite the contrary. We have taken off from the price."—"Over the left; it's threepence too high, now."—"No doubt of it, but our neighbors, you know, on the left, are not manufacturers, you know."—"Very likely: but I don't care to be 'stuck' when I get home."—"Really. Most extraordinary. Is it as dangerous in New York as the newspapers say?"—"Yes, but I don't want these goods. I've got some already that will knock the spots out of 'em."—"But, my dear sir, there's no spots on the goods, I assure you. They are perfect."—"Well, well; suppose we 'switch off' on these goods and try something else."—"Certainly," said the Englishman, who, to the infinite amusement of the American's friend, called a clerk with a wisp broom, and directed him to "switch off" any dust he could find, while he proceeded to show something else. "There," said the Englishman, triumphantly, spreading out another fabric. "There's the 'andsomest piece of goods in England, 'arf a guinea a yard." —"I can't see it," said his customer. "Can't see it? Why, you are looking straight at it. However, suppose you try the light of this window."—"No; I don't mean that," said the American; "I haven't got the stamps for such goods." —"Stamps! no stamps required but a bill stamp, which we are happy to furnish." This misunderstanding might have continued longer, had not the younger member of the house, seeing his senior's perplexity, rescued the American and "put him through" after the manner of his countrymen.

WHEN I was about fifteen years of age, Sir Benjamin Brodie says, I went, with my father and mother and other friends, on a tour through Somersetshire, and having arrived at Wellington, where I had certainly never been before, we tarried an hour or two at the "Squirrel" inn for refreshments. On entering the room where the rest of the party were assembled, I found myself suddenly surprised and pursued by a pack of strange, shadowy, infantile images, too distinct and persevering to be dismissed as phantasms. Whichever way I turned my eyes, faint and imperfect pictures of persons once familiar to my childhood, and feeble outlines of events long passed away, came crowding around me, and vanished again in rapid and fitful succession. A wild reverie of early childhood, half illusion, half reality, seized me, for which I could not possibly account; and when I attempted to fix and examine any one of the images, it fled like a phantom from my grasp, and was immediately succeeded by another equally confused and volatile.

I felt assured that all this was not a mere trick of the imagination. It seemed to me rather that enfeebled memory was, by some sudden impulse, set actively at work, endeavoring to recall the forms of past realities, long overlaid and almost lost behind the throng of subsequent events. My uneasiness was noticed by my mother; and, when I had described my sensations, the whole mystery was speedily solved by the discovery that the pattern of the wall paper in the room where we were seated was exactly similar to that of my nursery at Paddington, which I had never seen since I was between four and five years of age. I did not immediately remember the paper, but I was soon satisfied that it was indeed the medium of association through which all those ill-defined, half-faded forms had travelled up to light—my nurse and nursery events associated with that paper pattern being, after all, but very faintly pictured on the field of my remembrance.

DEBORAH DUNN reasons as follows: One never knows when one is going to hear something new. It may come at any time, like the measles, or it may never come at all. Or it may come crooked, and never get straightened out. All these things happen, and have happened to me. I am never surprised at the time or the occasion of knowledge. For instance, it was but a short time since that I met old Minster—"one-eyed Minster" he is generally called. I suppose the reason of this nickname is because he has only one eye. He is a negro, and has devoted much of his time to the elucidation of doubtful theological points. On the occasion I refer to, he informed me that every women possessed seven devils! I was amazed at this statement, and demanded his authority. He soon proved that he was correct, "for," said he, "de Bible say dat our Saviour cast seben debbils out o' Mary Magdalene, but it don't say anywhere dat he cast 'em out o' any oder woman. So, you see, ebery oder woman got 'em yet!"

This was too much for my feeble logical

powers to combat, and so I did not attempt to gainsay old Minster's point, and since then I have been glad I did not, for I am not sure he is altogether wrong. But as there were devils in men, also, in the New Testament days, by the same logic their diabolical attendants are alive and vigorous to this day.

It is becoming more and more a fixed article of faith with me, that old Minster hit the nail right on the head. Proofs of his doctrine abound in such profusion that it is difficult to make a selection. Would the posession of two, four, or even six devils be enough to prompt a woman to do as Mrs. Tibbs did last spring? A young woman was employed in her family for some time as a seamstress, who had a fondness for chicken as an article of diet. Now, Mrs. Tibbs had plenty of them, but she sent them regularly to market, and not one ever graced her table. The young woman determined to have some chicken, and, as there seemed no other way of getting it, she asked Mrs. Tibbs if she would sell her a pair. Mrs. Tibbs said, certainly, if she would give her the market price for them, which the girl did upon the spot. Then Mrs. Tibbs offered to have them cooked any way she liked. She ought to have said "broiled," and eaten them, to the last bone, in her own room: but she foolishly said she liked chicken-pie, and so that day her chickens appeared on the table in a pie, and all the family partook of it, and had a capital dinner. Would six devils be enough motive power for a woman like that? Seven is the smallest number she could get along with.

How many devils must have possessed that man, who, a few months ago, left a will bequeathing his wife the fifty thousand dollars that were hers before her marriage with him, on condition she remained a widow? You may depend upon it old Minster was right, only he should have extended the application of his doctrine to both sexes. But his logic does not apply in all cases. For instance, Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden. No other man or woman was ever driven out. Therefore, we must all be there now! Which proposition, certainly, admits of grave doubts.

Stephe Blaker had graduated, with high honor, at a tip-top medical college. He was, withal, a sensible fellow, and full of pluck; yet here he was, at the end of three months, without having killed or cured a single patient, with a quarter's rent due to-morrow, and several weeks' board on the top of it. To crown all, he was desperately in love with the sweetest creature in the world, and at daggers' points with all her relations. His old chum, Nat. Webb, whom he had not seen since they were school-boys together, had dropped in on him that day, and the two were having a confidential chat together, in the dusk of the evening, in Stephe's back office.

"Why don't you try Bob Sawyers, late Nockemorf's, plan?" suggested Nat., in reply to some rather despondent remarks of Stephe. "Bribe the watchman to ring you up half a dozen times in the night. Have a boy, on Sundays, rush headlong into church in the middle of the service, and whisper in your ear; after which start up excitedly, make a grab at your hat, and bolt hurriedly out. Send the mythical Mr. Smith's pills to the real Mr. Snooks; and send back to correct the mistake, taking care to excuse it on the ground that, in an extensive practice such errors will occur. There's no end of ways and means in such cases. You can't imagine how inquisitive these people are, and how thoroughly everybody understands everybody else's business."—"How many doctors have you in the place?" inquired Nat., after a pause. "Only two—old Bloomas and myself." "There ought to be business enough for both of you."—"Yes; but old Bloo.—plague take him!—gets it all. True he's an arrant old donkey; but he's been physicking this community for two generations, and they all believe in him. If his patients survive he cures them; if they die, Providence kills them."—"And Providence is a good many ahead, I imagine. But, hark! what's that?"

The noise in the front office was of some one blundering over the chairs in the dark, to the imminent peril of his shins, if not his neck, in a reckless rush for the inner sanctum, where the two friends sat confabbing. The door flew open, and in burst a tow-headed urchin, badly blown, with gaping mouth, and eyes distended like a couple of freshly opened oysters. "Come right away down to the tavern, Doc.!" he puffed out, in broken doses. "Why, what's the matter?" inquired Stephe. "There's a man down there's got a fit!" Each catching up the other's hat, Stephe and Nat. set out on the double-quick, and reached the scene of action a good two lengths ahead of old Bloomas, for whom a separate messenger had been dispatched. The patient, a genteelly dressed young man, lay on his bed insensible, and Stephe already had him by the wrist when old Bloomas entered. The latter clapped his fingers on the unoccupied pulse, and, with an air of unutterable wisdom, "bent his eyes"—and probably his thoughts too—"on vacancy." "Pulse feeble," he began—"*stentorous* breathing—plain case of apoplexy."—"I think it's ep—" But before Stephe could finish, Nat. had beckoned him aside, and whispered in his ear: "I think it's apparent the patient is suffering from the effects of laudanum," said Stephe, returning hurriedly to the bedside. "Laudanum!" sneered old Bloomas, with a look of ineffable contempt. "Do you think I don't know a case of apoplexy when I see it?"—"Why not pop a stomach-pump into him, and settle it?" suggested Stephe.

This proposal met with general approbation. The experiment was tried, and resulted in a complete vindication of Stephe's theory. Enough laudanum was pumped from the patient's stomach to kill a dozen men. The usual antidotes were speedily administered, and in a couple of hours, to old Bloo.'s intense disgust, the patient had sufficiently recovered to give an account of himself. "What put laudanum into your head?" asked Stephe, as he and Nat. walked back together. "As soon as you mentioned it, the case was plain enough."

"This phial, and the label on it," Nat. replied, "which I saw on the mantel, and slipped into my pocket, while you and old Bloo. were busy over the patient. I tipped you the wink just in time to save you from committing as big a blunder as your rival did. I would have told you all about it, but as soon as I mentioned laudanum, you caught at the word, and needed no further prompting." Stephe's reputation was fixed, and the bubble of old Bloomas' punctured. The young prodigal recovered, and repented. His father paid Stephe handsomely; and the latter is now married, and on the best of terms with his wife's family.

There is a capital good story told of a couple of Western hunters. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan; and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer-hunting expedition, and after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after, Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot where he heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan hang up a deer. He found Cowan busy loading his gun, and shouted out: "Hallo, Cowan, what did you shoot at just now?"—"None o' your business: go along over the hill!" Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around, and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out, "I say, Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?"—"Yes, I did, but it's none o' your business."—"Why, what made you shoot at it?"—"Why, I took it for a deer."—"Well, did you hit it?"—"No, I missed it."—"How did you miss it?"—"Why, I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."—"You are a pretty specimen of a hunter," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"—"Don't make a fool of yourself," replied Cowan; "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf." Nothing out of Ireland, of the "bull" species, is a better "specimen" than this.

The proprietor of a tan-yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on farther consideration rejected. At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while, he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out, and addressed the individual: "Good-morning," said he. "Morning," said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign. "You want to buy leather?" said the storekeeper. "No."—"Do you wish to sell hides?"—"No."—"Are you a farmer?"—"No."—"Are you a merchant?"—"No."—"Are you a lawyer?"—"No."—"Are you a doctor?"—"No."—"What are you, then?"—"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that auger-hole."

SHOWMEN.

SHOWMEN, as a general rule, are tolerably "sharp," and it is no easy matter to over-reach them, but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. One summer there was an exhibition in a tent, on a public lot—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasting of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling, to a considerable crowd. While in the midst of a speech, overflowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him: "I'll bet you a 'five' that you can't show me that lion."—"Done," said the showman, eagerly. "Put up your money." The man placed a five dollar bill in the hand of a bystander, and the showman, counting out the change, did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll convince you." The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following. "There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look in that corner at that beautiful Numidian lion."—"Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one. "Why, there!" was the astonished reply. "I don't see any," responded the other. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smell a very large mouse. "I'm blind," was the grinning reply. The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd, for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes and went his way.

"THAT'S a werry knowin' hannimal of yourn," said a Cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant. "Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and hantics, does he?" inquired the Cockney, eyeing the animal through his glass. "Surprising," retorted the keeper, "we've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with a crown." The Cockney handed the elephant a crown piece; and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and then placed it in the box, high out of reach. "Well, that is werry hextraordinary—hastonishing, truly," said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out, and hand it back to me."—"We never learnt him that trick," retorted the keeper, with a roguish leer; and turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas.

A CHAP once arrived in Maine, with one of those great curiosities, an Egyptian mummy, which he desired to exhibit. It was requisite then, that, before the exhibition, permission should be obtained from the judge of some of the superior courts. Accordingly, the showman proceeded to the court house, where some court was in session, and applied to the judge for a licence, stating that at infinite trouble and expense, to say nothing of danger, he had been fortunate enough to procure the greatest curiosity ever seen in the United States. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive."

"MR. SHOWMAN, what is that?"—"That, my dear, is the rhinoceros. He is cousin German or Dutch relation to the unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and feeds on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else, unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country against his will, which accounts for his low spirits when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat old, but he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survey the wonders of creation as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a fellow-critter, only it's by its tail."

AN honest countryman, anxious to explore the wonders of the British Museum, obtained a special holday. Accordingly, taking with him a couple of his friends, he presented himself at the door for admittance. "No admission today," said the keeper. "No admission to-day? But I must come in. I've a holiday on purpose."—"No matter, this is a close day, and the museum is shut."—"What," said John, "aint this public property?"—"Yes, but one of the mummies died a few days ago, and we're going to bury him."—"O, in that case we won't intrude," said John, and so he retired.

VAN AMBURGH'S elephant, being enveloped in a huge blanket, was picking up the fugitive straws of hay upon the ground, by poking his trunk through an opening in his covering, observing which, a son of the Emerald Isle, who just entered, exclaimed: "And what sort of a baste is that atin' hay with his tail?"

"GENTLEMEN and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

"ISN'T that a powerful animal," said one friend to another, as he pointed to an elephant in a menagerie, and then added: "The elephant is the most powerful animal known to man."—"Yet," responded the friend, "the smallest dog can lick him."

A LONG-LEGGED Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking around the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant; whereupon he turned to the keeper with surprise: "Thunder and lightning, mister! what critter have you got there, with a tail on both ends?"

"WONT that boa constrictor bite me, sir?" said a little boy to a showman. "O no, boy, he never bites, he only swallows his victuals whole."

A PERSON visiting the London Museum of Curiosities was shown the skull of Oliver Cromwell. "It is extremely small," said the visitor. "Bless you, sir," replied the cicerone, "it was his skull when he was a little boy."

"THIS animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same length back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

SOMNAMBULISM.

A CASE is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write his sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time asleep. Dr. Gall notices a miller, who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual vocations at the mill, then returning to bed; on awakening in the morning, he recollected nothing of what passed during the night. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

A FARMER in Ontario county, N. Y., who is a somnambulist, one day, while working in the field, lost an iron tooth from the harrow with which he was putting in his wheat crop. He hunted an hour to find it, but was unsuccessful. During the ensuing night he arose from his bed, partially dressed himself and started out. The night was very dark; and one of the boys followed him with a lantern. He kept up a running talk with himself about the "drag tooth." He walked in a straight line to the field where he had been laboring, perhaps a quarter of a mile from his residence; and, arriving at a certain point, he stopped short, kicked away some loose earth, and brought forth the missing tooth. Then turning square around he proceeded directly to his home, and lifting the heavy stone step with apparent ease,—which required the combined strength of himself and another man to raise the next morning—he threw the tooth underneath it, saying, "There you are, and can't get away again." He then returned to bed again, and of course in the morning was entirely unconscious of what he had done the night previous.

ANOTHER very remarkable modification of this affection is referred to by Mr. Combe, as described by Major Elliott, professor of mathematics in the United States Military Academy at West Point. The patient was a young lady of cultivated mind, and the affection began with an attack of somnolency which was protracted several hours beyond the usual time. When she came out of it, she was found to have lost every kind of acquired knowledge. She immediately began to apply herself to the first elements of education, and was making considerable progress, when after several months she was seized with a second fit of somnolency. She was now at once restored to all knowledge which she possessed before the first attack, but without the least recollection of anything that had taken place during the interval; after another interval she had a third attack of somnolency which left her in the same state as after the first. In this manner she suffered these alternate conditions for a period of four years, with the very remarkable circumstance that during the one state, she retained all her original knowledge, but during the other, that only which she had acquired since the first attack. During the healthy interval, for example, she was remarkable for the beauty of her penmanship, but during the paroxysm wrote a poor awkward hand. Persons introduced to her during the paroxysm she recognized only in a subsequent paroxysm, but not in the interval, and persons whom she had seen for the first time during the healthy interval, she did not recognize during the attack.

A YOUNG woman of the lower rank, aged nineteen, became insane, but was gentle, and applied herself eagerly to various occupations. Before her insanity she had been only learning to read, and to form a few letters; but during her insanity she taught herself to write perfectly, though all attempts of others to teach her failed, and she could not attend to any person who tried to do so. She had intervals of reason, which have frequently continued three weeks, sometimes longer. During these she could neither read nor write, but immediately on the return of her insanity, she recovered her power of writing, and could read perfectly.

THE Archbishop of Bordeaux thus describes a case of somnambulism in a young minister: He was in the habit of writing sermons when asleep, and although a card was placed between his eyes and the note-book he continued to write vigorously. After he had written a page requiring correction, a piece of blank paper of the exact size was substituted for his own manuscript, and on that he made the corrections in the precise situation which they would have occupied on the original page. A very astonishing part of this is that which relates to his writing music in his sleeping state, which it is said he did with perfect precision. He asked for certain things, but saw and heard only such things as bore directly upon the subject of his thoughts. He detected the deceit when water was given to him in the place of brandy which he asked for. Finally, he knew nothing of all that had transpired when he awoke, but in his next paroxysm he remembered all accurately—and so lived a double life, a phenomenon which is said to be universal in all the cases of exalted somnambulism.

A GENTLEMAN relates the following of a doctor, who was a somnambulist:—

In the rounds of his practice he had a patient about whom he was very anxious. It was in the coldest winter weather, and the residence of the patient was about two miles distant. Visiting him early in the evening, he found him in a state so unsatisfactory that he informed the family that unless he found him better the next visit he should alter the medicine. On rising the next morning he went to the barn to put his horse to the cutter for an early start. He was a little puzzled at finding things somewhat misplaced, but supposed some person had been in the stable in search of a missing article. On visiting the patient he was gratified to find a marked improvement. He inquired when the improvement commenced, and was answered:—"Immediately after he took the powder which you gave him in the night."—"In the night?"—"Yes." The truth flashed upon him at once, that he had visited the patient during sleep, but, concealing his emotion, he inquired, with as careless an air as he could assume, though much startled by his discovery,—"Does any one chance to remember the exact moment when he took the medicine—the time when I was here?" They replied,—"Between two and three o'clock." This proved to be the case, as he was afterwards told by the family where he boarded. He had been giving the patient some fluid medicine, which he ordered discontinued, and then put up several powders, such as he had decided upon the night previous, combining them as usual, and being anxious, had unconsciously administered the first one himself.

MR. COMBE mentions a porter, who in a state of intoxication left a parcel at a wrong house, and when sober could not recollect what he had done with it. But the next time he got drunk, he recollected where he had left it, and went and recovered it.

A YOUNG nobleman, mentioned as Horatius, living in the city of Breslau, was observed by his brother, who occupied the same room, to rise in his sleep, wrap himself in a cloak, and escape by a window to the roof of the building. He there tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped the young birds in his cloak, returned to his apartment and went to bed. In the morning he mentioned the circumstance as having occurred in a dream, and could not be persuaded that there had been anything more than a dream till he was shown the magpies in his cloak.

DR. ABERCROMBIE, in his admirable work, "Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth," says: "I had lately under my care a young lady who is liable to an affection of this kind, which comes on repeatedly during the day, and continues from ten minutes to an hour at a time. Without any warning, her body becomes motionless, her eyes open, fixed, and entirely insensible; and she becomes totally unconscious of any external impression. She has been frequently seized while playing on the piano, and has continued to play over and over a part of a tune with perfect correctness, but without advancing beyond a certain point. On one occasion she was seized after she had begun to play from the book a piece of music which was new to her. During the paroxysm she continued the part she had played, and repeated it five or six times with perfect correctness, but on coming out of the attack, she could not play it without the book."

SOMNAMBULISM appears to differ from dreaming chiefly in the degree in which the bodily functions are affected. In the former the will seems to control the body, and its organs are more susceptible of the mental impressions. The incipient form of somnambulism shows itself in talking in sleep.

This is sometimes a dangerous disease, as occasionally the most important secrets are, by the very party himself, involuntarily revealed, which in his waking moments he would reserve with especial care. The second state of the phenomena, from which, indeed, it derives its name, is that of walking during sleep. Numerous remarkable instances of sleep walking are to be met with.

A remarkable case of somnambulism is related in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," concerning Dr. Blacklock, whose accomplishments as a poet and a clergyman, though struggling from his early infancy with all the privations of blindness, are well known to the literary world. This excellent man had received a presentation to the living of Kirkcudbright, and his settlement was violently opposed. He became deeply agitated with the hostility exhibited against him, and after dining with some friends on the day of his ordination, finding rest necessary for the restoration of his exhausted spirits, he left the table and retired to bed, when the following circumstance occurred: One of his companions, uneasy at his absence from the company, went into his bedroom a few hours afterward, and finding him—as he supposed—awake, prevailed on him to return again into the dining-room. When he entered the room, two of his acquaintances were engaged in singing, and he joined in the concert, modulating his voice, as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note or syllable, and after the words of the song were ended, he continued to sing, adding an *extempore* verse. He then partook of supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be occasionally absent and inattentive. By-and-by he was heard speaking to himself, but in a low voice. At last, being pretty forcibly aroused by Mrs. Blacklock, who began to be alarmed for his intellect, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, having been the whole time fast asleep.

DR. ABERCROMBIE relates some curious instances of persons having performed literary exploits during a state of somnolency. Among others he speaks of a certain member of a foreign university, who, after having devoted himself during his waking hours to the composition of some verses which, however, he had not been able to complete, seems to have been honored with more success in a visitation from his muse during his nocturnal slumbers; for the following night he arose in his sleep, finished his poetic performance, and, exulting in his success, returned again contentedly to his couch, all in a state of unconsciousness.

A YOUNG botanical student resided at the house of his professor in London, who was zealously devoted to his pursuit, having, indeed, just received the highest botanical prize from a public institution. One night, about an hour after he had gone to bed, having returned from a long botanical excursion, his master, who was sitting in his room below, heard a person coming down stairs, with a heavy, measured step, and on going into the passage, found his pupil, with nothing on him but his hat and his shirt, his tin case swung across his shoulders, and a large stick in his hand. "His eyes were even more open than usual," says the narrator, "but I observed he never directed them to me or to the candle which I held. While I was contemplating the best method of getting him to bed again, he commenced the following dialogue: 'Are you going to Greenwich, sir?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Going by water, sir?'—'Yes, sir.'—'May I go with you, sir?'—'Yes, sir, but I am going directly, therefore, please to follow me.' Upon which I walked up to his room, and he followed me, without the least error in stepping up the stairs. At the side of his bed, I begged he would get into the boat, as I must be off immediately. I then removed the tin case from his shoulders, his hat dropped off, and he got into bed, observing he knew my face very well; he had often seen me at the river's side." A long conversation then ensued between him and the supposed boatman, in which he understood all that was said to him, and answered quite correctly respecting botanical excursions to Greenwich. After some further conversation, he was asked whether he knew who had gained the highest botanical prize, when he named a gentleman, but did not name himself. "Indeed," was the reply, "did he gain the highest prize?" To this he made no answer. He was then asked, "Do you know Mr.———?" (meaning himself). After much hesitation, he replied, "If I must confess it, my name is ———!" This conversation lasted three-quarters of an hour. He never hesitated in any of his answers, except in the matter of the prize, and his own name. He then lay down in bed, saying he was tired and would lie down upon the grass till the professor came; but he soon sat up again, and held a long conversation with another gentleman, who then came into the room. After a conversation of about an hour, he said: "It is very cold on this grass; but I am so tired I must lie down." He soon after laid down and remained quiet during the rest of the night. Next morning he had not the least knowledge of what had passed, and was not even aware of having dreamed of anything whatever.

STAMMERERS AND LISPERS.

DURING the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward and made his bow. "I ca-ca-cant go," pleaded the man, "because I st-st-stutter."—"Stutter," says the captain; "you don't go there to talk, but to fight."—"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say wh-wh-who goes there."—"Oh, that is no objection, for they will place some sentry with you, he can challenge and you can fire."—"Well, b-b-but I may be taken and run through the b-b-bel-ly before I can cry qu-qu-quarter." This last plea prevailed, and the captain laughed heartily and dismissed him.

A CERTAIN old lady took from the post-office in the town of G. a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read it to her. He accordingly began to read: "Charleston, June 23, 1861.—Dear mother," then making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old woman exclaimed: "O, 'tis from poor Jerry, he always stuttered."

A YOUNG gentleman, who was so unfortunate as to have a slight impediment in his speech, returned to the old homestead in Connecticut to spend the Christmas. His good mother, while passing to him the festive pudding made of plum, remarked: "Really, Tom, you seem to stammer more since you went to New York than you used to down here in Stuninton."—"C-c-cert'n-ly, mother, and I h-h-have to st-st-stammer m-o-re; because, you see, New York's a la-la-larger place."

A STUTTERING Vermonter was asked the way to Waterbury. With great politeness he strove to say that it was right ahead, but in vain; the more he tried the more he couldn't. At last, red in the face, and furious with unavailing exertion, he burst forth with: "Gug-gug-go-go-'long. You'll gig-gi-git there afore I can tell ye."

IN a Pennsylvania court, a blacksmith, who had the gift of stammering to perfection, was called as a witness between two young men of his acquaintance, in a lawsuit, the amount in question being about seventy-five cents. The judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five or six times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply the witness observed. "I t-t-t-told the foo-o-ols to settle. I s-s-said the consta-bles would take their co-o-ats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and by j-jingo, if they got into your Hon-Honor's court you'd sk-sk-sk-skin 'em."

IN Venango county, Penn., is a queer fellow by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is glib of tongue, and a great liar—we hope he has reformed, for he professed to have become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. As Jim came up out of the water Tom said to him: "Is it c-c-c-cold, Jim?"—"No," replied Jim; "not at all."—"D-d-d-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom, "he l-l-l-lies yet."

A COUNTRYMAN, an inveterate stammerer, trading at the city of St. John's, New Brunswick, among other articles on his list of "wants" had a file. Stepping into a shop near at hand (the owner of which happened himself to be a stutterer), he hastily addressed the man at the counter with: "Ha-ha-ha-have you g-g-go-go-got any f-f-f-files?"—"N-n-n-no, sir, we haven't g-g-go-go-got any f-f-f-files." Quick as thought the sensitive and excited countryman's fist was seen in immediate and dangerous proximity to the affrighted shop-keeper's nose, while he thundered out: "You inf-f-f-fernal sc-sc-oundrel you, what do you mean by mo-mo-mocking me?"

LORD DORMER and Mr. Monckton, the member of parliament for Stafford, both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Monckton seeing Lord Dormer making a vain attempt to give utterance to his words, said to him:—"My Dear Lo-or-or-ord, wh-wh-y do-o-n't you go to the m-a-a-n that cu-u-u-cured me?"

AN inveterate stammerer one day, upon a journey, stopped to dine at a hotel. On attempting to help himself to pepper at the dinner, he found, after a violent shaking, that there was no pepper to be had. He turned around, and, beckoning to the waiter, commeneed: "Wa-wa-wa-waiter, this pep-pep-p-p-pep-pepper is som-som-som-something like me."—"Why so, sir?"—"Po-po-po-po-poor delivery." That pepper-box was soon filled.

"DID you go to Dr. Dow to be cured of lisping?" asked a gentleman of a girl who had been tongue-tied. "Yeth, thir," was the reply. "What did he do to you?"—"He cut a little thring there wath under my tongue."—"Did he cure you?"—"Yeth, thir."—"Why, you are lisping now."—"Am I, thir? Well, I don't pertheive that I lithp, exthept when I go thay thickthpenth! Then I always nothithe it."

COLERIDGE, says De Quincy, told me a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them: "Hear me, men. Take notice of this; I am to be dipped—" What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for having reached the word "dipped," he commenced such a rolling fire di-di-di-di, that when at length he descended, *à plomb*, upon the fell word "dipped," the two men, rather tired of the suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once: "O yes, sir, we're quite aware of that," down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?" — "O surely, sir, by all means."—"Then listen: once more I tell you I am to be di-dipped"—and then too with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you—"—"O decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went for the second time. Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a treble attempt at an explanation. "Grant me pa-patience—is it mum-um-murder you me-me-mean? Again and a-ga-ga-gain I tell you I'm to be di-dipped"—now speaking seriously with the voice of an injured man. "O yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understand it;" and, for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea. "O limbs of Satan!" he said on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late. I tell you that I am—no, that I was to be di-di-di-dipped only once."

STATESMEN, SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY MEN.

THOUGH Pitt's moral or physical courage never shrank from man, yet Sheridan was the antagonist with whom he evidently least desired to come into contact. There were a thousand instances of the keen encounter of their wits, in which person was more involved than party. "I leave," said Pitt, at the conclusion of an attack of this kind, "the honorable gentleman what he likes so well, the woman's privilege—the last word." Sheridan started up. "I am perfectly sensible," said he, "of the favor which the right honorable gentleman means, in offering me a privilege so peculiarly adapted to himself; but I must beg leave to decline the gift. I have no wish for the last word; I am content with having the last argument."

WHEN Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III."—"Treason," cried the speaker. "Treason, treason" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant, but rising in a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued,—"may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

BURKE was sometimes provoked into humor. David Hartley was remarkable for the length and dulness of his speeches. One day when Burke was prepared to take an important part in the debate, he saw to his infinite vexation the House melt down under Hartley's influence, from an immense assemblage to a number scarcely sufficient to authorize the speaker's keeping the chair. In the course of this heavy harangue, Hartley had occasion to desire that some clause in the Riot Act should be read at the table. Burke could restrain himself no longer. "The Riot Act," said he, starting from his seat; "my honorable friend desires the Riot Act to be read. What would he have? Does he not see that the mob has dispersed already?"

MR. JEFFERSON'S great height and slender figure exposed him to much ridicule from his opponents; his *sobriquet* with them was "Long Tom;" nothing could present a more striking or more singular contrast than the figures of Mr. Jefferson and General Knox; the one very short, the other lank and lean, and unusually tall. They happened to meet one morning, on the steps at General Washington's lodgings, in Philadelphia. The two gentlemen approached from opposite directions, and arriving at the same moment, a contest in etiquette took place between them. The general at the head of the army, and full of its chivalric politeness, could not think of passing in before the co-equal head of the Department of State; while the civil officer of the Government was equally averse to take precedence of the military; and they stood for some moments, each drawing back and waving the other forward. In the midst of this somewhat entertaining scene, the notorious Judge Peters, the greatest wit of his day, came up directly in front. Perceiving how matters stood, and casting a sly glance from one side to the other, he pushed boldly between them, exclaiming as he passed: "Pardon me, gentlemen, if in my haste I dash through thick and thin!"

One cold, wintry day, when Henry Clay was in the middle age, a lady friend called his attention to his tendency to profanity, and begged that he would check it, saying that it was a very bad habit. "True, true, madam," he replied. "But at present it is too cold to think of parting with any habit, be it ever so bad."

Sir Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me."—"I am glad to hear it."—"Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one o' your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Nathaniel Shelley was complaining that some one had insulted him, by sending him a letter addressed to Nat Shelley. "Why," said a friend, "I can't see anything insulting in that. Nat is an abbreviation for Nathaniel."—"I know it," said the little man, "but blast his impudence! he spelled it with G—Gnat!"

Dr. Johnson remarked, "Your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves."

Washington Irving and Lewis Gaylord Clark, while walking near Sleepy Hollow, were overtaken by a storm. There was great thundering and lightning, and Mr. Irving took refuge under a tree asking his companion,—"Why don't you come in here and be as comfortably housed as I am?"—"I daren't do it, my dear sir," replied Mr. Clark. "I am afraid of lightning; my father was once nearly killed by it while standing under a tree in a thunder-storm, and he always enjoined it upon his twin boys never to do the like."—"Oh," said Mr. Irving, "that alters the case. If lightning runs in your family, I commend your caution."

Daniel O'Connell was addressing an audience at an anti-corn-law meeting in Covent Garden Theatre, when an interruption occurred. An individual would persist in standing up in the pit. "Sit down."—"Turn him out," etc., resounded from all parts of the house; but the fellow was obstinate, and would stand. The police interposed, but it was labor in vain. At last O'Connell waved his hand for silence, and then, speaking to the police, said: "Pray, let the worthy gentleman have his way; he's a tailor, and wants to rest himself." The obstinate man immediately sat down amid thunders of applause from every portion of the vast assembly.

It was once remarked to Lord Chesterfield that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the peer, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

"Bull Run" Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, is the same gentleman who was sent by that journal to Ireland to report O'Connell's speeches, during the Repeal agitation. One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but, in his oiliest manner, informed the assembled audience, that "until that gentleman was provided with writin' convaniences, he wouldn't speak a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began, and were completed; Russell was ready. "Are you quite ready?" asked Dan. "Quite ready."—"Now, are you sure you're entirely ready?"—"I am certain, sir. Yes." The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said: "Now, 'pon my conscience, I won't begin the speech till the London gintleman is entirely ready." After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention; and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the future editor of The Army and Navy Gazette, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

THE Paris Charivari once gave an account of an aspiring gentleman, who had written a five-act play, and proposed to a celebrated dramatist to divide with him the honors of the authorship—a very common practice in Paris, which explains the seeming fecundity of many French writers in repute. The dramatist, otherwise engaged, declined the offer, in the following terms: "I cannot accept your proposition, sir. It is written, 'Thou shalt not yoke the ox with the ass.'" Hereupon the would-be collaborateur left in a rage, and the next morning the dramatist received a challenge, commencing thus: "Sir, you insinuated yesterday that I am an ox," etc., etc.

A PARTY of Cambridge (England) philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of the bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."

PRESCOTT, the great Historian, had a sense of the ludicrous so strong, that it seemed at times quite to overpower him. He would laugh on such occasions—not vociferously indeed, but most inordinately, and for a long time together, as if possessed by the spirit of Momus himself. Take the following instance:

A party of young gentlemen and ladies, he among them, undertook to entertain themselves, and their friends with some private theatricals. After having performed one or two light pieces with some success, they attempted "Julius Cæsar." It proceeded only to two partial rehearsals: but the manner in which they ended is to the present point. When all had sufficiently studied their parts they met for a final rehearsal. The part of Mark Antony had been allotted to Prescott. He got through it extremely well, till he came to the speech in the third act, which begins, "O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!" This was addressed to one of the company extended on the floor, and enacting the part of Cæsar's murdered corpse, with becoming stillness and rigidity. At this point of the performance the ludicrous seized upon Prescott to such a degree, that he burst out into one of his grand fits of laughter, and laughed so immoderately, and so infectiously, that the whole company, corpse and all, followed suit, and a scene of tumult ensued which put a stop to further rehearsal.

A more curious instance occurred while he was in college. On some occasion he went to the study of the Rhetorical Professor, for the purpose of receiving a private lesson in elocution. The professor and his pupil were entirely alone. Prescott took his attitude as orator, and began to declaim the speech he had committed for the purpose; but after proceeding through a sentence or two, something ludicrous suddenly came across him, and it was all over with him at once—just as when he came to the bleeding piece of earth, in the scene above narrated. He was seized with just such an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The professor—no laughing man—looked grave, and tried to check him; but the more he tried to do so, the more Prescott was convulsed. The professor began to think his pupil intended to insult him. His dark features grew darker, and he began to speak in a tone of severe reprimand. This only seemed to aggravate Prescott's paroxysm, while he endeavored, in vain, to beg pardon; for he could not utter an intelligible word. At last, the sense of the extreme ludicrousness of the situation, and the perception of Prescott's utter helplessness, seized hold of the professor himself. He had caught the infection. His features suddenly relaxed, and he too began to laugh; presently the two, professor and pupil, the more they looked at each other the more they laughed, both absolutely holding on to their sides, and tears rolling down their cheeks. Of course, there was an end of all reprimand, and equally an end of all declamation. The professor, as became him, recovered himself first, but only enough to say: "Well, Prescott, you may go. This will do for to-day."

DR. FRANKLIN, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provisions were salted—"I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask once for all—it would be a vast saving of time."

IN the year 1724 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping, he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand with such interrogatories in future. At the next tavern he announced himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer, not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man, seeking my fortune, etc. This singular introduction checked all further inquiries, and effectually repulsed the darling propensity of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fire-place was surrounded by men so closely packed that he could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled, he called out: "Hostler, have you any oysters?"—"Yes, sir," said the man. "Well, then give my horse a peck."—"What! give your horse oysters?" cried the wondering skeptic. "Yes," retorted Franklin, "give him a peck of oysters." The hostler carried out the oysters, and many of the occupiers of the fire-place went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and derived much satisfaction and enjoyment from his funny experiment. Soon the men came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment. "The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cosy, comfortable, warm seats. "Well," said Franklin, "if the horse won't eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

AN alderman came to Dr. Franklin saying he had a tendency to the gout, and asked what he could do to arrest it. "Take a bucket of water and a ton of coal three times a week," replied the doctor. "Why, how?" said the alderman in astonishment. "Drink a cup of the former three times a day and carry the latter up three flights of stairs."

COLTON'S "Lacon" was written upon covers of letters and scraps of paper of such description as was nearest at hand; the greater part at a house in Prince street, Soho. Colton's lodging was a penuriously furnished second-floor, and upon a rough deal table, with a stumpy pen, our author wrote. Though a beneficed clergyman, holding the vicarage of Kew, with Petersham, in Surrey, Colton was a well known frequenter of the gaming table, and suddenly disappearing from his usual haunts in London about the time of the murder of Weare, in 1823, it was strongly suspected he had been assassinated. It was, however, afterward ascertained that he had absconded to avoid his creditors; and in 1828 a successor was appointed to his living. He then went to reside in America, but subsequently lived in Paris, a professed gamester; and it is said that he thus gained, in two years only, the sum of 25,000*l.* He blew out his brains while on a visit to a friend at Fontainebleau, in 1832; bankrupt in health, spirits and fortune.

DR. FRANKLIN'S peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by opposite anecdotes. When he was agent for the province of Pennsylvania he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After news of the destruction of the stamp papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal, "that if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, etc., the parliament would then repeal the act." The doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered as follows: "This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there,—'Hah! Monsieur, voulez-vous give the plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—'My body!' replied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—'Vel den, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'—'Vel den,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'vil you, my good sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expense of heating this poker?'"

Lord Erskine once reproved a brutal fellow for shamefully beating a horse. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?" and as he spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Lord Erskine, with a stout walking stick, basted the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, quite cowed, asked what business he had to touch him with the stick. "Why," replied Lord Erskine, "the stick's my own, mayn't I use it as I please?"

A Frenchman said of Shakspeare, "ven you find anyzing you no understand it is always somezing very fine."

John R. Thompson, editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, relates the following: "Thackeray once told me that upon the occasion of his lecturing for the first time in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said: "A five pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house."—"Really, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket in the banking house of the Barings."

Talleyrand, the great diplomatist, one day found himself between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier, both intimate friends, both celebrated. "You say charming things to us both, but which do you prefer?" said Madame de Stael suddenly. "Madame, such a question is a veritable ambush. Take care the penal code."—"Prince, no subterfuge here! Which do you prefer, my friend, or myself? Come, speak; is it the brunette or the blonde?"—"It will be her who will honor me with a look."—"What, still diplomatic? Well, I will put the question in another form. Suppose while sailing on the Seine this evening, the boat should upset, and we should be in danger of drowning, which one would you help?"—"Both at once, or the one which was in the greatest danger."—"But, monsigneur, be frank for once in your life. Suppose the peril to be equally imminent."—"Well, I would give my right hand to the baroness and the left to Madame Recamier."—"But if you could save only one—one of us—do you understand?"—"Well, madame, you who know so many things, I suppose you can swim," replied Talleyrand.

The story of the duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph is familiar to most persons; not so their subsequent reconciliation, and the manner of its accomplishment. It took place many years after the hostile meeting. In regard to it Mr. Clay wrote to a friend, in the year preceding Mr. Randolph's death, as follows: "You ask how amity was restored between Mr. Randolph and me. There was no explanation, no intervention. Observing him in the Senate one night, and looking as if he was not long for this world, and being myself engaged in a work of peace, with corresponding feelings I shook hands with him. The salutation was cordial on both sides. I afterward left my card at his lodgings, where I understood he had been confined by sickness."

In the last public speech that Randolph made, after dwelling on the threatening danger of disunion, he is reported to have said: "There is one man, and one man only, who can save the Union—that is Henry Clay. I know he has the power; I believe he will be found to have the patriotism and firmness equal to the occasion."

The cause of the duel between these distinguished men was the following insulting language used by Randolph toward Mr. Clay in session of the Senate in 1825: "This man—(mankind, I crave your pardon)—this worm—(little animals, forgive this insult)—was spit out of the womb of weakness—was raised to a higher life than he was born to, for he was raised to the society of blackguards. Some fortune—kind to him—cruel to us—has tossed him to the secretaryship of the state. Contempt has the property of descending, but she stoops far short of him. She would die before she would reach him; he dwells below her fall. I would hate him if I did not despise him. It is not what he is, but where he is, that puts my thoughts in action. This alphabet which writes the name of Thersites, of blackguard, of squalidity, refuses her letters for him. That mind which thinks on what it cannot express can scarcely think on him. A hyperbole for meanness would be an ellipsis for Clay."

A LITERARY lady expressed to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any improper words. "No, madam," replied he, "I hope I have not soiled my fingers; I find, however, that you have been looking for them."

DR. JOHNSON once called upon Mr. Garrick in Southampton street, and was ushered into his study, but unfortunately the door of the adjoining room, which contained all the novels and lighter works which had been presented as elegant tributes to this most admired actor, stood open. Johnson read first a bit of one and then another, and threw all down, so that before the host arrived the floor was strewed with splendid octavos. Garrick was exceedingly angry at finding Johnson there, and said "it was a private cabinet and no company was admitted there."—"But," says Johnson, "I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find consist of three sorts, stuff, trash, and nonsense."

GARRICK was on a visit at Hagley, when news came that a company of players were going to perform at Birmingham. Lord Littleton said to Garrick: "They will hear you are in the neighborhood and will ask you to write an address to the Birmingham audience."—"Suppose then," said Garrick, without the least hesitation, "I begin thus:

Ye sons of iron, copper, brass and steel,
Who have not heads to think nor hearts to feel."

"O," cried his lordship, "if you begin thus they will hiss the players off the stage and pull the house down."—"My lord," said Garrick, "what is the use of an address if it does not come home to the business and bosoms of the audience?"

MR. BURKE, on one occasion, had just risen in the House of Commons with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers and to bore us with a long speech in the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house. On this occasion George Selwyn remarked that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized: "A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."

LORD CHESTERFIELD, in the latter part of his life, called upon Mrs. Ann Pitt, the sister of the great minister of that name, and complained very much of his bad health and his incapacity of exerting his mind. "I fear," said he, "that I am growing an old woman."—"I am glad of it, my lord," replied the lady, "I was afraid that you were growing an old man, which you know is a much worse thing."

A PEDANTIC young man who endeavored to imitate the superior writings of Dr. Johnson, and had even considered himself in some respects his equal, one day said to the doctor, "What do you suppose the world thinks of us?"—"Why," says the doctor, "I suppose they think me a bull-dog, and you a tin-kettle tied to my tail."

JOHN RANDOLPH was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction, and among the first remarks said: "I passed by your house lately, Mr. Randolph."—"I hope you always will," was the reply.

Another one twitted him as to his "want of education." Randolph said in reply: "The gentleman reminds me of the lands about the head waters of the Montgomery, which are poor by nature, and cultivation entirely ruined them."

DURING Mr. Webster's residence in Portsmouth, in his younger days, there was a furniture dealer named Judkins doing business in the town, who was a very well informed as well as ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster, who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. Webster, were the delight of Mr. Judkins' life; and on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. Judkins was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage ride, and, making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. "Yes, but he cannot possibly be seen."—"But I must see him."—"No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen—they are dining." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man. "Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the importunate stranger's name to his master. Fancy the surprise of Mr. Judkins, at seeing Mr. Webster rushing up stairs, and insisting upon the poor man's joining his friends at the dinner table! He would take no denial, and carried him forcibly, almost, introducing him as "My old and dear friend, Mr. Judkins, of Portsmouth," and seated him between a distinguished Bostonian and the secretary of the navy; and, to use the words of the worthy cabinetmaker,—"I was for four mortal hours just as good as anybody; my opinion was asked on a good many subjects, and they all seemed to think that I knew a good deal. I was invited to visit them, and to go to Washington, and everybody asked me to drink wine with them; and I made up my mind never to ask for my bill again. I was a poor man, and needed my money, but I had been treated as I never expected to be treated in this world, and I was willing to pay for it."

MR. FOX, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by Government over the members, observed that it was generally understood that there was a member employed by the Ministers, as manager of the House of Commons. Here there was a general cry of "Name him! name him!"—"No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as to say Jack Robinson." John Robinson was really the member's name.

A MEMBER of the Lower House, from Virginia, had recently died. With this gentleman Randolph was on very friendly terms. His successor was elected in part, as was said, from his holding up the idea that, if elected, he would "chastise John Randolph into his senses." This braggard had not been in his seat but a few days, when he sought to redeem his pledge by making a furious attack on the gentleman from Roanoke. He was in full tide of angry declamation when the object of his abuse entered the house. On taking his seat he barely looked at the speaker, and then began a hasty perusal of the newspapers and documents on his desk. All expected a rare reply and a rare sport, as a matter of course, but they were for the time disappointed. Some days after, however, when the house, the lobbies and galleries were full, Randolph obtained the floor to speak to some resolutions then under consideration. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to speak in the most complimentary terms of his friend, the deceased member, whose seat was then occupied by his successor, a large, portly man. With inimitable elocution, which hushed the house into the most perfect silence, he turned to the seat occupied by his rude antagonist, and said in his bland and most scorching irony: "I allude to my esteemed friend from Virginia, lately deceased, whose seat is still vacant!" As his incomparable emphasis fell on the word "vacant," the death-like stillness was dispelled by the most tumultuous laughter, defying all control, in which friends and foes alike joined. The effect of this adroit innuendo was so killing to the principal victim, that he resigned his seat in the body in which he had so badly proposed to chastise John Randolph.

SAMUEL BOYSE, author of the "Deity," a poem, was a poor author, and at one time employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's tales into modern English, which he did with great spirit, at the rate of three pence a line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket, because he was destitute of pantaloons, and was at last found famished to death with a pen in his hand.

WHEN Johnson prepared his dictionary for the press, he furnished it to the publisher, Andrew Millar, in small quantities, as it came from his pen. When the work was complete, Andrew was so overjoyed that he wrote the following letter to the author: "Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of copy for his dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." Johnson replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

HUME one day complained in a mixed company that he considered himself as very ill treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures, adding that "he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter, and yet for those few pages he was abused and torn to pieces." The company for some time paused, when at length a gentlemen dryly observed that "he put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand inoffensive sheets, and now he was to be hanged for a single line."

LAMB once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the roadside, and there sheltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away, so taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterward, in passing the same garden on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice ; and, on looking in, there he was with eyes closed, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just where I left him. He had never missed me."

WHEN Voltaire wrote his tragedy "Merope," he called up his servant one morning at three o'clock and gave him some verses to carry immediately to Sieur Paulin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour for sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

AT a certain college, the senior class was under examination for degrees. The professor of Natural Philosophy was badgering in optics. The point under illustration was that, strictly and scientifically speaking, we see no objects, but their images depicted on the retina. The worthy professor, in order to make the matter plainer, said to the wag of the class: "Mr. Jackson, did you ever actually see your father?" Bill replied promptly, "No, sir."—"Please explain to the committee why you never saw your father."—"Because," replied Mr. Jackson very gravely, "he died before I was born, sir."

MR. BURKE in his juvenile days was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richard in Richard III., and having given him the part at a very short notice, he arose betimes one morning and walked down a lane adjoining his father's house, so intent on studying his part that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far have we got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to the middle in mire.

MOORE, in his diary, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually, it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you."

DANIEL WEBSTER could not, when a boy, make a school declamation. This fact, which would scarcely be credited on any other testimony than his own, was recorded by him in his autobiography with perfect frankness and with his usual precision, and is therefore to be accepted just as he states it :—"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet, when the day came, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated, most winningly, that I would venture, but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

LORD CHATHAM (when Mr. Pitt) on one occasion made a very long and able speech in the privy council, relative to some naval matter. Every one present was struck by the force of his eloquence. Lord Anson, who was no orator, being present, the head of the admiralty, and differing entirely in opinion from Mr. Pitt, got up, and only said these words: "My Lords, Mr. Secretary is very eloquent, and has stated his own opinion very plausibly. I am no orator, all I shall say is, that he knows nothing at all of what he has been talking about."

This short reply, together with the confidence the council had in Lord Anson's professional skill, had such an effect on every one present, that they immediately determined against Mr. Pitt's proposition.

PROFESSOR ADAMS, of Amherst College, was a great entomologist. Some wicked students thought to quiz the old gentleman, and, with a great deal of care and labor, succeeded in manufacturing a nondescript insect by taking the body of a beetle and gluing it to the legs of a grasshopper, the wings of a butterfly, and the horns of a dragon-fly. With the new style of bug they proceeded to the study of the professor, and told him that one of their number had found a strange animal which they were unable to classify, and requested him to aid them in defining its position. The professor put on his spectacles, and after examining the specimen very carefully, said: "Well, young gentlemen, this is a curious bug; I am inclined to think it is what naturalists call a humbug."

THERE is no end to the sayings of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He was on one occasion in a tavern, lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the door with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him: "Has the stage come?"—"Stage, sir! stage!" said the fop, "I've nothing to do with it, sir."—"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly, "I thought you were the driver."

ONE day a Professor of Logic was endeavoring to substantiate "that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution of some of its parts." One of the pupils, holding up his jack-knife, inquired: "Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and get another inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?"—"To be sure!" replied the professor. "Well, then," continued the pupil, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another—would it be the same knife?"—"Of course," again replied the professor. "But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and put them together—what knife would that be?" We never learned the professor's reply.

PORSON was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and amongst other things, was a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation and in a coach, too, roused our professor from a kind of dog sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes:—"I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there."—"O, sir," replied the tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college." The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied: "Upon second thought, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides."—"Then, perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, "Curse me if I ever quote Greek again in a coach." The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am; I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished freshman vociferated: "Stop the coach; hallo, coachman, let me out, I say, let me out! There's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket! Let me out, I say—let me out! He must be Porson or the devil!"

WHILE in England, not long after his name had become familiar to the public by the publication of the "Sketch Book," Washington Irving made a purchase at a shop, and desired the parcel to be sent to his lodgings, directed to Mr. Irving. "Is it possible," said the salesman, with a look and manner that indicated profound admiration, "that I have the honor to serve Mr. Irving?" Irving modestly acknowledged the compliment paid to his accumulating fame, and a conversation ensued, in which the dealer manifested additional interest in his distinguished customer, until a direct inquiry concerning his last work disclosed the fact that he supposed he was engaged in conversation with the Rev. Edward Irving of the Scottish Kirk, whose polemical works had given him an exalted position among the members of that church. The existence of the "Sketch Book" was probably unknown to him. "All I could do," added Irving, with that look of peculiar drollery which those who have heard him narrate an incident of this kind will remember, "was to slink away in the smallest possible compass."

COLERIDGE says: "I have had a good deal to do with Jews, in the course of my life, though I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you may call floored by a Jew. He passed me several times crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last, I was so provoked, that I said to him: 'Pray, why can't you say old clothes in a plain way, as I do now?' The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, 'Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can, but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say 'ogh clo,' as I do now,' and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed him and gave him a shilling, the only one I had."

HORNE TOOKE, when at Easton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered: "I don't know." —"That is impossible," said the master; "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate." Horne, however, persisted, and the master flogged him. After the punishment, the master quoted the "rule" of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly replied: "I know that very well, but you did not ask me for the 'rule,' you demanded the reason."

WHEN stretched upon his bed in the agony of the gout, it was reported to Chatham that one of his official subordinates pronounced an order impossible of execution. "Tell him," said he, rising up and marching across the room on his swollen feet, his face streaming with perspiration from the excruciating effort, "tell him it is the order of a man who treads upon impossibilities."

DURING the reign of Bonaparte, when the arrogant soldiery affected to dispise all civilians, whom they, in their barrack-room slang, termed Pekins, Talleyrand, one day, asked a general officer, "what is the meaning of that word, 'Pekin?'"—"Oh," replied the general, "we call all those Pekins who are not military."—"Exactly," said Talleyrand, "just as we call all people military who are not civil."

JOHN RANDOLPH was travelling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted; he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The inn-keeper was a fine gentleman, and, no doubt, of one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows: "Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?" —"Sir?" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure. "I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you travelling?"—"Have I paid you my bill?"—"Yes."—"Do I owe you anything more?"—"No."—"Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?"—"Yes." The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath. "Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please."

DR. CHARLES ROGERS has collected in his "Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character," some good specimens of the witticisms of Erskine. The Earl of Kelly was relating in a company that he had listened to a sermon in Italy, in which the preacher described the alleged miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which, in order to listen to him, held their heads out of the water. "I can believe in the miracle," said Erskine, "if your lordship was at church."—"I was certainly there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Henry, "there was at least one fish out of the water." On a change of ministry Erskine was appointed to succeed Harry Dundas (subsequently Lord Melville) as lord advocate. On the morning of his appointment he met Mr. Dundas in the Parliament-house, who had resumed the ordinary gown worn by all practitioners at the Scottish bar, excepting the lord advocate and solicitor general. After a little conversation Erskine remarked that he must be off to order his silk gown. "'Tis not worth your while," said Dundas, "for the short time you'll want it; you had better borrow mine."—"I have no doubt your gown," replied Erskine, "is made to fit any party, but, however short may be my time in office, it shall not be said of Henry Erskine that he put on the abandoned habits of his predecessors." Mr. A. B., a judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he subsequently explained that he had been called out of town owing to his brother, the proprietor of B., having in attempting to leap a fence, fell from a stile and sprained his foot. "It was fortunate for your brother," said the wit, "that it was not from your style he fell, or he had certainly broken his neck." Shortly after the death of Mr. John Wright, a talented but unsuccessful advocate, Sheriff Anstruther remarked to Erskine in the street, "Poor Wright is dead. He has died very poor. It is said he has left no effects."—"That is not wonderful," replied the humorist, "as he had no causes he could have no effects."

WHEN Mr. Whiteside finished his five hours oration on Kars, Lord Palmerston replied that the honorable gentleman's speech was highly creditable to his physical powers.

DR. JOHNSON said of Goldsmith, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

THOUGH upon great occasions Burke was one of the most eloquent of men that ever sat in the British senate, he had in ordinary matters as much as any man the faculty of tiring his auditors. During the latter years of his life the failing gained so much upon him, that he more than once dispersed the House, a circumstance which procured him the nick-name of the Dinner-bell. A gentleman was one day going into the House, when he was surprised to meet a great number of people coming out in a body. "Is the House up?" said he. "No," answered one of the fugitives, "but Mr. Burke is up."

GOETHE, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and after the student had waited some time in the antechamber, he appeared, and without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed with this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; and, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

DR. FRANKLIN was dining with a tory preacher just before the Revolution, who gave as a toast, "The king." The doctor and others of his way of thinking drank it. By and by his turn came, and he gave "The devil." This created some confusion; but the clergyman's lady understanding the drift, "Pray, gentlemen, drink the toast; Dr. Franklin has drunk to our friend, let us drink to his."

ONE evening, when one of Dr. Kenrick's works were mentioned, Goldsmith said he had never heard of them; upon which Dr. Johnson observed, "Sir, he is one of the many who have made themselves public without making themselves known."

LORD NELSON and Mr. Pitt could never agree. It was told Nelson that Pitt said: "He was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore."—"He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I had him on board of ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself." He disliked the man, but honored his great talents.

A YOUNG Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that prosaic poetry and poetical prose must be equally good. "No, sir," replied the doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though not tea in his brandy." The student was asked afterward what he thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco warehouse; the owner of which happening to be in, thus accosted them: "You have a good deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?" To which was answered: "No."—"Why, then, I would have you to know that I am a justice of the peace." Thomas Story replied: "My friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the Governor of Pennsylvania."

LALANDE, the French astronomer, when the revolution broke out, only paid the more attention to the revolutions of the heavenly bodies; and when he found at the end that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre and his fellow ruffians, he gratefully remarked, "I may thank my stars for it."

IF some of the speeches of our statesmen do not reach down to posterity it will not be because they are not long enough.

SOME philosophers were disputing very learnedly and dully on the antiquity of the world. A man of wit, tired of their long discussion, said, "Gentlemen, I believe the world acts like some old ladies, and does not choose to have her age discovered."

DANIEL WEBSTER was once engaged in a case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry." In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt with a significant expression that he was through with the witness, and he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eyeing the witness a moment: "Mr. K., allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called 'Baron Munchausen?'" Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet and said, "I beg your pardon.

Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there is one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me the favor, I promise not to interrupt you again." Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said: "Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry?'" The effect was so irresistible that even the judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster, said: "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up?" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

UPON one occasion, Mr. Webster was on his way to attend to his duties in Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companions, and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderate alarm with the senator. "I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper scene for murder or outrage), and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver, turning to me, with a gruff voice asked my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you going?'—'To Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed, 'How glad I am; I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour, for when I looked at you I took you for a highwayman.'" Of course both parties were relieved.

ON one of those memorable days when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was being debated, Senator Seward tapped Douglas on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear that he had some "Bourbon" in the senator's private room, which was twenty years old, and upon it he desired to get Douglas's judgment. The "Little Giant" declined, stating that he meant to speak in a few minutes, and wished his brain unclouded by the fumes of liquor. At the conclusion of his speech Douglas sank down exhausted in his chair, hardly conscious of the congratulations of those who flocked around him. At this juncture Seward seized the orator's arm and bore him off to the senatorial sanctum. "Here's the Bourbon, Douglas," said Seward; "try some—it's sixty years old."—"Seward," remarked Douglas, "I have made to-day the longest speech ever delivered; history has no parallel for it."—"How is that?" rejoined Seward, "you spoke about two hours only." Douglas smiling, replied:—"Don't you recollect that a moment before I obtained the floor you invited me to partake of some Bourbon twenty years old, and now, immediately after closing my remarks, you extend to me some of the same liquor, with the assertion that it is sixty years old!—a forty years' speech was never delivered before." Seward acknowledged the "corn," and the two enemies (politically) "smiled."

THE celebrated Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and, to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but went to sleep because I knew about this time of day you would tell that story."

A MAN, whom Dr. Johnson reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said: "You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything hateful, replied that "he did not see the least necessity for that."

SAM HOUSTON, while President of the Texan Republic, received a challenge to fight a duel with some person he considered his inferior. Turning to the bearer of the challenge, he said: "Sir, tell your principal that Sam Houston never fights down hill."

Washington Irving was once asked about his health. There is a streak of old age in it: "What a pity it is when we have grown old we could not turn round and grow young again and die of cutting our teeth."

The learned Professor Porson had a great horror for the east wind, and Tom Sheridan is said to have once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by immovably fixing the weathercock in that direction.

A certain member of Congress from one of the Eastern states, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which sat a brother member, his opponent on the question, smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from —— was laughing at him. "I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply. "O, I make monkey faces, do I? Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for nature has saved you the trouble!"

Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable lisping manner,—"Is there no cl-cl-clergyman present?"—"No, sir," answered a guest. "Then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

During Dr. Ewing's stay in London, he was invited by Mr. Dilly, a noted bookseller, to dine with him, in company with several other gentlemen, among whom was the great Dr. Johnson, in whose sight the cause of the colonies found anything but favor. While they were at dinner, this came up as a subject of animated conversation. Dr. Ewing, being the only American present, with his usual frankness, defended his native country against the aspersions that were cast upon it, especially by Dr. Johnson. The doctor, fastening his eye upon him, as if he was the personification of insignificance, said, "Sir, what do you know in America? you never read—you have no books there."—"I beg your pardon," replied Dr. Ewing, "we have read the 'Rambler.'" This proved an acceptable peace offering to the doctor's vanity, and he immediately changed his tone and treated Dr. Ewing with great respect and consideration during the rest of the evening.

Sir Walter Scott gives us to understand that he never met with any man, let his calling be what it might, even the most stupid fellow that ever rubbed down a horse, from whom he could not, after a few moment's conversation, learn something which he did not before know, and which was valuable to him. This will account for the fact that he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of everything. Such, too, was very much the case with the great Mr. Locke, the author of the celebrated treatise on the "Human Understanding." He was once asked how he had contrived to acquire a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to his not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics that formed their own profession and pursuit.

A certain member of the Irish Parliament, whose father had been a shoemaker, having in the course of his speech used some language which caused him to be called to order by Mr. Curran, the gentleman complained that Mr. Curran had broken the thread of his discourse. "Then wax it better the next time," replied Curran.

When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were together, they had frequent literary disputes, and on one occasion, after they had retired to bed, they entered into a squabble about a certain passage in one of their school-books, and having risen to examine some of the authorities in their possession, they set their bed-clothes on fire, and nearly burned their father's dwelling. On being questioned the next morning in regard to the accident, Daniel remarked, "That they were in pursuit of light, but got more than they wanted."

IT was readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of congress, a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the senate, "that noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and pointing his long finger at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—mice, mice!"

IN the house Goldsmith usually wore his shirt collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much at night when in bed; at other times, when not disposed to read, and yet unable to sleep, which was not an unusual occurrence, the candle was kept burning, his mode of extinguishing which, when out of immediate reach, was characteristic of his fits of indolence or carelessness—he flung his slipper at it, which, in the morning, was in consequence usually found near the overturned candlestick daubed with grease. No application of a charitable description was made to him in vain; itinerant mendicants he always viewed with compassion, and never failed to give them relief, while his actions generally evinced much goodness of heart; and great commiseration for the poorer class of society.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a firm believer in Divine revelation, and a close student of its sacred pages. On one occasion, a small company of select friends spent an evening at his home. Tea over, the Bible, and the relative beauties of its several parts, became the topic of conversation. Each one of the guests had preference. When the turn came to Webster, he said: "The master-piece of the New Testament, of course, is the Sermon on the Mount. That has no rival, no equal. As to the Old Testament writings, my favorite book is that of Habakkuk, and my favorite verses, chapter iii. 17—18: 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine—the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat—the flock shall be cut off, and there shall be no herd in the stall—yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' This," continued Webster, "I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature. And often have I wondered that some artist, equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting."

AN apothecary opened a new store, and for a sign put up a spread eagle. A neighbor going by stopped to look at it. "How do you like it?" asked the dealer in emetics. "O, sir," replied the man, "you have got the wrong bird: you should have one of the kind that goes 'quack, quack.'"

THE pomposity of Dr. Johnson, and his vain display of learning amongst those who assumed in his presence any acquaintance with literature, are well known. Old Macklin, the player, who was a genuine Hibernian, one day paid the doctor a visit as a literary man; after a few introductory words the doctor observed, in a sneering way, that literary men should not converse in the vulgar tongue, but in the learned languages; and immediately addressed the dramatist in a long sentence in Latin. Macklin, after expressing his accedence to the doctor's proposition, said he would rather converse in Greek, and immediately proceeded in a long sentence of equal length in Irish. The doctor again reverted to the English tongue, and observed, "Sir, you may speak very good Greek, but I am not sufficiently versed in that dialect to converse with you fluently." Macklin burst out laughing, made his bow and retired.

A FRIEND of the great naturalist, Baron Cuvier, once took the horns and hoofs of an ox and approached the bedside of the naturalist, and awakening him from a sound sleep announced himself as satan, who had come to eat him up. Cuvier rubbed his eyes and glanced at the nondescript from horns to hoof, when he lay down and quietly remarked: "Horns, hoofs, graminivorous—eat grass; can't come it, go away."

DURING the revolutionary war the Earl of Dartmouth asked an American in London of how many members the Congress consisted? To which the reply was "fifty-two."—"Why, that is the number of cards in a pack," said his lordship; "pray how many knaves are there?" —"Not one," returned the republican; "please to recollect that knaves are in court cards."

LORD ERSKINE and Dr. Parr, who were both remarkably conceited, were in the habit of conversing together and complimenting each other on their respective abilities. On one occasion Parr promised that he would write Erskine's epitaph, to which the other replied, "that such an intention on the doctor's part was almost a temptation to commit suicide."

MEETING Mr. Webster as he was going to the capitol one morning, Mr. Gales inquired of him how long he intended to speak. About half an hour, was the reply. The editor's duties at that time were pressing, but he ventured to take so much time from them. Mr. Webster, however, directly after met Judge Story, who said that he thought the time had come to give the country his views on the Constitution. To this proposition he assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil unaware of this new arrangement, and alike unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator, and consequently he wrote on until the close of the speech. Some days passing away, and the "proof" of the speech not appearing, Mr. Webster called on the reporter and made inquiry. "I have the notes," said Mr. Gales, "and they are at your service, as I shall never find time to write them out." This led to some remonstrance and persuasion, but the over-tasked editor stood firm. Then Mrs. Gales came to his rescue by saying that she thought she could decipher her husband's shorthand, as she had formerly occasionally done so. Mr. Gales doubted, seeing that it was fifteen years since she had tried it. But she had heard the speech, and as the resistless sweep of its argument, and the gorgeous and massive magnificence of its imagery, were yet vivid in her mind, she persisted in undertaking the difficult work. In due time thereafter the fair manuscript came to Mr. Webster's hands for final correction. Scarcely a word needed to be changed, and soon a set of diamonds, costing a thousand dollars, accompanied the rich thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved to literature the most memorable oration of the American Senate.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S father made a cradle for little Dan, out of a pine log, with an axe and auger, and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid mother in a second-hand sugar trough.

"AT one time when I gave a dinner," says Samuel Rogers in his "Table Talk," "I had candles placed all around the dining-room, and high up in order to show off the pictures. I asked Sydney Smith how he liked the plan."—"Not at all," he replied; "above there is a blaze of light, and below nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

THE mention of Voltaire recalls to memory an anecdote related to me by the ingenious Fraujas de St. Fond, whose "Travels in England and Scotland" and other works, are well known. Voltaire and Freron, the journalist, were bitter enemies. When the Merope of Voltaire (a mere plagiarism of Masse's exquisite tragedy) was announced, Freron, in his journal, prophesied a complete failure. Merope, however, met with success, and the author, to take his revenge, published his play, in which an ass (Freron) was represented, gnawing the leaves of a laurel tree. Our journalist, in the next number, said "he had mistaken the public taste in regard to Merope, which had not only succeeded but was just published, with a striking portrait of the author." Voltaire was so stung with this unexpected retort that he ran among the booksellers to buy up all the copies, and consigned them to the flames.

AT the age of twenty Daniel Webster, writing to his brother Ezekiel, said: "I have now two cents in lawful currency; next week I will send them, if they be all; they will buy a pipe; with a pipe you can smoke; smoking inspires wisdom; wisdom is allied to fortitude; from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism; and stoicism never pants for this world's goods; so perhaps my two cents, by this process, may put you quite at ease about cash."

AT the Boston festival in honor of the anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster, General Nye, of New York, in the course of his speech said: "I was an admirer of the character of Daniel Webster. I remember with youthful emotion the time when I used to sail in his little bark upon the sea you have said he loved so well; and I have now a bright silver dollar that he gave me the day I was eleven years old. (Applause.) I have told my wife not to be dismayed at all at the thought of coming to want—I should never be out of money. (Laughter.) The dollar shall abide with me until time shall be to me no more. (Applause.) It is, sir, the anchor of my financial ship. I have often been reduced to that, but I have never yet been obliged to let it go."

A GOOD anecdote of Professor Agassiz is told. The professor had declined to deliver a lecture before some lyceum or public society, on account of the inroads which previous lectures given by him had made upon his studies and thought. The gentleman who had been deputed to invite him continued to press the invitation, assuring him that the society were ready to pay him liberally for his services. "That is no inducement to me," replied Agassiz, "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money."

"WHEN in Paris," said Mr. Webster, "I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the grand prayer of Habakkuk. Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author; to which inquiries the elated infidel replied: 'A writer by the name of Habakkuk, of course a Frenchman.' Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called Free-Thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much despised book—the Bible."

MR. WEBSTER appeared as counsellor for the appellant in a will case. Mrs. Greenough, wife of Rev. Wm. Greenough, was a witness. Webster, at a glance, had the sagacity to foresee that her testimony, if it contained anything of importance, would have great weight with the court and jury. He therefore resolved, if possible, to break her up. But notwithstanding his repeated effort to disconcert her, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until Webster, becoming quite fearful of the result, arose apparently in great agitation, and drawing out his large snuff box thrust his thumb and finger to the very bottom, and carrying the "deep pinch" to both nostrils, drew it up with a gusto; and then extracting from his pocket a very large handkerchief, which flowed to his feet as he brought it to the front, he blew his nose with a report that rang distinct and loud through the crowded hall. Webster. "Mrs. Greenough, was Mrs. Bogden a neat woman?" Mrs. Greenough. "I cannot give you very full information as to that, sir; she had one very dirty trick."

Webster. "What's that, ma'am?" Mrs. Greenough. "She took snuff." The roar of the court house was such that the future "defender of the constitution" subsided, and neither rose nor spoke again until after Mrs. Greenough had vacated her chair for another witness.

JENNY LIND gave a concert at Washington during the session of congress, and as a mark of her respect, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore; the members of the cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of congress. After the applause with which these gentlemen were received had subsided, and silence once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could sit no longer; and rising like an Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous bass voice to the chorus; and I venture to say never in the whole course of her career did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that with which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no use; and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would heve deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo. Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again. Miss Lind recourtesied, and the house reapplauded to the echo.

No two characters could be more dissimilar than those of Webster and Crockett. One had penetrated to the profoundest depths of law, statesmanship and diplomacy. The other had penetrated to the profoundest depths of the forest, and was a passionate lover of its wild delights. Crockett paid Webster a compliment that both pleased and amused him. It is related that when his celebrated speech upon Foot's resolutions were published he sent a copy of it to Davy Crockett. Shortly afterward, Davy called upon him to make his acknowledgments for the favor, remarking that it was the only speech that he had ever been enabled to read without the aid of a dictionary. Mr. Webster, it is said, frequenty remarked, that although perhaps a compliment was not intended, none was ever bestowed upon him that he valued so highly.

DANIEL WEBSTER wrote, after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is that I have not pressed those who owe me for pay. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note made to me thirty years ago for money lent him to educate his boys."

DEAN SWIFT, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he had made the butt of his ridicule with repeated sallies. At last the dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman seeing this, immediately said: "My good dean, you surprise me, you eat duck like a goose." The company roared, and the poor dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage and left the table.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU one day said to M. de Sart, a celebrated physician: "I am grayheaded, yet my beard is black, and your head is black and your beard gray. Can you account for these appearances, doctor?"—"Easily," replied De Sart, "they proceed from exercise, from labor of the parts. Your eminence's brains have worked hard and so have my jaws."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was riding over Salisbury plain when a boy keeping sheep called to him. "Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton looking around and observing neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had not made but a few miles, when a storm suddenly arising wetted him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance and determined if possible to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge of the weather of which the wisest philosophers would be proud, he rode back, wet as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if you will tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly."—"Will ye, sir, I will then," said the boy scratching his head and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, sir," having received the money, and pointing to his sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour."—"What," exclaimed the philosopher, "must I, in order to foretell the weather stay here and watch which way that black ram turns his tail?"—"Yes, sir." Off rode Newton quite satisfied with his discovery, but not much inclined to avail himself of it, or recommend it to others.

PROFESSOR SANFORD relates the following anecdote of John Randolph: Sometime during the first years of Mr. Webster's service in Congress, Mr. Calhoun was speaking upon a proposition to require all the government dues to be paid in silver and gold. He was opposed to the measure; argued its inconvenience to the agents of the government with great ability, and incidentally asserted that in no instance had our government ever resorted to such a measure. Mr. Webster, sitting by Randolph's side, said to him, "He is mistaken on that point; for there is a post office law in the year 17— requiring of deputies to receive only silver and gold in payment of postage." Mr. Webster stepped to the Clerk's desk and selected the volume of United States laws which contained the enactment alluded to, and opening the very page where it was found, gave the book to Randolph. He studied it attentively, noted the page, chapter and section. The moment Mr. Calhoun took his seat, Randolph rose, and in his shrill and harsh tones, shouted: "Mr. Speaker, *Nil admirari* is one of the beautiful and sententious maxims of Horace which I learned in my boyhood, and to this day I have been wont to believe in its truth and to follow it in practice. But I give it up. It is no longer a rule of my life. I do wonder and am utterly astonished that a man who assumes to legislate for the country should be so utterly ignorant of its existing laws. The gentleman mentions that the bill before the House introduces a new provision into our legislation. He does not know that it has ever been incorporated into any statute by any Congress in our country's history, when it has been a common usage almost from the infancy of our nation. Macgruder," screamed the excited orator to one of the clerks, "Macgruder, take volume 5 of the United States laws, page 150, chapter 16, section 10, and read." The clerk read—"Be it enacted, etc., that all the dues of the postal department shall be paid in silver and gold," etc. "Witness," said Randolph, "the gentleman's innocent simplicity, his utter want of acquaintance with the laws of the land for which he affects to be a leading legislator. Now, Mr. Speaker, I was educated to know the laws of my country. The law just recited has been familiar to me from childhood; indeed, I cannot remember the time when I did not know it; yet simple and elementary as it is, the gentleman, in his superficial study of our laws, has overlooked it."

"WHAT have you to remark, sir, about my oratory?" once asked a vain public speaker of John Randolph. "Nothing, sir, it is not remarkable," quietly replied the merciless wit.

CURRAN, in his last illness, his physician observing in the morning "that he seemed to cough with more difficulty," answered: "That's rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

Webster was once asked by a young law student if there was any room in the legal profession for young men. "There is always room in the upper story of any profession for those who can reach it," was the reply.

The Rev. J. L. Garrett was met by a young ecclesiastic of Oxford University, accompanied by a few pupils under his care, who very jocosely exclaimed: "Sir, we have had a dispute in our school about the difference of the terms phenomenon and phenomena; what is your opinion of the difference?" The question excited all the risible faculties of the philosopher, who, when sufficiently recovered, wrote as follows:

When one bright scholar puts the fool's cap on,
He makes himself a real phenomenon.
If others join him, and like asses bray,
They all together make phenomena.

Mr. Webster was speaking on one occasion, in Faneuil Hall. He was arguing in favor of the Maysville road bill. Mr. Otis sat near him on the platform. Mr. Webster proceeded as follows: "I am in favor, Mr. Chairman, of all roads except—except." Here he stuck, and could not think of any exception. Mr. Otis saw his difficulty, and said to him in a low voice: "Say except the road to ruin." Mr. Webster heard it, and as if he had merely stopped for the purpose of making his remark more effective, repeated the whole as follows: "I repeat it, Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of all roads except the road to ruin." The wit in Otis in this instance was well met by the presence of mind in Webster.

Curran, speaking of Madam de Stael, who was by no means handsome, but a splendid conversationalist, said she "had the power of talking herself into a beauty." Ladies should think of this. Beauty lies in other things than fine features and cosmetics.

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance: "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. There, sir," pointing to a large pile of letters on the table, "is a pile of unanswered letters to which I must reply before the close of this session (which was then three days off). I have no time to master the subject so as to do it justice."—"But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it."—"If there is so much weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Walter Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school which some have stated. Once a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie" what part of speech "with" was? "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"—"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott, "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'They bound Samson with withs.'"

TOASTS.

Dignity without pride and condescension without meanness.

Frugality without meanness and friendship without interest.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

Integrity in those who wear the robes of justice.

May we never speak to deceive nor listen to betray.

May we never see an old friend with a new face.

May the heart that melts at the sight of sorrow always be blessed with the means to relieve it.

May the frowns of fortune never rob innocence of its joys.

May we be slaves to no party and bigots to no sect.

May we never flatter our superiors or insult our inferiors.

May we never fling away powder by shooting crows.

May those who inherit the title of gentleman by birth deserve it by their actions.

May the wings of liberty never want a feather.

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.

May satin never pay visits abroad nor receive company at home.

May we never be influenced by jealousy nor governed by interest.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we distinguish the weeds from the flowers.

May hymen never join those hands whose hearts are divided.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May we fly from the temptation we cannot resist.

May the pole-star of hope guide us through the sea of misfortune.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

May virtue be our armor when wickedness is our assailant.

May our pleasures be free from the stings of remorse.

May meanness never accompany riches.

May we never be blind to our own errors.

May we never be the slaves of interest or of pride.

May the tree of liberty flourish round the globe, and every human being partake of its fruits.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

May the prison gloom be cheered by the rays of hope, and liberty fetter the arm of oppression.

May all mankind make free to enjoy the blessings of liberty, but never take the liberty to subvert the principles of freedom.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others never shed a tear for its own.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted by the oil of sincerity.

May fortune recover her eye-sight and be just in the distribution of her favors.

May our talents never be prostituted to vice.

May the tide of fortune float us into the harbor of content.

May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

May avarice lose his purse and benevolence find it.

May we treat our friends with kindness—and our enemies with generosity.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never feel want or ever want feeling.

May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to its flowers.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

May we never be in possession of riches which we never enjoy.

May power submit to justice.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May every day be happier than the last.

May they never want who have the spirit to spend.

Riches to the generous and power to the merciful.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

SUCCESS to our hopes and enjoyment to our wishes.

SUNSHINE and good humor all over the world.

THE rose of pleasure without the thorns.

THE life we love with those we love.

'TIS well for some that fortune is blindfolded, as many are unworthy of her favors.

AT the Franklin festival held in Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed, and most heartily responded to by the company: The printer—the master of all trades. He beats the farmer with his fast "hoe," the carpenter with his "rule," and the mason in "setting up tall columns;" he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to the "cases," and beats the parson in the management of the "devil."

DR. BROWN courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but, being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said—"Come, doctor, your old toast."—"Excuse me," said he, "as I cannot make her Brown, I'll toast her no longer."

WOMAN—the female of man in the order of nature, but sometimes the male in the order of society; there are old women of both sexes.

To a toast of "The babies—God bless them," a railroad conductor responded: "May their route through life be pleasant and profitable; their ties well laid; their track straightforward, and not backwards. May their fathers be safe conductors, their mothers faithful tenders, and their switch never misplaced."

WOMAN—there is a purple half to the grape, a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half to the globe, and a better half to man.

A TOAST is like a sot; or, what is most
Comparative, a sot is like a toast;
For when their substances in liquor sink,
Both properly are said to be in drink.

AT a printers' festival the following toast was given: "The editor and the lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

TWO Irishmen met in a saloon. After some conversation they discovered that both had belonged to the "sixty-ninth." Getting enthusiastic, Jamie proposed a bumper to war times as follows: "Hairs to the glorious saxty-ninth, the last in the fight an' the foorst out." Pat drank, but the toast didn't taste right, and he fell a thinking. Presently an idea struck him, and he exclaimed, "Ah, yess, don't name that, Jamie. Lishten to me. Hairs to the ould sixty-ninth, aiquill to none."

ALL bachelors are not entirly lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was lately given by one of them at a public dinner: "The ladies—sweetbriars in the garden of life."

THE proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery."

A PRINTER'S toast: "Woman—the fairest work of creation; the edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy." Our only objection to the work is, that there are too many gilt-edged and fancy-bound copies in the market.

JONES was not tipsy the other night when it became his duty at the proper stage of the proceedings to give the regular toast to women, for he said so afterward. He proceeded:

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

AN old bachelor gives the following as a toast: "The ladies—the only endurable aristocracy, who elect without voting, rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong."

HERE is a very good domestic toast: "May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

DURING the war with Great Britain an American officer, who carried a flag over to the British lines, after having dispatched the business of his mission, was invited by the commanding British officer to dine. As usual on such occasions, the wine was circulated, and a British officer being called upon for a toast, gave "Mr. Madison, dead or alive;" which the American drank without appearing to give it particular notice. When it came to the American's turn to give a toast, he gave, "The Prince Regent, drunk or sober."—"Sir," said the British officer, bristling up and coloring with anger, "that is an insult."—"No, sir," answered the American very coolly, "it is only a reply to one."

THE men all sign to the following sentiment: "The ladies—may their virtues exceed the magnitude of their skirts, and their faults less than their bonnets."

AT a public meeting, the following "dry" toast was given. The author will get "buttered" when he gets home: "The press—the pulpit—and petticoats: the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably."

A WIFE'S toast for the tea-table: "My husband—may he never be tight; but tight or strait, my husband."

THE following toast was given at a fishing frolic: "The ladies—may we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss."

AT a corporation dinner in England, one of the visitors proposed a toast:—"May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast omitted the word "distress," and read as follows: "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see with the other."

A TOAST at an Irish society's dinner at Cincinnati was, "Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Raferty, and may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave."

THE following toast was given at a banquet:—"The rights of woman; if she cannot be captain of a ship, may she always command a smack."

AT a public supper in Rockford, some mean disgraceful scamp offered the following toast: "The ladies—they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them."

SOME one who had a keen appreciation of domestic comfort, once gave as a toast: "Woman, the only sewing machine that basted a goose."

A GENTLEMAN gave as a toast at dinner: "The ladies—divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses;" when a lady gave: "The gentlemen—divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles."

A NEGRO once gave this toast:—"De late gubnor of the State; he came in with little opposition, him go out with none at all."

A MILITARY gentleman, at the dinner-table of a fancy military company, gave the following as a sentiment:—"This company—invincible in peace, invisible in war."

AT a dinner of the foreign ministers, the British ambassador gave: "England—the sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador followed with: "France—the moon, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, controlling them in the darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful." Dr. Franklin then rose, and, with his usual dignity and simplicity, said: "George Washington—the Joshua, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

When John Adams was a young man, he was invited to dine with the Court and Bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent Loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave as a toast, "The King." Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it. But Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, "We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment." At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "The Devil." As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, his wife calmed him, and turned the laugh on Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to our friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to his."

TRAVELLERS

A story is told of an old lady who lived near Rochester, and had never seen or travelled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. So she went to the ticket office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking-chair on the other. She bought her ticket, walked out on the platform, put down her rocking-chair, sat down in it, took out her knitting and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in and leaving as the car-time came round. The old lady made no attempt to get on the cars, but kept knitting. The day drew to a close, and night came on. The last train was about starting, when the depot-master went up and asked her if she was going out. "Yes, sir," replied the old lady. "Hadn't you better go aboard, and secure a seat?" said the depot-master. "Thank you, sir, I'm very comfortable," replied the elderly dame. The train left. The master came around again. "Madam, I shall have to disturb you; it is late; the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"—"Well," exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up her hands, "aint the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat, on which some pesky man couldn't sqeeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I've had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisances and humbugs as ever was." And the old lady, with bag on one arm and rocking-chair on the other, gave a toss of her head, and marched off in high indignation. She mistook the depot for the cars, and expected to travel in it.

M. Blanc, a millionnaire, who came within an ace of being elected deputy, was returning from Burgundy by a night train. A lady, young and pretty, occupied the same compartment. Now M. Blanc, who, in spirit of his naturally small feet, tried to make them smaller still, was suffering terribly from tight boots. All at once he noticed that the lady was asleep and he could just as well take off his boots, which he did. Suddenly the station lights begin to appear in sight. One boot is quickly put on, but the other, alas! does not go on so easily. He pulls and pushes; finally the foot goes in, but is terribly pinched. Once at the station, M. Blanc hides himself in a cab, and thinks his troubles at an end. When he reaches the house, imagine his surprise at finding his right foot in a lady's boot. The lady had been in a similar situation with himself. Madame Blanc refuses to believe a word of his story; she cries, goes into hysterics, and finally returns to her father, refusing to hold any communication with her unfortunate husband. But think of the reception accorded to the lady of the train when her husband saw her predicament.

A Zanesville man, being "flat broke," and wanting to go to Columbus, concluded to "brass it," and accordingly took a seat in a car on the Central Ohio Railroad. The train had nearly reached Claypool's before the conductor, whom we shall call Jones, had reached our deadhead friend, in his round of collecting tickets and fares. "Your ticket, if you please," said the conductor. "Haven't any," said the dead-head. "Where are you going?" inquired the conductor. "Columbus," replied the dead-head. "Two dollars and ten cents," said Jones. "Haven't nary a stamp," replied our dead-head acquaintance. "You must pay your fare or get off the train," said Jones. "Stop her," quietly remarked the dead-head. The train was stopped, and he was left on the side of the road to await, as he said, the next train, on which he succeeded in getting. The same scene transpired, ending by the dead-head telling the conductor to "stop her," and he being left again on the side of the road. Train after train was boarded, and each put him off a little nearer to Columbus. The last train on which he got was that of our friend Jones, who was on his return trip from Bellaire to Columbus. Dead-head got on his train at Pataskai. "Going to Columbus again, I suppose," said Jones. "Haven't been there yet," said dead-head. "I can't get a ride of more than six miles before they put me off. I don't think I'll get on more than one or two trains after your'n before Columbus will be the putting-off place."—"Well, do you think we can carry you unless you pay your fare?" inquired Jones. "Stop her," quietly remarked dead-head. "Well, I do think," said Jones, "of all the brassy individuals I ever met, you are ahead of them all. I'll take you there for your impudence." And so dead-head was carried into Columbus on the same train he started on three days before.

SOME years ago, Napoleon, Ind., was celebrated for two things—one for carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night, and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined. "I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"—"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north." The traveller noted it down. "Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edinburg?"—"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west."—"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"—"Go to Napoleon and take the road southwest."—"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on. "Go to Napoleon and take the road northwest." The collector looked at his note book—every direction had Napoleon on it. He began to feel his dander rise, and he turned once more to the drover with:—"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?" The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and, after a moment's hesitation, said:—"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you can take than to go to Napoleon."

ARTEMUS WARD had an adventure in Boston once, which resulted as follows: "I returned in the hoss-cars part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smiling in a seductive manner I said to the girl in spectacles: 'Don't I remind you of some one you used to know?'—'Yes,' said she, 'you do remind me of a man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conclood you aint him.' I did not pursue the conversation."

A TRAVELLER came down the wharf just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get aboard. "Certainly," said he. "Then take one off that fence," was the cool reply.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Nashville paper tells a story about a person who was going to Chattanooga on the railroad. When the train entered the tunnel and there was total darkness, said person asked a stranger how long it would be going through. Stranger was a bit of a wag, and replied, "two hours." Person thought he would avail himself of the opportunity to don a clean shirt, and about the time he had "shucked" himself, the train dashed out into daylight, exposing his person to the astounded gaze of some hundred pair of male and female eyes belonging to the passengers. He had on no linen, and about as much clothes as Apollo Belvidere—and no chance to run.

THERE is something rich in the American's reply to the European traveller when he asked him "if he had crossed the Alps?"—"Wall, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass over some risin ground."

DID you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and door closed, eight on a side, limited of course to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drivare," said a Frenchman, "let me come out of ze dore; I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in ze omzebus. I 'ave no paraplui, mais I prefer ze rain water, to ze mauvais smell."

A NATIVE of Western Africa who visited this country, when asked what he would call ice, said, "Him be water fast asleep;" and when asked what he would call the railroad car in which he was riding, said, "Him be a thunder-mill."

THERE is nothing more damaging than the witness that proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us something of an Irish peer, who, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctually faithful to his orders, but whenever he said "My massa am a Frenchman," he always added, "so am I."

THE Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, mashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he recovered his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought *terra firma*) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her band-box and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured."—"La, me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

A GENTLEMAN in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

A NERVOUS individual once entered a baggage car and commenced overhauling the baggage. The baggage master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him rather gruffly with: "What's wanting, sir?"—"I am looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man. "I will take care of your trunk, sir, that is my business," retorted B. M. "O, I am aware of that sir, but I would always much rather keep my trunk under my eye!"—"Well then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your trunk under your eye the whole time!" The nervous man disappeared.

THE boat had just arrived, and the landing was as usual crowded with cabmen, porters, etc. When the passengers commenced landing, a porter stepped up to a country-looking chap, saying, "Carry your baggage, sir?"—"No," was the reply. "Shan't I carry your baggage?" —"No! I aint got any baggage." The porter looked at him for a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment, "Why, master, that's one of your feet, aint it? If I didn't think it was a leather trunk!"

A PASSENGER presented himself at a way station on the Virginia and Tennessee road, with two trunks and a saddle, for which he requested checks. The baggage master promptly checked the trunks, but demanded the extra charge of twenty-five cents for the saddle. To this the passenger demurred, and losing his temper peremptorily asked: "Will you check my baggage, sir?"—"Are you a horse?" quietly inquired George the baggage master. "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the irate traveller. "You claim to have this saddle checked as baggage?"—"Certainly, it is baggage," positively returned the passenger. "Well," said the imperturbable George, "by the company's regulations nothing but wearing apparel is admitted to be baggage; and, if this saddle is your wearing apparel, of course you must be a horse. Now, sir, just allow me to strap it on your back, and it shall go to the end of the road without any extra charge whatever." The traveller paid his quarter.

Two young officers were travelling in the Far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small roadside tavern, kept by a rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests if they chose long sweetening or short sweetening? The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of the article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stirred the finger round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening," upon which the old woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and biting off a piece put it into the cup. Both gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening.

"WHO are yeou?" asked a long-legged Connecticutite of a rather overbearing conductor on the New Haven Railroad. "I am the conductor of these cars."—"And all the folks in 'em I s'pose?"—"Yes." (Shorter than pie crust.)—"Wall, I swow! if that aint a poorty go. Yeou a conductor of other folks, and dunno how tew conduct yourself!"

"JOSEPH, Joseph," bawled a group of idle Parisians before a hack-stand. "Here! here! here!" shouted twenty voices, running up to catch the fare. "Are you Joseph?"—"Yes, sir, 'tis me, 'tis me."—"Did your brothers sell you into Egypt?"—"O, no, sir."—"Then you aint the Joseph we want."

SOME genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for traveling "bime-by," that you can go anywhere for nothing, and come back again for half price.

A WESTERN gent, at the St. Nicholas, having taken possession of his room, locked it up to go out into the city, and leaving the key at the bar told the clerk with great simplicity "not to wait dinner for him."

A SORE-FOOTED pedestrian, travelling in Ireland, met a man, and asking him rather roughly why the miles were so plaguy long, the Hibernian replied: "Ye see, yer honor, the roads are not in good condition, so we give very good measure."

CORA MOWATT, who wrote foreign letters for the San Francisco Chronicle, tells a story of a bridal pair, making the tour of Switzerland, who came to a crowded hotel, and were informed by the landlord that there was one unoccupied room in the house, the bath room, and that a couple of beds might be made in the two baths which it contained. The youthful couple were well pleased to secure even this shelter after a fatiguing journey, and retired to rest. An hour or two later the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by shrieks of distress issuing from the bath-room. The lady, wishing to summon a servant, had pulled what she presumed was a bell-rope suspended over her bed in the bath, when suddenly she was inundated by a shower of cold water. The gentleman, roused by her cries, and not quite comprehending the position, pulled a supposed bell-rope which he felt dangling over his bath-bed, to bring him a domestic, but brought, instead, a shower of hot water over himself. It was quite dark, and neither bride nor bridegroom could grope their way to the door. By the time succor came, they were up to their knees in water.

JOHN PHŒNIX, the inimitable wit, thus tells an incident connected with a ride on the New York Central Railroad: "I had observed at each change of the cars, and they were frequent, when the general scramble took place, one car was defended from the assault by a stalwart man, usually of stalwart persuasions, who, deaf to menaces unsoftened by bribes, maintained his post for the benefit of the 'leddies.' 'Leddies car, sir, av you please, forred car for gintlemen without leddies.' Need I say that this car was the most comfortable of the train, and with the stern resolve which ever distinguished me in the discharge of my duty toward myself, I determined to get into it. So when we changed cars at Utica, I rushed forth, and seeing a nice young person, and a pretty face, urging her way through the crowd, I stepped up to her side, and, with my native grace and gallantry, offered my arm and assistance. They were gracefully accepted, and, proud of my success, I urged my fair charge upon the platform of the ladies' car. My old enemy was holding the door. 'Is this your lady?' With an inward apology to Mrs. Phœnix for the great injustice done to her charms, I replied 'yes.' Judge of my horror when this low employé of a monopolizing company, said with the tone and manner of an old acquaintance: 'Well, Sal, I guess you've done well, but I don't think his family will think much of the match.' "

A YANKEE traveller put up at a certain country inn where a number of loungers were assembled telling large stories. After listening a while, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. One guessed five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, till one asked: "How much did you get?"—"Not a cent," was the reply.

A GOOD story is told of the late W. B. Burton which we have never seen in print. While travelling on a steamboat down the Hudson, he seated himself at the table and called for some beefsteak. The waiter furnished him with a small strip of the article, such as travellers are usually put off with. Taking it upon his fork, and turning it over and examining it with one of his peculiar serious looks, the comedian coolly remarked, "Yes, that's it; bring me some."

JONES says that the other day he was in a steamboat above St. Louis, and there was a raw hoosier on board. At night, when the folks went to bed, Mr. Hoosier lay down in his berth with his boots on. The steward seeing this, walks up and politely says, "Sir, you have laid down with your boots on." Mr. Hoosier calmly raises his head, and looking down at the boots, innocently replies, "It won't hurt 'em; they are not the best pair."

"WHAT is the size of this place?" gravely asked a New Yorker of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out O-pe-li-ka at a Southern station where not a house was visible among the pines except a rambling shed called an "eating saloon."—"It's about as big as New York," was the ready answer, "but it isn't built up yet."

"WILL you help me out of this mud-hole?" said a travelling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud-hole, because his horses couldn't pull it out. "No, I can't stop," said a Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and was fearful that he would be too late for the cars. "I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the druggist. "What are you loaded with?" asked the Yankee. "Drugs and medicines," said he. "I guess I'll try to get you out then, for I am loaded with tombstones." They were seen travelling together after that.

A TRAVELLER, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a sparsely settled section of the country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming out a sickly-looking field, and relieved the oppression of his spirits thus: "My young friend, it seems to me your corn is rather small."—"Yes, sir, daddy planted the small kind."—"Ah, but it appears to look rather yellow, too."—"Yes, sir, daddy planted the yaller kind."—"From appearance, my lad, you won't get more than half a crop."—"Just half a crop, stranger, daddy planted it on halves." The horseman proceeded on his way, and has not been known to speak to a boy since. He considers them bores.

"AINT you ashamed to beg, a stout fellow like you? I should think you might work." Picturesque beggar (drawing himself up), "Senor, I asked you for alms, not for advice."

"WHAT have you got that's good?" said a hungry traveller, as he seated himself at a dinner-table in Salt Lake City. "Och, we've got roast beef, corn beef, roast mutton, boiled and fried ham, and broiled curlew."—"What is curlew?" said the stranger. "Curlew, why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe."—"Could it fly?"—"Yes."—"Did it have wings?"—"Yes."—"Then I don't want any curlew in mine; anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this confounded country, I don't want for dinner."

"TICKETS, sir," said a railroad conductor, passing through one of the trains, to a passenger. "My face is my ticket," replied the other, a little vexed. "Indeed," said the conductor, rolling back his wristbands and displaying a most powerful bunch of fives; "well, my orders are to punch all tickets passing over this road."

A TRAVELLER, being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; "but somewhere in Europe—Russia, I think."—"I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other.

ON a trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draft one, as there was only two feet of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "Man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Go ahead with your old steamboat; I'll walk behind you."

THE Buffalo Express relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie: A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room, and placing his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it and commenced a valorous attack upon the viands placed before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came around to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated, "Dollar, sir."—"A dollar!" responded the eating man, "a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?"—"That's true," said Meanness, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed unto it, saying: "Carpet bag, it seems you're an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat,"—upon which he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least eight dollars' worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.

A STORY is told of two Western men who travelled together three days in a stage coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it wasn't?" was the reply.

"WHAT are you doing with that lumber?" cried a steamboat captain to an Irishman who was staggering towards the boat beneath the weight of a huge plank just as the bell was ringing for the last time. "What am I doing? Sure, wasn't it yerself as said, all ye's as going 'get a board,' and isn't this an illegant one entirely," said the Hibernian, triumphantly, amid the laughter of the spectators. The captain gave him his board and passage that trip.

"CAPTAIN, what's your fare to St. Louis?"—"What part of the boat do you wish to go in—cabin or deck?"—"Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabin at home, give me the best you've got."

THERE is a railroad down South which runs one train a day, drawn by a locomotive of about one coffee-pot power. The conductor is so polite, that if a lady shouts out: "Mr. Conductor, I should like a drink of water," he immediately jumps off, blocks the train with a stick, and attends the lady.

CONVERSATION between inquiring stranger and steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?"—"Yes, sir—highest mountain about Lake George."—"Any story or legend connected with that mountain?"—"Lots of 'em. Two lovers once went up that mountain, and never came back again."—"Indeed! Why, what became of them?"—"Went down on the other side."

A SCOTCHMAN and an Irishman happened to be journeying together, through a most interminable forest, and by some mishap lost their way and wandered about in a pitiable condition for a while, when they fortunately came across a miserable hovel, which was deserted save by a lone chicken. As this poor biped was the only thing eatable to be obtained, they eagerly despatched and prepared it for supper. When laid before them, Pat concluded that it was insufficient for the support both of himself and Sawney, and therefore a proposition was made to his companion that they should spare the chicken until the next morning, and the one who had the most pleasant dream should have the chicken, which was agreed to. In the morning Sawney told his dream. He thought angels were drawing him up to heaven in a basket, and he was never before so happy. Upon concluding his dream, Pat exclaimed, "Och, sure, and be jabers, I saw ye going, and thought ye wouldn't come back, so I got up and ate the chicken myself."

A MAGAZINIST makes a grumbling porter at the Springs say: "You call that a trunk, do you? It only needs a lightning-rod to make it look more like a boarding-house than what's to be found in Saratogy."

A TRAVELLER in the backwoods met with a settler near a house, and inquired: "Who's house?"—"Mog's."—"Of what built?"—"Logs."—"Any neighbors?"—"Frogs."—"Your diet?"—"Hogs."—"How do you catch them?"—"Dogs."

A PROFANE coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a pious traveller: "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him."—"Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does your Maker." Feeling deeply the reproof, the coachman no longer took his Maker's name in vain.

JONATHAN says there is but one guide-board in the whole State of Rhode Island, and that points the wrong way; and when a man asks the direction to any place within the State, they set the dogs on him.

A TRAVELLER stopped at an inn to breakfast, and having drunk a cup of what was given to him, the servant asked: "What will you take, sir, tea or coffee?" —"That depends upon circumstances," was the reply, "if what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee. If it was coffee, I want tea—I want a change."

A RAILROAD conductor having insulted a lady passenger, she said indignantly, "that the company which owned the road should not have another cent of her money."—"How so?" said the conductor, "how can you manage it?"—"Hereafter," replied the lady, "instead of buying my ticket at the office, I shall pay my fare to you."

A TOURIST who was at the Alps writes: "I was lost in rapture and amazement, and was in all the enjoyment which such a scene inspires, when I was disturbed in my reverie by the heavy breathing of a man, better described as puffing and blowing. I turned round and beheld the very type and figure of a railway contractor. He looked at me, and putting his huge paw upon my shoulder, asked in such a voice: 'His this the Halps?' "

THE good old times are not gone forever. Here is an incident: On a trip of a Mississippi steamboat, the clerk had allotted the last state-room, and was about to close his office when he was astonished by the apparition of a tall Missourian, who exclaimed: "I say, stranger, I want one of them chambers."—"Sorry, sir," said the official, blandly, "but our state-rooms are all taken."—"The devil they are!" responded Missouri; "I've paid my fare'n I want one o' them chambers." —"Allow me to see your ticket," said the still polite clerk. Putting his hand to the back of his neck, the passenger pulled out a ten inch bowie knife, and driving it quivering into the counter, said: "I'm from Pike county, young man, and thare's my ticket. I want one of them chambers." Before the steel had ceased to vibrate, the prompt clerk quietly thrust a loaded and capped six-shooter under Pike's nose, and coolly answered: "I've only got 'six chambers,' and you see they are all full." The Missourian edged out of range, and putting up his toothpick, ejaculated: "A full hand's good."

AN Englishman travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman if any one was ever lost in the passage, and was answered by Terence as follows: "Never, never. My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him again the next day."

A GENTLEMAN dressed in the height of fashion, and who had arrived at the Northern Central Depot from some point north, rushed up to the baggage room, and in a peremptory manner demanded that his baggage should be given him in preference to all other customers. His manner was somewhat offensive, and when informed by a plainly clad but humorous-looking son of the Emerald Isle that he must have patience and wait his turn, he turned upon the adviser and imparter of knowledge with, "Sir, you're an ass." The honest Irishman gazed at him an instant and then replied, "And you, sir, are an ape, and what a pity it is, that when we two were made bastes, that ye wasn't made an illiphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the time." The impatient trunk-owner could not withstand the roar of laughter which was indulged in by the bystanders, and, handing his check to a hackman, he beat a hasty retreat from the depot.

FATHER HUC, the famous Catholic explorer of the interior of China, relates that on one of his long journeys among that strange people, his caravan embraced an unusual number of jacks among the donkeys, employed as carriers of the expedition; and these jacks at every resting-place kept up such an intolerable braying, especially towards morning, as to render sleep impossible to the abbé, and he at last complained of this to the master of the donkeys, who instantly replied that his gracious highness should be no more disturbed by this braying; and sure enough, a quiet night with its refreshing sleep followed, and on inquiring into the cause in the morning, he was pointing to the noisy jacks, each with a heavy stone tied to his tail. "That," said the driver, "is the way to settle them. The donkey stands upon his dignity and will not bray unless he can straighten out his tail; and with a heavy stone attached he can't straighten it out, don't you see? Every time he tries it the weight on his tail pulls him down and shuts his jaws."

A TRAVELLER found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "Thank you" was worth twenty-five cents, and a "Thank you kindly" was worth thrity-seven and a-half cents. Soon after, the traveller called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord what was to pay. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "I thank you," said the traveller, and walked off.

TRICKS, EXPEDIENTS AND PRACTICAL JOKES.

A MAN in the dress of a workman was walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why, this letter is for me! I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize; but, on breaking the seal, found nothing but a few sheets of paper, on which was written, "Done."

A COUPLE of Yankee girls put a bullfrog in the hired man's bed, to see if they could not get him to talk. Daniel threw the frog out of the window, and never said a word. Soon after, he put a half bushel of chestnut burs in the girls' bed, and about the time he thought they would make the least shadow, Daniel went to the door and rattled the door furiously. Out went the candle and in went the girls; but they didn't stick, though the burs did. Calling to them he begged them to be quiet, for he only wanted to know if they had seen anything of that pesky bullfrog. He'd gin tew dollars to find it.

THE Duke of Froussac, nephew of Marshal Richelieu, was coming out of the opera one night in a splendid dress, embroidered with pearls, when two thieves managed to cut off his coat-tails. Early the next morning a man called at the duke's hotel, and demanded to see him at once, on a matter of most vital importance. "Monseigneur," said the visitor, "I have been sent by the lieutenant of police to request you to order the coat to be placed in my hands that we may convict the offenders by comparing it with the mutilated tails." The dress was given up, and the duke was in raptures with the vigilance of the police. But it was a new trick of the rogue who had stolen the tails, by which he possessed himself of the entire garment.

A LETTER was once received in New Orleans, directed "To the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks in the office informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself."—"And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'thou art the man.'"

AN Irishman left Copperopolis (Cal.) for San Andres, with his carpet sack on his back, and when about five miles on his way, was met by a "road agent" (the name given in California to highway robbers), who demanded his money. Pat immediately dropped his pack on the ground and sat down on it, and thus addressed the man: "Holy Virgin, yez must be thick along this road; I've only come five miles this morning, and this is the fourth time I've been stopped and asked for my money."—"Is that so?" asked the highwayman. "By my soul, it's the gospel truth," replied Pat. "Well, then, you had better proceed on your way; it wouldn't pay to go through you now." Pat shouldered his carpet bag and they were about to separate, when he turned round and said: "Have ye iver sich a thing about ye as a match to light me pipe wid?" He was supplied with one, and the two separated. The Irishman had five hundred dollars in gold coin in his bundle, and by this piece of shrewdness saved his money.

A JOURNEYMAN weaver took to his employer a piece of cloth he had just finished. Upon examination, two holes but half an inch a part were found, for which a fine of two shillings was demanded. "Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?" added the workman. "Yes," replied the master, "a shilling for every hole, big or little." Whereupon the workman immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming, "That'll save a shilling, anyhow." His employer was so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the fine at once.

PAT FLANNERTY was not only an efficient officer, but something of a wag. Fond of a good joke, he never missed an opportunity of playing one. One evening he was sitting on Uncle Sam's corner fronting the levee, when a "long, lank," Wabash deck-hand passed him, holding in one hand an acre of gingerbread, and in the other a huge bologna sausage. At almost every step he would satisfy the cravings of his appetite with a bite from each of the aforesaid articles. Pat no sooner saw him than he determined on a joke. As the hoosier passed Pat, a rat ran across the sidewalk at which he wickedly made a kick. "Leave that rat alone!" yelled Pat, as if angry. "Leave that rat alone?" replied the hoosier, looking at Pat, with his mouth full of bologna, "what do you want a feller to leave that alone for?"—"Because it belongs to me, and I will not have it abused."—"Belongs to you! what on airth do you want to do with rats?"—"Make bologna sausages with them, sir, and right nice ones they make, too." The hoosier waited to hear no more, but emptying his mouth of its contents, and flinging his bologna as far as the strength of his arm would send it, hastened to the nearest groggery for a ten cent dram, to, as he expressed it, "take the darned ratty taste out."

A CELEBRATED swindleress thus narrates one of her operations: "I was once in the city of Washington, examining heads, etc., and had rather bad luck. I couldn't much more than make my board, and determined in some way to raise the wind. So I one day sent the man who travelled with me to a swamp, where he cut two hundred sticks. These he drew to the city, according to my orders, and put them on the streets to sell as canes from the Mount Vernon estate, and all of them readily sold for a dollar a piece. "I don't suppose," added the madam, "that a single man who bought a cane cared any more for Washington than I do, but they thought it would be a nice idea to have a cane from his farm, and they never knew the difference. I tell you, there is nothing like humbug. People will pay more for it than for anything else; and so long as they will be humbugged, I might as well make something of it as anybody."

THE Chinese Mail, printed at Hong Kong, announced the following as "a great fact for henwives:"—"A cute Yankee has invented a nest, in the bottom of which is a trap door, through which the egg, when laid, immediately drops, and the hen, looking round and perceiving none, immediately goes to work and lays another."

SOON after the treaty of peace between England and America, the captain of an American vessel in London fell in company with some sharpers, who urged him very much to join them in drinking a bottle or two of porter. He, however, not aware of the policy, consented to go to a public house, when, after they had drank freely, dropped off one by one, until the Yankee was left quite alone. The innkeeper coming in, says to him: "What, are you left alone?"—"Yes," replied the other. The innkeeper observed to him that he was not much acquainted with their "English blades." —"I am not," replied the American. "Well," said the man of the tavern, "the reckoning falls on you."—"Does it?" replied the other, affecting surprise, and clapping his hand into his pocket as if to pay, but pausing said, "Well, if this be the case, give me another bottle before I go." The innkeeper stepped out to get it. In the meantime the American wrote on the table—"I leave you American handles for your English blades," and walked off in his turn.

A VERY loquacious lady once offered to bet her husband fifty dollars that she would not speak a word for a week. "Done!" said the delighted husband, staking the money, which the lady immediately put into her pocket, observing very gravely, that she would secure it until the wager was decided. "Why, madam," cried the husband, "I have won it already."—"You are mistaken in the time," said the lady, "I mean the week after I am buried."

A GOOD joke was perpetrated by John Dempsey, who keeps a saloon, on a countryman. A dispute on the subject of religious faith arising between the parties, the countryman asserted that Catholics had no faith. John being of the latter persuasion, denied the assertion in the most decided manner, and proposed that a kettle of hot water be brought and five dollars a side be put up to decide as to whose faith could longest endure the pain of thrusting a foot into it. The water was brought, and the stakes put up. Dempsey, who, mark you, has a wooden leg as his dowry for faithful service against the late rebellion, thrust in his foot and held it there for some considerable time without showing any more symptoms of pain than prudence dictated. The countryman then took his turn, but his foot had not reached the bottom of the vessel ere he shrieked with agony and hopped across the room, declaring he was terribly scalded—and so he was. Dempsey, of course, pocketed the stakes, and the countryman went home none the wiser, but doubtless enlightened on the subject of the Catholic faith.

WHEN Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the driver answered that he would as soon as he got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the opposite door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick whipped out a third time, and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that "he had got his complement." He would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would accommodate the gentleman and make room for him.

A JEW in a tavern, in the town of Endingen, saw a merchant whom he seemed to recognize. "Are you one of the good men with whom I had the pleasure to travel from Basel to Strasbourg, on the Rhine?" The merchant assented and asked: "Have you, my fellow traveller since we met, done much trade?" The Jew instead of answering, asked, "Did you make a good speculation at the fair? If so, I should like to promise to bet you; that is, I bet that you cannot repeat three words after me as I say them." The merchant, thinking that a few pence more or less would make no difference to him, replied, "Say on." The Jew said, "Cutler." The merchant repeated "Cutler." Next "Bagpipe," the bagpipe was responded to. The Jew smiled and said, "Wrong." The merchant, puzzled, bethought himself where the mistake could be; but the Jew taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, made a stroke, and said, "One sixpence for me." Again the Jew commenced and said, "Olive oil." The merchant said, "Olive oil."—"Tanner."—"Tanner." The Jew smiled again and said, "Wrong." And so on the sixth time, when the merchant said, "Now I will pay you if you can show me how I was wrong." The Jew said, "You never said the third word, 'Wrong,' and accordingly I won the bet." The merchant paid, and the Jew had made money as he went along.

A LITTLE urchin in Westminster saw a shilling lying on the footway. He had no sooner picked it up than it was claimed by a carman. "Your shilling hadn't got a hole in it."—"Yes it had," said the rogue of a carman. "Then this 'un aint," coolly replied the boy, and walked off triumphantly.

A SHARP old gentleman travelling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car, by requesting the young man who sat by her to "please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits."

A STORY is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was travelling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay coachmen and others in the following manner: Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them, one by one, in the creditor's hands, keeping his eye fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the last coin deposited in the hand, and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterward found that in persuing this method, he had not overpaid for anything.

W. IS one of the richest men in Ohio, and has made his money by driving sharp bargains. His hired man was one day going along with a load of hay, which he overturned upon a cow. The poor thing was smothered to death before they could get her out. The owner, Jones, called upon Mr. W. the next day, and demanded payment for the loss of his cow. "Certainly," said Mr. W.; "what do you suppose she was worth?"—"Well, about ten dollars," said Jones. "And how much did you get for the hide and tallow?"—"Ten dollars and a half, sir."—"O, well, then you owe me just fifty cents." Jones was mystified, and W. very fierce in his demand, and before Jones could get the thing straight in his mind he forked over the money.

TWO gentlemen were walking together in Paris: "I will engage," said one to the other, "to give the man before me a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do. The stranger turned around astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the kicker, "I took you for the Duke de la Tremonille." The duke was very handsome—the man was very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

"Is your horse perfectly gentle?"—"Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got, if that be a fault, is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then."—"By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking I hope?"—"Some people call it kicking, but it is only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice."

"I UNDERSTAND, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town?"—"Yes, Mr. Smith. I think so."—"Ahem! Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as well as I can whittle."—"Pooh! nonsense, Mr. Smith. Talk about whittling—what can you whittle as nice as I can turn?"—"Anything—everything, Mr. Jones. You just name the articles that I can't whittle that you can turn, and I will give this dollar if I do not do it to the satisfaction of these gentlemen present." Here Mr. Smith tables the dollar. "Ahem! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones just for a trial, you know—you whittle the one while I turn the other." A fair "sell." Mr. Smith stared a moment and vamosed. The forfeited dollar was quickly disposed of by those present with great glee and satisfaction.

On a very rainy day, a man entering his house, was accosted by his wife in the following manner: "Now, my dear, while you are wet go and fetch me a bucket of water." He obeyed, brought the water and threw it all over her, saying at the same time: "Now, my dear, while you are wet go and fetch another."

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign and put it over a lawyer's door: in the morning it read: "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

A trick was once played off at a fair in France. A well-dressed gentleman, sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched looking man, who had dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver. "How can you be so foolish?" cried a fellow standing by; "that fellow is an impostor, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, throwing down his crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other, amidst roars of laughter from the bystanders, ran after him, menacing him with his cane; and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane, but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole scene had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having been so victimized.

A Cuban physician having been robbed to a serious extent in his tobacco works, discovered the thief by the following ingenious artifice: Having called his negro slaves together, he addressed them thus: "My friends, the Great Spirit appeared to me during the night, and told me that the person who stole my money should at this instant—this very instant—have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." On this announcement, the thief, anxious to find out if his guilt had declared itself, put his finger to his nose. "Man," cried the master instantly, "tis thou who hast robbed me. The Great Spirit has just told me so."

Two Irishmen who were travelling together got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and means: Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a craitur that was?—"Why, it is a frog," said the landlord. "No, sir," said Pat, "it's a mouse."—"It is a frog," replied the landlord. "It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whiskey."—"Agreed," said the landlord. Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, he declared it to be a mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

A sailor having purchased some medicine of a celebrated doctor demanded the price. "Why," says the doctor, "I cannot think of charging you less than seven shillings and six pence."—"Well, I tell you what," said the sailor, "take off the odd and I will give you the even."—"Well," replied the doctor, "we don't quarrel about trifles." The sailor then put down the six pence and was walking off, when the doctor reminded him of his mistake. "No mistake, at all, sir—six is even and seven is odd all the world over, so I bid you good morning."—"Be off," said the doctor, "it is a sell; but I've made four pence out of you still."

"EDWARD," said his mother to a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard, "you musn't go out of that gate into the street."—"No, ma, I won't," was the reply. A few minutes afterward his mother had occasion to go to the window. To her surprise she saw Edward in the street, engaged in the very edifying employment of manufacturing dirt pies. "Didn't I tell you," said she angrily, "not to go through the gate?"—"Well, I didn't, mother," was the very satisfactory reply. "I climbed over the fence."

"MY son, take that jug and fetch me some beer."—"Give me some money then."—"My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that, but to get beer without money, that's a trick." So the son took the jug and out he goes. Shortly he returns and places the jug before the father. "Drink," said the boy. "How can I drink," said the man, "when there is no beer in the jug?"—"To drink out of a jug," said the boy, "when there is beer in it, anybody can do that, but to drink beer out of a jug when there is no beer, that's a trick."

AN honest faced hoosier went into a fancy store in Cincinnati in search of a situation. The clerk was sitting in the counting-room, with his feet elevated and contemplating life through the softening influence of cigar smoke. "Do you want to hire any man about your establishment?" The clerk looked indifferently; but seeing his customer, concluded to have a little fun out of him, so he answered very briskly, at the same time pulling out a large and costly handkerchief, and wiping his nose on it. "Yes, sir. What sort of a situation do you wish?"—"Well, I am not particular. I am out of work, and almost anything will do for awhile."—"Yes, I can give you a situation if it will suit you."—"What is it? What's to be done, and what do you give?"—"Well, I want a hand to chew rags into paper, and if you are willing to set in, you may begin at once."—"Good as wheat. Hand me over your rags."—"Here, take this handkerchief, and commence with it." Hoosier saw the "sell," and quietly putting the handkerchief in his pocket walked out, remarking: "When I get this chewed, stranger, I'll fetch it back."

MANY years ago, when the white men who had seen the Rocky Mountains might still have been counted, and only a very few of the prairie Indians knew the use of firearms, Fitzpatrick had one day got separated from his companions and was pursuing his game alone in the wilderness; and, as ill luck would have it, he was seen by a war party of Indians, who immediately prepared to give chase. There was not the smallest chance of escape for him; but the young hunter made a feint of turning away, in order, if possible, to gain time. He happened to know that these savages, who as yet were little acquainted with the use of firearms, had several times, when they had taken white hunters prisoners, put the muzzles of their rifles close to their breasts, and fired them by way of experiment to see what would come of it. He therefore thought it prudent to extract the bullet from his, and then continued his flight. The Indians followed, and very soon overtook him; and then they disarmed him and tied him to a tree. One of the warriors whom it appeared understood how to pull a trigger, then seized the rifle, placed himself a few paces in front of the owner of it, took aim at his breast, and fired; but when the Indians looked eagerly through the smoke towards where Fitzpatrick stood they saw he was safe and sound in his place, and he quietly took out of his pocket the bullet he had previously placed there, and tossed it to his enemies who were all amazement. They declared he had arrested the bullet in its flight, was an invulnerable and wonderful conjuror, and what was more, that some great misfortune would most likely befall the tribe if they did not set him free immediately, and they therefore cut his bonds and made off as fast as possible, leaving Fitzpatrick to go where he pleased.

THERE was a knot of sea captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain B. of Salem, Mass., came in, and seeing the pepper, took up a handful of it. "What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the store keeper; "it's half peas."—"Peas! there isn't a pea in it," replied the store keeper. Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it. "I tell you there is, and I'll bet a dollar on it," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful. (The old Boston argument all over the world.) They took him up. "Well, spell that (pointing to the word p-e-p-p-e-r, painted on the barrel). If it isn't half p's, then I'm no judge, that's all." The bet was paid.

THERE were two short-sighted men who were always quarrelling as to which of them could see best; and, as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers of each to the test. But, each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and, looking quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words: "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went prying yet closer, and, in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and future," he read from smaller characters: "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling, in honor of the great man." On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed: "The inscription is: 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"—"True," said Chang; "but you have left out a part of the inscription; which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small characters: 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'"—"There is no such inscription," said Ching. "There is," said Chang. So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. After he had heard their story, he quietly said: "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

A GENTLEMAN, searching for a goose for dinner, was attracted by the sight of a plump and weighty one. "Is that a young one?" asked he of a young and rosy-checked lass in attendance. "Yes, sir; indeed it is."—"How much do you ask for it?" asked the gentleman. "Two dollars, sir."—"That is too much. Say one dollar, and have your money."—"Well, sir, as I would like to get you as a regular customer, I will take it." The goose was carried home, and roasted, but found to be so tough as to be uneatable; and the following day the gentleman accosted the fair poulterer. "Did you not tell me," he asked, "that that goose I bought of you was young?"—"Yes, sir, I did; and it was."—"No it was not."—"Don't you call me a young woman?"—"Yes."—"Well, I've heard my mother say, many a time, that it was nearly six weeks younger than me."

MR. BONCOURT, a rich financier, was very stingy to his wife. One day a lady, closely veiled, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. It was his wife.

"I SAY, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year or a year and a half or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the roadside. "Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed about an hour or an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is a mile, or a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long."

—"That'll do," said the Yankee; "you're ahead of me a foot, or a foot and a half, or two feet."

A NERVOUS old man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two rival blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to? "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

A FELLOW in North Carolina, having been put in jail for marrying thirteen wives made his escape: A gentleman afterwards recognized him, and anxious to receive the reward for his apprehension, invited him to dinner and then slyly slipped out in pursuit of a constable; but great was his horror on his return to find that the culprit had absconded with his own wife.

"CAN you do all kinds of casting here?" said a solemn looking chap at the iron-works the other day. "Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order, "all sorts."—"Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow." He immediately cast out.

A CAPITAL example of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed looking individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired: "Is the cashier in?"—"No, sir," was the reply. "Well, I am a dealer in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."—"I suppose it will," said the teller. "Very well, I will wait." The pen-dealer took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes; seeing no prospects of a change in his circumstances, he asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in. "Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior and told me that he would be back in that time." Peddler thought he would not wait. "Oh, you may stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day time, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you at night."

A SPRUCE looking young girl, carrying a bundle, was accosted in the streets of Philadelphia by a man, who chucked her under the chin, and said he would like to accompany her home. "Well, do," said the girl, "but hold my bundle a minute while I tie my shoe." The man took the bundle, when the girl started off on a run. The man felt a slight movement in the bundle, and in great trepidation started after her, repeatedly bawling out,—"Here, you woman, come back and take your baby." Soon a crowd gathered to learn the nature of his distress. "A woman gave me her baby to hold, and then ran off," piteously exclaimed the man of burden. "Take it to the alms house," shouted some half dozen voices. "Let us see it, first," cried one more sagacious than the rest; and, as a large coarse towel was unfolded, out jumped a full grown cat, who scampered off amid the vociferous shouts and laughter of all present, save one, who looked awfully. It seems that a lady, desiring to rid her house of one of these animals whose petty larcenies in the kitchen were a source of great annoyance, had commissioned the servant girl to take it out of the neighborhood and drop it.

"I DON'T see anything the matter with this plum pudding," said a fellow at a Thanksgiving dinner. "Well, who said there was?" growled his neighbor. "Why," said the first, "I concluded there was, as you all seem to be running it down."

"DIDN'T you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?"—"No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends, and remarked to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

Two Yankees strolling in the woods, without any arms in their possession, observed a bear climbing a tree, with its paws clasped around the trunk. One of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws, one in each hand. He then called out to his comrade: "Jonathan, run home and bring me something to kill this varmint; and mind you don't stay, or I'm in a fix. Jonathan ran off, but stayed a long time. During the interval, the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back. "Hallo, what kept you so long?"—"Well, I'll tell you. When I got home breakfast was ready, so I stayed to eat it."—"Well," said the comrade, "come now and hold the critter till I kill it." Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal. "Well, have you hold of him?"—"I guess I have."—"Very well, then, hold fast; I'm off for dinner."

"Will you oblige me with a light, sir?"—"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure," says the stranger, knocking off the ashes with his little finger, and presenting the red end of his cigar with a graceful bow. Smith commenced fumbling in his coat pocket; takes out his handkerchief; shakes it; feels in his vest pocket with a most desperate energy; looks blank. "Well, I do declare, haven't got one, true as the world. Have you another you could spare?"—"Certainly," says the stranger with a smile, "and I beg you will accept it." There is a puff, puffing till the fresh cigar ignites, when they separate with a suave bow and wave of the hand. Smith chucks his friend, who was near splitting with laughter, under the ribs with—"There, didn't I tell you I would get it? That's the way to get along in this world. Nothing like cool, polite impudence."

In a town in which they were building a railroad, was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring store, kept by a Yankee, and asked for a "yard of pork." The Yankee deliberately cut off three pigs' feet, and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what ye'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" asked the Irishman. "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit

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It is stated that "Old Sharp," the celebrated maker of articles from the Shakspeare "mulberry tree," of which as many were sold as would have taken almost a small forest to supply, used, when disposing of a curious article, to place his hand upon a piece of the real tree, which was affixed to his bench, and say, "I solemnly swear that I hold in my hand a portion of the tree which Shakspeare himself planted." This trick succeeded admirably, and Old Sharp died very rich; but on his death-bed he confessed that he had deceived thousands.

Some minstrels started out on a "tower," and advertised in a town to give a performance for "the benefit of the poor. Tickets reduced to ten cents." The hall was crammed, and next morning a committee for the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount the said benefit had netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand. "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concern for the benefit of the poor?"—"Well," replied the treasurer, "didn't we reduce the tickets to ten cents, so that the poor could all come?"

The Indians have always shown a fondness for strong drink, and have been willing to barter almost anything which they possessed for the means of gratifying their appetite. Sometimes, when they have become addicted to intemperance, it happens that they have nothing to barter, and then must depend upon their wits or go dry. One of this class came to a tavern and told the landlord that for a pint of whiskey he would tell him where he had just seen a bear. The landlord produced the whiskey. "Up at the top of the hill, where the road turns—you know where the big rock is?" said the Indian. "Yes."—"And beyond the rock there is a big stump—you know where that is?"—"Yes."—"Beyond that stump is an oak bush, and under it is the bear fast asleep." Boniface started with men, dogs and guns, but no bear was found. "You lying whelp," said he to the Indian, as he returned, "you have deceived me; there was no bear there, and none has been there lately."—"You found the rock, didn't you?" asked the Indian. "Yes, I found the rock."—"And the stump was there too, wasn't it?"—"Yes."—"And the bush was there?"—"Yes; but there was no bear there."—"Three truths to one lie. Pretty well for Indian. Better than white man do," was the cool reply.

A CUNNING trick was performed in Newark. A stranger who pretended to be tipsy slipped on the step in front of a machinery wareroom near the Market street depot, and broke a large plate glass window. The proprietors demanded payment, but the man pretended that he had no money. One of the partners then proposed that the culprit should be searched. This was done, and the owner of the window was rewarded by finding a one hundred dollar bill in his pocket. He immediately changed the bill, and after taking out twelve dollars for damages, handed the inebriate eighty-eight dollars. To this the stranger made no objection, but staggered off, and was soon lost to sight. In a short time the machinists had occasion to make a deposit, and the one hundred dollar bill was sent to bank. It was returned as a counterfeit. The stranger has not been seen since, and if arrested, he could not be prosecuted, as he did not attempt to pass the bill. This is a new "dodge."

A YANKEE and a Frenchman owned a pig in copartnership. When killing time came they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was anxious to divide so that he could get both hind-quarters, and persuaded the Frenchman that the proper way was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed to it, on the condition that the Yankee should turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back and the Frenchman asked, "Vich peece vill you have; ze peece vid de tail on him, or ze peece vat got no tail on him?"—"The piece with the tail," shouted the Yankee instantly. "Den you take him and I take ze odder," said the Frenchman. Upon turning around the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the pig's mouth.

"I HAD a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated fortune-teller. She did not discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy." Here the gentleman ceased. A lady much interested asked: "What did the fortune-teller say to him?"—"Why," said the gentleman, assuming a very grave aspect, "she told me I was to marry soon and would become the mother of ten children."

HAVING lost a good deal of money at the Jerome Park races, George Francis Train shouted out: "I'll bet five to one I am the biggest fool in the city or county of New York." After repeating the challenge several times, a man standing on the course with his port-monnaie in his hand, said: "Hallo, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided your name isn't George Francis Train."

"DID you pull my nose in earnest, sir?"—"Certainly I did, sir."—"It's well you did, sir, for I don't allow anybody to joke with me in that way."

"IN my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces, instead of their ankles."—"Ah, but my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

A WAG advertised a carriage to run without horses with only one wheel, and invited the curious in to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended. They were shown a wheelbarrow.

An Irishman in the city of Portland, Maine, accosted the captain of a steamer to inquire the fare to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued: "Good mornin', capting. Could you be afther tellin' me what's the fare to Boshton?"—"Three dollars," answered the captain. "But suppose I wint outside?"—"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars." This was undoubtedly more money than Pat had; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments, when a bright thought seemed to strike him. "I say, capting, what would ye be afther takin' a hunthred and sixty pounds of freight for?"—"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain. "Thin ye may put me down, capting, for I'm jist the boy that weighs that." The captain said to the clerk: "Put on the freight list 160 pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold."

"Rap! rap! rap!"—"Come in," said the country woman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. "Is Mr. Smith at home?" said he. "No, sir; he'll be home in a short time, though. Take a chair," said Mrs. Smith. He selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off at a rapid rate.

A California paper mentions a duel which was fought between a Yankee and an Englishman, in a dark room. The Yankee not wishing to have blood upon his hands, fired his pistol up the chimney, and to his horror, down came the Englishman.

Meeting a gentleman of his acquaintance one day in the street, Doctor M. was informed of a singular circumstance which had just happened: "A child had been born half black." Questioning his informer as to the fact, and dwelling upon its remarkable nature, he went on with the declaration: "he must look into that," and a day or two after called upon his friend for further particulars. "What," he asked, "was the color of the other half of the child?"—"Black, too." The doctor, who was a great wag, was sold.

A pair of those interesting, entertaining ladies, who seem to carry on so large a business in the way of procuring subscriptions for new works, and who are so delightfully importunate, so sweetingly un-get-rid-a-ble, called a short time since at the office of a young lawyer for the purpose of getting him to subscribe. "Indeed, ladies," said he, "the partnership of which I am an humble member has lately been so imprudent as to issue a new work of their own, which, in consequence of the enormous expense attending its illustrations, embellishments, etc., has completely crippled us."—"Then, perhaps," replied the angelic canvasser, "we could procure you some subscribers. What do you call your work?"—"Well, we have not fully determined as yet; but I guess I'll let my wife have her own way, and call it after me—Charles Henry."

Rather an amusing story is going about of a youth who recently came down from Castleton to Strabane, Ireland, on some business, and who, in returning to the station, found he was almost in time to be too late. He hurried up to the gate at full speed, but it was to hear the fatal signal given, and to see the train passing quietly off at increasing speed. With a face full of excitement, and with as much authority as he was capable of commanding, he shouted to the guard at the top of his voice: "Stop, for Lord Lifford's coming." It acted like magic, the obsequious guard instantly signalled, the speed slackened, the train stopped, moved back, and took its place by the platform to await his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile, the very anxious herald secured his ticket, and with great composure took his seat in a third class carriage. Then, putting his head out of the window, he informed the obliging guard his lordship had entered, and that he might move on. He was obeyed.

There was once a merchant prince in Sidney, who made a boast that he had never given away a shilling in his life. So far as known he only departed from his extreme selfishness on one occasion, and the circumstances are worth relating.

One morning a poor Irishman stepped into his counting-house, and looking the very picture of misery, said: "O, may it please yer honor, I've lost a pig, the only pig I had, and misthress has given me a pound, and sent me to you for another. She says you have enough gould to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little." At first the old hard-fist refused; upon which Paddy threw himself on a stool and raised such a piteous wail that the merchant, thinking he was mad about the death of his pig, gave him a pound to get rid of him. Next day the proprietor of the defunct porker was passing the warehouse, and seeing his benefactor at the door, touched his hat to him. "Well, did you get drunk with that pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich man. "Bought a pig, yer honor, a darling little thing, wid a swate twist in his tail, like a lady's curl."—"Well, it is to be hoped you'll take better care of him than you did of the other. What did he die of?"—"Die of?—Did you say die of, now? Why, get out wid ye, he was so fat I killed him."

"WHAT are you digging there for?" said an idling fellow to a steady laborer who was at work on a piece of waste land. "I am digging for money." The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told you are digging for money?"—"Well, I aint digging for anything else."—"Have you had any luck?"—"First rate luck—pays well; you had better take hold." All doffed their coats and laid on most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cart-loads, the question arose: "When did you get any money last?"—"Saturday night."—"Why, how much did you get?"—"Eighteen shillings."—"Why, that's rather small."—"It's pretty well; three shillings a day is the regular price for digging all over this 'ere district."

A MUSICIAN undertook to trade cows with a certain neighbor H., but after some bantering H. told the man that his "old cow was not worth a song," she was so old that she had no teeth in her upper jaw, and could not therefore eat young grass. Singing friend laughed, looked wise, and went off whistling. But the remark of H. preyed upon his mind, and he accordingly went and examined old brindle's mouth, and to his horror and surprise he found that she was entirely destitute of upper front teeth. Infuriated, he drove old brindle two miles to the house of the man he had bought her of, through a driving rain-storm, with mud up to his knees, and after berating the surprised man for selling him such a cow, demanded his money back at once. As soon as he could get in a word edgewise, the farmer told the angry man that cows never wore such teeth on the upper jaw, and to convince him, took him out to the barn yard, when, after opening the mouths of a dozen or so cattle, young and old, the singing man drove old brindle into the road and trudged home behind her, a sadder and a wiser man.

"SEE here, misther," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was driven up a tree by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up all your apples."

A WAG thus eulogises his musical attainments: "I know two tunes; one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't; I always sing the latter."

SOMEBODY sent seventy-five cents to a New York firm in answer to an advertisemen of a method of writing without pen or ink. He received the following inscription, in large type, on a card: "Write with a pencil."

ANDERSON, the wizard, met with a Yankee who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Yankee. "I say, are you Professor Anderson?"—"Yes, sir, at your service."—"Wa'al, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, too, kinder cute, too, you know."—"Ah, indeed; and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the professor, amused at the simple fellow. "Wa'al, I can take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."—"Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that too."—"No you can't. I'd like to see you try."—"Why, hold out your hand with a cent in it." Yankee stretched out his paw with a red lying on it. "This is your cent, is it, sure?"—"It's nothin' else."—"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand." Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm. "Wa'al, you did it, I declare; much obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out. "Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."—"Yourn! wasn't it my cent? and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there aint anything green about this child."

AMONG the "election incidents" in this vicinity, says the Lynn News, was one of an attempt to collect a debt, which showed ingenuity. A gentleman had a demand against another, which he was unable to collect. Knowing him to be an ardent politician, he got another person to induce him to bet on the election, offering such a bet that it was quickly taken. The money was placed in the hands of another citizen, and the creditor sent an officer and secured the money by a trustee process.

SOME years ago a druggist used to be great on stunning advertisements of wonderful panaceas that would cure anything "from the Aurora Borealis to a pimple." One Sunday morning the good druggist saw suspended over the door of his place of business a large black snake, to which was appended a placard that read thus: "This worm was removed from a child four years of age by two doses of Comstock's Vermifuge."

A STRANGER stopped at a farm-house and asked permission to stay over night, which was readily granted by the hospitable farmer. A couple of hours after retiring for the night, the stranger was taken suddenly and violently ill, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed, three nights in succession, that he had discovered, in a certain ravine near the house, under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the old gentleman expressed surprise, and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterward, however, they were walking together in that direction, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away it was removed, and to their utter amazement, there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out, and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain five hundred dollars in silver, which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this discovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave, he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving his share in notes. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, till mine host made another discovery—his five hundred dollars in silver were counterfeit, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of two hundred and fifty dollars.

"I WILL bet you a bottle of wine," said a gentleman to his friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice."—"Done!" replied the friend. "Come down!" cried the other. "I will not," said his friend, with much obstinacy. "Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other. Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense.

A SAILOR went into a shop in Milwaukee and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said: "There's a two dollar bill; give me the change." A glance showed the storekeeper that the bill was a "V," and hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone, the man went to the drawer and found that the bill was a "V," to be sure, but the worst counterfeit ever seen. Indignant at the treatment, Jack was found by the storekeeper and threatened; but Jack was ready, and showed by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so he could not have given the man the bill. After a little talk the matter was allowed to drop by the storekeeper, who probably learned something he did not know before.

A CURIOUS story is told of the way in which Flemish lace used to be smuggled into France by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home, fed on the fat of the land, then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half-starved and illtreated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, the intervening space filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. This cruel practice was at length stopped by the French custom-house authorities, who detected the unfortunate four-footed smugglers. No fewer than 40,278 dogs engaged in these transactions were destroyed between the years 1820 and 1836, a reward of three francs being given for each.

THE following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate: Whenever there was plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put in one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself passed it to his mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding, than he discovered he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said, "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish, "I should suppose it was not worth more than a shilling," and as in perfect innocence he put the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain; the captain laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out; so we'll just cut the pudding lengthways this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

ONCE upon a time, a gallant swain, calling to see his sweetheart, found her engaged in cooking a goose for her master's dinner, and leaving her to make the best excuse she could, deliberately cut a leg off the goose and ate it. When the master came home the goose was set on the table before him, but he immediately inquired where the other leg was. "Why, sir," said the girl, "a goose has but one leg." —"You're mistaken, surely," said he. "No indeed, sir, come down to farmer G.'s lot to-night, and you will see." The master assented. At the appointed time they both went down, and there, sure enough, were the farmer's geese, quietly reposing, and all of them apparently with but one leg. "There," said the girl, "I told you so."—"Pshew!" said the master. The geese, taking the alarm, dropped t'other leg and ran. "There," said the master, "I thought they had two."—"Oh, but," said the girl, nothing daunted, "you didn't say shew to the one you ate."

AN Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arm instead of round his throat; "For," said Pat, "I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat, that if tied there, I'll certainly kill myself with laughter."

A LADY had a magnificent cat. Mrs. Jones, a neighbor, ordered her man-servant to kill it, as it alarmed her canary. The lady sent mouse-traps to all her friends, and when two or three hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to the cruel neighbor, who eagerly opened what she hoped was some elegant present, when out jumped the mice, to her great horror, and filled her house. At the bottom of the box she found a paper directed to her, from her neighbor, saying: "Madam, as you have killed my cat, I take the liberty of sending you my mice."

A RICH manufacturer at Sedan, somewhat remarkable for stinginess, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A hundred and fifty francs." He thought this rather dear. "I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. "Just as you like, sir," replied the tailor. The coat having been sent, the manufacturer asked what he had to pay for the making. "A hundred and fifty francs," was again the answer. "But I furnished the cloth."—"Sir," said the tailor, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

A BEAUTIFUL girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mittens. "How much are they ?" said she. "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon the sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss."—"Very well," said the lady, pocketing the mittens, while her eyes spoke daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books, and let me know when you collect it," and she very hastily tripped out.

A COUPLE near Manchester carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, the match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into the counting-house, and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it, and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

A FARMER who had become a widower was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish."—"Wretch," exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A. to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom." This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B. herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, had the banns published for his marriage with her.

A FARMER out West was greatly annoyed by the scratching of his chickens in his garden, and concluded to experiment a little with them. He procured the services of a Shanghai rooster, and the result of the cross was a brood of chickens with each one long and one short leg; when they stood on the long leg, and undertook to scratch with the other, they couldn't touch bottom; on reversing the order of things, as digging with the long leg, while the short one supported the body, the first stroke would invariably result in a grand series of somersets. The garden became thereafter the scene of no more fowl proceedings.

AN Eastern peddler desired accommodation for the night at a tavern in the south part of Virginia; but from the prejudice frequently existing against this class, our host for a long time refused. At last, he consented, on condition that the peddler should play him a Yankee trick before he left him. The offer was accepted. On rising in the morning, Jonathan carefully secured the coverlet of the bed, which, among other articles he pressed the landlady to purchase. The low price of the coverlet operated at once upon the latter, who insisted that her husband should buy it, adding, that it would match hers exactly. Jonathan took his money, mounted his cart, and had got fairly under way, when our host called to him that he had forgotten the Yankee trick he was to play him. "O, never mind," says Jonathan, "you will find it out soon enough."

A WAG went out a fishing one day, and not meeting with the best luck, determined on having some sport. He went home and deposited what he had caught, and a neighbor passing by, soon after, accosted him with: "What luck to-day?"—"O," answered the wag, "no great—I caught a hundred or two."—"A hundred or two," replied the neighbor, with great surprise; "I'll bet you a dollar of that," continued he. "Done," said the wag; whereupon he uncovered a pile near him and a couple of fish lay there, scarcely through with their death struggles, remarking: "There they are—I have won the wager."—"How so?" returned his neighbor, "here are only two."—"Well," replied the wag, "that is just as I told you—a hundred or two." This is a fish story.

A GENTLEMAN who had carefully trained up his servant the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box ticket for the theatre to the house of a young lady. The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun in speaking of the lady. "Did you see him?" said the gentleman, giving him the cue. "Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He said he'd go with a great deal of pleasure; and that he'd wait for you, sir."—"What was he doing?" asked the wife, carelessly. "He was putting on his bonnet," was the reply. It is said there was "fat in the fire" immediately.

A YANKEE one day asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off: "You cannot do it with safety," said the counsellor; "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A SHORT time ago, some gentlemen were enjoying the diversion of coursing, and having lost sight of the hare, one of the party rode up to a boy, when the following dialogue ensued: "Boy, have you seen a hare running this way, followed by dogs?" Answer: "What do you mean, a little brown thing?"—"Yes."—"Had it long ears?"—"Yes."—"A little white under the belly?"—"Yes."—"Had it a short tail?"—"Yes."—"And long legs?"—"Yes."—"Was it running as fast as it could?"—"Yes, it was."—Boy (after a pause). "No; I have not seen it."

A CERTAIN constable espied a tin peddler pursuing his trade, and he rushed after him and inquired, "Have you a licence to sell?"—"No," coolly replied the itinerant vendor of pots and pans, "I haven't."—"Well, sir, I'll attend to your case," says the Dogberry. "All right," says the peddler, "do." The eager official rushes off to the nearest trial justice and obtains a warrant, and armed and equipped with the awful document starts on a chase after the offending itinerant. Some time, we believe the next week, after a long chase, the representative Yankee was found, and hustled before the justice, who read to him the warrant, and as a matter of form, of course, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty. "Not guilty," says the unabashed peddler. The justice and constable opened wide their eyes to such contumacy. They had not been in the habit of seeing such. "Not guilty," quoth the former, "don't you peddle goods around here?"—"Yes," replied the alleged culprit. "Well, have you a licence?" asked Rhadamanthus, in "sarcastical" tones. "O yes," said the travelling agent. "Why," said the justice—quite another expression coming over his countenance, "didn't you tell this gentleman that you had no licence?"—"No, sir."—"Yes, you did," shouted Tipstaff. "No, I didn't," quietly replies the peddler. "I say you did," vociferates the constable. "I swear I didn't," still persists the peddler. "Well, what did you tell me, then?"—"You asked me if I had a licence to sell, and I told you I hadn't; and I haven't a licence to sell," continues the peddler, in an injured tone, "for I want it to peddle with."

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll bet a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out came the master. "What is that, sir, you can save me a thousand pounds?" —"Yes, sir, I can, but I see you are at dinner, I will go myself and dine, and call again."—"O pray, sir, come and take dinner with me."—"I shall be troublesome."—"No, not at all." The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed. "Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds."—"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."—"I have, sir."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds." —"I do, sir."—"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand."

Said Bill to Richard: "Did you ever hear how tough-hided I am?"—"I never did," replied Dick. "Tougher than commen folks?"—"I reckon 'tis a few. I'll bet you a drink, Dick, that you may take a cowhide, and lay it upon my bare skin as hard and as long as you like, and I won't even flinch."—"Done—I'll take that bet. If I don't make you squirm like a half-skinned eel the first cut, I'm sadly mistaken."—"You take the bet, then?"—"I do."—"Well, wait till I go up-stairs, and get my bear-skin, and—"—"O, ho! your bear-skin? No, no, I mean—"—"I don't care what you meant—it's a fair bet, fairly won. My bare skin is my bear-skin, and nothing else." —"I'll give in," said Richard.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "O, you are biting me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

As a butcher stood at his stall selling meat, he saw a man stoop down and pick something up. "What have you got there?" asked the butcher. The fellow said, "It looks like money." On examination it proved to be a ten dollar bill. "I suppose," said the butcher, "it is one I dropped when making change a little while ago." To which the finder replied, "I think I ought to have one half; for had it not been for me you would not have seen it again." The butcher knowing it not to be his bill, thought he couldn't do less than to comply with the fellow's request; he therefore took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket-book and gave it to him, taking the ten himself. Soon afterward the butcher was purchasing a few goods in a store, and offered the bill in payment to the store-keeper, who pronounced it counterfeit. The butcher was surprised, and not over-well pleased; but on considering, thought the best thing he could do would be to store the ten dollar note away in a safe place and say nothing about the way in which he had overreached himself.

"Paddy, honey, will you buy my watch now?"—"And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?"—"Troth, it is, darlin."—"What's the price?"—"Ten shillings and a mutchkin of the creature."—"Is the watch a dacent one?"—"Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once decaved me."—"Well, here's your tin; now tell me, does it go well?"—"Bedad, an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin."—"Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in. Didn't you say it never decaved you?"—"Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I never depinded on it."

A SMART Yankee managed to raise the wind by advertising to exhibit "two boys with four heads, two arms and legs." Of course everybody went to see the show, and found them according to the programme; two boys with foreheads, arms, etc., same as other boys. It was a good play upon words.

A CITY buck visited the Shakers at Lebanon some time ago, and, as he was wandering through the village, encountered a stout, hearty specimen of the sect and thus addressed him: "Well, Broadbrim, are you much of a Shaker?"—"Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way."—"I should like to see you perform."—"I can accommodate thee, friend," said the other, quite cool, and seized the astonished customer by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.

A FARMER told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman, "but how did it happen—must have been an Irish gun."—"Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it." A regular sell.

A GENTLEMAN stepped into the store of a Paris merchant, followed by a servant. The gentleman, who wore his right arm in a sling, was taken for a pensioner, and the merchant placed before him such articles as he asked for. When he came to settle the account, however, he found he had not sufficient money, so he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant. The merchant unsuspiciously wrote as he was desired, and on a sheet bearing the name of the firm, these words, "Send me immediately, by bearer, two hundred thalers. Yours, Robert." He smilingly closed up the note with the expression, "Ah, then, we are namesakes." The servant took the note and soon returned with the required sum. The gentleman paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry, and went away. Some hours after the wife of the merchant visited him, and after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred thalers. The man was rendered speechless with astonishment when he saw what a cheat had been played upon him.

AN agent of an express company, living at Portland, Maine, was noted for his love of singing birds. He was otherwise a man of very grave and quiet demeanor. One evening, to his great gratification, he received a package from an agent in Boston, with a letter informing him that his friend had purchased for a trifle a pair of magnificent singing birds, and in return for numerous favors had concluded to make him a present of them. The package was a cage carefully enveloped in paper, and was perforated with numerous air-holes. It bore the label of "Irish Linnets." The gift was carried home by the recipient and carefully opened, his family having collected to admire the rare benefaction. To the amazement of all, and the horror of the Irish domestic, the "linnets from the ould sod" proved to be a brace of bullfrogs.

WISE men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep to ask her if his breath smelt? She said "Ay," and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said "No," and he tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. "Truly," said he, "I have got a cold and cannot smell." The fox knew what he was about.

A MEDICAL student, returning home late in a cab, recollected, upon finding he had no money to pay his fare, that he had dropped two sovereigns at the bottom of the cab. He told the cabman, in an agitated manner, of his loss, and begged of him to wait till he had got a candle to look for them. He went into the hall to look for one, but while falling over the chairs in search of a lucifer, he heard the cab galloping as fast as it could down the street. He halloed, and called, and shouted, but the cabman was so deaf that he could not hear him. The medical student, however, went quietly to bed, and instead of reproaching himself for the deception he practised on the cabman, he laughed heartily at the ingenious way in which he got home for nothing.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

"An eel was caught in the Delaware, off Market street dock, by a boy that weighed eleven pounds." This announcement is as we find it. It must be either a very big eel or a very small boy, the reader has his choice.

A firm, desirous of finding out the pecuniary status of a person who wished to purchase goods, telegraphed for the information. The answer came back: "Note good for any amount." So a large bill of goods was sold and shipped. The note came due and went to protest. The firm found to their sorrow that the dispatch received should have read: "Not good for any amount."

Rev. Dr. Bethune relates an amusing instance of phonograhic blunder. Reading one morning a report of one of his discourses of the day before, he found the remark: "and the adversary came among them and sowed tares," printed, "and the adversary came among them and sawed trees."

An important house in New York had occasion to advertise for sale a quantity of brass hoppers, such as are used in coffee mills. But instead of brass hoppers, the newspaper read grass hoppers. In a short time the merchant's counting-room was thronged with inquirers respecting the new article of merchandise. "Good morning, Mr. Invoice, how do you sell grasshoppers?" said a fat merchant. "What are they worth a hogshead?" The importer was astonished, but before he had time to reply in came a druggist, who, being bent on speculation, determined to buy the whole lot. Taking the importer aside for fear of being overheard by the merchant, he asked him how he sold grasshoppers, and if they were prime quality, and whether they were used in medicine. The importer was about to reply in an angry manner to what he began to suspect was a conspiracy to torment him, when a doctor entered, smelling his cane and looking wondrous wise. "Mr. Invoice," said he, "ahem, will you be good enough to show me a specimen of your grasshoppers?"—"Grasshoppers, grasshoppers," exclaimed the importer, as soon as he had a chance to speak. "What, gentlemen, do you mean by grasshoppers?"—"Mean," said the merchant. "Why, I perceive you have advertised an article for sale."—"Certainly," said the druggist, "and when a man advertises an article it is natural for him to expect inquiries relating to the price and quality of the thing."—"Nothing in the world more natural," said the doctor; "as for myself I have at present a number of cases on hand in which I thought the article might be serviceable. But since you are so—ahem! so uncivil, why I must look out elsewhere, and my patients—"—"You and your patience be hanged," interrupted the importer, "mine is fairly worn out, and if you don't explain yourselves, gentlemen, I'll lay this poker on your heads." To save their heads the advertisement was now referred to, when the importer found out the cause of his vexations by reading the following: "Just landed and for sale by Invoice & Co., ten hogsheads of prime grasshoppers."

A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, France, says: "It is a large town containing 60,000 inhabitants built entirely of brick." This is only equalled by a well-known description of Albany: "Albany is a town of 8000 houses and 25,000 inhabitants, with most of their gable-ends to the street."

THE New York Leader once in reprinting from the Atlantic Monthly a poem, entitled Casties, by T. B. Aldrich, makes one of the funniest typographical errors on record. In the second line of his couplet,

> Well, well I think not on these two,
> But the old wound breaks out anew.

The Leader prints woman instead of wound thus:

> But the old woman breaks out anew.

QUEER mistakes are made in business transactions by illegible writing, bad spelling, and unauthorized contractions. Sometimes the misunderstanding is serious, more often ludicrous. A merchant of Natchez was once amazed by receiving a bill of lading for ten boxes of tom-cats. Subsequent investigation showed that it should have been tomato catsup.

"MANY a young lady who objects to be kissed under the mistletoe has no objection to be kissed under the rose." A stupid compositor made an error in the above, rendering it to say, has no objection to be kissed under the nose.

A SCHOOLMASTER in the country advertises that he will keep a Sunday-school twice a week.

IN a Dutch translation of Addison's "Cato," the words. "Plato, thou reasonest well," are rendered, "Just so—you are very right, Mynherr Plato."

JONES, in his speech, said: "*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas*." The papers next day printed it thus: "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritt Ass."

A CORK paper publishes the following erratum: "The words printed 'pigs' and 'cows' in Mr. Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have been 'pros' and 'cons.'"

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre, published in an Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

AN agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which was printed "irritation" by mistake; whereupon an honest farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

A NEWSPAPER biographer trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "wear the chemise of his wife."

A PARISIAN author has translated Shakspeare's "Out, brief candle," into French, thus: "Get out, you short candle."

THE author of a radical total-abstinence novel wrote in his book, "Drunkenness is folly." He was much chagrined when the work came home from the press to find that the printer had made it read, "Drunkenness is jolly."

A POET wrote of his departed love, "We will hallow her grave with our tears," but the wicked printer set it up, "We will harrow her grave with our steers."

THE division of sentences by means of points is as essential to the sense of them as is the separation of words from each other by spaces. If a sentence be written without observing to separate the words by spaces it is difficult to make sense of it; and were the spaces in the wrong places the meaning of the sentence would be materially changed, and in many instances reversed. The same is true with respect to incorrect punctuation. Take as an example the following lines:

> "All ladies in all lands,
> Have twenty nails on each their hands:
> Five and twenty on their hands and feet—
> All this is true without deceit."

The above is strictly true when punctuated correctly, without changing the arrangement of the words; but as it is punctuated above, nothing can be farther from the truth. Correctly punctuated it reads as follows: "All ladies, in all lands, have twenty nails. On each their hands five—and twenty on their hands and feet. All this is true without deceit."

THERE was a deal of mischief undoubtedly in the printer who made that well-known quotatation "In union," read "In onion there is strength."

A YOUNG lady having bought a pair of shoes a number too small, sent them to a second-hand store to have them sold; whereupon the Teutonic shopkeeper advertised them in his window as follows: "For sale—A tight lady's shoes."

A POET intended to say: "See the pale martyr in the sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say: "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

AN administrator on the estate of a deceased female, in New Hampshire, advertised for sale at auction, "The wearing apparel of Mrs. A. O., deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets and one sleigh."

IN one of Cooper's novels occurs the following passage: "He dismounted in front of the house and tied his horse to a large locust." A French author, in translating this passage, renders it thus: "He descended from his horse in front of the chateau and tied his horse to a large grasshopper."

"SHOOT folly as it flies—Pope," was set up by a stupid printer: "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."

A BOSTON paper giving a puff to a new minister in that city, says: "His prayer, at the close of his sermon, was the most eloquent that was ever addressed to a Boston audience."

A MINISTER quoting the expression, "We are but parts of a stupendous whole," the printer rendered it in the weekly paper in which the sermon was published, "We are but parts of a stupendous whale!"

A PAPER recently made the statement that "two thousand cart-loads of cats had been shipped over a certain Western railroad." The editor meant to say "oats."

A WESTERN editor says that in the town where his paper is published, "a rattlesnake was killed a few days ago by a man with thirteen rattles."

ONE of the Irish newspapers contains an advertisement announcing as lost, a cloth cloak, belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

A YOUNG aspirant for fame, having a desire to see his name in print, sent his verses to a paper for publication. In the "poem" the following line occurred:

A fragrant rose found near the pendant corn.

The compositor in whose hands the manuscript was placed, was pretty well "set up," and evidently "set up" the line also, judging from the following, which greeted the astonished author the next morning:

A vagrant's nose sounds like the pedlar's horn.

A MISSOURI paper announced a short time ago, that the "wife crop in Gasconade county, yielded 15,000 gals." The next week the editor came out with an *erratum*, "for wife read wine."

IN a public office in a western city the following notice was placarded: "Lost—a valuable new silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

A NEW apprentice to the printing business, who had been a cook's scullion on board a ship, in putting up a certificate of the efficacy of Evan's pills in type caused it to read, instead of "remove the flying pains from the chest, etc.,"—"removed the frying pans from the chest."

AN editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaus." When the paper was issued he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

Black stockings of all colors were lately advertised in a country newspaper.

The Philadelphia Ledger contained this announcement: "Lost, an enamelled lady's gold watch and charms."

A **wholesale** house advertises: "Wanted—women to sell on commission."

In an old English print, the following ridiculous blunder was caused in the whole edition by the omission of the letter c at the beginning of a word in the third line, which was printed as follows:

When the last trumpet soundeth,
We shall not all die;
But we shall be hanged
In the twinkle of an eye.

"**Wanted**—a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." A school committee man writes: "We have school house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high." A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterwards." —"Parasol—a protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone."—"Straps—articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin." Another paper, describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

VERDICTS, STRANGE AND CURIOUS.

In the good old county of C., State of Alabama, there lived one John Smith, who, unlike the remainder of his small family, was peculiarly afflicted with a want of discrimination between his own things and those of other persons, or who, rather, was ignorant of the laws relating to *meum et tuum*. Now once on a time, the said John Smith, while laboring under a severe attack of the above mentioned disease, and being further impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went under the cover of night, and feloniously took and carried away, from his neighbor's pen, a shoat, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P. for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned, with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealin' in fust degree." The Judge told them that their verdict was proper except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by "form." At last, Old W. Jim Turner, who had been Justice of the Peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance, and a sly wink, as much as to say: "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict and returned to the Court House. One after another they filed in, old Jim in the lead, and took their seats. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following: "We, the jeury, pusilanimously find the defendant gilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a ½ in favor of the hog."

Uncommonly intelligent are the coroner's juries in Mississippi. Twelve men in Warren county, in that State, returned a verdict that "The deceased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to the jury."

An English jury, in a criminal case, is said to have brought in the following verdict some years ago: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

"**My** lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in the verdict: "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

A CASE was tried in the County Court of Loudoun, which involved the character of a bull. It was charged that the bull had gored and killed a valuable horse. After hearing the testimony the jury retired, and after a few moments' consultation, returned, and rendered the following verdict: "We, the jury, find a verdict in favor of the bull, and believe him to be a highly respectable animal." The bull was acquitted, and the plaintiff lost his case.

"JURY," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the jury last used." The jury returned a verdict of "suicide in the ninth degree."

THE following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury: "We are of A Pinion that the Decest met with her death from Violent Infirmation of the Arm, producest from Unoan Cauz."

VISION OF CHARLES XI., OF SWEDEN.

BY PROSPER MEREMEE.

WE are apt to jest, now-a-days, about visions and supernatural appearances. Some, however, are so well attested, that if we refuse to give them credence, we must, to be consistent, reject the great mass of historical testimony. A declaration, drawn up in due form, and having affixed the signatures of four trustworthy witnesses, is the guarantee of the authenticity of the incident I am about to narrate. I may add that the prophecy contained in that declaration was known and quoted long before the occurrences of our own days could have seemed to furnish a fulfilment.

Charles XI.—the father of the famous Charles XII.— was one of the most despotic monarchs, but one of the wisest that Sweden has ever possessed. He reduced the excessive privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the parliament, and made laws by his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, which, before his time, had been oligarchical, and compelled the estates to invest him with absolute power. He was, moreover, a well-informed man, brave, strongly attached to the Lutheran religion, of an unbending, cool, matter-of-fact character, devoid of imagination. He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Eleanora. Although his harshness toward that princess had, it was said, hastened her end, yet he highly esteemed her, and seemed more affected by her death than might have been expected from so cold a nature as his. After that event he became yet more gloomy and taciturn than before, and gave himself up to business with a closeness of application which showed a pressing necessity to drive away painful thoughts.

At the close of an autumn evening, he was seated, in dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire, which had been lighted in his cabinet, in the palace at Stockholm. There were with him his chamberlain, Count Brahé, who stood high in his favor, and the physician, Baumgarten, who, it may be said in passing, was a professed freethinker, and seemed to have doubts of everything except the science of medicine. That evening he had been summoned to give advice about some trifling indisposition. The evening was drawing to a close, and the king, contrary to his custom, did not indicate, by saying "Good-night," that it was time for them to retire. With his head bowed, and his eyes fixed upon the blaze, he remained in deep silence, tired of his company, but dreading, he knew not why, to be left alone. Count Brahé saw well enough that his presence was not particularly agreeable, and several times intimated a fear lest his majesty needed rest; but a sign from the king kept him in his place. The physician, in his turn, spoke of the injurious effect produced by late hours upon the health; but Charles replied, between his teeth, "Stay here; I do not want to sleep yet."

Various subjects of conversation were started, which all dropped through at the second or third sentence. It was clear that his majesty was in one of his moody humors, and in such circumstances the position of a courtier is one of much delicacy.

Count Brahé, suspecting that the gloominess of the king proceeded from his sorrow for the loss of his wife, looked fixedly for some time at the portrait of the queen, hanging in the cabinet, and exclaimed, with a heavy sigh: "How like that portrait is. Just see that expression, at once so majestic and so sweet."—"Bah!" said the king, roughly, who fancied he heard a reproach every time the queen's name was spoken in his presence, "that portait is too flattering. The queen was plain." Then, inwardly angry at his own severity, he started up, and walked up and down in the room to hide an emotion of which he was ashamed. He stopped before the window that opened on the court. The night was dark, and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside, was not yet completed, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, occupied at that time the old palace situated at the point of the Ritterholm which faces Lake Malar. It is a large building, in shape like a horseshoe. The cabinet of the king was in one of the extremities, and almost opposite was the grand hall, where the estates met when about to receive some communication from the throne.

The windows of this hall seemed, at this moment, brilliantly lighted. This appeared strange to the king. He thought, at first, that the glare was produced by the lamp of some servant. But what could any one be doing at that hour in a hall that for a long time had not been opened? Besides, the light was too brilliant to come from a single lamp. He would have thought there was a fire, but no smoke was to be seen, the windows were not broken, and no noise was audible. It seemed in all respects more like an illumination. Charles gazed at those windows for some time without speaking. Meanwhile Count Brahé, reaching to the bell-cord, was about to summon a page to send and ascertain the cause of the strange light, but the king stopped him. "I will go myself into that hall," said he.

As he uttered these words he grew pale, and his features showed a sort of superstitious terror. However, he went out with a steady step; the chamberlain and physician followed him, each carrying a lighted candle. The porter who had charge of the keys was already in bed. Baumgarten went to call him, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open immediately the door of the State Hall. The man's surprise was great at the unexpected order; he dressed in haste and joined the king with his bunch of keys. He opened first the door of a gallery which served as an antechamber, or private entrance, to the hall of assembly. The king entered; but what was his astonishment to behold the walls completely hung with black. "Who gave orders to have this hall draped in this manner?" asked he, angrily. "Sire, no one that I know of," replied the porter, much disturbed; "and the last time I had the gallery swept out, the oak panelling was as it always had been. Certainly, those hangings could not come from your majesty's furniture room."

The king, walking with a quick step, had already passed over two-thirds of the gallery. The count and the porter followed him close. The physician, Baumgarten, was a little behind, divided between the fear of remaining alone, and that of risking the consequences of an adventure which was assuming a very strange appearance. "Go no farther, sire!" exclaimed the porter. "On my soul, there is sorcery within. At this hour, and since the death of the queen, your gracious lady, they say that she walks in this gallery. God keep us from harm."—"Stop, sire!" cried the count, on his side. "Do you not hear the noise coming from the state hall? Who knows to what dangers your majesty is exposing yourself."—"Sire," said Baumgarten, whose candle a gust of wind had just extinguished, "let me, at least, go after a score of your halberdiers."—"Come in," said the king, in a firm voice, stopping before the door of the great hall, "and you, porter, open this door quickly." He struck it with his foot, and the noise repeated by the echo of the arches, sounded along the gallery like the report of a cannon. The porter trembled so that the key struck against the lock, without his being able to make it enter the keyhole. "An old soldier trembling!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, open this door for us."

"Sire," replied the count, recoiling a few steps, "if your majesty orders me to march up to the mouth of a Danish or German battery, I will obey without hesitation; but you wish me to brave the powers of hell."

The king snatched the key from the hesitating porter's hands. "I see," said he, contemptuously, "that I must manage this alone." And before those around could prevent him, the king had opened the heavy oak door and entered the great hall, pronouncing these words, "With the aid of God!" The three acolytes, urged on by curiosity stronger than their fear, and, perhaps, ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The great hall was illuminated by an infinite number of torches. A black drapery had replaced the ancient figured tapestry. Along the walls appeared, in regular order, as usual, German, Danish, and Russian flags, the trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the midst were seen some Swedish banners, covered with funereal crape. An immense assembly covered the benches. The four orders of estates were seated, each in its own tier. All were dressed in black, and this multitude of human faces, very bright against the dark background, so dazzled the sight, that of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene, no one could discover in that crowd a single well-known figure. So an actor, face to face with a large audience, sees only a confused mass when his eyes cannot distinguish anybody.

On the elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, they beheld a bleeding corpse, clad in the insignia of royalty. At its right stood a child, with a crown on its head, and holding a sceptre in its hand; at the left an aged man, or, rather, another phantom, was leaning against the throne. He was clothed in the state mantle which the ancient administrators of Sweden wore, before Vasa formed it into a kingdom. In front of the throne several persons of grave and solemn demeanor, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table, on which were seen several large folio volumes and some parchments. Between the throne and the assembly-benches, there was a block of wood, covered with black crape, and near by lay an axe.

No one in this supernatural assembly showed any sign of perceiving the presence of Charles and the three persons that accompanied him. On their entering they heard at first only a confused murmur, in which the ear could not catch any articulate words; then the oldest of the black-robed judges—he that appeared to exercise the functions of president—rose and struck three times with his hand on an open book before him. Immediately there was a deep silence. Some young men, of fine appearance, richly dressed, and with their hands bound behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had just opened. They walked with heads erect and assured looks. Behind them a stout man, dressed in a close coat of brown leather, held the ends of the cords which bound their hands. He that marched first, and seemed to be the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, before the block, which he glanced at with haughty disdain. At the same time the dead body seemed to quiver with a convulsive movement, and the blood flowed fresh and red from the wound. The young man, kneeling down, extended his head; the axe glittered in the air, and fell, immediately, with a loud noise. A stream of blood gushed forth over the platform and mingled with that of the corpse; and the head, bounding several times over the red dyed floor, rolled to the very feet of Charles, which were stained with its blood.

Till this moment, surprise had kept him mute, but at this horrible spectacle, "his tongue was unloosed." He stepped toward the platform, and addressing the figure clothed in the mantle of administrator, uttered, boldly, the well-known formula: "If thou art of God, speak; if of the evil one, leave us in peace." The phantom answered him slowly, and in a solemn tone: "King Charles, this blood will not flow during thy reign "——Here the voice became less distinct. "But five reigns after. Woe! woe! woe! to the race of Vasa!"

Then the forms of the many people of this astonishing assembly began to grow less defined, and seemed, already, more like colored shadows. Soon they disappeared entirely, the fantastic lights died out, and those of Charles and his company shone only upon the old tapestries, gently stirred by the wind. There was still to be heard, for some time, a half-melodious sound, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmur of the wind among the leaves, and another to the sound made by a harp string when it breaks in tuning the instrument. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they judged to have been about ten minutes. The black draperies, the severed head, the streams of blood which stained the floor, had all disappeared with the phantoms; only the slipper of Charles kept a red spot, which alone would have sufficed to recall to him the scenes of that night, if they had not been so deeply graven on his memory.

Returning to his cabinet, he had the statement of what he had seen written out; had it signed by his companions, and signed it himself. Whatever measures were taken to conceal the contents of this document from the public, it was, notwithstanding, well known, even during the lifetime of Charles XI. It is still in existence, and no one has ventured to raise any doubts of its authenticity. It's conclusion is remarkable: "And if what I have just related," says the king, "is not the exact truth, I renounce all hope of a better life which I may have hoped for by any good actions, and especially by any zeal in laboring for the good of my people, and in defending the religion of my ancestors."

Now, whoever recalls the death of Gustavus III., and the sentence of Ankarstroem, his assassin, will find more than one coincidence between that event and the circumstances of this singular prophecy. The young man, beheaded in the presence of the estates, must have represented Ankarstroem. The crowned corpse was Gustavus III. The child was his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV. Finally, the old man must have been the Duke of Sudermania, uncle of Gustavus IV., who was regent of the kingdom, and ultimately king, after the deposition of his nephew.

WATER, PROPERTIES OF.

PURE water is protoxide of hydrogen. It is hydrogen rusted, and that thoroughly and completely, as much as iron rust is oxide of iron; only the rusting is done instantaneously instead of gradually. Here we have two separate paradoxes in one. Firstly, hydrogen is the lightest form of matter known, except the other—which we don't know. Two volumes of this lightest gas combined with one volume of oxygen, a gas only a trifle heavier than air, form a fluid. Secondly, oxygen is eminently the sustainer of combustion, the soul and life of fire; and hydrogen is the combustible which illuminates our cities, warms our apartments, cooks our food, and kills us by its ill-timed explosions. And yet these two together constitute the agent which we daily employ, on the largest and the smallest scale, to extinguish fire. When the scornful mother launched the taunt at her son: "That he never would set the river on fire," and the lad muttered, candlestick in hand: "I'm blessed if I don't try," he was more in the right than his prejudiced parent. The river may be set on fire—although not a tallow candle—and burnt. It is a question, not of possibility, but of purse-strings. Water can be separated into its two constituent gases (which is an analytical proof of what it is made), and the hydrogen used for lighting purposes. An experimental apparatus has been worked at the Invalides, Paris, but the problem of producing gas from water, at a marketable price, yet remains unsolved. The process and attendant essays are not open to public inspection; for voracious plagiarists and patentees would pounce upon cheap water gas the moment it is invented.

An early suspicion of the true nature of water was entertained by Newton. The genius who deduced gravity from the fall of an apple, saw the way to a grand chemical discovery in the sparkling of a dew-drop. We know that the brilliancy of the diamond is caused by its strong refractive power, which is out of proportion to its density; water also refracts the sunbeams to a degree exceeding that which corresponds to its density. A new or an artificial gem, decomposing light with the power of a dew-drop, would be priceless to the jeweller. Newton hence surmised that water contained a combustible principle, which has since been proved by experiment.

The proportions, in weight, of oxygen and hydrogen required to form water, are eighty-nine parts and nine-tenths of the first, to eleven parts and one-tenth of the latter, to make in all one hundred parts, as may be demonstrated by synthesis, that is, by putting the two ingredients together. It may be effected by passing an electric spark through a bladder or other vessel containing the gases duly mixed. But very considerable quantities of gas are required to produce an appreciable quantity of water. Cavendish was the first to reveal the real nature of water, and to pursue the experiment with sufficient perseverance to obtain a few spoonfuls. Monge, Lavosier and Laplace, manufactured it in larger quantities. Whether much water is naturally formed now, may be doubted; but imagination is overwhelmed on attempting to conceive the discharges of electricity requisite to combine the gases which furnished the water existing on the earth as seas, rivers, clouds and ice.

Spring, well, rain, river, pond, and ice or snow water, are the ordinary condition in which that liquid is presented to us. They are not all portable, or at least not wholesome. Many springs are too laden with either carbonate or sulphate of lime; many pools with decomposing vegetable or animal matter; many wells are impregnated by the soil in which they are dug, the strata through which they pass, they materials of which they are built, or by unhealthy infiltrations which escape from sewerage. Water, for drinking, should contain a certain quantity of air in dissolution. Ice and snow-water have none, and are therefore unfit both for drinking and as a medium for fish to live in. The air, however, may be restored by agitation. Thus, trout are found in streams that spring from glaciers at no great distance from the source; because the water has been aërated by falling and being broken while leaping from rock to rock. It is curious that the air contained in water should hold more oxygen than atmospheric air; which explains how so small a quantity should serve for the respiration of fishes. The liquid appears to have the power of changing the composition of the atmosphere. The air which enters into water at its conversion into ice, and separates by distillation, contains a greater proportion of oxygen.

Easy tests of good drinking water are these: it readily dissolves soap without curdling, and it cooks vegetables well, especially dry vegetables, as peas. Drinking water should be running, limpid, scentless and insipid (not flat), giving no sensation of weight when taken into the stomach, yielding but a slight precipitate to the nitrate of silver, nitrate of barytes, and the oxalate of ammonia. Its temperature should not greatly differ from that of the atmosphere. The best is water which flows over a flinty bed, and whose source is not on calcareous ground. Water in casks from ponds and rivers is apt to acquire, after a time, a putrid and offensive smell, which renders it disgusting and even dangerous. An efficacious remedy is to mix with it a little coarsely-powdered, well calcined charcoal, or, still better, charred bones, to stir well, and then strain or filter.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation, and essential to the very existence of animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere, everywhere, at all times at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by its evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in cold than in warm air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now when from continual evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents of air rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

LIEUTENANT MAURY says: In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade-winds. Though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade-winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Travelling to the northwest they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes, and here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that that very low temperature can extract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and with no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean before they become charged with fresh vapor, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. Thus we see how the top of the Andes become the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.

THERE are no rivulets or springs in the Island of Ferro, except on a part of the beach which is nearly inaccessible. To supply the place of fountains, nature has bestowed upon this island a species of tree, unknown to all other parts of the world. It is of moderate size, and its leaves are straight, long, and evergreen. Around its summit a small cloud perpetually rests, which drenches the leaves with moisture, that they constantly distil upon the ground a stream of fine clear water. To these trees, as to perennial springs, the inhabitants of Ferro resort, and are thus supplied with a sufficient abundance of water for themselves and their cattle.

THE extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every twelve hundred tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, four hundred are water. The snow-capped summits of our highest mountains have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which an Italian carries through the streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breathe contains the five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have in their raw state—the one seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent. of water.

IF a man weighing one hundred and forty pounds were squeezed in a hydraulic press, seventy pounds of water would run out, the balance being solid matter. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and other elements with nitrogen diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 175 days about 100,000 grains of water.

THE sap of plants is the medium through which the mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap various properties may be accumulated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

THE following account was sent by Dr. J. E. Muse to Dr. Silliman:—When the winter had made considerable progress without much frost, there happened a heavy fall of snow. Apprehending that I might not have an opportunity of filling my house with ice, I threw in snow, perhaps enough to half fill it. There was afterwards severe cold weather, and I filled the remainder with ice. About August the waste and consumption of the ice brought us down to the snow, when it was discovered that a glass of water, which was cooled with it, contained hundreds of animalcules. I then examined another glass of water out of the same pitcher, and with the aid of a microscope, before the snow was put into it, found it perfectly pure and clear; the snow was then thrown into it, and on solution the water exhibited the same phenomenon—hundreds of animals visible to the naked eye with acute attention, and, when viewed through the microscope, resembling most diminutive shrimps, and, wholly unlike the eels discovered in the acetous acid, were seen in the full enjoyment of ainmated nature. I caused holes to be dug in several parts of the mass of snow in the ice-house, and to the centre of it, and in the most unequivocal and repeated experiments had similar results; so that my family did not again venture to introduce the snow ice into the water they drank, which had been a favorite method, but used it as an external refrigerant for the pitcher. These little animals may class with the amphibia which have cold blood, and are generally capable, in a low temperature, of a torpid state of existence. Hence their icy immersion did no violence to their constitution, and the possibility of their revival by heat is well sustained by analogy; but their generation, their parentage, and their extraordinary transmigration, are to me subjects of profound astonishment.

THE theory of the formation of dew is as curious as it is interesting. There is always more or less moisture in the air. If there is a cubic inch of water in a cubic yard of air, then the air is said to be thoroughly impregnated or filled with water. In such a case, the smallest amount of cold or absence of heat in anything will cause little drops of dew to settle on the surface. Almost any substance will have more or less dew on it when the air is in such a state, because few substances are warm enough to prevent it. Then just in proportion as there is less water in the air, must a body or substance be cooled to produce dew. The blades of grass and the leaves of trees being so thin are quickly cooled by the air when the sun goes down. They radiate or throw out the warmth that is in them, and in the course of a clear night will collect there enough to form the "dewdrops." There is never any dew on the bare ground, because it never gets cooler than the air, so as to cause the moisture to settle on it; nor on a cloudy night, because the clouds radiate to the ground, which prevents the leaves and grass from cooling, as a cloudy night is always warmer than a clear one would have been from the same cause. The dew does not fall on the leaves like rain, but collects from all directions, and is not seen on the under side, because that side is so porous as to absorb or drink it up, as a sponge does water. It is the same principle of a cold surface condensing and collecting the moisture in the air, that causes dampness to collect on marble-topped furniture and water-pitchers.

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

A VERY good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter; and one day, just as she had received half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she—oh, horror!—she saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out of the back door, and the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went a cork. "Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes the bed-cord; it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided." In a few minutes went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again, but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me," said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under there. Scat!" Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains. "Oh, dear me," said she, "I had forgot; it is my yeast. Here, Prudence, come and take these bottles of yeast away."

AUNT SALLY, as she is called in our village, had lived a few years with us when she buried a second husband, the first having been buried in Rushville, some ten miles north, where she was first married. Speaking of her great and recent affliction, she said: "We all have our trials and troubles, but I am most crazy now to know which of my two dear husbands I shall be buried alongside of." She went so nearly crazy about it that she finally had to decide the question by taking a third.

WIDOWS are the very mischief. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it is done. I know one that was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (he was a widower), and clasp her little hands, and fly around, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over their heads.

A LAWYER, having some legal business to transact with a widow lady, took occasion to inquire her age. The matron, who had long since doffed the "widow's weeds," attempted to look primp, and much younger than she really was, as she replied, "Thirty-five, sir." Then turning to the daughter, he said: "May I be so bold, miss, as to inquire your age?"—"Certainly; I am a little past thirty-two—most three years younger than mother."

"TAKE a ticket, sir, for the benefit of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Spike Society?"—"Well, y-a-a-s!—don't care so much, though, for the orphans, but I goes strong for the widows."

WHEN you hear a widow say she "will not marry again; her broken heart is buried in the grave of her husband; the world is so dark, would she could die," there is no doubt she is laying siege to the heart of some unwary youth, and will take him captive ere long.

THE Brunswick Telegraph tells a story of a young widow down on the Kennebec, who said to an acquaintance who was condoling with her upon the recent death of her husband, "I hope you'll excuse my not crying; but the fact is, crying always makes my nose bleed."

"IT is very difficult to live," said a widow, with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

A DASHING widow says she thinks of sueing some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is in the market.

A WIDOW lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire. I hope he has gone where they keep good fires."

THE other day I met one of my friends, an excellent man; he was in deep mourning; black coat, pants, vest, gloves, cravat, and about three yards of crape around his hat, more or less. He was moving slowly, with eye fixed upon the ground, and, but from the fact of his walking alone with no crowd following him, you would suppose he was on his way to be suddenly elevated against his will and consent. "Ah, my friend," said I, "what have you lost?"—"I have lost nothing," he replied, "I'm a widower."

WILLS, STRANGE AND RIDICULOUS,

The Columbus (Ohio) Journal says: We heard of and read part of the most singular will on record. The maker of the will is represented to be a shrewd, successful business man, who has accumulated quite a large fortune. He exhibited no other sign of insanity than may be derived from the extreme eccentricity of his will, although it is probable the courts will, in due course, be called upon to determine the question whether the testator was of sound and disposing mind. The will disinherits all the natural heirs of the maker of it, and devises the entire property in trust for the establishment of an infirmary for Cats. A most elaborate architectural plan for the necessary buildings is attached to and made part of the will. It provides areas for that sweet amatory converse so dear to the feline heart, and rat-holes of the most ravishing nature, to be kept well stocked. The most ingenious contrivances are provided for the securing to the rat a chance to escape, so that the cats may not lose the pleasure of the chase by finding their prey come too easlly. High walls are to be built, with gently sloping roofs, for the moonlight promenade and other nocturnal amusements of the cats. The trustees are directed to select the grounds for this novel infirmary in the most populous part of some American city, and the devisees are to be protected by a competent force of nurses from the ravages of men and dogs. No person of the male sex is ever to be admitted within the walls, and no female who has children or is under thirty years old. There are hundreds of minute directions which we have no time to note. One would suppose that in the foregoing provisions the testator had exhausted all the eccentricities of one man, however unique his nature; but the last provision of the will seems more outrageously bizarre than any that go before. Says the devisor: "I have all my life been taught that everything in and about man was intended to be useful, and that it was man's duty, as lord of animals, to protect all the lesser species, even as God protects and watches over him. For these two combined reasons—first, that my body, even after death, may continue to be made useful; and secondly, that it may be made instrumental, as far as possible, in furnishing a substitute for the protection of the bodies of my dear friends, the cats, I do hereby devise and bequeath the intestines of my body to be made up into fiddle-strings, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of an accordeon, which shall be played in the auditorium of the Cat infirmary by one of the regular nurses to be selected for that purpose exclusively—the playing to be kept up forever and ever, without cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the privilege of enjoying that instrument which is the nearest approach to their natural voice."

AN old miser in Ireland left a will bequeathing "to my sister-in-law, Mary Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find under my bed;" to a nephew two other stockings; to the housekeeper, "for her long and faithful services, my cracked earthen pitcher," and other legacies of the same character to other persons. The legatees were in a high state of wrath, but one of them having kicked down the pitcher and found it full of guineas, the others examined the stockings and found them similarly lined.

IN 1794 an old lady died in London, and was buried in a vault in one of the churches. When her will was read, it was found that she had bequeathed a considerable sum to the church, the proceeds of which were to be annually distributed to the poor of the parish, on the 28th of January, her own birthday. The condition attached to the bequest was that her coffin should be carefully dusted every year on the day in question. In case this operation should be omitted on a single occasion, the entire principal of the bequest should pass to the authorities of the adjoining parish. Of course the officials of the church have always been careful to perform this interesting ceremony.

THE following is the copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything."

"WELL, B," said a friend to another, who was about leaving for the war, "have you made your will?"—"O yes," said B; "I forgive all the fellows I owe, and call upon all who owe me to pay up."

A POOR man on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him, and told her of the provisions he had made. "I left," said he, "my horse to my parents. Sell it, and hand over the money you receive. I leave you my dog, take good care of him and he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out for the neighboring market with horse and dog. "How much do you want for the horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me a hundred dollars for the dog, and one dollar for the horse." The farmer laughed; but, as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave the husband's parents the dollar received for the horse, and kept the hundred dollars for herself. Right shrewd widow that!

A VERY worthy gentleman at Rouen, received a fortune which came to him with the drawing of a cork, in the following curious manner. Obliged by the state of his health to change the air, he went to the sea-shore at Villers-sur-Mer, near Trouville; and walking on the beach, he noticed that a lad, who was also promenading there with his father, had found a sealed bottle among the sea weed. The father bade his child to throw down the dirty thing, and not be soiling his fingers, upon which the invalid picked up the castaway bottle and took it with him to his lodgings. The cork drawn, the bottle was found to contain a written document properly signed and dated on board a vessel which had sprung a leak and was about to sink. It ran thus: "About to perish, I commend my soul to God. I hereby constitute the finder of this will, enclosed in a bottle, my sole heir. My fortune, laboriously acquired, amounts to near 350,000 francs and the small house in which I resided at Valparaiso. The tenement I wish converted into a chapel, and that a mass may be there said once a month, for the repose of my soul. The fortune will be found deposited with M., notary, of Paris, to whom from time to time, it has been transmitted. Pray for me!"

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I have made my will to-day." —"Ah, you were liberal to me no doubt." —"Yes, John, I've come down handsomely. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia—to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

PATRICK HENRY left in his will the following important passage:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them; and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

WISE SAYINGS, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS AXIOMS.

TILLOTSON says: The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

Dr. S. Johnson says: Those authors are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth.

The only fame worth possessing is the good opinion of the good and wise.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value.

Many calumnies are injurious even after they are refuted. Like Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

Conversation is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

There are three kinds of men in the world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the "Cants." The former effect everything, the others oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

There exists in human nature a disposition to murmur at the disappointments and calamities incident to it, rather than to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings by which they are more than counterbalanced.

A **fellow** that doesn't benefit the world by his life, does it by his death.

The whole world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared.

A **smile** may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them good.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to character.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever—
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air!
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knows no rest:
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick:
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full of good thoughts, bad thoughts find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all evil thoughts away.

To sneer and denounce is a very easy way of assuming a great deal of wisdom and concealing a great deal of ignorance.

Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Merriment is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm.

Opinions founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

Cure without medicine: make the mind sick, and the body will become so too; make the mind well, and health will leap along the veins.

Antiquity is worthless, except as the parent of experience. That which is useful is alone venerable; that which is virtuous is alone noble.

A good book is styled by Milton "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to be a life beyond life."

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must tell twenty more to maintain that one.

The best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries. Write injuries in the dust, and kindness in marble.

There are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine, because they despise them.

As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.

We should always be careful on whom we confer benefits, for if we bestow them upon the base-minded it is like throwing water into the sea.

The desire of being in the fashion does not always arise from the mere monkey instinct of imitation, but often from a desire that there may be no inference as to our pecuniary inability to do so.

"I envy," said Sir Humphry Davy, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be the most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing."

The pleasures of science are greater than the pleasures of power. Archimedes felt more delights in his discovery of the component metals of Hiero's crown, than Hiero ever felt in wearing it.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all your life. Never revenge an injury.

No poultice has ever been discovered that draws out a man's virtues so fully the sod which covers his grave.

The human heart revolts against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the waves of the ocean rise in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sink with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

HE is a great and self-poised character whom praise unnerves not; he is a still greater one who supports unjust censure; but the greater is he, who, with acknowledged powers, represses his envy, and turns to use undeserved censure.

MEN'S mischief often survives them. They murder after their death, by the laws which they made, the projects which they have set on foot, and the writings and sentiments which they have propagated.

EVERY man has at least one talent, and is responsible to God for the possession of it, and to society for the proper use of it.

A VULGAR, perverted taste is not to be disguised by the glitter of gold and diamonds.

MOST people are masters of a kind of logic by which they argue their conscience asleep, and acquit themselves of doing wrong.

AND who knows what is really evil? How often have we deprecated things for which we have afterward been thankful.

FALSEHOOD. The first sin committed in this world was a lie, and the liar was the devil.

MANY pass their lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and in indulging false hopes of the future.

IT is astonishing how much time we can find to do some things, and how little for others.

HORACE GREELEY says the darkest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by squarely earning it.

AN Indian chief once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied Red Jacket gruffly, "I suppose you have all the time there is." He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into now.

IT is mentioned in Robert's life of Hannah More, that in 1783, Hannah More sat next to Dr. Johnson, at a dinner party at the Bishop of Chester's house. She says, "I urged him to take a little wine." He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

MANY people who boast of being "plain" and "blunt" are merely coarse and boorish. Such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

WE have often heard the proverb, "All is not gold that glitters;" but we should not, because some worthless metals glitter, conclude that there is, therefore, no gold. If we have once been deceived, we should not lose all faith in humanity, and deem all deceivers. With truth has Massey sung:

There's no dearth of kindness
  In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness
  We gather thorns for flowers.

LET your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

WOE will ever follow those who allow power, or fashion, or the opinions of others, or anything else human, to interfere with personal responsibility, or to render them unfaithful to their own convictions.

THE character of a man is to be inferred and understood as much from the society he shuns as from the companionship he covets.

MANKIND, in general, mistake difficulties for impossibilities; that is the difference between those who effect and those that do not.

NEITHER in little things nor in great ones suffer your dread of singularity to turn you from the path of integrity. Arm yourselves with this mind to do what is right, though you can find no companions or followers.

In the affairs of life activity is preferred to dignity; and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

The old man looks down and thinks of the past. The young man looks up and thinks of the future. The child looks everywhere and thinks of nothing.

Poetry is the divine essence of the heart which exudes through the pearly channels of the feelings.

Music is the magic thrilling of the soul which issues through the silver fountains of the senses.

Painting is the beautiful inspiration of the mind which springs from the tinting of the imagination.

Statuary is the unbounded delight in the beautiful which is chiselled from the ideal of the eye.

The poet speaks to the heart; the musician to the soul; the painter to the imagination; the sculptor to the eye.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would flood our hearts. Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how unbearable would be our sunshine.

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, says: No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.

It is one thing to moralize, another thing to act. There are men who can utter the most refined and elevated sentiments, and at the same time be guilty of crimes of the deepest dye. These are the most dangerous of mankind.

Not until passion and prejudice, pride and ambition, avarice and selfishnes, are expunged and totally blotted from the soul, and the law of universal love written by the purifying and enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, will men learn to do justly, love mercy, walk humbly before God, and exemplify in their lives that great fundamental principle of the gospel, of "doing unto others as we would wish others should do unto us."

There are some people that live without any design at all, and pass through the world like straws on a river—they do not go, but are carried.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house.

It is a grand mistake to think that the majority are always in the right. They were not so in the time of the Flood; and they've been wrong several times since.

The events of youth are stamped in memory of age, as primeval footmarks made in clay are preserved in stone.

Right and duty are like two palm-trees which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

Send your son into the world with good principles and a good education, and he will find his way in the dark.

After the "sting of folly" has made men wise, they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labor weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

Poverty, ignominy and death are accounted the most formidable trio of mortal calamities. Let us, therefore, endeavor to counteract their influence by their only proper antidotes, occupation, virtue and religion.

All the passions of our animal nature are increased by indulgence. If they are improperly indulged, they will triumph in our ruin. They will obliterate those heaven-born qualities of our minds which, if properly cultivated, would assimilate us to angels and bring us home to God.

Tom Corley says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

A PRINTED thought never dies. Nothing is so indestructible. The proudest works of art crumble to dust, but the eloquent thought lives, and will live, down to the end of time.

IF a man should set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

THE pebbles in our path weary us and make us foot-sore more than the rocks.

SOME people love to nurse a pet sorrow; it is so interesting to mope about the house and imagine yourself a victim. A touch of real calamity is the only cure for that whimsical complaint.

IT is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a young man's face break out in blossoms.

LORD CHATHAM said: "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and on the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing.'"

I HAVE noticed that tombstones say, "Here he lies," which no doubt is often true; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the wrong grave.

ONE of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

IT is strange, says Fenelon, that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

AMONG the many propensities of human nature, which almost exceed comprehension, come the parsimony of the rich and the extravagance of the poor.

A VAST deal of genial humor, says Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strangled in religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gayety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying mould, and making all hopeful and cheerful.

SAID a very old man: "Some folks always complain of the weather, but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning to find any weather at all."

MANY persons spend so much time in citicising and disputing about the gospel, that they have none left for practising it. As if two men should quarrel about the phraseology of their physician's prescription, and forget to take the medicine.

ONE hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back, and may frustrate, all the business of the day. One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once. One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks. One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble. "One sinner destroyeth much good."

ALL men speak well of a man's virtues when he is dead, and the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad are buried?

THE prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but he makes everbody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

DEATH is a merciless judge, though not impartial. Every man owes a debt. Death summons the debtor to pay down the "dust" in the currency of mortality

HE who thinks a man is a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself. What a big rascal Diogenes must have been at that rate.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverb "Poverty is no crime," yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as one devoid of principal.

MONEY is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

MERIT is always measured in this world by its success.

As we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed and call dame fortune blind; but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has the most capable eyesight, and is no old granny with spectacles.

PURSES will hold pennies as well as pounds.

DRAWING a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

PRECEPT is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.

THERE is only one thing more powerful than a steam engine, and that is fashion; it rules the women, they rule the men, and the men rule the world.

"MY notions about life," says Southey, "are much the same as they are about travelling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road; but after all, one wants to be at rest."

TOO much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

ALL man has to do in these days to pass for a genius, is to button his coat behind and wear his hat wrong side out.

IT was not the magnitude of the Grecian army, nor the martial skill of Achilles, their leader, that conquered the city of Troy, but ten years' perseverance.

THE last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husbands and wives should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

DE QUINCEY says: "If a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking; and from that to incivility and procrastination."

THE hope of happiness is a bridge woven out of the sunbeams and the colors of the rainbow, which carries us over the frightful chasm of death.

THE years steal along almost unnoted by mankind, while infancy speedily becomes adolescence, youth merges into manhood, and manhood into old age.

LIFE'S disappointments derange and overcome vulgar minds. The patient and the wise, by a proper improvement, frequently make them contribute to their high advantage.

A LIVING faith is the best divinity; a holy life is the best philosophy; a tender conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

A WRITER has compared worldly friendship to our shadow—while we walk in sunshine it sticks to us; but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

A LADY of some notoriety believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment.

IMPRINT the beauties of authors upon your imagination, and their morals upon your hearts.

THERE are two things about which you should never grumble; the first is that which you cannot help, and the other that which you can help.

A DULL, but would-be classical scholar, says if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many as Plutarch, he could not become great without labor.

HUMAN affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being, they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in the sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature.

THERE is a tendency in all untutored minds, and not in them alone, to consider everything profound that is obscure.

SYDNEY SMITH, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them coming into publicity."

TO-DAY we gather bright and beautiful flowers; to-morrow they are faded and dead.

To-day a wealth of leaves shades us; to-morrow, sere and fallen, they crumble beneath our tread.

To-day the earth is covered with a carpet of green; to-morrow it is brown with the withered grass.

To-day the vigorous stalk only bends before the gale; to-morrow, leafless and sapless, a child may break the brittle stem.

To-day the ripening fruit and waving grain; to-morrow "the land is taking its rest after the toil."

To-day we hear sweet songsters of meadows and forests, the buzz and hum of myriad insects; to-morrow, breathe softly, all nature is hushed and silent.

To-day a stately edifice, complete in finish and surrounding, attracts the passer-by; to-morrow a heap of ruin marks the site.

To-day there are cattle upon the thousand hills; to-morrow they all fall in slaughter.

The fashion of the world passeth away; but let Christ dwell within us, and though we may pass away like the faded leaf and the sapless stalk, we shall "arise to newness of life."

Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers.

BEAUTY, like the flowering blossom, soon fades; but the divine excellence of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remains in it when all those charms are withered.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished. Their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands who come in contact with you year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

THE loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.

BAD luck is simply a man with his hands in his breeches pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, working to make it come right.

IT is often in small matters that the strongest feelings are most strikingly displayed.

BEAUTY eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talent accompany him even to the grave.

IT is folly to wait for the improvement of fools.

PUT off repentance till to-morrow, and you have a day more to repent of and a day less to repent in.

WHEN flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

As the heart is, so is love to the heart.

Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

The good man's life, like the mountain top, looks beautiful because it is near to heaven.

If every man's breast could be looked into, there would be found the image of some woman.

There is a speedy passage between the heart and the tongue. Evil thoughts are soon formed into evil words.

The most contemptible weakness in our world is the disposition to despise labor as inconsistent with genteel and refined cultivation. No person is truly independent who is not possessed of a knowledge of some trade or business, in which he could earn a support in case of need.

The less weight a race-horse carries, the quicker he runs; and the same holds good with the human tongue.

There are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect, namely: those who, from the felicity of their natural constitutions, desire only what is good; who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these beings the superior feelings rule those common to men and animals.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor.

To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it. This is the very acme of virtue. Religion leads to it in a day; philosophy only conducts to it by a lengthened life of misery or death.

Great is the power of words. Words lead armies, overthrow dynasties, man ships, separate families, cozen cozeners, and steal hearts and purses.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

As you are pleased at finding fault, so you are displeased at finding perfection.

It is certainly a paradox that we are naturally desirous of long life, and yet unwilling to be old.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

Keep the horrors at arm's-length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Eliza Cook said, in her Journal, that they who are honest only because honesty is the best policy, are half way to being rogues.

Dr. Johnson was wont to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

No man is ever indifferent to the world's good opinion until he has lost all claim to it.

He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought to be satisfied with his reputation.

More pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon the roses are tears that pity gathers on the cheek of beauty.

Men are called fools in one age for not denying what men were called fools for asserting the age before.

If you have a heart of rock, let it be like that of Horeb that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

One great and kindling thought from the retired and obscure in life will live when thrones have fallen and the memories of those who have filled them has been obliterated, and, like the never dying fire, will illuminate, and quicken all future generations.

THERE is nothing purer than honesty; nothing warmer than love; nothing more bright than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brighest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

THERE should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.

WE find the following homely yet felicitous illustration of the plagues of idleness going the rounds of the press: "The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog that is hunting does not feel them."

BE not afraid of a jest. If one throws salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for many years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.

A WOLF is never more dangerous than when he feels sheepish.

LOVELINESS needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

IF we had no faults ourselves, we should not take so much pleasure in remarking them in others.

MAN was created on the last day: even the gnat has a more ancient lineage.

EXTINGUISH vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall off themselves when the root that nourished them is destroyed.

A BAD custom must not plead its age as reason for longer life and larger growth.

WHAT is called the keeping up of appearances is oftentimes a moral or rather immoral uttering of counterfeit coin. It is astonishing how much human bad money is current in society, bearing the fair impress of ladies and gentlemen.

LET the miser have his gold, and the man of honor his emblems of renown, but let my portion be the boon of friendship, secured within some faithful heart in which peace, contentment, and every virtue reign perpetually supreme.

LIFE is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but never let them be permitted to lodge with us.

As the Mohammedan never casts away the least scrap of paper, lest the name of God should be written upon it, so should our minutes be cherished, as they may bear characters affecting our dearest interests, both in time and in eternity.

LIFE.—A time to make money.
Money.—The end of life.
Man.—A machine to make money.
Woman.—A machine to spend it.
Children.—Machines to spend it on.
Economy.—Buying things because they are so very cheap, whether you want them or not.

THE pleasure of doing good is a pleasure that never wears out. The pleasure of being good is another of the same sort.

BRASIDAS, the famous Lacedemonian General, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "O, Jupiter," said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty if it will contend for it."

LORD BROUGHAM hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon. "It would be much more to the purpose," said Cobbett, "if his lordship could use his influence to see that every man in the kingdom could eat bacon."

ADVERSITY exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is, it has no friend.

THE slowest advances to greatness are the most secure. Swift rises are often attended with precipitate falls; and what is soon got, is generally short in the possession.

COLERIDGE says there are four kinds of readers. The first is like the hour glass; and their reading being as the sand, it runs in and out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second is like the sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third is like a jelly-bag, allowing all that is pure to pass away, and retaining only the refuse and dregs. And the fourth is like the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, retains only pure gems.

DIOGENES, the cynic, being interrogated as to what benefit he reaped from his philosophical researches, and his pursuit of wisdom, replied: "If I reap no other benefit, this alone is sufficient compensation, that I am prepared to meet with equanimity every sort of fortune."

LET the wittiest thing be said in society, there is sure to be some fool present, who, "for the life of him, cannot see it."

QUAINT old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

A FELON generally appears on the end of the fingers and thumbs. Sometimes on the end of a rope.

"WOE unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that justify the wicked for reward."

MANKIND are not like grains of wheat, all to be ground down by the same pressure. Some minds will be hardened by the force which others yield to, and some spirits will be broken by what is only a wholesome corrective to others.

THE best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance: to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity; to God, obedience.

CEREMONY was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

IT is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

THE posture assumed by a large portion of our community—imposture.

A RIPPLE from the fountain of health; pieces from a broken promise; gravel from the road to ruin; handle from a blade of grass; would be curiosities in their way.

THE man who slept under the "cover of night" complains that he was nearly frozen. The one who "stood upon trifles" has been blown away.

THE conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill; to-morrow it hides a mountain.

A GEORGIA writer says that ingratitude "falls like a drop of acid into the milk of human kindness, and turns it to acrid clabber."

IT matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul it matters not what he saves.

IT requires less philosophy to take things as they come, than to part with things as they go.

IF we are always looking back, we will be sure to go as we look.

People perform the greatest part of the voyage of life before taking in their ballast, hence so many shipwrecks.

It was a maxim with the Jews, as it should be with all men, that he who neglected to preserve life when it was in his power, was to be reputed a murderer. Every principle of sound justice requires that he should be considered in this light. But if this be the case, how many murderers are there, against whom there is no law, but the law of God.

Were the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villany that it would be necessary again to drown or burn the world; earth would become a hell; for future rewards, when put off to to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

The Jews have a proverb that he who brings not his son up to some employment makes him a thief. The Turks say: "An idle man is the devil's playfellow."

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest sorrow is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home cannot be rendered happy without it. Like flowers springing up in our pathway, it revives and cheers us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

A frozen heart is precisely on a par with a frozen potato, and one is worth just about as much as the other, even when thawed out.

The water that flows from a spring, does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

It is easier to treat an adversary with contempt, than to answer him with reason.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner that can turn in little room. Study more how to give a good account of your little than how to make it more.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of this world.

A malignant sore throat is a very bad thing; but a malignant throat, not sore, is scarcely any better.

A great many speakers seem to endeavor to give their speeches in length what they lack in depth.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

The most beautiful results are produced by the conjunction of opposites; it is the sunshine and the cloud that make the rainbow.

A man who cannot talk, has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles, and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully, is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

Let the young in the spring time of their life seek the culture of divine grace; then their summer will be beautiful with flowers of holiness, and their harvest will be laden with the fruit of eternal life.

Good nature, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while ill-nature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

We should study in all things to conciliate and cherish continually that charity and forgiving spirit which we would have exercised toward us.

He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

A kiss has been defined "an alms which enriches him who receives without impoverishing her who gives." All very true; but young ladies should be careful to choose none but deserving objects on whom to bestow their charities

"**Abuse,**" says Dr. Johnson, "is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence; his name, like a shuttlecock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground."

There is this difference between hatred and pity; pity is a thing often avowed, but seldom felt; hatred is a thing often felt, but seldom avowed.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.

Absence of social sympathy is absence of society, and has the same pernicious effects on character as excess of solitude.

Glory often relaxes and debilitates the mind; censure stimulates and contracts; simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medicine.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you never do it.

Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

There are hardly any persons so forlorn and destitute, as not to have it in their power to do some good. There is much kindness which is not expensive.

Neither a horse nor a dog was ever known to be ungrateful. Why should a rational, human being be less true and faithful than the beasts?

Wilberforce says: "O, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan. Be strictly conscientious in keeping the Sunday holy."

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

A man that has no enemies is seldom good for any thing; he is made of that kind of materials which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it.

God renders earth desolate to induce you to seek a better country. He strikes away every human prop and puts failure and vexation into every worldly scheme, that you may turn from idols unto him.

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and the mud, but they are not spoiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy may mingle with the vileness of the world and yet be pure in itself.

How powerful is the influence of example. Let every Christian remember that when he lays down a correct principle of action, and carries it into practice, he is influencing others, and he knows not how many do the same.

Every man of virtue ought to feel what is due to his character, and support properly his own rights. Resentment of wrong is a useful principle in human nature, and for the wisest purpose was implanted in our frame.

As straws upon the stream indicate how the current flows, and a feather in the air how the wind blows, so do mere trifles sometimes give us the key to important events.

No man can ever become eminent in anything unless he works at it with an earnestness bordering on enthusiasm.

LET us never hear a good cause run down without vindicating it, nor see injustice committed without remonstrating against it.

GLORY is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family of starving children.

ALL are born to feel the salutary control of public opinion. It is the most powerful engine for the preservation of virtue.

EDUCATE the whole man—the head, the heart, the body. The head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.

ALL minds are influenced every moment, and there is a providence in every feeling, thought and word.

THE true philosopher is one who can smile at his own misfortunes, and pity and relieve those of others.

BETTER for the infant to die with flowers upon its breast, than to live and have thorns in its heart.

IT is with law as with physic, the less we have to do with it the better.

WITH time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin.

AFFECTATION is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.

SILENCE speaks much, words more, but actions most.

DULL men are to be closely studied. Their qualities, like pearls, lie out of sight, and must be dived for.

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

IF a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never get much above them. This will apply as well to the masculine as the feminine gender.

A WRITER discoursing upon "practical wisdom," uses this figure: "In journeying with it we go towards the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behind us."

HOW truly an old man said: "When I was young I was poor; when I was old I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were, I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

SERLE says: "I had rather be a good man's child, covered with his prayers, than the son of the first emperor in the world, undevoted and unblessed."

THE purest metal is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

INNOCENCE is a flower which withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.

THERE is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

PRECEPT is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is as graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.

IT is difficult to make the pot boil with the fire of genius.

SHE who loves show is unqualified to show love. We should, therefore, avoid contracting an intimate friendship with a female whose love of the gay and the frivolous has closed her heart to the influence of heroic virtues.

THE happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

LET us shun everything that tends to efface the primitive lineaments of individuality. Let us reflect that each feature is a thought of God.

WEAKNESS is a greater antagonist to virtue than even vice itself.

INSULT not misery, neither deride infirmity nor ridicule deformity; the first shows inhumanity, the second folly, and the third pride. He that made him miserable made thee happy to lament him. He that made him weak made thee strong to support him. He that made him deformed, if he made thee otherwise, do not show thy ingratitude to him by despising any of his creatures.

ONE of the greatest evils of this world is, men praise rather than practise virtue. The praise of honest industry is on every tongue, but it is very rare that the worker is respected more than the drone.

ALL the pomp, all the glitter, and all the distinctions of life appear despisable as the playthings of a child, when, amid the sublimities of nature, we commune with our Creator and his works.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.

FOR every one life has some blessing; some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is some fountain of pure water, and all men at some time taste its sweetness. Who is he that has not found in his path of life some fragrant rose-bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume, and cheering the heart of the weary traveller with its beauty?

A MEAN man never knows he is mean; he only thinks himself cautious, just as a near-sighted person seems to be looking far away.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

MEN can acquire knowledge, but not wisdom. Some of the greatest fools the world has known have been learned men.

IT is not work that kills men, it is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

WE are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than those who break into our house.

IT has been beautifully expressed that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

How to prevent gray hairs—keep your head shaved.

A PLEASANT, cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like a thunder-cloud charged with electric fluid. At such times a wise man will keep clear, if possible, in order to avoid the shock.

MISERY assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers; or, as a tree that is heavily laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.

THE Turks have some odd sayings. Taste a few: You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "honey." If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf, and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will.

INDOLENCE is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

HE that loses anything and gets wisdom by it, is a gainer by the loss.

SEND your son into the world with good principles, a good education, and industrious habits, and he will find his way in the dark.

AN avaricious man is like a sandy desert that sucks in all the rain, but yields no fruitful herbs to the inhabitants.

If we could read the secret history of our energies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

We hear a great deal about the duty of filial obedience, but who says anything about parental obligation? Neglect of children is a common sin of the times, and not so much among the poor as among the rich. It is not enough to bequeath money to children. Give them counsel, example, discipline—that is, give them a share of your time.

Purity of heart depends much, so far as our moral agency is concerned, on keeping the imagination free from the secret contemplation of forbidden objects. Keep the door of the imagination barred against unlawful visitors, and the citadel of the soul is safe.

It is hard to believe that in the heart of an acorn is encased the germ of a ship which shall baffle the storms of fifty years; but no harder to believe than that in all men lodges the germ of an angel.

Pride—the mist that vapors round insignificance.

Intellect is not the moral power; conscience is. Honor, not talent, makes the gentleman.

Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz.: "The bench, the pulpit, and the gallows."

It is better to dwell in a forest haunted by tigers and lions, the trees for our habitation, flowers, fruits, and water for food, grass for a bed, and the bark of the trees for garments, than live among relations after the loss of wealth.,

Men are what their mothers made them; you may as well ask a loom which weaves huchabeck why it does not make cashmere.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue is its sun. The two are never far apart from each other.

Many things are thorns to our hopes till we have reached them, and poisoned arrows to the heart when gained.

There, in the enjoyment of those tranquil pleasures which result from virtuous emotions, the malice of the vindictive dares not whisper its guilty designs, and the wretched forget those consuming cares which distract the brain and add another link to the lengthening chain of human life.

It is in the name of humanity that thousands are massacred, and under the banners of freedom that the most grievous despotism is established.

Men are generally like wagons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

Murmur at nothing. If our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman.

If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible and old age miserable.

Many people's lives are not worth the market value of the iron in their blood, and the phosphorus in their bones.

The history of mankind is an immense sea of errors, in which a few obscure truths may here and there be found.

Dress plainly; the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

KEEP out of bad company, for the chance is that when the old boy fires into a flock he will be sure to hit somebody.

A WISE book is a true friend; its author, a public benefactor.

MODESTY in a woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

THE sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the same waves roll over all.

To think kindly of each other is good; to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly one toward another, is best of all.

WE pity the man who has nothing to do, for idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker or the wisest theorist.

IF we did but know how little some enjoy the great things they possess, there would not be so much envy in the world.

Low measures of feeling are better than ecstasies for ordinary life. Heaven sends its rains in gentle drops, else the flowers would be beaten to pieces.

CHILDREN are milestones that tell the world the distance a woman has travelled from her youth.

A MAN of sense should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

THOSE who know the world will not be bashful; those who know themselves will never be impudent.

A MAN that puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is far mightier than all. Never be afraid of being in the minority, if that minority is based upon principle.

JOYS are the flowers dropped in our path by the hand of Providence.

THEFTS never enrich, alms never impoverish, and prayers hinder no work.

WRINKLES are ruts made by the wheels of time.

THE dignity of man, says Pascal, consists in his power of thinking; he must take all his ideas of his greatness from that single faculty. Let mankind then only endeavor to think properly.

HONOR, like the shadow, follows those who precede it; but honor flees from those who pursue it.

WHEN Lord Erskine made his *début* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my children tugging at my gown, and the idea aroused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

IT is all very well for prosperous men to prate of the vices of their unfortunate brethren. A clock that marks the most exact time will, if you tilt it the least on one side, go all wrong, or suddenly stop going at all.

"I HOLD it to be a fact," says Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is manifest from the disputes to which indiscreet reports from one to another give rise."

IT is a vain thing for you to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

NO man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything, and satisfied with nothing.

THAT man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

A PHILOSOPHER on being asked from whence he received his first lesson in wisdom, replied: "From the blind, who never take a step until they have felt the ground before them."

THERE are two reasons why we don't trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

HEAVEN help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his poor head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of winds and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

"THERE are some members of the community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like crumbs in the throat. If they go the right way, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the wrong way, they give a good deal of trouble."

THOSE who reprove us are more valuable friends than those who flatter us.

VANITY is said to be a something that no man, nor woman either, by any accident in their own estimation ever possesses, but which is always very largely developed in everybody else.

FOUR boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box.

WHAT is drinking? Suicide of the mind.

IN proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not. "Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

ADMIT no guest into your soul that the faithful watch-dog in your bosom barks at.

MORE epitaphs are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the memories of the dead.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

NO person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is so with habits.

SOON after Dr. Johnson issued his celebrated "Rasselas," a literary society of ladies appointed some of their number a committee to wait on him and express their approbation of his work. They accordingly waited on him, and one of their number addressed him in a long speech of fulsome praise. He calmly sat waiting the conclusion of the speech, and then turning his face to the committee expressed his acknowledgments by saying: "Fiddle-de-dee, my dears."

WHEN Holler, the celebrated engraver, who had for many years lived in the greatest poverty, was on his deathbed, bailiffs were sent to seize the bed on which he lay for a small debt which he was unable to discharge. "Spare me," said the expiring artist, "my bed for a little while—only till I can find another in the grave."

Lord Peterborough, it is said, could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One, perhaps, was a letter to the Emperor; another to an old friend; a third to a mistress; a fourth to a statesman, and so on. Yet he carried so many and so different connections in his head all at the same time.

Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with high merriment, a disaster that once befell him: "One morning," said he, "I opened a huge lump of a dispatch without looking to see how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some omnipotent frank, like the first lord of the admirality's, when, lo and behold! the contents proved to be a MS. play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager at Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and on inspecting the cover I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough, but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet, of no less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was absent-minded enough to break its seal also, without examination. Conceive my horror when out jumped the same identical tragedy of 'The Cherokee Lovers,' with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the wind had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore deemed it prudent to forward a duplicate."

Flowers and fruits make fit presents, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvies the utilities of the world.

A young barrister, who was rather given to brow-beating, had a favorite mode of mortifying a witness, by saying: "Well, sir, I shall only ask you one question, and I do not care which way you answer it." Mr. Brougham, who was on the same circuit, accosted his friend one morning as follows: "Well, I have only one question to ask you, and I do not care which way you answer it. How do you do to-day?"

Curran, conversing with Sir Thomas Turtan, happened to remark that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips; to which Sir Thomas replied that, in that respect, he had the advantage of him: "I spoke," said he, "the other night in the House of Commons for five hours, on the Nabob of Oude, and never felt in the least thirsty."—"It is very remarkable indeed," rejoined Curran, "for every one agrees that was the driest speech of the session."

WITCHCRAFT.

There is probably no age or country in which there has not existed a belief in the possibility of mortal beings acquiring the use of supernatural powers for the purpose of accomplishing some object of their desire, good or evil. In this, as in other species of superstition, there will be more or less resemblance in the manifestations, wherever or whenever they are exemplified; but that peculiar class of examples which comes under the denomination of witchcraft admits of certain lines of demarcation, which may be serviceable in keeping the subject distinct from others. The proper field of this superstition was among the Christian nations of Europe—those of the north particularly. It is to be found in full maturity about the middle of the 15th century, and flourished with tolerably equal vigor through Catholicism and Protestanism, till it gradually decayed before the progress of experimental science. In its doctrinal principles it was a mischievous application of the doctrines of Christianity, being held to be a manifestation of the powers of evil operating as antagonists to the authority of the Deity. It was not necessarily used to accomplish evil ends, because many of the accusations of witchcraft relate to acts which as ends are condemned by no known moral code, but which became crimes from the means made use of. The powers of evil thus employed by human beings had their personal embodiment either in the Prince of Darkness individually, or in certain sublunary agents called imps or familiars, the messengers between the contracting parties, who bore in this agency of evil the same position as that occupied by the angels in the holy hierarchy. The return given by the human being for the use of the miraculous powers thus obtained was generally his own eternal soul, which, according to a superstition entertained by the ignorant in all countries where the immortality of the soul is a standard doctrine, it was held to be in the power of the corporeal possessor to convey in remainder, for value given in wealth, luxury, power, or any other object of ordinary human desire. Besides the bargain in which the parties are supposed to covenant openly with each other, each party was usually presumed to have in view the secondary object of cheating the other. German romance, and, since the days of Balzac, French romance, have dealt largely in the horrors attending these mutual efforts of imposition, where the only party is struggling to recover his chances of eternal salvation—the other to abridge the promised rewards, or to shorten the duration of their enjoyment.

It is a further general characteristic of witchcraft, that from the commencement of its history the agents or victims have, in the majority of cases, been females; and that in the later times, when the character of the superstition had degenerated both in the magnitude of the objects accomplished and the rank of the actors, witchcraft came to be considered a power exclusively possessed by old women. It is probable that a propensity to attribute the faculty of divination and the art of perpetrating supernatural mischief to females may have legitimately descended from the Pythia of the more early classical times, and the venefica or poisoner of the later periods of Roman history; and that the account of the witch of Endor may have tended to strengthen the opinion. In the superstitions, however, of nations which have had no means of acquiring knowledge from these sources—the African negroes, the North American Indians, and the Scandinavians anterior to their adoption of Christianity—females seem to have always been the prominent agents in the application of the minor supernatural influences.

During its earlier stages, the art of witchcraft was in far higher hands than those to which it afterwards descended, and was used for greater purposes. Witchcraft or sorcery was the means by which Joan of Arc was charged with having obtained her power as a warrior. The Duchess of Gloucester was banished to the Isle of Man for sorcery against Henry VI. Richard III. made repeated accusations of this offence, the most noted of which is the charge against Jane Shore. The earlier witch trials in Scotland generally implicate persons of rank. Sometimes the women who are accused are young, and they do not always use their power for mischievous and malicious purposes. Bessie Dunlop, who was tried in 1576, appears to have used her art for no other purpose than the cure of diseases and the performance of other benevolent acts, accomplishing them through the instrumentality, not of Satan or any of his emanations, as they are spoken of in the later canons of witchcraft, but through the aid of an amiable old gentleman, who had the misfortune to be a prisoner among the fairies in Elfland. Alesoun Pearson, tried in 1588, had a long intercourse with Elfland, which appears to have commenced when she was but twelve years old. She had many personal friends among the fairies there, one of whom was her cousin William Symsoun, a doctor of medicine and "ane great scholar." She was in the practice of appealing to her friends in fairyland for the means of curing earthly diseases, and Archbishop Adamson did not disdain to follow a prescription which she obtained for him, his reliance on it being probably not weakened by his acquaintance with the virtues of the principal ingredient, which was claret.

By the time the history had descended to Shakspeare's days, it had acquired from the state of opinion on the subject which it passed through such adjuncts as enabled the poet, by selecting the grander and more terrific features, and adding some elements from the current superstitions of his day, to create those hags "so withered and so wild in their attire, that look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth, and yet are on't." Perhaps the latest conspicuous occasion in which rank and beauty have been allied with charges of the nature of witchcraft, is that of the Countess of Essex and Mrs. Turner, in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury and the practices against the Earl of Essex; but the direct and palpable crimes exhibited in this horrible history throw the attempts at evil through supernatural influences into the shade.

There are two causes which account for the similarity often found to exist in the superstitions of different and distant nations: 1. Physical and mental phenomena common to all mankind and to all parts of the globe, producing like effects when brought into the same combinations. 2. A reference to a common origin anterior to the commencement of the superstition, by which the same opinions adopted by families of mankind separated far apart may be traced by ascent to a common parentage. A great portion of the witchcraft superstition of Europe may be traced to both these causes; but at the same time the identity of the phenomena of this mental disease, as exhibited in different nations, is so remarkable, as well as the rapidity with which the opinions adopted in one part of the world travelled to others, that it is evident some other causes have contributed to produce the effect. The similarity of the incidents narrated, not only in the books which convey the knowledge of these mysteries, but in the reports of criminal trials, and even in the confessions of the wretched victims of the creed, is so remarkable, down to the most minute particulars, as to justify the supposition that a large proportion of the witchcraft superstition was propagated by means of books or through the tuition of men of letters; and that thus, in that age of imperfect science, literature became for a time the means of propagating and concentrating the influence of one of the most baneful superstitions which has ever visited the human mind.

Cats are animals which hold out many inducements to the imaginative and superstitious. They bring to a certain extent the habits of a wild beast into the domestic circle. The contrast between their strength and agility, their gentle and fragile appearance, their tenacity of life, their silent and rapid movements, their mysterious gatherings at night and strange cries, invest their presence with a fascinating mystery. The tombs of Egypt and the history of the Knights Templars show that they have received attention in other quarters; but the very peculiar position which they hold in the councils of the powers of darkness, in connection with the ministrations of witches, shows by its uniformity that the opinions regarding them entertained by the authorities on witchcraft lore were widely adopted by the faithful. In several of the Scottish trials and confessions women are found to have assumed the shape of cats, and to have betrayed their pranks by exhibiting when restored to human form the wounds inflicted on them in their bestial capacity. At so late a period as the year 1718 a solemn judicial inquiry was made in the shire of Caithness, by the sheriff or local judge, into the persecutions suffered by William Montgomery, whose life was rendered miserable by the gambols of a legion of cats.

Both the English and Scottish trials frequently illustrate the power supposed to be possessed by those in league with Satan of converting their victims into beasts of burden, which they employ to convey them to the scenes of their unhallowed assemblies.

It is a remarkable circumstance that nowhere are the identities between the opinions promulgated in doctrinal works and the practice of witchcraft more fully developed than in the confessions of the witches as produced in official documents. The horrible tortures, which the alarm produced by the supposed existence of a coalition with Satan seems to have prompted men of ordinary humanity to sanction, appear to have generally called from the exhausted victims an assent to whatever narrative was dictated to them.

and the inquisitors being learned men, acquainted with the best authorities on the subject, would know how to connect the received doctrines of sorcery with whatever train of real circumstances may have been brought home to the victim. Knowing, in fact, the outline of natural events, they would be able to fill up the supernatural details.

The influence on society of a belief in witchcraft was of the most pernicious kind. It gave an unchecked flow to all the malignant passions; some venting them in accusations, others in attempts to practise the nefarious art. In the year 1515 five hundred people are said to have been executed at Geneva on charges of witchcraft; and Remigius, the inquisitor, boasts that he put nine hundred to death in Lorraine. The first person who lifted his voice against these cruelties was Wierus, who wrote in 1568. He and his followers carried on a controversy with Delrio, Bodinus, Scribonius, and others, in which it is generally admitted that the defenders of witchcraft were the more successful logicians. The supporters of old and received fallacies have their compact and complete system of sophistry, and he who would break through it must, like a Bacon or a Locke, possess strength enough to destroy the whole fabric.

The learned men of Europe generally were believers in witchcraft down to the end of the 17th century. Selden has an apology for the law against witches, which shows a lurking belief. He says that if one believes that by turning his hat thrice and crying "buz," he could take away a man's life; "this were a just law made by the state, that whoever should turn his hat and cry 'buz' with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death." The logic of Selden's mind, if untainted by superstition, would surely have shown him that a law waging war with intentions incapable of being fulfilled must be both most useless and mischievous. Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale were believers in witchcraft, and attested their belief by being instrumental in convictions for the crime. It is supposed that there were no executions for witchcraft in England subsequent to the year 1682; but the statute of 1 James I., c. 12, so minute in its enactments against witches, was not repealed till the 9 George II., c. 5. In Scotland, so late as the year 1722, when the local jurisdictions were still hereditary, and had not been put into the hands of professional lawyers, the sheriff of Sutherlandshire condemned a witch to death. It is worthy of remark, as one of the last vestiges of this superstition in educated and professional minds, that in a work called "The Institutes of the Law of Scotland," published in Edinburgh in 1730, by William Forbes, an author deservedly neglected by practical lawyers, after a specific definition of the nature of witchcraft, there is the following passage: "Nothing seems plainer to me than there may be, and have been witches, and that perhaps such are now actually existing; which I intend, God willing, to clear in a larger work concerning the criminal law." This promised work never made its appearance.

WONDERFUL PRESENTIMENTS AND FOREWARNINGS.

WOOLSEY knew the exact time at which his death would take place. "What is the hour of the day?" he asked Cavendish on the morning before his death. "Something past eight," replied the attendant. "Past eight!" mused the little, great lord cardinal, "eight—eight of the clock—nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master." On the following morning, while the clock was striking eight, he died. He was wrong as to the day—right as to the hour.

A FRENCH lady of title had a presentiment that on a given day she should die at twelve o'clock. Believing it to be a delusion, her physicians ordered every clock in the neighborhood to be put back by an hour. She was sinking fast, but lived on until nearly one, when she was told of the innocent deception that had been practised upon her. The doctors had underrated the power of imagination.

"Cruel," she murmured, "thus to lengthen out the pain of dying," and sinking back upon her pillow she expired.

"BETTER in arms than upon one's bed," muttered an officer of the Army of Italy, on being appointed to lead a forlorn hope. Napoleon sent for the man, and learned that he believed he was to die at midnight. The expedition was postponed for an hour, and another leader had to be selected for it. The captain who had the presentiment was seized with an apoplectic fit while marshalling his men, and died on the last stroke of twelve.

"WE sometimes feel within ourselves," says John Hunter, "that we shall not live; for the vital powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." Mozart had long been in failing health when he received his order for his last "Requiem;" Hogarth was conscious of decaying powers when he sat down to design "The End of all Things." Both held out till they had finished the work they had in hand.

A GENTLEMAN who in his younger days followed a seafaring life, recently related a singular incident which befell him on an occasion when he was very desirous of visiting Jerusalem. He had been for some time looking about for a vessel going up the Straits, intending to leave her at the outward bound port, and pursue the remainder of his journey as best he might. There was but one vessel that he could find bound on such a voyage, and she was yet on the stocks, and would not be finished for some two months. But at last the vessel was all ready, and the gentleman had his chest on the wharf, waiting for the boat to come to carry him on board, when he was taken with a sudden blindness, accompanied with an extreme nervous prostration, and it seemed at times that he had lost all animation. He made known his position as best he could, to some one on the wharf; a doctor was immediately summoned, who informed the captain that the man was in such a condition he could not possibly allow him to go on board. He was taken to his boarding-house, and the vessel sailed without him. Another physician was called, and both, after thoroughly examining the case, stated that they never, in their experience, saw a similar one. He continued sick all night, but the next day was as well as ever, and keenly felt the disappointment of losing the voyage, and the pleasure he anticipated in visiting the Holy Land. The strange part the story is that the vessel was never heard of after she left Boston. Not a word of tidings was ever received of her fate or of her crew, and it is supposed that she foundered with all on board. The gentleman's sudden sickness, therefore, in all human probability, saved his life, and he entertains a strong belief, owing to the singularity of the disease, and his speedy recovery after the vessel had sailed, that he was the subject of a direct and special Providential interposition.

THAT we are composed of a dead life, and that the spirit, so to speak, wanders off and is capable of receiving impressions while the body is dead to surrounding objects, is proven by the numerous cases of presentiment which frequently take place all around us. A German farmer, living nine miles from Detroit, was in that city on business recently, intending to remain over night, but was so strongly impressed late in the evening that danger was impending over his family, that he started for his home about midnight, where he found his family quietly asleep; but, hearing a noise in the barn, he went out to discover the cause, when he met a newly hired laborer just leading a valuable horse therefrom, who, upon discovering the farmer, uttered an angry oath, and fled. On the horse block the farmer found an ugly looking sheath-knife, and as one of the windows of the house was discovered open, it is believed that the man intended to rob his employer, even if he had to murder the family to do it. He has not since been seen in that neighborhood. Another instance at Indianapolis recently occurred: A little boy had been drowned, and the body could not be found. Two nights after, the man who had been employed to search for it dreamed twice that he saw the body under water, at a point some distance below where the boy was drowned. This impressed him so strongly that at daylight he repaired to the spot indicated, when to his astonishment he saw the dim outlines of the body floating beneath the surface of the water, rising and sinking at intervals, just as it appeared in his dreams.

"SOMETHING is going to happen—I heard a pistol go off last night right at the foot of my bed," said an old grandame, not many years ago, and she was absolutely pale with fear. An hour after, in came a little child: "I say, grandma, it's happened, it's happened. A whole basket full of little new kittens up stairs."

WHEN Lorenzo il Magnifico, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, labored under his last illness, a famous physician of Padua was summoned to attend him. He did so, and exerted his utmost skill, but to no purpose. Lorenzo died; some of his household, frantic with grief, met the unsuccessful physician, and threw him down the well. The dead body was of course drawn up and the well nicely cleaned. It is remarkable that this physician, when a resident of Padua, had his nativity cast, and was told he would be drowned. He, therefore, quitted Padua, whence he was obliged to go by water to Venice, and went to settle at Florence, as a place, where water carriage was unnecessary.

LONG ago, says an old lady, when mirrors were first invented, as my grandfather was in New York, he purchased one, and forwarded it to his home in one of the principal towns in Massachusetts. As it was the only one in town it was considered quite a curiosity, and was guarded in the most careful manner. The door of the drawing-room in which it hung, was usually kept locked, and only on great occasions was the room used.

Thanksgiving time came, and the room was to be thrown open for the reception of the family friends. The morning before Thanksgiving, on opening the door, the mirror was found on the floor, the glass broken in a thousand pieces, but the frame was unharmed. As the windows and shutters were closed, and my grandmother had had possession of the key of the room, it produced a great deal of wonderment. Many a superstitious tale was repeated, until great excitement prevailed in the neighborhood.

Ten days after the glass was found broken the youngest daughter in the family suddenly died. In a few weeks a new glass was put in the frame, and the room closed as before. The next time the room was opened the frame was found hanging up as it was left, but the glass was in fragments on the floor. Three weeks afterward my grandfather was a corpse. My grandmother could not make up her mind to have the glass set again until six months had passed away. Then it was brought out into the sitting-room.

One day, while the family were seated at dinner, a crash was heard, and the glass was found once more in fragments. The next day the eldest son was killed by falling from a tree. A short time afterward they broke up housekeeping and went to boarding. Meanwhile the glass had been re-set.

Many years afterward my grandmother came to reside with us, and brought beside several pieces of furniture, the memorable mirror. Last summer, as I was combing my hair before the old glass, I was startled by hearing a noise, and, looking up, saw that the glass was cracked across. My grandmother, who was sick at the time, grew rapidly worse, and in three days died.

The glass still hangs in the old place, but has never been re-set. This is a story founded on facts.

THE N. Y. Commercial Advertiser relates the following singular incident, connected with the loss of the Arctic:

We have heretofore mentioned the death of a son of Mr. George G. Smith, of the firm of Leupp & Co., one of the passengers supposed to have perished in the Arctic. We have since been informed of an incident worthy of record, and upon an authority that does not admit of disbelief.

The death of the younger Mr. Smith took place on the 3d of October, six days subsequent to the Arctic's disaster, and before she could be fairly considered as overdue, being then only thirteen days out from Liverpool. Previous to his decease he informed his relatives that his father was dead, and that he had had an interview with him. It was suggested to him that this was merely a dream—He said that he knew it, nevertheless he was firmly pursuaded of the truth of the revelation, and that his friends would also speedily be convinced of its verity.

The following well-authenticated account of the prophecy of his death, of that wonderful mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, is equally curious and interesting. In 1772, "he was attacked by apoplexy, and for three weeks he continued in a state of great prostration and lassitude, taking no sustenance beyond a little tea, without milk, cold water occasionally, and once a little currant jelly." Toward the end of February, he addressed a note in Latin to the Rev. John Wesley, then sitting at the Conference with his preachers, nearly as follows :

> Cold Bath St., Cold Bath-Fields,
> *February*, 1772.
>
> Sir—I have been informed, in the World of Spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you favor me with a visit. I am, etc.
>
> Emanuel Swedenborg.

Wesley said to the company that he had been strongly impressed with desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had not mentioned the desire to any one. He wrote to him, and said that he was going on a journey which would occupy him six months ; but would visit him on his return to London. To this the seer replied, that it would be too late, as he should go into the World of Spirits on the 29th day of the next month, and should not return.

Afterward he again mentioned the day on which he should die ; and the servant, in her simplicity, said, that he seemed as pleased as she should have been if she were going to some merry-making.

On Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772, his powers all activê and clear, the maid and mistress were sitting by his bedside, when the clock struck. He asked what o'clock it was. They answered "Five." He said, "It is well —I thank you—God bless you ! " and in a moment after, his spirit gently and peacefully passed away.

WORTHY OLD GRIMES, AND FAMILY.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
  We ne'er shall see him more ;
He used to wear a long blue coat,
  All buttoned down before.
His heart was open as the day ;
  His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to gray ;
  He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
  His heart with pity burned ;
The large round head upon his cane
  From ivory was turned.
And ever prompt at pity's call,
  He knew no base design ;
His eyes were dark and rather small ;
  His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind ;
  In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind ;
  His pantaloons were blue.
Unharmed by sin which earth pollutes
  He passed securely o'er ;
He never wore a pair of boots
  For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
  Nor fears misfortune's frown ;
He wore a double breasted vest,
  The stripes ran up and down.
He modest merit sought to find,
  And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind ;
  Nor ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
  Was sociable and gay ;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
  And changed them every day.
His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
  He did not bring to view ;
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
  As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
He lived, as all his brothers do,
In easy circumstances.
Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Old Mrs. Grimes is living still—
A widow still is she;
She dresses plain, and wears a frill—
She's neat as neat can be.
Both young and old speak but to bless,
And none e'er saw her frown;
There's not enough put in her dress
To make another gown!

Although she's poor, her neighbors round,
Their wants she doth appease;
Her dress it never drags the ground,
Nor sets above her knees.
She goes to church when she's a mind,
Nor sleeps nor chatters there;
Her caps are of the plainest kind,
Save one for Sunday wear!

She says that her husband he
From heaven is looking down;
She buys the best of Hyson tea,
At six-and-six the pound!
To go about in doing good,
She rises now betimes;
She's called by all the neighborhood,
The good old Mrs. Grimes.

OLD GRIMES'S WIFE.

BY H. HUFFELD.

THE widow of old Grimes is dead,
Whom all knew, far and wide;
She died of grief or something else,
And now lies by his side.
A kinder soul sure never lived,
Some good done ev'ry day;
Her soft black hair, before she died,
Was much mixed up with gray.

To sorrow and affliction's call
She all attention paid;
Her snuff box and her spectacles
From tortoise-shell were made.
A model wife was she, and did
A good example set;
Her eyes were gray, her nose and chin
Together nearly met.

Unlike some wives she never made
Her husband stand about;
Her teeth when young were very good,
When old they all fell out.
And thus in love she lived with all,
Her friendship none could doubt;
No hoops had she, but pockets wore,
Which made her dress stick out.

Her pilgrimage is at an end,
A rest she now has found;
She wore a dress of pink and blue,
The stripes ran all around.
She very wise and prudent was,
And acted ne'er in haste;
No breast-pin did she ever wear,
No ribbon round her waist.

Her appetite did ne'er indulge,
Though fond of sourkrout;
The reason she black stockings wore,
Much washing white wore out.
Against her neighbors never spoke,
For evil good repaid;
Her shoes, to make them longer wear,
From lasting fine were made.

The good she did she never told,
Nor all she heard or knew;
She sounded not her praises round,
As old folks often do.
Though hid from earth, her noble deeds
Will ne'er forgotten be;
She mended all his coats until
She could no longer see.

That good old trusty soul's no more,
On whom all could depend;
To Grimes she was a faithful wife,
To all mankind a friend.

OLD GRIMES'S SONS.

BY H. HUFFELD.

WE'VE heard of Grimes and Grimes's wife,
But of his children not;
A cunning rogue was Tom we know,
And Billy was a sot.
Tom had this sore affliction, which
Oft so many bothers,
He could not tell just what was his,
Or what belonged to others.

A sad complaint afflicted Bill,
So common now-a-day,
A constant dryness in the throat
No water could allay.

Now Dick, though neither rogue nor sot,
This everybody knew,
No virtues had, but rather was
Something between the two.

His trouble was pure laziness,
And did all work forsake,
Nor could the chills and fevers bring
From Dick one single shake.
The question now is plainly this,
How came these boys so bad,
When Grimes's good example they
Before them ever had?

How is it, too, the pious have
Children who ill behave,
And bring their parents' gray hairs down
With sorrow to the grave?
How sorely punished Eli was,
How bitter too his lot,
And though his children's vileness saw,
Yet he restrained them not.

And Samuel's sons corrupted were,
And bribes they often took,
Perverted judgment, and, alas!
Their fathers ways forsook.
Train up a child, the Scriptures say,
The right from wrong to know,
And when 'tis old, no other path
But in the right will go.

"He hates his son who spares the rod,"
To evil him inclines;
"But he who loves him as he should,
Will chasten him betimes."
"Reproof and rod do wisdom give,"
The wildest oft will tame,
"But left alone, a child will sure
His mother bring to shame."

The reason, then, why children do
So often go astray,
They do not chasten them betimes,
Are left to go their way.
Indulgence ruins many too,
And parents are to blame,
For disobedience follows soon,
Which leads to sin and shame.

All then who wish their children well,
Should early sure begin
To plant the seeds of virtue deep,
And show how vile its sin.
Let parents on this lesson, then,
A serious thought bestow,
Which ever way the sapling's bent,
The tree will ever grow.

OLD GRIMES'S DAUGHTER.

BY H. HUPFELD.

We've heard of Grimes and Grimes's wife,
How all his sons turned out,
But of his only daughter Peg,
We've not heard much about.
Now she a precious jewel was,
So kind and good to all,
Her bonnet, ever neatly trimmed,
Was neither large, nor small.

So much beloved was Peggy Grimes
The folks all paid her court,
Her dresses ne'er were tight, or loose,
Nor very long, or short.
She never with a friend fell out,
With all, she lived in peace,
None ever on her apron saw
A stain, or spot of grease.

She early rose, and went to work;
Oft for the poor she sews;
And never wore her shoes so tight
To pinch up all her toes.
A love-sick novel she despised,
And all such trashy stuff;
No spreading hoops she ever wore,
For she was large enough.

When asked, she never has a cold,
But always plays and sings;
And never, on one finger wore
A half a dozen rings.
She never flirted with the beaux,
Then, left them in despair,
Nor wasted hours before the glass
In fixing up her hair.

Miss Peggy's cheeks like roses were,
Her eyes were black, and bright;
Like some, she never wore a watch
Which went, but never right.
Though full of life and spirits, she
Was piously inclined,
She wore her veil before her face,
And not like some, behind.

From house to house she never went
Repeating what was said;
Spoke ill of none, and troubled not
The ashes of the dead.
She goes to church to sing and pray,
Not to display her charms;
A low-necked dress she never wore,
Or ever bare, her arms.

The brightest flowers fade away,
  Their fragrance will depart,
Time robbed Miss Peggy of her charms
  In spite of woman's art.
Miss Peggy lived, and died a maid,
  All offers were in vain,
Like Peggy all may happy live,
  Though single they remain.

Though fond of beaux, she ever did
  In single life rejoice,
In wedlock she no evil saw,
  But in an evil choice.
And sure that man must either be
  A heartless scamp, or fool,
Who'd make a maid the subject of
  Ill-natured ridicule.

Now ladies, let not sneering men
  Drive you to married life,
Far better, ever single be,
  Than be an ill-matched wife.

YEAR, WHAT IS A?

THE year is, roughly speaking, the period of time in which the sun makes the circuit of the heavens, and the seasons of agriculture run through their course.

A *sidereal* year is the period in which the sun moves from a star to the same again; that is, the interval between the two times when the sun has the same longitude as a given star. The mean period is 365·2563614 mean solar days, or 365*d.* 6*h.* 9*m.* 9*s.*·6.

A *tropical* or *civil* year is the time in which the sun moves from the vernal equinox to the vernal equinox again; and its mean length is 365·2422414 mean solar days, or 365*d.* 5*h.* 48*m.* 49*s.*·7.

The *anomalistic* year is the time in which the sun moves from its perigee (or nearest point to the earth) to its perigee again; and its length is 365·259598 mean solar days, or 365*d.* 6*h.* 13*m.* 49*s.*·3.

Whether the present length of the tropical year can be said to be determined within a second, we cannot collect from the writings of astronomers. The method of determining this length is by carefully observing solstices or equinoxes (that is, times when the sun is in the solstices or equinoxes) at distant periods, and taking the mean year from the whole interval elapsed. Unless that interval were a whole revolution of the solar perigee with respect to the equinox, the real mean tropical year could not be determined, from observation alone, so well as it might be.

The civil year must, for convenience, begin with a day, and contain an exact number of days. But any exact number of days would have the disadvantage of the old Egyptian year, namely, that the seasons would be thrown into all parts of the year in succession. Those who lived in the intense heats of March (when that month is near the autumnal equinox) would read old poets who describe the spring as about to arrive in that month, or allude to the past winter, and that before the poets would have become properly ancient: this alone would be worth avoiding. Of the mode of doing it we shall presently say more; but in the meanwhile we have to observe, that it has always been the greater source of difficulty to combine the revolutions of the moon with those of the sun.

The Jews, from the time of their departure from Egypt, began their year with the vernal equinox in all religious reckoning, retaining the old beginning, which was at the autumnal equinox, in all civil affairs. In both cases they reckoned from the new moon near the equinox. By making twelve months in the year, each of 29 or 30 days, with an intercalary month once in three years, they secured themselves from the necessity of any but an occasional alteration. They might have gradually allowed the beginning of the year to slide away from the vernal equinox, but this their rites prevented them from doing, since the sacrifices required the offering of various specimens of agricultural produce, dependent upon season, at specified times of the year. The necessity of being provided with young lambs, for instance, at the Passover, obliged them to keep this feast at one time of the solar year, and fixed it at the full moon following the vernal equinox. How they managed their calendar in the first instance, does not appear; but as we know they once depended upon catching sight of the new moon to settle the beginning of the month, and only used 29 or 30 days when they missed their object, we must infer that they were in the habit of making corrections frequently, and at short notice; which could be done, as remarked by the editor of the "Art de vérifier les Dates," while they were in possession of Palestine, and within reasonable distance of each other. There is not any trace of astronomy in the old Jewish writings, nor reason to infer that they brought any knowledge of it from Egypt. But during the Captivity they acquired from the nations among whom they were thrown, either a period of 84 years, or knowledge to construct one. Several of the Fathers mention this Jewish period, and state that it had long been used by them.

The modern Jewish calendar is regulated by the cycle of 19 years, and its lunar years contain various adjustments which refer to the religious ceremonies. Their present usages date from A. D. 338, according to their own account. They have also a value of the length of a lunation, 29*d.* 12*h.* 44*m.* 3*s.*, which is within a tenth of a second of the truth. This has been stated as of extraordinary correctness by those who forget that the average month is much more easily found than the year. Hipparchus and Ptolemy had 29*d.* 12*h.* 44*m.* 3⅓*s.*; reject the fraction, as was so often done, and we have the Jewish value; and as it happens that Ptolemy and Hipparchus had got just a little more than the fraction too much, this saving of trouble is an accidental correction. There is no accompanying value of the sun's motion more correct than that implied in the Julian year.

The complete Roman calendar, as it stood immediately after the edict of Augustus, correcting the use which had been made of the edict of Julius Cæsar, is as follows:—There are twelve months, Januarius, Februarius, Martius, Aprilis, Maius, Junius, Julius, Augustus, September, October, November, December. The first of each month is its kalends, Kalendæ Januariæ, Februariæ, etc. The number of days in each month is well known by the old rhyme. The 13th of some months, the 15th of others, is called the day of the Ides (Idus); and the ninth day before the Ides, inclusive, is called the Nones (Nonæ); and every day is reckoned by its position with respect to the next simply denominate day, be it Kalends, Nones, or Ides. Thus the third day before the Nones of January, the day of the Nones itself counting as one, is *ante diem tertiam Nonas Januarius*—a singular mode of speech, which does not appear to have been fully explained. It is generally rendered as if it were *diem tertiam ante Nonas Januarius* (the third day before the Nones of January).

The original Roman year is variously stated by historians at twelve and ten months; the latter seems the best supported, and the old year wanted January and February, and had Quinctilis and Sextilis in place of July and August; these two months yielded their names to those of the two emperors who reformed the calendar. Numa or Tarquin introduced what was meant for a lunar year of 355 days. The year is supposed to have been more assimilated to the solar year by the decemvirs; but there is a great deal of discussion upon all these points, which would be quite out of place in anything but an historical article. In the year 45 B. C. the correction made by Julius Cæsar, with the assistance of Sosigenes, was introduced, the preceding year having been lengthened into 445 days, in order probably that the new era might fall at the full moon following the shortest day. The pontifices maximi who came after Julius Cæsar mistook the meaning of his correction; by a bissextile every *fourth* year they thought was meant one every fourth year, counting the last bissextile, according to their interpretation of Cæsar's rule, by which the fourth numbers beginning from 1 were made not 5, 9, 13, etc., but 4, 7, 10, etc. This was corrected by Augustus, when Pontifex Maximus in B. C. 8, who directed that three bissextiles from that date should be omitted (being as many as had been then superadded to Cæsar's calendar in years preceding), and that the mistake should be avoided in the future.

No further chronological difficulty occurred until the 3d century, when disputes about the mode of determining Easter-day began to perplex the Christian world. It is commonly stated that the Council of Nice made that adjustment which lasted until the Gregorian reformation. This is not correct; the council, according to Eusebius and others, only ordained that all Christians should keep Easter on one and the same day.

The Gregorian reformation (so called; we will not stop to give reasons for our protest against the word) was a consequence of the desire that the seasons should remain in the same months for ever. The Julian calendar gave a year which is too long at the rate of 3 days in 400 years nearly. At this rate, in 24,000 years, midsummer and midwinter would have fallen in December and June. It was not so much to avoid this, as to keep the religious festivals in the same part of the year, that is, in the same kinds of weather, that the correction was insisted on by its advocates. The change had been discussed by individuals and even by councils during preceding centuries, and was finally decided on by Gregory XIII., with the authority of the council of Trent. In 1582 the reformation was carried into effect: ten days were struck out of the reckoning, that which would have been the 5th of October being denominated the 15th, so that the days 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 of October, 1582, never existed in Italy and Spain, which accepted the change as soon as it was decreed. Some other countries, as France, which accepted it in the year 1582, but not so early, had to make their changes accordingly.

There was one incorrectness about this part of the change, but not of any detriment. The equinox fell, at the time of the Nicene council, on the 21st of March, and the suppression of ten days was meant to make the equinox vibrate between the 21st and 22d. But in point of fact, the Alphonsine tables, which were consulted, are wrong by a day in this matter, and eleven days should have been suppressed. The consequence is, that the equinox vibrates between the 20th and 21st of March.

Leaving out the parts of the Gregorian correction which relate to Easter, we proceed to the alteration of the mode of intercalation. This is as follows:—Every year whose number is divisible by 4 is leap-year, except only when the number ends with 00, in which case it is not leap-year, except when the preceding figures are divisible by 4. Thus 1900 is not leap-year, but 1600 is. If we take the most recent value of the length of the year, 365·2422414 mean solar days, we shall see that the excess of the real year above that of 365 days is something less than 1 day in 4 years, more than 7 in 27, less than 8 in 33, more than 39 in 161, and less than 242 in 999. This last excess, 242 days in 999 years, is so very correct, that it is most fortunate that Gregory's advisers did not know it, for they would in that case have adopted it and saddled our world with a troublesome omission of intercalations for the benefit of posterity of 50,000 years hence.

YOUTH.

By J. F. Weishampel, Jr.

Full-cheeked and high-browed, his coarse, thick-set hair
Carelessly parted; shrewd, and greyish-eyed,
And vigorous in limbs, of shape most rare—
Stands the living Youth in his native pride.

Buoyant he is, ambitious in his soul
That, bashful, makes a hesitant advance
Toward some star or glory as a goal,
Grasping eternal fortune—in his trance.

Not quite a man, and past the childish age,
Thoughts half-defined, but glorious in their dim,
Quaint shadowing, start him to look on high
Toward his maker God, who calleth him.

But early sensuous in his earthly part,
His double nature quarrels, and the strife
Makes it a critical epoch for his heart,
Torn by the urging loves and hates of life.

Then passion frets his eager being, fond
From its full nature of voluptuous waste,
And soon oblivious of the great Beyond,
Besotted he is with lust's sweet bitter taste.

Strange, O Youth, are thy oftimes motley looks,
Godlike and beastly in thy strong desires,
Feasting on purity and the sweets of books,
Or sunk in dust consumed by evil fires!

Therefore, be warned, O Youth! and when thy might,
Chafed by impulsive growth, would dare and do,
Spurn sin, leap sunward, seek the Pure and Right,
And God himself will lift thee safely through!

A PARTING WORD.

I TRUST it will not be considered incongruous at the conclusion of this book to indulge in a few short admonitory remarks before parting with my readers. I hope for the sake of all that ennobles our nature, and for the love and honor of Christianity, that the few short lessons and scriptural texts which teach and urge us to purify our affections and promote our best interests here and hereafter, may prove acceptable to all my readers; for life is too short to turn away from good advice, wherever it may be found.

In the first place, moral and religious precepts and wise maxims are frequently of great weight, and often have a potential influence, a salutary effect upon the mind and heart. They have, in many instances, served as so many solemn warnings, so many beacon-lights on the treacherous shore of selfish interests and ensnaring honors, as to turn some away from the shoals and quicksands toward which they were fearfully drifting, and upon which multitudes have been hopelessly ruined and made shipwreck of principle, honor, and their eternal interests. They have been known to strike a deeper shaft into the soul of the moral delinquent than more elaborate and finished discourses; to distil into the heart of the cold and phlegmatic a more genial kindliness; and to kindle a flame of a deeper and a loftier interest in the welfare and happiness of poor woe-worn humanity. Who knows what reader, in looking over this work for something to amuse him, might rest on some pungent, moral truism, some stinging rebuke, some solemn warning, or startling appeal to make the gospel of Christ the rule of his obedience and the foundation of his faith?

I would observe, that the longer I live, the deeper I become imbued with the following significant and all-important moral and religious facts, and trust that they may be impressed with sacred solemnity upon every heart, and that a realizing sense of their truth and superlative importance may take possession of every soul. Follow not in the treacherous sunshine of a seductive and corrupt world, where deceitful smiles, counterfeit pity, and even fictitious tears are employed for ignoble purposes and mercenary ends. Recollect all is not gold that glitters, nor every sparkling stone a diamond; therefore, seek not happiness and content in what is shadowy and unreal, for things are seldom what they appear to be.

Recollect, that "as ye sow, so will ye reap," and "whosoever will be the friend of the world is the enemy of God."

Recollect, that there is no medicine against death, that the longest life is but a short journey to the grave, and that there is but one step to eternal happiness or everlasting woe.

Recollect, "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Recollect, God hath declared himself "no respecter of persons;" that he made both the small and the great; careth for all alike; and regardeth not the rich man more than the poor.

Recollect, that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;" and every one who is "proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord." Humility is the most radiant jewel in the diadem of a Christian; it underlies the foundation of true evangelical religion, and is perhaps the most reliable badge of a true-born child of God.

Recollect, "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall cry himself, but shall not be heard." "He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them," for "where much is given, much will be required." "Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy." "Not the hearers of the law are justified before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." "Every one that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

Recollect, "He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are an abomination to the Lord;" and, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

Recollect—and may it never be obliterated from the mind, but he kept alive in the heart of the reader—that the few fugitive pleasures, the few evanescent throbs of joy in the longest life, are at best but a poor, miserable counterpoise for the irreparable loss of unending joys in a world to come.

Perhaps there is not a truth of more transcendent importance to the reader, and one that needs to be more frequently inculcated and brought home to the great heart of humanity, than that which teaches the sad, but truthful lesson, that life at best is but a handful of fleeting years, of fitful companionships, gaudy visions, delusive hopes, and transitory glories; hence there is no goal in life worth striving for, no summit of human glory worth reaching, no pinnacle of intellectual loftiness worth attaining, that has not wrapt in its bosom or interwoven with every thread of its fabric, "A love to God and man."

The world is full of absorbing interests, and great questions, which many make the Alpha and Omega of their daily existence and anxious pursuit; but the highest of all interests, the greatest of all questions, the one great kindling thought that should have a preponderating influence in every heart, and which outweighs in lofty grandeur and sublime importance all others, is, "What shall we do to be saved?" H. H.

THE END.

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